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A DAY AT THE CAPITAL.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



THE CAPITOL.

WE arrived at Washington one beautiful mid-summer morning, just after a most refreshing shower. There had been no rainfall for several days; the sky had begun to assume the aspect it usually wears when the dog-star is in bad humor, and consequently the atmosphere had been sultry, close, and enervating, while the streets were filled with little whirlwinds of fine dust. Now all was changed! Hailed as a gracious messenger of mercy and gladness, the soft-footed, balm-breathing angel from cloudland had trailed her mantle of dew and mist over the landscape; there had her tender veil floated till, rainbow-curved, it melted away on the bosom of a fleecy cloud, as a picture fresh from the Sovereign Hand, Nature's smiling charms unrolled, rebaptized with the miracle of transcendent loveliness; for over all,

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woods and city and river, there lingered for a long time a wonderful golden light.

The sky took on the bright tints of an Italian sunrise, the air grew redolent with fragrance, and became clear and inspiriting. While the welcome crystal drops had plashed on the roof of our "Pullman Palace," these lines, the favorite of boyhood's halcyon days, recurred to us again and again:

When the humid shadows gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears;
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead,
O, a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof



JULIUS CÆSAR.

As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof!
There's naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain!

And gazing through the broad plate-glass windows on the drenched streets, now showing their perfect squares all teeming with a busy populace, a verse from one of Longfellow's exquisite poems flitted into our mind:

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

As the train slackened speed on its near approach to the city, through openings in the luxuriant trees that shaded pleasant parks, we caught lovely glimpses of the plashing fountains and the great beds of scarlet geraniums then in full blossom in the White House grounds. Lafayette Square particularly drew our attention; it is located opposite the President's mansion, and is filled with fine trees, to which the soft, grayish-green foliage of the *crape myrtle* and the dark shining leaves

of the magnolia give a vivid suggestion of tropical beauty.

It was a refreshing sight, a brilliant display, to catch the gleam of those great beds of geraniums all aflame, and the sparkle of the fountains tossing their silvery spray so lavishly upon them, in contrast with the weeping greenery, the rain-pearled leaves that fluttered above, tremulous and glittering, while towered high over all the great white dome of the Capitol.

After a few hours of rest from our long journeying, we partook of refreshment, and sallied forth to fulfill our promise to the ladies, of which our party was principally made up, and were set down at the entrance to the Corcoran Art Gallery, to which popular resort, not only for lovers of fine art and culture but for those whom fate binds to the wheel of work through all the summer months, we proposed to devote the largest share of our first day in Washington.

This gallery is a splendid gift from a noble donor, and most keenly appreciated by those whose time nor means grants no joyous flitting to mountains, or sea, or foreign shores during the warm season. It is quite an imposing brick building, standing on Pennsylvania Avenue, a little beyond the President's grounds going up. We are admitted to a wide, cool vestibule, from which a broad staircase leads to the picture gallery. But before describing the interior, we will



CARACALLA.



NIOBE.

quote from the really fine catalogue, for the benefit of those who have never seen the building, a good description of its exterior:

"The building stands on the northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth street, and opposite the War Department. It is two stories in height, built of brick, in the renaissance style, with brownstone facings and ornaments, and a mansard roof rising ten feet above the ordinary one, having a large central pavilion and two smaller ones at the corners. The front is of imposing style, divided by pilasters, having capitals of the Columbian style representing Indian corn, into recesses, stone niches for statues, with trophies and wreaths of foliage finely carved, the monogram of the founder, and the inscription, 'Dedicated to Art.'"

Now we will enter. On each side of the stairway is a corridor leading to the hall of sculpture, which is on the lower floor. In the vestibule the most striking objects are the splendid colossal head of the first Napoleon, in marble, by Canova; a magnificent bust of Marcus Aurelius, from the original in the Villa Borghese; and a beautiful cast of the famous bust of Clytie. In one corner are busts of some of the Roman emperors—Anto-

ninus Pius, the good; Caracalla, the wicked, a face most aptly depicted to illustrate a demoniac expression; Vitellius, and others, and a fine head of Antonia, the regally beautiful. In the other corridor are busts of Seneca, Euripides, Scipio Africanus, Cæsar, and Homer. Most attractive and pathetic is the worn, haggard, unutterably charming face of the latter. Whether it be authentic or not, it is really one's idea of the "blind old bard sublime," him of whom it seems so sad that it should have been written:

Seven Grecian cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

The sculpture gallery is an elegant hall, nearly a hundred feet long, and lighted on one side by seven windows. There are smaller sculpture galleries, and a gallery of bronzes leading from it; and there are arched recesses in which the very *crème de la crème* of the gods and goddesses hold their court. Nothing can be better than the arrangement of the statues in this fine, roomy hall. It shows the truest appreciation of those glorious forms, relatively and absolutely.

In one of the recesses referred to stands the "perfect rose" of all—the queen of those immortal ones—the peerless Venus of Milo. Says a severe art critic: "At first the Venus de Medici stood near her; but, fortunately for her, she has been removed. With all due deference to the adored 'Goddess of Love and Beauty,' I must



ANTONINUS PIUS.

presume to say that she appeared to my eyes almost insignificant in contrast to the noble, the

exalted type of beauty of the Venus of Milo. In the latter, the glorious contour of the form, mutilated though it be, the perfect poise of the graceful head, the wonderful mingling of dignity and sweetness, of strength and softness in the exquisite face can surely never be equaled. Very beautiful,



STATUE OF MARS.

of course, is she that 'enchants the world,' the fair de Medici; yet I think she did well to remove herself from that too trying proximity." And we cannot but agree with the justness of these words. On either side, but a little back of the Venus of Milo, stand noble statues of Flora and of Padi-citia, the latter an incomparable illustration of modesty, with her delicate face, and the shy gesture with which she draws her graceful robes closely around her.

A very faithful group is that of Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Aristides. All are wonderfully lifelike. In the faces of the first and last there is a grand repose, a most benignant expression, and in their majestic forms, enveloped in drapery, a blending of strength and ease which is very impressive. But in Demosthenes there is life, fire, in every line of the careworn, furrowed face, in the spare, sinewy form, the slender, nervous hand which grasps so tightly the roll within it. It seems as if those lips were parting, and the "torrents of eloquent words" were about to pour, as of old, upon the ears of entranced listeners.

Reaching another arched entrance, our eyes are gladdened with a fine cast of the Apollo Belvidere, the most glorious—save the Venus of Milo—of all this delightful company. Byron's beautiful description came into the mind of one of our party as we gazed upon this image of grace—this personification of manly beauty:

The lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poesy, and light,—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft has just been shot,—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity!

Above the Apollo is a truly superb colossal head of Juno. In the radiant face is a rare blending of majesty and sweetness. When Goethe first saw this, he exclaimed: "It is like a verse of Homer!" In remarkable contrast to the Apollo, "All radiant from his triumph in the fight," is that most pathetic form of the dying Gladiator:

He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him. He is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch
who won!

It does not detract a whit from our interest in this touching and wonderful statue to know that the critics say it does not represent a Gladiator, but a Saul, who has stabbed himself to avoid captivity, and fallen upon his shield.

One of our companions who wishes to share this pleasant task of description, here hands us her note-book, from which we quote:

A very charming statue is a Mercury in Repose. The original in bronze is said to have been found in Herculaneum. Yonder is a splendid Polyhymnia, represented as leaning upon a rock listening to the melody around her. The perfect repose of the attitude and the arrangement of the drapery are very fine. The cast of the colossal bust of Jupiter, from the original in the Vatican, is most imposing—worthy, indeed, in its grandeur to represent the king of the gods. In the admirably arranged catalogue we read that “when Phidias had finished it, he prayed for a token from Jupiter whether his work was acceptable, and a flash of lightning through the roof attested the thunderer’s approval.” In the great hall stands also the wonderful but most painful group of the Laocoon; a beautiful cast of the Silenus and Infant Bacchus; of the exquisite Faun of the Capitol, which was the inspiration of Hawthorne’s

said to be perhaps the most beautifully draped statue known; a colossal bust of Æsculapius, the face full of majesty, benevolence, and sweetness; the Antonius of the Capitol, and many other famous antiques. One of the finest and most



MINERVA.

fascinating book, “The Marble Faun;” a grand Minerva; the Two Fates, a group full of majesty and grace. They are supposed by some to represent the daughters of Cecrops; a noble Diana di Gabia, the original of which, in the Louvre, is



JUNO.

striking of these, however, is in an inner gallery—the daughter of Niobe. It represents one of the daughters of Niobe fleeing from the arrows of Diana. It is headless and armless, but is most wonderful in its representation of rapid flight, and in the effect of the drapery, which, blown by the breeze, clings closely to the limbs. The effect of motion is perfect, and the whole figure is grand and impressive beyond expression.

At one end of the large hall is a cast from the west gate of the baptistery at Florence, one of those gates which Michael Angelo pronounced “worthy of being the gates of Paradise.” This cast was brought from the South Kensington Museum. It consists of ten square panels, containing

designs from the Old Testament, surrounded by narrower panels, with niches containing historic



THE GREEK DIANA.

characters, prophets, sibyls, etc., and adorned with birds, flowers, and fruits, all most exquisitely carved.

Around the room, below the cornice, are casts from the frieze of the Parthenon. "Like the original, they consist of tablets three feet and a half high, nearly square, and embrace the seated deities, virgins bearing offerings, and groups of horsemen—considered the choicest portions of the entire frieze." Some of the statues by modern sculptors are admirable; but we have lingered so long over the ever charming, ever glorious and new-found characteristics of the antique, that we feel diffident about claiming too much space.

In a small side gallery are three Venuses, by

Gibson, by Canova, and by Thorwaldsen—all beautiful; but Thorwaldsen's seemed to us far more excellent than the others. It is a perfect embodiment of youthful beauty, delicacy, and grace—almost too spiritual, perhaps, for a Venus.

Up stairs, in the centre of an octagon room, which opens into the picture galleries, stands Power's Greek Slave, in marble. As we gazed upon its "passionless perfection," from the lips of one of the ladies of our group involuntarily burst Mrs. Browning's perfect sonnet, so wholly applicable that I cannot refrain from giving it entire:

They say ideal beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien image, with ensnackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave (as if the artist meant her
That passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed, not darkened, when the sill expands),
To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger! and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world! Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs, but West, and strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence overthrown!



PROSERPINE.

In the same room are busts of Ginevra and Proserpine, by Powers—the latter remarkably fine; a beautiful Bacchante, by Galt, a young Virginian

sculptor, who died in the Confederate army; a rare *Penseroso*, by Rhinehart; a lovely marble bust of Shakspeare; and a copy, also in marble,



JUPITER.

of the *Veiled Nun*, which is remarkable on account of the great delicacy with which the marble is wrought to represent a gauzy veil, through which the features are distinctly visible. It is an extraordinary piece of work.

Descending again, we find in a hall adjoining the sculpture gallery the "*Hildesheim Treasures*," electrotype reproductions, done in Paris, of an-



HERCULES.

cient vessels found near the remains of a Roman camp near Hildesheim, Hanover. These consist mostly of bowls, drinking cups, egg dishes, sauce-

pans, etc., with beautiful carvings of flowers, foliage, birds, animals, all wrought with an exquisite finish. In this hall are fine collections of bronzes, electrotype reproductions of ancient armors, and vases of Sevres porcelain and majolica. But the gem of the vases is certainly the majolica one known as the "*Prometheus Vase*." It is four feet high, of the most wonderful shade of rich,



STATUE OF MINERVA.

deep blue. Connoisseurs regret, however, that the exquisitely executed painting upon it represents the painful story of Prometheus. If instead it bore upon it the lovely, noble head of some saint, poet, or painter, such a treasure would indeed be "*a joy forever*."

Our meandering through the picture gallery must be brief, as there is less to interest the general reader than in the hall of sculpture. On entering the main gallery, the first picture that

strikes the eye is a very correct and lifelike portrait of Mr. Corcoran, executed with the nicest



IL PENNEROSO.

care by Charles L. Elliott. On either side hangs a picture by Cole, the *Departure and the Return*. In the former a gallant knight comes forth from his castle on a bright summer morning, followed by a cavalcade, all "on warlike thoughts intent," unmindful of a holy palmer, who waves a palm branch before them. In the other picture we see, at the close of an autumn day, the wounded leader brought back upon a litter, while but one of all his brilliant escort follows, dejectedly, the riderless horse. Sad as the story is, the figures in these pictures impress one less than the scenery, which is very beautiful and true. A few steps further bring us to the most restful, quiet-toned picture in the room, the *Edge of the Forest*, by Durand. Though it is only a group of trees and rocks, with a little glimpse of the Hudson, it is rendered so perfectly faithful in the minutest detail, so soothing in its dreamy aspect, in the soft, dreamy haze that lingers over it, that looking at it is nearly as satisfactory as being in the woods themselves.

The ladies were reluctant to leave it, and it seemed as if the eye could never weary of it. In fact, when one has seen everything else, and are utterly wearied with much seeing, they love to make it a farewell visit, and drink in its tender, quiet beauty, until they are thoroughly rested in body and mind. Near this picture hangs the *Vestal Tuccia*, by Leroux. Tuccia, charged with want of chastity, stands on the brink of the Tiber with a sieve, which she raises above her head with both hands, and prays to Vesta that if she be pure the goddess will allow her to prove it by filling the sieve with the water of the Tiber, and carry it into her temple. There are soft gray shades over the picture which give it a singular effect, and at first we thought it too cool; but after looking at it critically and repeatedly from different stand-points we liked it, for this coloring seemed to harmonize well with the story. The form and face of the maiden are very symmetrical and noble, pure and beautiful.



THE UNDINE.

There is a fine winter landscape by Gignoux; a delightful picture by Hart—a drove of cattle



A SCENE IN THE CATSKILLS.

crossing a cool, transparent brook, overshadowed by trees; scenery on the Magdalena River—full of rich tropical warmth and exquisitely painted foliage, by Church; Rebecca at the Well, a lovely, dreamy, almost spiritual face, overflowing with the delicate freshness of youth, yet with a certain depth which promises a noble maturity. The red, curved lips are very sweet and tempting;

siding abroad and winning laurels by his fine delineations of Irish peasant life. This picture represents the interior of a French cottage, and a peasant's family listening to a letter from an emigrant brother. The sturdy boy lying on the floor neglects his playthings; the old father has taken his pipe from his mouth; the mother stops her cooking operations; the young wife holds her white-capped baby in her arms, with a look of wistful eagerness in her gentle face and soft blue eyes; all are listening intently to the young girl who reads the letter.

A Cascade, by Robbe, is a refreshing little picture, and so truthful that one almost seems to hear the dash of the water in its musical rhythm foaming over the noisy rocks. There is an excellent picture of scenery in the Catskills, by Weber; a picture of Cromwell and Milton, by Leutze, painted for Mr. Corcoran; the poet is represented as playing upon the organ for the pleasure of the Protector and his family. The children's faces were painted from the artist's children. There is a flower-piece by Conder, one of the leading flower-painters of France. It is a vase of flowers upset by a cat. The roses are delightfully perfect in their pure and varied coloring, but the cat seemed to us hardly a success. Her expression of anger and fright is good, but her fur has an unnatural—as a critic observed, a wooden look. The most striking and powerful picture in the gallery is *Cæsar Dead*, by Gérôme. It is "supposed to be the study which he used in his more elaborate picture of the Death



REBECCA AT THE WELL.

softly the dark-brown hair droops over the pure, young brow, and the brown eyes are soft and beautiful. This picture is very suggestive of Longfellow's ideal:

Maiden, with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk of evening skies.

A very pleasing picture in its truthfulness and rich, elevated tone, is the *Emigrant's Letter*, by Howard Helmich, a Philadelphia artist now re-

of *Cæsar*, where the conspirators are represented retiring from their bloody work; and the interior of the Senate Hall is shown with imposing rows of columns, desks, and other accessories." Many persons think this picture the more impressive of the two. In this the Senate Hall is deserted; alone the body of *Cæsar* lies stretched upon the floor, "even at the base of Pompey's statue," the blood pouring from his wounds. His fallen chair and the base of the statue are the only objects to

be seen beside. It is indeed a marvelous picture, and its terrible reality impresses one most painfully.

Gladly we turn from it, and entering another room stop to look at a bright and charming little painting—a Lady of the Court of Louis XI. The lady, who has a wonderfully lovely face, is sauntering through the woods of Fontainebleau. The grand old trees form a protecting arch above her head. Her costume is extraordinary, quite wonderful to behold; an elegant pink silk gown, with square bodice, and puffed sleeves of bronze-brown silk. Upon her head she wears an inverted cornucopia, quite high, of bright scarlet, from which depends a delicate, gauzy veil, short in front, and flowing in long folds behind. Yet this strange dress, this singular combination of colors, which one would think very objectionable in reality, looks not inharmonious, but really beautiful, in the picture. A fine feature of the subject is a noble, large hound, who walks beside his mistress, his graceful head pressed closely and lovingly against her. The artist is Comte. Nothing can exceed the perfect and exquisite finish of this picture. One cannot discover the slightest roughness even upon a close examination. In an inner room are two pictures, which have been thus described by a correspondent of the *Christian Register*:

"Mount Adams, by Bierstadt, and the Mountain of the Holy Cross, by Thomas Moran, in all their rich beauty, are before us. I like Bierstadt's picture better than any of his that I have seen. There is real sublimity in that 'sky-pointing

peak,' which, glorified by the sunshine, soars up into the blue. At the foot is a lake, whose dark, still waters, undisturbed by the threadlike stream which flows down the mountain side, have a very soothing effect. The foreground, a wooded bank, with deer straying under the trees, is beautiful in its wildness. The Mountain of the Holy Cross¹ represents a peak of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, near the summit of which is a deep cleft, in the exact form of a cross, which is always filled with snow. The mountain is not high enough, compared with those around it, to be very imposing, or to make the snowy cross as conspicuous as it would otherwise be. The great beauty and charm of the picture seem to me to lie in the foreground, which represents a mountain torrent dashing over rocks. The rushing, foaming water, the richly-toned brown and gray rocks, some moss-grown, and with delicate vines trailing over them, are simply perfect. One seems to hear the rare music of that rushing stream. A solitary bird, soaring up among the clouds, adds to the wildness of the scene."

As the afternoon was waning fast, our party, after viewing the two pictures above named, returned to the hotel, remarking that they had never met a more captivating or thoroughly refreshing picture than the last with which to beguile the warm hours of a midsummer day, or to bear away in one's memory from the pleasant receptacle of the works of creative genius.

¹ A fine illustration of the Mountain of the Holy Cross will be found on page 327, Vol. XI., of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

HARK to the voice of the bells!
How they clamor and clang in the frosty air,
Tossing their music now here—now there;
Like revelers mad with the blood-red wine
Shouting their joy till its echoes twine
Over the hills,—through the ice-clad glen
Till the snow-sprites whisper it back again;
Telling with quivering joy of the birth
Of a glad New Year to the waiting earth;
Hark, how their silvery cadence swells;
The beautiful, beautiful bells!

Ring loud, oh beautiful bells!
Ring out for the New Year crowned with flowers;
Born from the dust of our dear, dead hours,—
Raised from the tomb of the buried year—
Bringing faint chill from the old man's bier,
But smothering it deftly with odors sweet
Pressed from Hope's flowers by his coming feet;
Like a conquering king, in his train he brings
Bountiful stores of all precious things;
Ring out for his coming, oh bells!
Ye beautiful, beautiful bells!

SCARBOROUGH HOUSE.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Either Shakspeare never experienced such a "winter wind" as is blowing this frosty December night, or he considered "man's ingratitude" extremely, inexpressibly cruel. Fiercely blustering, the wind sweeps down Fifth Avenue a cold, icy blast from the north. Sharp and cutting it comes in stinging gusts against my already aching face, benumbing my now nearly frozen nose and ears, and transforming my breath into stiff, white crystals before it has had time to escape through my mustache. I am snugly wrapped in a great-coat that defies the cold, and though my face is suffering sadly, my body is quite warm. On either side of the avenue the gloomy brownstone walls of the long rows of dwellings rise monotonously dark and dreary. The streets, covered with a recently-fallen sheet of snow, crisp and white, lit far up and far down by a hundred gas-lamps, coldly flickering the drafts that force themselves under the glass globes—look like all things else to-night, superlatively, disagreeably frigid. Even the stars seem like illuminated icicles pointing downward from the great black roof above. Heat has forsaken the earth; cold is reigning supreme. The stages, on the boxes of which the drivers sit muffled up to the chin, their whole thought and attention given to how best to avoid freezing, rattle harshly by. Nevertheless I prefer walking to riding. It is just twelve blocks from my boarding-house to the Grand Central Depot, whither I am bound, and that distance I am firmly resolved I will traverse without the aid of stage, hack, or coupé. Before I have walked as far as Thirty-fifth street, my face has grown so cold, I verily believe that by the time I reach the depot it will be quite frozen, and yet I stolidly adhere to my purpose and refuse to enter any conveyance; I am not willing to have my feet benumbed as well as my nose, so of the two evils I choose the least and plod determinedly onward, beating against the wind that blows more fiercely, more coldly the further north I go.

Now and then I meet a pedestrian coming down, the hurricane at his back aiding him as much as it is hindering me. These venturesome individuals who, like myself, are daring old Winter to do his worst, are invariably men. Women are not apt to indulge in promenades when the thermometer is at zero and a gale blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I have just crossed Fortieth street, am passing along by the massive graystone reservoir, the Egyptian architecture of which seems strangely out of place in this arctic atmosphere. The climbing vines clinging to its sloping wall are coated with ice and snow which sparkles in the unsteady gas-light.

Suddenly I am jostled by a black figure that I, with my head well down in the teeth of the gale, do not notice until it comes roughly against me. Looking up I discover, notwithstanding my idea that the gentler sex does not "walk abroad" at such seasons, it is a woman. I see that she is rather tall, dressed in black, shabbily, I think, and am about to pass on, concluding she is the worse for liquor, as, alas! too many women often are in these days, and has staggered against me, when I am surprised by a voice, sounding sweet and ladylike even in this rough blast, begging my pardon.

"Excuse me, sir," she says. That is all; but there is an indefinable charm in the tired voice, the accent and tone of which is so pure and gentle. Involuntarily I draw my hand from my pocket and raise my hat in acknowledgment.

I cannot resist the impulse to turn and look after her; and it is well that I do. Before she has gone three steps she staggers again, and is about falling. Stepping quickly to her side I am just in time to prevent her. It is only a momentary faintness, for she is quite herself again in an instant. My suspicions as to her soberness are obliterated. There is not the slightest odor of malt or spirits about her, and I am fully aware that no one in the condition I supposed was hers can apologize in a voice so convincingly sober and so sweetly polite.

"You are ill!" I say, with one arm still about

her to support her trembling figure. "Will you allow me to assist you to where you are going?"

Boreas catches my words, and carries them with him down the avenue. I repeat them in a voice that in a drawing-room would seem little less than a roar.

I bend my ear down so as not to miss her answer.

"You are very kind," she says. "I don't live far from here; if you'll kindly walk with me I shall be greatly obliged."

It is the same low, sweet voice that a moment ago begged my pardon, and yet, as she takes my proffered arm, I am guilty of wondering—how apt we are to judge the weak and unprotected!—whether she is not one of those against whom Solomon warned us when he said: "For the lips of a strange woman drop as a honey-comb, and her mouth is smoother than oil; but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."

Nevertheless her lips drop no more honey until we have together wended our way slowly, for she seems very weak, at least four blocks from where we met at the reservoir, and have stopped before a dingy house with a very high stoop, with clumsy cast-iron railings at each side.

I help her up the steps and ask her if I shall ring the bell. She nods her head, and I do as I am bid. As she stands there, the wind sweeping around the corner playing rudely with her scanty shawl and thin dress, I see that she is shivering. Her face is veiled, and as yet I have not had a glimpse of her features. Whether she is pretty or homely, fair-skinned or pock-marked, blonde or brunette, I know not. That she is young her voice has already told me. For fully two long minutes we stand on the stoop in the biting night air; then the door is opened, and a dim light from the hall gas-pendant shows a tall, thin, old-maidish woman, standing in the passage with her hand upon the door-knob. She has a little square shawl wrapped tightly across her breast to protect her from the cold which she knew she must face, and which is now rushing into her house as a besieging army that has suddenly gained admission to a besieged city.

"O, it's you!" says the woman, sharply, as she discovers my companion; "come in quick, before the house gets like an ice-box."

The girl steps into the doorway, and as she does so a gust of wind catches her veil and lifts

it from her face, across which the dim light falling for an instant reveals what I believe to be the most beautiful features I have ever looked on. Her eyes are large, and I think blue; great baby eyes, I imagine them to be, though I only get a glimpse. A small pink mouth, perfect in shape, and a clearly-cut Greek nose. Her hair, I can see, is light, and her complexion quite soft and fair. All this I take in in the instant her face is uncovered. Then she hastily pulls her veil back to its place, and turning her back to the light I can see only the outline of her darkly-draped figure.

"I thank you very kindly," she says, and there is even more of thanks in her tone than in her words. "I do not know how I should have got home without you. And now I bid you good-evening."

That is all. I raise my hat, and running down the steps hear the hall door closed behind me. Now as I walk toward the depot, I have quite forgotten my benumbed nose and ears in the excitement of this episode. I thoroughly despise myself for having had even the least distrust of this fair girl, and acknowledge that we are far too prone to suspect faults rather than virtues. At the first street lamp I stop, and poking my hand beneath the thicknesses of my greatcoat and my shooting-jacket, I draw out my watch. It is just two minutes of eight; the train starts at 8.05. Unmindful of the cold, which fifteen minutes ago filled my mind, I hurry on.

As I enter the waiting-room of the Hudson River Railroad, the clock tells me that I have just one minute to spare. There are several others like myself, as there always are, who arrive at the last moment, and who make a rush for the ticket-office together, all joining their voices in demand for tickets, each for a different station, making such a Babel that the ticket agent is unable to understand them, and so gives the Yonkers man a ticket for Tarrytown, and the Tarrytown man a ticket for Riverdale. At last, however, after thirty seconds I succeed in making him understand that I wish to go to Traddington, and am given a ticket therefor. The gong strikes its final warning note. The brakeman on the platform of the last car pulls a rope that tinkles a bell in the engineer's cab, then there is a short, sharp whistle from the engine, and I, rushing madly through the door, followed by my fellow-belated

travellers, spring on the back platform just as the train is beginning to move. On entering the smoking-car, which is quite warm and tobacco-scented, and therefore comfortable and pleasant, I see that it is not more than half full, and so have no trouble whatever in finding an unoccupied seat. I sit down and peer out of the window. The train is rushing on now quite rapidly, far more rapidly than it should within the built-up portions of the city. Suddenly, with a shriek, it dashes into the tunnel; and now, as nothing is to be seen without, save now and then, when a lantern gives a momentary gleam as we dart past, a glimpse of the damp, dripping walls, I turn my attention to the interior, settle myself down snugly in one corner of the seat, and for the next half-hour devote myself to a fragrant Havana, and allow my thoughts to take what turn they will. I am still marvelling on that Shakspearian couplet which came to my mind as I was beating against the fierce wind on my way to the depot. I have been very strongly tempted to ingratitude lately, "unkind ingratitude," as the English bard aptly calls it; but I have, with much self-sacrifice, got the better of the temptation, and am now on my way to be "grateful" and to be bored. My disposition is of that unsociable type that has no desire for the making of new friends. Old ones I have in abundance, quite enough, I fancy, for all purposes, and so I am not anxious to be thrown among a houseful of people entirely unknown to me, with whom it will be my duty to be on good terms, and to whom I shall be expected to be as agreeable as I know how. Such, however, is the fate in store for me, and for the sake of gratitude I am accepting it calmly, heroically.

John Scarborough is an Englishman; a wealthy, gentlemanly, patriotic, and somewhat prejudiced native of Great Britain, with as kindly, generous a nature as any man, in times ancient or times modern, of whatsoever nationality under the sun, has ever possessed. Full well I know this generosity.

I am thinking now of how less than a year ago it was he that saved my name and my fortune from going the way so many names and such large fortunes went. It was his check, given freely when I was in sore distress, that was my salvation; and now, when he invites me to spend the Christmas holidays at his house, asks me as a favor to come and see his place and make the ac-

quaintance of his wife, must not I be ungrateful to refuse?

When he came to America, two years ago last September, he invested quite largely in stocks, and I, having the good fortune to be selected his broker, thus made his acquaintance; an acquaintance that soon grew into a friendship which bids fair to be firm and lasting.

It is a quarter past nine when the train, just twelve minutes behind time, slows down at Tradington station. As I step off on to the platform, exchanging the snug warmth of the car for the bleak coldness of the open country, I find that it is a platform, and little more. There is an apology for a ticket-office and waiting-room, to be sure, but then it is nothing to compare with what such a corporation as the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company should have.

"Please, sir," says a diminutive specimen of the genus groom, in a long overcoat and shining brass buttons, stepping up to me, with his forefinger raised to his cockaded hat, "is this Mr. *Beuclerc*?" with a tremendous emphasis on the first syllable.

"Yes, I am Mr. *Beuclerc*," I respond, pronouncing my name, of which I am rather proud, as correctly as it is possible for an American to utter the least bit of French.

"The dog-cart from Scarborough House is waiting for you, sir," and then, pointing to my portmanteau, which is just discernible a few steps away, "is that your luggage, sir? If you'll give me your check I'll have it taken up."

After fumbling in my pockets for a second or two I bring forth a check, which I give to the obsequious man servant, and then step across the platform around the waiting-room to where I see the dog-cart lamps shedding their impartial radiance alike over the mean bare-of-paint boards of the station and the noble trunks of a row of tall, kingly poplars across the road. The driver is sitting up straight and stiff, as becomes a well-conducted person of his profession, while the horse, a fine, large gray, with check-rein well tightened, in a manner that would bring down kind, gentle, humane Mr. Bergh's wrath in a torrent were he here, is impatiently pawing the hard earth and saying, as well as a horse can, poor beast, "Let us be off!"

As I take my seat beside the driver, with an

idea that a closed carriage would have been more comfortable than this high open one, and pull up the warm seal robes about me, I see far away down the line the red lantern on the rear platform of the train which brought me thus far growing gradually less and less, as the engineer with full steam up is hurrying on in the eager hope of regaining his lost twelve minutes.

Then my portmanteau is lifted in behind, the groom springs lightly to his place, the gray at the first sign from the decorous driver steps spiritedly away, and a moment later we are bowling briskly along a country road. The wind has gone down considerably, and, though it is still blowing, there is no anger in it, no "unkindness," as the poet has it; its fury has, it seems, blown itself out. The air is, however, quite cold, but the robes are ample, and I am not in the least uncomfortable.

The horses' hoofs beat a lively tattoo on the frozen ground as we spin on at a brisk trot past long stretches of rail fencing, on the top bars of which the snow is glinting spotlessly white in the starlight. Then through dark, gloomy woods, where the tall trees with their gaunt, bare branches sway dismally back and forth in the wind with a sighing, moaning sound, that is far from being conducive to jollity.

Coming out into the open again we thunder over a narrow wooden bridge which stretches across a frozen stream, whose bed lies cosily down in a valley, and then go bobbing up a not very steep hill.

The lamps now throw their radiance over hedgerows instead of rail fences, and I know by this that we are nearing a residence.

Presently we turn off to the right, whirl quickly around a small lodge, the outline of which is decidedly Gothic, pass in between two heavy wrought-iron gates, and then roll on smoothly up a well-graded avenue, under great towering beeches and chestnuts, whose topmost branches greet each other in friendly embrace.

In the distance I see the lights of Scarborough House, and a few moments later the dog-cart stops in front of the hall door, which is swung hospitably open, and I, stepping down, run up the broad stone steps, and go in at the wide portal.

The butler announces me with the usual correctness of pronunciation, as I, having taken off *my greatcoat in the hall*, enter the drawing-room.

There are several people sitting about in evening dress, all of whom look up as I make my appearance. Then a tall, thin man, with a light mustache, whom I recognize as my host, Scarborough, rises and comes toward me.

"How are you, Beauclerc?" he says; "awfully glad to see you. Train was a little late, wasn't it?"

"A few minutes," I reply, taking his proffered hand.

"Beastly cold out, isn't it? Almost too cold for outside riding; but then I thought you wouldn't care to be cooped up in the brougham."

"The ride was very pleasant, I assure you. Americans are more used to such weather than Englishmen, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so. Come," he says, leading me across the room toward the fireplace, where a coal fire is burning brightly in a dog-grate, "I fancy, though, you don't mind warming up, eh?"

A gentleman, rather short and stout, with a very red face, and a bald crown, over which, for appearance sake, he has brushed a few straggling locks of hair, sits with his feet on the fender. A few steps away two ladies, one very fair and very stout, with a face too chubby to be pretty, and one rather slight and dark-complected, with sparkling, almost wicked, black eyes, and bright red lips, are playing backgammon.

To these I am of course introduced. The gentleman's name is Condert, the dark lady is his wife, and the fair lady is she of whom I have heard so much—Mrs. Scarborough.

"You see," says the latter, with a smile, "our party is not very large yet; most of them come to-morrow."

"I was led to suppose," I reply, "that you had quite a houseful, and I can't say that I am disappointed. I would much sooner be the man that arrived first at the dinner party, than the one who didn't get there until dinner was waiting."

"Oh, yes," puts in Scarborough, "I forgot that you were of that retiring disposition. However, I dare say we'll bring you out. We've a very pleasant girl coming that I'm sure you'll fall in love with—Mary Earcliff. Don't you think he'll be charmed with Mary, Joe?" he asked, turning to Mr. Condert.

"Sure to be, sure to be," replies that gentleman, with confidence; while I cannot help

thinking that he knows nothing at all about it, and make up my mind that I will not fall in love with Miss Earcliff out of mere spite.

"She is an English girl, you know," says Mrs. Scarborough, who is English herself, "and is of course charming."

"A natural consequence?" I ask, laughing.

"Certainly."

"I have taken you off at two points," says Mrs. Condert, who seems as unsociable as myself, and has not yet offered a remark; "will you kindly play?"

So the ladies go on with their game, while we gentlemen talk of the country, the city, the prices of stocks, and the prospects of trade, until the butler makes his appearance and announces that supper is served.

The ladies decline to partake of any refreshment, so we gentlemen leave them to their own devices, and retire to the supper-room, where we regale ourselves with cold meats and salads, and then sit for an hour sipping brandy and water and smoking cigars.

When at last I have retired to rest, and am snugly wrapped in downy quilts, try as I will I cannot fall into a peaceful sleep. No sooner do I close my eyes than visions of the woman I met, radiant in all the beauty that moment's glimpse indelibly imprinted on my memory, rises up before me. Now she is struggling in the hurrying eddies of a black whirlpool, from which I am vainly trying to free her; now she is cowering under the ill-treatment of the person who opened the door to admit her to the dingy place she called home; and then again she is shivering in the cold wind that plays pranks with her scant garments.

Dryden, I think it is, who says,

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes."

My fancy to-night then must be extraordinarily active; for the dreams are both many and complex. At last, however, near morning, I think it must be, when, I suppose, the lobster, the tongue, and the boned turkey have been digested, my dreams assume a more pleasant character, and no longer disturb my rest. To be sure the fair stranger is still with me, but she is peacefully resting in my arms, her head is lying contentedly on my shoulder, and her sweet face is smiling sweetly, lovingly up to mine. I am in no hurry that this dream should cease, and am almost tempted to quarrel with the sunshine when it comes intrusively into

my chamber, peeping between the heavy curtains, and falling across the floor to my bed, where it sets in a blaze the polished brass tubing.

Going down stairs half an hour later, I find Mr. Condert in the library, his gold-rimmed glasses astride his nose, reading the *Tribune*.

The library at Scarborough House is a bright, cheery room, decorated in olive green and gold, with furniture and fittings of rich old oak.

"Good morning, Beauclerc," Mr. Condert says, dropping his paper to his knee as I enter; "you're an early riser, I see, like myself."

"Early!" I exclaim, glancing at the clock on the mantel shelf, which indicates ten minutes of nine, "rather late, I should say."

"Late! Not a bit of it. Why, no one here, except myself, ever thinks of coming down stairs before ten."

"What a lazy set you must be!" I say, laughing, and taking a seat by a table on which lie several books. I pick up one, which proves to be a photograph album, and begin to look through it. Mr. Condert, however, does not seem inclined to go on reading.

"Beauclerc is a French name," he says, "like my own. I suppose you are of French descent."

"Yes," I reply, looking up from the pictures of two English officers in full regimentals, "my ancestors were Huguenots, I believe."

"Ah! Protestants, eh? Well, I think the Conderts were always Catholics, that is, up to the last generation; but as for myself, I don't believe much of anything in that line. Darwin and Huxley are far ahead of the old-fogyish priests and parsons with their worn-out superstitious ideas."

Such, then, were Mr. Condert's opinions. I make no reply, beyond a simple, "Do you think so?" and go on turning the leaves of the album.

Suddenly my eyes fall on a photograph of a young lady with fair hair, which immediately recalls to me the subject of my dreams. She is rather fuller-faced, however, but there is still that transcendent beauty which I noticed in my chance acquaintance. Of course I am interested, and inquisitive to know who it is.

"Will you kindly tell me this lady's name, if you happen to know?" I ask of Mr. Condert, rising and stepping towards him, book in hand. As he sees which it is I designate, his florid complexion grows a shade brighter, and I notice that

the hand which has taken hold of one corner of the book trembles nervously.

"It is, ah! confound it, I ought to know, but I'm blessed if I don't forget her name; some relation to Scarborough," he says, and then pushes the album back to me.

I go with it to the table again, very much dissatisfied with this meagre and hesitatingly-given information.

Then my companion rises.

"Excuse me," he says, still nervously, "I will be back in a few minutes. Would you" (handing me the paper) "like to see the *Tribune*?"

I thank him, and he goes hastily out. I am exceedingly puzzled by his strange behavior, and am now more than ever interested in this photograph, which resembles so strikingly the woman I assisted to her home last evening.

We are all in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner. Dick Earcliff and his sister Mary, two young fellows who are very great friends, and who persist in continually laughing at their own feeble jokes, and a buxom widow, inclined to flirt with one and all of the gentlemen of the party, arrived this afternoon.

About an hour ago they made their entrance, both the brougham and the dog-cart having been required to bring them over from Traddington. During the sixty minutes of their residence here they have changed travelling suits for dinner dress, and are now so attired; the ladies exhibiting their bare necks and arms, and each of the gentlemen a separate study in black and white. It has fallen to my lot to take Miss Earcliff in to dinner. A tall, slender girl she is, with light wavy hair, and certainly very young; scarcely eighteen, I should say, but I find her bright and talkative, and were it not for the resolve I made on first hearing her name and what was expected of me, I should most certainly feel inclined to "fall in love with her."

"Mr. Scarborough has a lovely place, I think," she says, pleasantly.

"Yes," I reply, "I have seen very little of it yet, but what I have seen is absolutely charming. He has excellent taste; the furnishing and decoration is worthy of an artist."

"Oh, but you give him credit for too much when you say that. Now, would you believe it, *he didn't* choose one thing, as far as I know, in

the whole house, unless it was the billiard tables. His sister selected everything. What she doesn't know about decorative art isn't worth knowing."

"His sister!" I exclaim, "I never knew he had a sister. Does she live at home?"

"No, she is not at home now; she" (hesitatingly)—"well, I think she is in England, I am not quite sure."

At this moment the butler enters. We all look toward him expectantly; we are quite sure that he has come to announce dinner, and as many of us, especially the new arrivals, are feeling rather hungry, this appearance is quite welcome. When, however, he fails to make the desired announcement, and we find he has only come in quest of Scarborough, who follows him somewhat quickly from the room, we are all much disappointed, and return to our conversations with diminished interest.

The subject of Scarborough's sister is not taken up again, our surmises as to the cause of the delay (eight o'clock is the dinner-hour, and it is now quarter of nine) having effectually swamped it.

Five minutes later the chief meal of the day is announced; but as the host has not returned, Mrs. Condert falls to one of the facetious young men, who otherwise would have been to the necessity of escorting his appreciative chum, who now, foolishly smiling at his thoughts, brings up the end of the procession as we troop across the hall to the great dining-room, with its stamped leather hangings, its rich, red mahogany furniture, and its massive stone chimney-piece.

When dinner is about half over, Scarborough comes in and takes his seat; but his generally pleasant face is clouded and his whole manner is nervous and excited. He scarcely speaks during the whole meal, and after the ladies have withdrawn, even though he tries to be jocular and tell a pleasant anecdote or two, it is evident there is something that troubles him which he is vainly endeavoring to conceal.

Nor does this condition of our host pass off with the day; it is the same the next morning at breakfast, the same at lunch, and the same at dinner, notwithstanding it is Christmas Eve, and every one else is in the best humor possible.

There is no one in the house, I think, who does not notice it, and I am quite sure Mrs. Scarborough is much annoyed by it. Indeed, I overheard them conversing alone just before dinner,

and the conversation proved she is as much in the dark as any of us as to the cause, and is very angry that her lord and master will not divulge the secret to her confiding heart.

"It does not concern you in the least, Emily," he says, his frown darkening as he stands with his back to the fire in the hall. (I am hunting for a book in the library, which is not three steps away, and cannot help hearing him, especially as he speaks rather loudly). "I am very much troubled and vexed, and scarcely know how to act; but you cannot aid me, and it is much better that you know nothing of the cause."

"You are very unkind, John," she says, pouting. "You do not know how I could aid you, and I think you might at least tell me what it is about."

"I shall tell you nothing."

At which words, spoken firmly, Mrs. Scarborough turns and walks angrily away, while her husband still stands with his hands under his coat-tails, looking intently at the tiles in the hall floor, his forehead contracted in deep thought.

During the two days I have been in the house, Mrs. Condert has been extremely sociable, at which, when I remember her cold, icy manner on the evening of my arrival, I am much astonished. I notice, however, that it is generally when her husband is out of sight that she ventures to address me, and have come to the conclusion that it must be that he is very jealous of her, and that she is much afraid of him.

This evening, the night before Christmas, I am suffering considerably from a headache, which I imagine the tobacco smoke after dinner is doing its share to increase. I therefore excuse myself, and leaving the gentlemen, go alone into the drawing-room among the ladies. It is not every gentleman of a "retiring disposition" like my own, that would thus beard the lion in his den; but I am comparatively well acquainted with all, and have very little hesitancy in opening the door, and by my manly presence interrupting their gossip.

Mrs. Condert, her dark eyes sparkling, is on her feet in an instant. She is very pretty, I say to myself, as I see her smiling and beckoning to me, and cannot imagine why she wishes to speak to me. I cross the room and take a seat on the ottoman at her side, which she kindly pushes forward for me.

"There," she says, with a charming smile, "sit there, Mr. Beauclerc, and give me just ten minutes' chat, won't you?"

I say something about it being a pleasure, and she goes on in her merry, clear voice. She is an American, the only American lady in the party; and a true type of the American society woman: gay, conscienceless, charming.

"I'm so glad to get to see you to-night, and have a chance to speak to you before Mr. Condert appears. He's awfully jealous, you know; so I never talk to any gentleman when he's about; it pleases him, and that's all I care for, you know."

"May I ask why you care so much to please him?" I inquire. "I shouldn't think from appearances, begging your pardon, that you were such a *very* devoted wife."

"Oh, I am; I'm awfully devoted" (dropping her voice to a whisper); "I'm devoted to him now; when he's gone I'm going to marry some nice young man—like you."

I smile as best I can with a terrible racket going on inside my head, and thank her kindly for the compliment.

"Do you know anything about the 'mysterious gloom?'" she asks, at last, when she has finished telling me how she married the old gentleman—she thus speaks of her consort—for his means, and not his good looks.

"I do not," I reply, rather interested. "Hav'n't you ladies fathomed its depths?"

"Oh, dear, yes! We know all about it. Mr. Scarborough don't open his mouth to the old gentleman, so you see he's angry at him to begin with; and he's out with Mrs. Scarborough, so you see he believes my husband and his wife to have been flirting, and he's as jealous as ever he can be; that's what it's all about. There! don't you thank me for telling you? For my part I don't care how much the old gentleman flirts, dear old soul! so he leaves me all his property when he dies."

This explanation is not very assuring to me; nevertheless I do not think it necessary to inform the dashing matron that such is the case, and accept it as the correct solution of the great problem. As the rest of the men begin to come straggling in, Mrs. Condert leaves me seated on the ottoman by myself, and goes off to sit lonely and dejected in one corner awaiting her husband's entrance, a picture of wifely devotion.

It is not long before I slip away, my headache becoming almost unbearable ; and taking a candle from the hall table, light it, and start up to my room. I stumble on up the broad stairway with its great, flat, polished oak steps, cross the landing, dim and ghostly now, lit only by my glimmering candle and the moonbeams which fall pale and blue through a large stained window, emblazoned with the monograms and arms of our host and his family. Then as I go up to the corridor above, where a few candles in brackets are casting grim shadows, I think I detect a rustling sound near me. I am not naturally nervous or cowardly, but the dark and gloomy surroundings and my aching head seem to combine to unnerve me for the moment, and I find myself trembling violently. Suddenly I start back with a short, hoarse shriek, as a figure, white as the new-fallen snow, darts past me, and is in a second lost in the darkness of the corridor. As I step back my foot turns under me, and I fall headlong on the floor. I am conscious for an instant of a sharp pain running up my right leg, and then a great blackness drops down as a curtain before me, and I know no more.

A sprained ankle is by no means a pleasant companion, and when accompanied with a nervous headache its desirability is not enhanced. All Christmas day I lie on a lounge in my room, unable to read, not caring to talk, and heartily wishing I could banish the apparition of the corridor from my mental vision, where it persists in framing itself.

I am not so superstitious as to believe in ghosts. so I dismiss all supposition that such was the white figure; I am quite sure it was no one of the ladies, for I had just left them all in the drawing-room ; and what one of the servants should be doing in such attire in that part of the house at such an hour is beyond my comprehension. Try as I will, I am unable to account for it, except that it was a myth formed by my own diseased imagination, and due entirely to the nervous headache from which I was and am suffering.

The week has dragged six of its long, thoroughly tiresome, disagreeable children, at least so they seem to me, after it, and now it is the last day of the old year.

I am able to go down stairs with the help of a cane, and have this morning taken up a position on the library sofa.

Some of the guests have gone by this. The widow and the two facetious young men have departed ; Mr. and Mrs. Condert, Dick, and Mary Earcliff, are still here.

Miss Earcliff is very kind, and does her best to make my long days of hobbling about the house and reclining on lounges agreeable.

"Have you ever seen the album?" she says to me this morning, as she sits near the table on which it lies, and looks searchingly about to find something to amuse her charge, for such indeed she seems to consider me.

Scarborough is at the window reading the *Herald*, and Mr. Condert is sitting opposite him, as usual deeply interested in the weighty editorials of Jay Gould's sheet. They have to a degree made up their differences, and are on rather good terms again.

"I have seen it," reply I to the lady's question, "but that is all. I should very much like to look over it with you, and have you name the photographs."

So she brings her chair alongside the sofa, and we begin looking over the pictures together ; she naming them as far as she can, and she seems to know nearly all of the Scarborough family's relatives and friends.

Presently we come to the officers in regimentals, who I am told are Scarborough and his brother. I am very anxious now to get to the photo of the young lady who so interested me, who so resembled my chance acquaintance ; but as we turn to the page on which it was, I find the space empty.

"Oh, it has been taken out," say I, disappointedly. "I should have liked so much to have known who it was."

"Let me see if I can remember," says Miss Earcliff, biting her pretty little red lip.

"I asked Mr. Condert who it was, once," I say, "maybe he will remember. He said he thought it a relative of Mr. Scarborough's," so I turn to the gentleman with the vague ideas of religion, and ask : "Condert, you remember that photo I asked you about, don't you? I see its gone now. Can you give Miss Earcliff an idea who it was?"

Mr. Condert's face reddens just as it did before ; this time, I think, more than on the previous occasion.

"I have no recollection of it whatever," he

says, shortly, and tries to hide his blushing countenance behind the *Tribune's* spacious pages.

"Let me see where it was, please," says our host, laying down his paper and reaching for the book.

I point out the place beside a lady-like-looking person of middle age. He no sooner sees the empty space than his brow darkens, as it so often does nowadays, it seems, and he hands it hastily back.

"I should like to know very much," he adds, sharply, "who removed that picture. I consider it highly unmannerly in him or her, whoever it may have been."

No one says a word. Mr. Condert clears his throat; his face has assumed a color between purple and turkey-red. Still he seems intent on his paper.

We do not venture to ask who the photograph represented, but go on looking at those that follow. When Mr. Scarborough has become interested again in the morning news, or seemingly interested, my companion leans over and whispers, "It was his sister."

That is all, but it fills me with curiosity, and so when it happens we are alone together in the afternoon, sitting in the same room, I ask her to tell me why Scarborough is so sensitive on the subject, and inquire if she noticed the narrow escape Mr. Condert had from an apoplectic fit, and this is what she tells me:

John Scarborough, his newly-married wife, and his half-sister Caroline, a very lovely, highly-cultured girl, came to America two years ago. It was merely a whim of the man to live for a few years here in America, and become acquainted with the manners and customs of the "natives." He knew several English families that were living here, the Consul at New York and others, and he was very intimate with Joseph Condert, who he had met several years before while travelling on the Continent. Soon after their arrival Condert showed a fondness for Caroline, and as he was wealthy and of a good family, notwithstanding his age Scarborough made no objections to his frequent visits, and indeed encouraged him, thinking that his sister was rather pleased than otherwise. In spite of her great beauty, she had never been deeply in love, though at home in England several had aspired to her hand, all of whom had been duly repulsed. It appears she was not aware of

Condert's presumption until he actually proposed, and then she refused him point blank.

This brought down her brother's wrath. He was generally very indulgent to his sister, who was much younger than himself, but her seeming encouragement of his friend only to refuse him at the last raised his temper, and he made use of some very angry words. His wife, who is of a jealous nature, and had always been envious of his love for Caroline, now took sides against her, and urged the necessity of forcing her to consent. This the Englishman decided to do, and told her positively that she must marry Condert. He left no alternative, little thinking but that when she found it was his *command* as well as his *wish*, his, her brother's, who had fed her and clothed her since childhood, she would consent.

She, however, positively refused to yield. To marry a man so much older than herself, a man whose ideas were so near infidelity (she is a devout Churchwoman), and a man who was willing to marry her if she were forced to it, one who, when he saw she did not love him, had not manfully refused to press his suit, was highly distasteful, and she resolved under no conditions to submit.

Hastily packing her trunks with everything she owned, she hurried away, unknown to her brother; and notwithstanding diligent search was made, detectives sent all over the country, and investigations made to ascertain whether she had crossed to England, not the slightest clue was ever found, and not a word heard from the runaway girl. Condert expressed his great sorrow that it was through him the affliction had come to Scarborough; but that gentleman magnanimously refused to hear any apologies; and though he mourned greatly, for in truth he loved his sister fondly, yet his intimacy with Condert did not in the least diminish. Six months after, he who had been so unsuccessful in this love affair wedded the dark-eyed lady who is now with him at Scarborough House, and who is so devotedly attached to his money.

That is the story, and it is seldom referred to by any one in Scarborough's presence. In spite of his friendliness for Condert at the time of this sad occurrence, now he seems to blame him, and at the least mention of his sister's name, or of anything relating to her, he seems for the time unable to address his red-faced little friend with civility.

The bells of Traddington village have mournfully tolled the old year out, have joyfully chimed the new year in. The clocks stationed in the several rooms of Scarborough House have each tinkled their farewell to the departing December, and their welcome to the coming January. Without, the snow is falling. In great feathery flakes it floats down through the darkness, forming at the same time a funereal shroud for the year gone, and a soft white cloak for the infant year just born.

My recent attack of nervous headache has left with me the plague of sleeplessness. Morpheus has fled from me, and will not be wooed back. Persistently he refuses to enfold me in his democratic embrace. To pass the long hours I determine on reading, and so taking up my candle I limp down to the library in search of a book.

I have entered, and am standing in the middle of the floor, before I notice that, though the lamps are out, the fire is blazing brightly in the grate, and before it sit Scarborough and a lady.

Both the occupants of the room look up, startled as I enter. My host rises quickly.

"What could have induced you, Beauclerc," he says, sharply, in a tone of annoyance, "to come here at this unseasonable hour? I would not have had this occur for worlds."

I am rather surprised at this confession, and now for the first time look at the lady who is still sitting calmly by the fire. For an instant I am so startled that I cannot hold my candle still, and so place it upon the table. It is, I am quite sure, the same woman that I met at the reservoir on my way to the depot nearly two weeks ago. Without doubt those are the same great blue eyes, the same ripe red lips; that is, beyond question, the same golden hair. The whole face, the whole figure tells me that these cannot be different persons.

My face, I am sure, expresses my astonishment, for Scarborough says, quickly:

"What is the matter? Are you surprised to see a strange lady here at this time of night? I suppose you are, and perhaps rightly. I will introduce you; Carrie," he says, turning to the lady, "let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Beauclerc; this is my sister, Miss Scarborough."

I look up as the young lady rises and extends her hand. She catches my eye, and I see that she recognizes me.

"We have met before, I think," I say, "though

I have never had the pleasure of an introduction." She smiles, bows in a ladylike manner, and resumes her seat.

"Met before!" exclaims Scarborough, curiously. "Where, may I ask, did you ever meet my sister?"

Then I go on to recount the occurrences of that blustery night, omitting all allusion to the poor appearance of the lady's attire and residence.

"Since you know that much," says the brother, sitting down, and motioning for me to do the same, "you may as well know all."

He repeats the story related by Mary Earcliff, and feeling that he would be annoyed at her should he know she had told it, I let him proceed.

"Caroline has told me now where she has been," he continues, admiringly. "She is a brave girl, Beauclerc, and now that I have her back, I honor her pluck in running away, on my honor I do. Poor girl! she tried governing, its the English style, you know; when money fails, to become a governess is the correct thing. She boarded for six months at a farm-house in the country somewhere till all the search for her was over, and then she tried governing; but she tells me that at the end of three months the family went abroad, and so she was out of a berth. She tried everywhere to get another position; had been out after something of the kind the evening she met you. She had told me of that incident; but of course I had no idea you were the fellow who so kindly helped her, and at last, when her money was nearly gone, and she could see no way to make any more, she came back, like a dear good girl, to her brother, who was as glad as he could be to see her, you may be sure.

"Well, Beauclerc," he adds, his face darkening, "when she came back that night, the same night the Earcliffs came, you remember I was called out of the room; she heard Condert was here, and of course wouldn't have me let any one know she was in the house, not even Mrs. Scarborough. She was never on very good terms with Emily, I'm afraid, were you Carrie? Well, never mind, we have her now, and I am happy, though Condert's presence did annoy me at first. She comes down here every night, and we talk over old times after all are in bed, don't we, Carrie? But just as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Condert have departed, Carrie is to be brought out, and there is to be great rejoicing; a regular prodigal son affair, eh, Beauclerc!"

As Scarborough's words cease there is the sound of footsteps crossing the dark hall, approaching the door, and then another candle preceding a man appears, and the next instant we are aware that Mr. Condert has come in.

First he catches sight of my candle burning on the table, and then he discovers our three figures between him and the blaze of the grate. He stops suddenly, just as I did, staring astonishedly at us.

In an instant he has seen Caroline, and is tottering back giddily, grasping at the doorknob for support. To him she must seem as one risen from the dead.

Scarborough goes toward him, and catches his hand to prevent him falling; as he does so a card drops from it to the floor. As I step forward to see if I can be of any assistance, I look down at it. It has fallen face upwards; it is the missing photograph; the picture of Caroline Scarborough.

A chair is placed for the man, and he sinks into it.

"She is alive!" he murmurs, dazedly, "she is alive! she is alive!"

I stoop down and pick up the photograph, which I lay on the table.

Caroline has turned her face away, and is gazing

at the fire, nervously clasping together her thin, white hands.

Mr. Condert's mouth twitches for a moment, and his fingers draw themselves up convulsively.

Then there is a gurgling sound in his throat, his head falls limply over on his shoulder, and his body slips half from the chair.

Scarborough and I together lift him up; but he makes no sign, no movement. His soul in that instant passed out into the mysterious beyond. Even now he has solved the great problem of the future, has seen how far short his ideas were of the truth.

During the twelvemonth that follows, Scarborough and I become very dear friends. It is, I think, because I am acquainted with this incident in his life. At any rate, I am invited to Scarborough House on all occasions; nor do I make these frequent visits out of gratitude. Need I say there is an attraction there? Will any one wonder that I am in love with Caroline, his noble, brave, heroic, beautiful sister? And is it necessary for me to say that she has promised to me that which she refused poor, unfortunate Condert—her hand? that she has already given me her heart?

AMERICA'S SONG COMPOSERS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

IX.—FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

GEORGE SWAINE BUCKLEY, the last of the famous Buckley's Serenaders, so well known a quarter of a century ago, and the pioneers of negro minstrelsy, died a few months since at his home, at Quincy, Massachusetts. He played his last engagement in Philadelphia, but a few weeks previous to his death.

With him in the minstrel business were connected his brothers, R. Bishop Buckley, who died in 1867, and Frederick Buckley, famous as a violinist and song composer, the subject of this brief sketch. The Buckleys were all English by birth, and sons of James Buckley, a well-known musical director, and who managed the company.

They first became known to the public in May,

1843, when, as the Congo-Melodists, with an efficient company, they appeared at the old Tremont Theatre, Boston. Previous to this, in the same year, appeared the Virginia Serenaders, the first organized company of minstrels, at the circus in the Bowery, New York, under the leadership of Dan Emmett. The new idea was so successful that the business was speedily taken up by others, and they were soon followed by the Kentucky Minstrels, who appeared at the old National Theatre. But the Buckleys were the first to harmonize negro melodies, operatic choruses, etc.; and being practical as well as theoretical musicians, they imparted a charm and effect to Ethiopian airs which gave their performances a peculiar celebrity. The

vocal efforts of their predecessors were marked by great crudity, and the introduction of harmony as a specialty met with abundant appreciation, and was recognized as a long stride in the minstrel business. They were also the first to present to the public burlesques and travesties of popular operas. Their operatic spectacle of "Cinderella" had the unprecedented run of six months. In 1844 the troupe assumed its legitimate appellation of "Buckley's," and gave concerts which yielded fame and profit in all the principal cities of the country, making their principal location at 585 Broadway, New York; but after a successful tour in Europe in 1860, they made Boston their permanent stopping-place.

Frederick Buckley occupied an important position in the troupe as leader of the orchestra, violin-soloist (in which he ranked very high, but few performers being his equals at that period), composer and arranger of all the melodies and operatic music used by them. His musical compositions were very numerous, and included some of the most popular ballads of the day, and some of them very touching and beautiful, though his humorous songs were many.

Even at this late day a number of his ballads are familiar, and find a ready sale. Who does not know "I'd choose to be a Daisy," and "Come in and Shut the Door?" Who has not laughed at those minstrel favorites, "The great Hen Convention," and "Sally, Come Up?" Among his familiar sentimental songs are, "I am Dreaming, Sadly Dreaming," "Mother, O, Sing me to Rest," "We are growing old together," "Kiss, but Never

Tell," "Gentle Annie Ray," "In Heaven I'll Rock thee to Sleep," "For thee and only Thee," "Effie Lane," "Softly Falls the Moonlight," "You Need not be so Shy," "Little Maggie Dale," "She is Waiting for us There," "My Home is on the Sea," "Sweet Thoughts of Thee," "Angry Words are Lightly Spoken," "I Know a Pretty Widow," and "Sing Me the Dear Old Songs," with many others. His patriotic song, "Our Union Right or Wrong," was very popular at the beginning of the Rebellion.

Frederick Buckley was of slight figure, with dark hair and a small mustache. Of kindly disposition and affable manner, his friends were naturally many and intimate. He died at his residence, East Canton street, Boston, October, 1864, aged forty-one years. The event was not unexpected, as he had been ill for a long period, a year or more; but the bereavement fell heavily upon his parents and brothers, and also upon a wide circle of friends to whom he had endeared himself as much by his private virtues as by his eminent talents. He had never married.

But little has been said personally of Frederick Buckley, as his life was so intimately connected with the troupe that bears his name, that the history of one includes the other; but enough has been written to show that he doubtless did as much, if not more, than any other individual to elevate the tone and character of Ethiopian minstrelsy, and that he has written songs of a character and popularity to entitle him to an honored place among America's Song Composers.

A YOUNG POET.

BY ETHEL TANE.

I SAW the poets in a mighty hall,
Each singing out of his o'erflowing heart:
One sang to rich and poor, to great and small;
One to a group that stood with him apart;
One warbled lays to move a maiden's soul,
Of truth, and trust, and love that will not fail;
While other bards sang of the cannon's roll,
In tones that made their gentle listeners quail.

But one there was—a youthful singer he—
Who only gave sweet echoes of the rest,
Who only reproduced the melody

That had its birthplace in some older breast,
And many scoffed and called him "mocking-bird,"
While others harmed him more with lavish praise:
But when that voice of passion I had heard,
And gazed my fill upon the glowing face,
I paused in doubt and hope—for surely he,
With ears so true for every singer's tone,
Shall one day wake to Nature's harmony,
And make her thrilling language all his own:
Rise in the ether on his own strong wings,
Sing the star's music—not man's renderings.

FOUND FAITHFUL.

BY MRS. ELLA BASSET WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE stood in her touching loveliness,
All dressed for the coming ball,
With her pure white dress, and purer face,
Waiting for us in the hall."

"How do you like me, papa?"

And papa, turning quickly at the question, surveyed with supreme pride and satisfaction the girl who stood before him dressed for the ball.

He had not heard the satin-slippered feet that so swiftly and silently entered; but now he smiled down into the sweet, eager face looking up at him, and said, kissing her:

"Why, my darling, you don't know how lovely you look!"

"Don't I, indeed! Why, its one of the few things that I do know as well as you. It just comes naturally; when one is always being told all about their nice looks, one can't be unconscious. Do you suppose they can, papa?" There was laughing light in the dark-blue beautiful eyes, and the rich red lips parted in a saucy smile.

"Well, they hav'nt spoiled my little girl yet; but where did that marvelous dress come from?"

It looked like the fleecy clouds around the summer moon, over which there had fallen a shower of lilies of the valley.

"Why, Worth, of course; you said the bill was awful, and asked mamma what on earth it could be made of to cost so much."

A troubled look came into his face as he answered, in a tone of assumed carelessness:

"I think I remember something about it now, when a big bill came from the custom-house, and there was something said about a dress. You are a costly little luxury, Lily; but tell me who is Worth?"

"I suppose gentlemen are not expected to know that he is the great Parisian costumer, the mandressmaker, and that everything he makes is entirely *en règle*. Am I very expensive? Daughters to dress are serious things, I suppose. Of course it was not in your line to know anything about Worth." This was said with a pretty air of superior wisdom, and she added, "But then you know so much of everything else, its not expected."

"Why, pet, out of Wall street I am an ignoramus. Business is an abominable, incessant bore; but at any rate, so far as Worth or any other costumer could improve you, Lily, I am quite satisfied; though you don't depend upon dress for your sweet looks."

"There now! you are spoiling me with compliments, like every one else. My poor little head will be teetotally turned;" and as she spoke, she leaned towards him, putting up her face lovingly for another kiss; her slender, graceful figure swaying like the flower they had named her for bending to the breeze. "You know its my first ball, and mamma wanted me to be as perfect as possible," she added.

"Your mother was right, and the result is to be a great success of course; but its time we were off; Saunders has had the carriage at the door for some time. I must wrap you up well, though, for its very cold;" and taking from the chair where she had thrown it, her burnoose of white cashmere and swansdown, he folded it carefully around her, and then putting on his handsome furred overcoat and hat, they left the house together, and entered the elegant carriage waiting at the door.

It was a cold night in January; but the streets of New York were blazing with light from the gas-lamps, and the star-spangled sky seemed crowned with a coronet of glittering gems, the bright crescent of the young moon shining over them all like the kohinoor among diamonds. The drive from a Fifth Avenue mansion to the Academy of Music was soon accomplished, and Mr. Maclean and his daughter mingled with the crowd pouring its living tide into this temple of art, temporarily turned into a magnificent ball-room.

Here it is that society makes some of its superbest displays of dress and jewels on these occasions, which are noted by ubiquitous reporters for the next morning's newspaper; but as their comments are complimentary, it is satisfactory to all concerned who favor these amiable and gallant gentlemen of the press. It is refreshing to be appreciated, and adds an appetite to a languid breakfast after a ball, to note that the *Herald*,

Times, and *Tribune* properly establish the fact that one looked very elegantly in a magnificent dress the night before.

It was a splendid scene; glowing with light and gorgeous with coloring; sparkling chandeliers reflecting a blaze of radiance upon rich dresses, gleaming jewels, and exquisite flowers; while the sweet and subtle inspiration of music completed the charming effect.

It was the promenade after the first dance, and among the spectators on one side stood two young men, taking no part in the revel, saving the rôle of "lookers-on in Vienna." One was tall, graceful, and strikingly handsome, evidently a thorough-paced man of the mode, with that unmistakable air of *haut ton*, absolutely unattainable except from custom and caste. The other was one of those individuals who baffle ordinary observers in deciding upon age or character, while magnetically attracting attention by some indescribable, intangible power, like the turning of the needle to the pole; but a power which ordinary, inferior people rather resentfully recognize.

His face was not one of those fleshy intaglios of the past, where the footprints of time may be traced, the limit of years numbered, the index of character revealed without Lavater's skill in deciphering their story. Yet it was a face full of force, striking, not strictly handsome, with strong, clear-cut features; a massive intellectual brow, from which the dark hair receded, and a pair of great gray eyes glowing under it—eyes that were roving incessantly around, seeming to search deeply into everything they dwelt upon. The ugly orthodox costume of black broadcloth showed a muscular, well-developed form, with more of strength than grace, slightly above the medium size and height, with unusual breadth of chest and shoulders; his very erect bearing giving something of the grand air to a person not otherwise *distingué*. There was a suggestion of sternness in the slight compression of the full curved lips that smiled sometimes with rare sweetness under the heavy dark mustache, showing the fine, strong, white teeth. In short, he was one of those men who, having been once seen, one would surely seek to see again; invincibly impelling your eyes to return to him.

These two young gentlemen were naturally engaged watching the young ladies who were promenading past, and naturally also making *sotto voce* comments upon them.

"Look, Bertie, that's Helen Stephens, one of our beauties, the latest out; isn't she handsome?" remarked the tall young Apollo to his friend.

A quick, keen glance of the gray eyes turned upon the girl indicated as she passed them, and after a minutes' survey or scrutiny, he answered:

"Handsome! yes; classic, certainly; but not my style. She looks like a portrait in wax."

"Not much animation I admit. Your style indeed! I wonder if you know yourself what it is?"

"I guess I've got a notion; but it isn't like Tennyson's,

'Faultily faultless; icily regular; splendidly null.'

That suits your beauty, Harry."

"I don't confine myself to one; so many of them are distracting. A fellow can't concentrate," he said, with a smile and expressive shrug of his shoulders. "Now, there's Fanny Marvin, she's not a bit pretty with that pugnacious little nose; but then she's so piquant and clever one is chafed. Beauty is not the only gift, after all."

"That's a wonderfully wise remark for you considering your worship of pretty women and distaste for plain ones. Who's that, Harry?" The quick question and sudden kindling of the gray eyes into a glow of admiration as they fixed themselves upon the girl next approaching, at once attracted his companion's attention in the same direction. A start of pleased recognition, and the exclamation, "Why, it's Lily Maclean; out for her first ball, and looking radiant, too! How is she for 'your style,' Arnet? and if you want, I'll tell you about her."

"Let me hear, then, for I am interested."

"Well, her father herds with the Bulls and Bears on Wall street; everybody on 'change knows him. She's the only child, and heiress, and beauty."

"She is certainly lovely," Arnet said, simply, as he continued to follow her form with a gaze in which there was concentrated the clear critical acumen of a connoisseur.

In the midst of so much glare and gorgeousness, the young girl looked as fresh and cool as a white rosebud in moonlight, or a lily seen through the silvery spray of a fountain.

"Of course she is; just perfectly beautiful."

"That's an impressive fact no one disputes; and as you drew on Tennyson, I'll try:

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,"

he quoted, while bowing to the lovely girl as the promenade brought her past their position on the floor.

"Queen, lily, and rose in one,"

answered Arnet. "You said her name was Lily, did you not?"

"Yes; suits her splendidly. I tell you she is an embodied lily; but I can't waste any more time talking. I'm going to try and outflank that fellow she's with, and capture her on the next round. There's lots of us crazy about her."

"Yes, you are evidently 'luny;' but I have seen you in these spasms before, and observed the recovery was rapid."

"Don't laugh too soon, Bert; your time will come some day. and then I'll be revenged." He started off, but said, looking back, "If you want to be presented to the lily, just telegraph me." Then mingling with the moving throng was gone; while Arnet muttered under his mustache:

"It's a case! *De lunatico inquirendo.*"

CHAPTER II.

"OH, my soul, look not behind thee, thou hast work to do at last;

Let the brave toil of the present, overarch the crumbling past.

Build thy great acts higher, higher; build them in the conquered sod,

Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, where thy first prayer rose to God."

Albert Arnet was one of those whom society styles a "self-made man." The son of a simple farmer, left early an orphan, and dependent on the charity of sordid selfish relations who regarded the boy as a burden, of whom they were seeking to rid themselves respectably. With that wisdom that is early born of suffering, the brave, bright boy, instinctively understanding his position, was desperately determined to seek independence.

He continued to get a common school education with intervals of hard bodily toil by day and earnest, eager study by night; so he plunged into the battle of life unassisted yet undismayed, but with that vague sense of power that is given to genius. And so he had struggled and conquered.

A self-made man, yet a God-appointed peer, who by right of genuine talent, indomitable energy, and determined will had won for himself distinction in literature and position in society; but not without first enduring all the "slings and

arrows" outrageous fortune could fling at him, before his final triumph.

Life is at best like a game of cards, requiring quick eyes, keen wits, and nimble fingers to enable one to make the best of their hand. But in holding honors Albert Arnet had been skillful in counting on his adversaries.

And now he was winning rewards on all sides; for the man who held a place in the noble army of authors, and whom they acknowledged of us, was stamped at once as current coin by the world.

So he was a recognized success; and society, with its Janus-like wisdom, bowed where before it had sneered, and brought laurels for the brow it had once so pitilessly pelted. And now that fortune favored him, society conveniently forgot his powerful pen had smitten its pet follies, and deliberately, daringly, trodden upon its tender toes in their sorest spots.

For his brains brought money when coined into the currency of literature; money was power, and both were the "open sesame" before which the doors, once locked and barred against the daring intruder, slid smoothly back upon their hinges to give him the *entrée* whenever he willed or desired. It was something to be the fashionable literary lion in New York.

He had been persuaded by his friend Harry Harman to accompany him to the Charity Ball at the Academy on this occasion; which everybody who is anybody, considers it the correct thing to attend—of course for charity's sake.

But little did he dream that the inexorable sisters, Clotho and Lachesis, with the distaff and spindle, were waiting to weave the web of a new fate for him that night.

"Come, Arnet," said a voice at his elbow, "let's get out of this confounded crowd;" and here was Harman again looking disgusted.

"Why, what's the matter now?" he inquired.

"Matter—indeed! She was down for nearly all the dances. There's no chance for us for two hours to come."

They had passed out into the broad entrance way, where a flight of steps at either end leads up to the dress-circle and proscenium boxes; but at this moment they separated again, Harman being captured by a brilliant looking woman with black eyes and crimson velvet dress, with enormous length of train and extreme briefness of body.

Circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding,

in an hour's time, amid the choice circle that occupied a proscenium box, was Arnet, conversing with Lily Maclean. It matters not how, but his will had won its way; as some wills seem ever destined to do.

Below them the brilliant bewildering throng was moving in the mazes of the dance, while those two looked and talked, sometimes at the crowd, sometimes to each other. He was watching the winsome, happy face, framed in its coronal of bright hair, the tint that Titian loved, and drawing often to his own the gaze of the violet eyes that looked like pansy leaves in their velvet softness. Several smaller satellites, finding themselves in eclipse, had dropped off, leaving him to engross her attention entirely undisputed.

Occupying the seat just behind hers, he had to lean forward to converse favorably, which brought him very close to the fair face he was admiring.

"I have often heard Mr. Harman speak of you," she said. "He calls you his 'Admirable Crichton,' and tells wonderful things about your adventures."

"He's partial, or possibly ironical, Miss Maclean."

"Oh, no, Mr. Arnet. He's an incorrigible joker, but I'm sure he's sincere about you."

"Then on your testimony I must believe."

He was talking of his friend, and thinking only of her. She was such a pretty picture with the lights glinting on the gold of her hair, deepening the violet of her sweet, shy eyes, the carnation of her cheeks, and betraying delicious curves and dimples in the round, white arms.

He found a new sensation, subtle, strange, and sweet, stealing over him as he gazed. There was a pause, when he ought to be talking.

"Do you like balls very much?" he said.

"This is my first experience. It's splendid, isn't it? I like crowds composed of well-dressed people, all looking pleased with each other."

"Then you think they look as they feel; but maybe there's sham in the show after all." He smiled scornfully as he spoke; then there came a tender pity, softening the stern mouth as his eyes met the troubled questioning gaze of hers, that seemed striving to solve some strange problem. He held them magnetically for a moment, and then said: "Poetry and sentiment seem absurd in such a gala as this; but I thought just now of some pretty pathetic lines I read to-day."

"I'll not think it absurd at all if you'll tell me them."

She looked so winsomely up at him it was irresistible, and he repeated in a low, distinct tone:

"God's tired children are everywhere,
We dance with them at the ball;
Be kind to the gay, and perchance thy balm
On some weary heart may fall."

"Oh, Mr. Arnet, I never thought of that before. Everything seems so bright, I can't think of shadows," and she sighed like a sorrowful child.

"I'm sorry I suggested them; but when one finds the world a hard sort of place, they get skeptical."

"After all, I suppose Shakspeare was right; 'life's a stage; men and women are but actors,'" she answered, more gayly, "but I won't believe all of his dreadful doctrines. Mamma tells me sometimes if all people acted upon principles of implicit truth, as I do, society would be in a terrible state."

"A social earthquake; she's right," he responded, smiling. "The clash and convulsion of human nature would surpass nature entirely."

"Found at last!" exclaimed some one hastily entering the box. It was Harman. "I've been searching distractedly for you on the floor, and here you are playing truant to the dance in this dull box all the time."

"Indeed, it's not been a bit dull; Mr. Arnet and I have been moralizing on balls."

"Suggestive subject; practically jolly just now," the lively young man remarked. "But if you are moralizing, I should sapiently observe, all balls are more or less masquerades, even when we don't wear dominoes. We play two parts: to seem and to be; but at present its a partner, not a part I want."

"I protest against being left in the lurch; you don't mean to desert me, Miss Maclean?" Arnet said regretfully, as he saw she was consulting a card with the order of dancing that Harman held out to her, urging:

"You are down for this dance; I won't give up or take any excuse. Those other fellows you've snubbed are plunged headlong into confusion; there'll be a dozen suicides before morning."

"To prevent the thirteenth, humanity demands my dancing this set, I suppose, to save you."

"Queen of Lilies, yes! or behold your victim!" he added, with tragic expression, offering his arm, which, rising from her seat she accepted, looking half-regretfully towards Arnet.

"I said I should not dance any more to-night when papa brought me up here."

"*N'importe!* You can change your mind a dozen times; it's perfectly orthodox in your sex," Harman triumphantly observed.

"Then I'll claim the next, Miss Maclean," Arnet said, hastily; "I don't often dance, but the spirit moves me to-night."

She smiled and bowed assentingly as they left the box together; and as their eyes met a quick flush colored the cold calm of his face, as if that parting glance had stirred some new and strange emotion. It was only momentary, and turning to a handsome matron who occupied a chair near him, he made a few remarks with conventional courtesy, and then bowing himself out followed his friends to the floor.

As he moved through the crowd haughty heads bent to him and beautiful faces beamed, while bright eyes shot sparkling glances, and enticing smiles hovered around lovely lips—all in vain. They won nothing but a polite glance and bow.

Searching the different sets he at last found those whom he sought, and placing himself in the best available position watched with a strangely jealous pang Lily's graceful figure as it floated around encircled by Harry Harman's arm in the mazes of a round dance, her little twinkling feet scarcely touching the floor.

How carelessly radiant she was! what an absolute abandon of enjoyment in the music and motion was sparkling in her eyes and laughing on her lips! eyes that half an hour ago had gazed so earnestly into his, softening, darkening, with the dew of feeling.

So it is with us, for we all live two lives, wear two faces; one the outward life the world observes, the other the inner life, the true exponent of our real natures, contradicting the conventional mask we wear for work and society; where often pride conceals pain, sorrow has the semblance of joy, and vice parades in the garb of virtue.

The dance was over, and Arnet came to claim her for the next, as the music began to sound its tocsin of sweet strains again.

She welcomed him with a bright smile and cheeks aglow, while Harman most reluctantly

surrendered his place at her side, exclaiming, despondently:

"Without you this ball will become an insufferable bore, and life a desolation!" adding as he turned away, "*au revoir.*"

Supported by her partner's strong arms as they whirled into the circle, it came for the first time to those two to comprehend the intensely magnetic charm that is conveyed in the waltz—the subtle, sympathetic, electric intoxication that is created and conveyed from one to the other, but which, like other intoxications, has poison lurking in its potent charm.

Though Arnet danced, as he did most things, well, he rarely cared to participate in this pleasant but common amusement; so now the very novelty added to the fascination, as he felt a tide of strange delight quivering in his nerves and pulsing in his veins.

It was not a time for talking; but he spoke sometimes in short sentences to catch her sweet fluttering breath on his cheek as she answered just the commonplace conventional question, "How have you enjoyed the evening?" But he bent low to hear the answer, until his mustache almost touched the perfumed golden hair, that in stray curls floated on his shoulder in the quick measure, the rapid riot of the waltz.

"Oh, ever so much; its enchanting," she said, the words fully expressing her feelings just then.

"I had half a mind not to come; but Harry at last persuaded me to usurp the ladies' privilege, and change my mind."

"Arn't you glad you came? Its such a splendid scene, or are you sorry you changed your mind, after all?"

"To be sorry I came when I've met you!" he impetuously exclaimed. "You should have said glad; for it will be a joy forever."

The words rushed out so impulsively, he was startled at his own temerity in uttering them; but a glance at her face reassured him, as he marked exultingly the glow of her cheek, and the beautiful warm smile on her lips, while the eyes veiled themselves under their long dark lashes. Was it strange that his senses seemed to reel in the delirium of music, as he clasped her more closely in the caress of the waltz, and fancied he felt the flutter of her heart against his own? Or was it any wonder that reason, prudence, and resolves were unconsciously charmed away, as woman's

witchery can so surely do when once man feels their magnetism? And for the first time there fastened upon his heart a passion which is either a bane or blessing; sometimes a bliss unutterable, and sometimes, alas! a fierce and fatal curse.

As the dance ended, a fine looking, rather oppressively pompous, person advanced toward them, and was met with an exclamation of, "Oh, papa, where have you been all of this time?" then the conventional introduction, "Mr. Arnet, my father, Mr. Maclean."

The gentlemen shook hands, and responding to her question, he said, smiling:

"Why, having a good time in my way, as you have been having in yours. I thought you could spare me a while."

"Why, I've been wondering where you were cornered all the while, and was going to start on an exploring expedition to search the crowd, when you come to the rescue like a good papa."

"Or like a bad one, dear, to carry you off captive?"

"And leave her friends inconsolable," was all that Arnet dared to add, though jest is often the disguise of earnest.

"It's a moderately late hour," Mr. Maclean observed, consulting his watch. "I ordered the carriage for half-past one, now it is two; Saunders is always on time."

"And all delightful things, even balls, have an end. The time and the carriage have come," Lily said, heaving a regretful little sigh.

"Then I must resign you, I suppose," said Arnet.

"Yes, society expects the stern parent to do his duty," her father added, jestingly, though jests seemed strange from such cold lips. But the one soft spot in his sordid heart was love for his only child. All the rest was absorbed in the greed of gain, and speculated away in the gold room amid the "maddening crowd" of Mammon worshippers, that would sell their very souls there for gold.

Once more Arnet saw Lily as she came from the cloak-room, and waited a moment while her father was speaking to a friend. The gaslight shed a shimmering gleam upon her waving hair, with the fragrant lilies of the valley half drooped and tangled in the clustering curls, that on one side of her head seemed to have strayed from under the braids of bright tresses coiled in a classic knot low down on her neck.

"May I say good-night once more, and be the privilege of a 'party call?'"

"Oh, yes," she answered, eagerly. "I asked me if I had done that duty for him. number is — Fifth Avenue. I hope you'll cor

"With the greatest pleasure; as my stay in city must be brief, may I call—to-morrow?" said, hesitating, as if fearful he was too bold his request.

"Any time in the afternoon, Mr. Arnet. Here's papa; good-night;" and her hand held out to him with childish candor and diality.

"Thanks," he said. "Good-night;" and were those simple words spoken with more ter intonation than breathed in that whisper. scarcely heard her father's polite, "We shall glad to see you at 180, Mr. Arnet," though made the proper response; for his eyes, and he and thoughts were absorbed.

Finding his friend Harman, in whose coupe had come, and pleading a headache as the excuse for a walk back to his hotel for relief in the air, Arnet strode rapidly through the streets, feeling like a man in the phantasmagoria of fever. he recalled the incidents of the evening, and every word, look and action of the girl whose pure, face and perfect gracefulness had so inexplicably and suddenly fascinated him.

CHAPTER III.

"I CANNOT choose but think
Fate forms some souls that death alone can sever;
Their meeting is the link
In the firm chain that bindeth them forever.
Else wherefore when I gazed
For the first time on thee, why did it seem
As if the veil were raised,
That hid the idol of my life's bright dream?"

The bright, cold winter sunshine was streaming down into a splendid room of one of the bro stone palaces of Fifth Avenue on the day of the Charity Ball, a room lavishly adorned with the elegant appointments fancy could suggest, fashion dictate, or prodigality procure. In a large window overlooking the street, stood a *jardiniere* filled with superb flowers, that seemed to chase the sunbeams with their royal beauty and rich delicious fragrance. But there are human flowers, too, that bloom in New York, and are like the lilies Scripture tells of, "They toil and neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all

glory was not arrayed like one of these." And very lovely, in her rich array, was the human Lily that trailed her robes of sapphire-lined silk and velvet over the Axminster carpet to gaze down at the gorgeous flowers, and inhale their rich fragrance. Her face, figure, dress were picturesquely perfect as she stood there, the sheen of the silk and softness of the velvet brought out vividly in the warm radiance as they fell in graceful folds from her slender rounded waist, while bands of duchesse lace were gathered at the neck and wrists, and a knot of violets seemed to nestle lovingly in the lace at her throat.

"A diamond star on her bosom lay,
And starry gems were her eyes—
Eyes knowing no shade of thought or care,
Winsomely, sweetly unwise."

But there was something of sad wistfulness in their dark-blue depths as she looked up from the flowers within to the sky without, quite absorbed in thought, until startled by the question:

"What are you looking at, Lily?"

A lady of middle age had entered the room and dropped languidly on a lounge. Her face was pale and wan, but still bore marks of former beauty, though traced with the lines of habitual suffering and chronic ill health.

Starting from her reverie with a sigh, and throwing herself carelessly into a luxurious chair, she answered:

"Doing nothing, mamma; just wishing I could see more blue sky, and no streets and stone walls."

The mother turned a perplexed look upon her.

"You've been incurably countrified ever since that summer you spent with your aunt for your health, instead of going to Newport with me."

"To drive, and dance, and dress, and dress, and dance, and drive, in intervals of bathing. The sea was the only thing that never tired me."

"I don't know what to make of you, child,"

the mother responded, irritably. "All the other girls of your set think its splendid."

"So did I when we went out yachting."

"A life on the ocean wave, and a home on the rolling deep,"

she sung, softly.

"That's all very well in the song, but when one gets wretchedly seasick its disgusting; besides, no respectable dress could stand salt air, and we all came back as limp and draggled-looking as a lot of wet hens."

Lily responded to this solemn denunciation of the delights of yachting with a ringing laugh.

"Oh, mamma, how awfully funny you are; that climax of looking like wet hens has extinguished me, though you do seem seriously in earnest."

"Of course I am, child. We always were frights after a sailing party; your curls were all tangled, and your blue veil shockingly like a string."

"Yes, I know they ignominiously failed; but who cared when we had such glorious times."

"I never saw the glories except from the shore; the drives were much more pleasant."

"And I always hated those dress parades one had to go through at regular hours like a drill. Society is a terrible tyrant I think, mamma."

"Not at all, when one properly appreciates it, and don't fly in its face with some innovations of their own people won't permit—some of those strong-minded creatures incessantly prating about 'Woman's Mission.'"

"If we have a mission, I'd like to know what mine is going to be," said Lily.

"To be the belle of New York, make a splendid marriage, be a queen of society in a magnificent establishment, and enjoy yourself."

"Does that always follow? You don't seem to count on hearts! Do we fall in love with establishments?"

"All sensible girls do. The rest is nothing but rose-water, romance and nonsense."

"Aunt Marian don't think so; and she didn't marry for gold and grandeur."

"Don't take her authority on marriage, when she made such a goose of herself going off with a country farmer to be buried in the woods," Mrs. Maclean answered tartly. "She never had any sense except about chickens and cheese-making. She might have settled splendidly, instead of sacrificing herself to a love match; ridiculous, romantic nonsense."

"Go to Glenwood farm and see Uncle Rolf and her, and you won't think she's a sacrifice; I never saw such happy people. He's always home in the evening, and they go to town together in the wagon, and Uncle Rolf doesn't belong to a club, though they both go to the grange meetings Saturdays."

"So they stuffed your head with granges, too; I wonder you didn't dig potatoes and onions, milk the cows and feed the horses; you made a

regular rustic of yourself. I'll never let you be so demoralized again. Its shocking!"

The sharp words and shrill tones seemed to distress her daughter, who came to her side, and sitting down on a low footstool at her feet plead pitifully, taking the thin hand in hers.

"Oh, mother, Aunt Marian loves you dearly; and she was so good to me when I was sick and weak, and they made me so well and strong with their kind care. Don't talk that way."

The worldly, cold-hearted woman warmed to her child's voice and tender touch, and stroking the bright head that rested on her knee, said, apologetically:

"I've got the neuralgia dreadfully to-day, dear, and it always makes me cross and nervous. But haven't you an engagement to drive this evening with Mr. Howard?"

"Not till to-morrow; that overpowering Englishman, he's an awful bore! If you could only hear him drawl out under his straw-colored mustache, 'Oh, Miss Maclean, you're so original,'" the mocking ridicule of her tone and manner provoking a smile of amusement from her mother.

"Remember, Lily," she said, "Mr. Howard is enormously rich, and the younger son of a nobleman, with a prospective title."

"Why, mamma, no one is more impressed with the Honorable Howard's importance than—himself. He incessantly reminds one of the famous fact."

"Well, child, remember I wish you to treat him with great consideration."

The girl's eyes turned with a look of wonder and half anxious curiosity upon her mother, but whatever reply she might have made was checked by the entrance of a servant with a card upon a small silver tray.

"The gentleman is in the front parlor," he explained, as she took the card, and glancing at the name her cheeks flushed into deeper carnation.

"Ask him in here," said Mrs. Maclean. "I'll leave you to entertain him, Lily."

"Why not stay, mother?"

"Because I'm not equal to company to-day; and of course strangers require one's keeping up."

And she moved languidly from the room.

THE DISGUISED PRINCESS.

BY GUY AINSLEE.

In the great thoroughfare of London, a beautiful maiden's voice

Requested all to purchase her strawberries fresh and nice,
And daintily interspersed with flowers rich and rare,
Whose fragrance wafted balm on the city's noisome air.
So delicate a cheek, and withal such a graceful mien,
In a wandering vendor of fruit never before was seen;
Admiring glances were leveled from every part of the street,
Still she cried, "Come buy!" in accents calm and sweet.

An Eton student, roving amidst the jostling throng,
Whose mind was tinged with romance from Iliad's thrilling song,

Chanced to espy the beauty; transfixed with mute surprise,
He paused until his own met the splendor of her eyes.
Then with a lavish hand he bought her fruit and flowers,
And sought his cloistered walls to dream away the hours:
To picture the goddess Flora compared with this lovely maid,
Whose charms were as fresh and dainty as an elf's from woodland shade.

With rapture he gazed on the clusters—camellias, jessamine
and lilies,

A garland as fair to the eye as ever was worn by fairies;
As the delicate wicker basket he gently relieved of its store,
A splendid ring of gold fell noiselessly to the floor.
The glowing gem he sought, and with wonder scanned it o'er,
Nor noted that brother student had softly opened the door,
And stood with sly grimace watching his chum's amaze,
As if fearing some love romance was about his mind to daze.

Two initials, faintly traced, at length rewarded his eye;
He rose to seek the mud, and saw the laughing spy.
Who cried, "Ho, ho, sir knight! what mystery is here?
Do not that toy conceal; there's love in this, I fear."
But his friend, the more amazed, his strange adventure told,
And showed the diamond ring of purest yellow gold;
While he vowed the lady fair who this charmed brilliant wore
To find, though he had to rove the United Kingdom o'er.

"Ah, you need not to look far!" his startled colleague said,
As a tiny spring was pressed, revealing a crowned head,
And a lion *en rampant* showed the royal stamp and mark:
'Twas plain the strawberry girl was a *princess* "on a lark!"

Quickly the breathless pair were out upon the street,
And Fortune their footsteps led the lady rogue to meet;
As her dainty foot was raised to step within state coach,
The glittering bauble banded they—plea for rude approach.
With gallant bows they meekly told how costly ring was found,

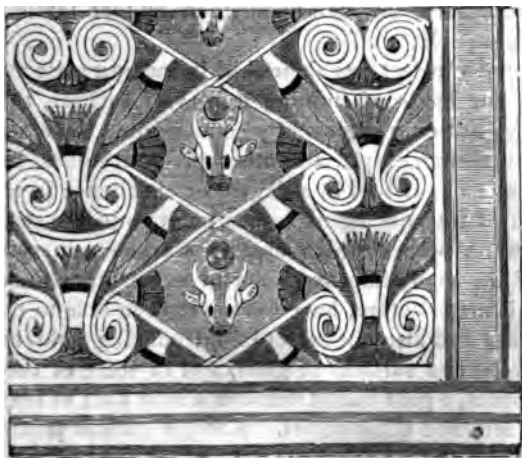
Then bowed again, their faces grave bent almost to the ground
Deeply blushed the high-born girl—in a few words condescended

To tell them that a royal bet thus luckily had ended.
Unperceived from her finger had slipped the jewel rare,
While she was busied in sorting the flowers with studied care.
So they were bound this secret never to mortal relate,
For her own fair hand gave them a purse ere the carriage passed the gate.

GLASS IN ALL AGES.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

No material invented by man is to be compared with glass in the service it has rendered. In a thousand ways we find it applied to add to the physical comforts of the race. It is used to admit



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT GLASS MOSAIC.

the light of day into our dwellings, and at the same time it serves as a screen from the wind and rain and cold. As a mirror it is made to throw back the rays that fall upon it, and perfectly reflect the image of any object. Nothing is so especially suited for vessels for holding and keeping liquids as this cleanly substance, the purity of its material permitting the presence of foreign substances to be instantly detected. It is capable of resisting the action of all the powerful chemical reagents, and thus its service is beyond value to the chemist. Its use applied to the eye as spectacles is nearly equal to the reparation of sight. To its aid astronomy and science are indebted for their greatest advancement. It has brought within the ken of man solar systems so remote that the unassisted vision could never have detected them, and new worlds of living creatures, too minute for their forms to imprint a sensible image upon the delicate mechanism of the eye, have been opened to the sight by its aid. By it our conceptions of the universe have been extended and magnified, thus exalting the power and glory of Him who created it.

VOL. XIV.—3

When we speak of glass, we mean more particularly that chemical compound of which silica and alkali are the principal and essential constituents. In chemistry any product of fusion having the peculiar lustre known as vitreous, hard and brittle, is called glass, whether transparent or not. But in common use the term expresses the transparent product derived from the fusion of silica with an alkali, to which lime or a metallic oxide is added. No mere words will give a definite idea of its various properties. It is practically indestructible, yet it is so brittle, except in its old or new toughened variety, that among poets it is almost another name for fragility. It is transparent, yet will contain the strongest acids and solutions. In various thicknesses it plays the most wonderful tricks with our eyesight. Even an artist cannot represent it as he can trees and beasts and flowers. In short, it seems to be endowed with as many contradictory attributes as Miss Fanshaw discovered in the letter H.

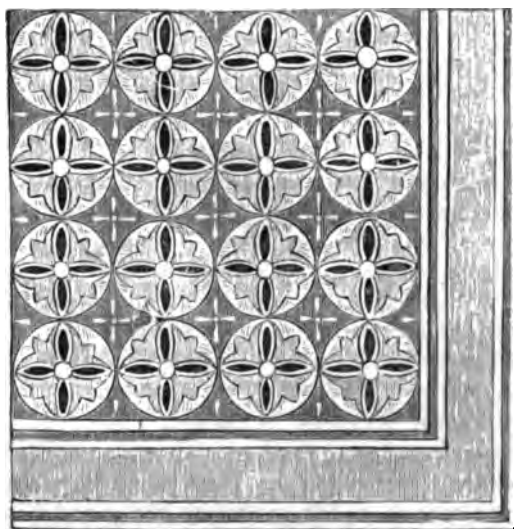
But after all, the most wonderful thing about



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT GLASS MOSAIC.

glass is its antiquity. Pliny ascribes its discovery to the Phoenicians, and tells a pleasant, gossipy story of some Tyrian mariners returning from a voyage to Egypt with a cargo of natron or subcar-

bonate of soda, who, landing on the coast below Acre, and camping for the night, observed the sand upon the beach melted by the fire, and forming glass in contact with some lumps of soda. The tale is evidently an invention. A stronger



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT GLASS MOSAIC.

heat than could be obtained from an open fire would be required to effect the stated result; and besides, glass must already have had a history of a thousand years or more. Egypt seems to have been the seat of its earliest manufacture. From pictures found in tombs on the banks of the Nile, it is supposed that the art of glass-making was practiced at the time of the fourth dynasty, a period so remote that Egyptologists cannot give it a date in years. On other monuments quite as old, are hieroglyphics representing glass-blowers at work much after the fashion of the present day.

The oldest specimen of pure glass, bearing anything like a date, is a little moulded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. Its age may moderately be placed at two thousand years B.C. The skillful workmanship clearly shows that the art was nothing new. Of later date there are numerous examples, such as a head found at Thebes which has the name of Queen Amunmhet, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments.

The principal use to which glass was applied by the Egyptians seems to have been for the manu-

facture of bottles, vases and other utensils, beads, and fancy work. Wine was generally brought to the table in glass bottles, or handed to guests in cups of this material; and a body was sometimes buried in a glass coffin. Occasionally a granite sarcophagus was covered with a coating of vitrified matter usually of a deep-green color, which displayed, by its transparency, the sculptures or hieroglyphic legends engraved upon the stone, a process that was well understood by that intellectual people.

Such in fact was their skill in making glass and in the mode of staining it of various hues, that they not only successfully counterfeited the emerald, the amethyst, and other precious stones, but they even arrived at a degree of excellence in the art of introducing numerous colors into the same vase, a process which modern workmen, in spite of the many improvements in many branches of this manufacture, have never yet been able to do. They had also the secret of introducing gold between two surfaces of glass, and in some of their bottles, a gold band alternates within a set of blue, green, and other colors. Another curious process known to the early Egyptians was the one whereby the pattern on the surface was made to pass in right lines directly through the substance, so that if any number of horizontal sections were made



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT GLASS MOSAIC.

through it, each one would have the same device on its upper and under surface. It was, in fact, a mosaic in glass, made by fusing together as many delicate rods of an opaque glass of the color required for the picture.



EGYPTIAN LANTERN.

Glass bugles and beads were in common use by the Egyptians for necklaces, and also for a sort of network with which they covered the wrappers and cartonnage of mummies. These were often colored to counterfeit the rich hues and brilliancy of precious stones. A necklace of false stones could be purchased at an Egyptian jeweler's to please the wearer or deceive a stranger by the appearance of reality. The green emerald, the purple amethyst, rubies and turquoise were successfully imitated, and mock pearls have been found so well counterfeited that it was difficult to detect the imposition with a strong lens.

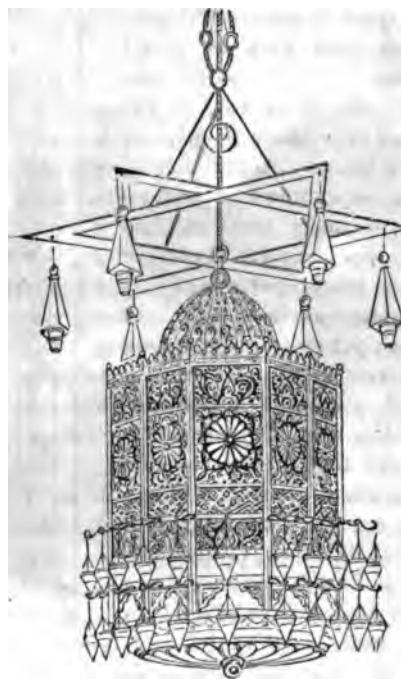
The immense emeralds mentioned by ancient authors were without doubt glass imitations of those precious stones. Such must have been the emerald presented by an Egyptian Pharaoh to the King of Babylon, which was four cubits, or six feet long, and three cubits broad; the colossal statue of Serapis, in the Egyptian labyrinth, nine cubits, or thirteen feet and a half high; and the obelisk in the temple of Jupiter, which was forty cubits or sixty feet in height, and four cubits broad, composed of four huge emeralds.

It has been supposed that the method of cutting glass was unknown to the ancients, and the period of its invention was limited to the commencement of the seventeenth century of our era, when Gaspar Lehmann, at Prague, first succeeded in it, and obtained a patent from the Emperor Rudolph II.; but this statement is made absurd from the

fact that specimens of ancient glass cut and engraved have been found in Egypt. The art was practiced there at a remote period, as is shown by the discovery of vases and beads with hieroglyphics and various devices engraved upon them, some of them bearing the date of the first Osirtasen 2200 years B.C. They were also acquainted with ground glass, and frequently, as must have been the case with those specimens bearing figures and ornaments in reliefs, cast in moulds.

It cannot be doubted that the story preserved by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that those adventurous merchants carried specimens to other countries from Egypt. Glass was certainly in great demand by the ancient nations, and the Tyrians being the chief purveyors of those early times, may well have carried that article of luxury to the various countries upon the Mediterranean. The manufacture as well as the patterns of many of the specimens found in Greece, Etruria and Rome show that they were of Egyptian work; and though imitated in Italy and Greece, the original art was without doubt borrowed from the workmen of the Nile.

Egypt, in fact, continued to be the great seat of glass manufacture for many centuries, although



A SUPERB EGYPTIAN LANTERN.

it was introduced into Rome as early as the time of Cicero. It is said that the tribute from that country was required by the Emperor Aurelian to be paid in articles of glass. At Alexandria extensive glass works were in operation when Strabo wrote. Articles of exquisite workmanship were produced, but of great cost, and known only as luxuries. Vases, and cups, and bottles, some enameled and beautifully cut, and wrought with raised figures, and some remarkable for the brilliancy of their colors, were furnished to the Romans. Strabo says that a peculiar kind of earth was found near Alexandria, without which it was impossible to make certain kinds of glass of many colors, and of a brilliant quality. As a proof of the high value attached to this particular kind of glass, it is stated that some vases presented by an Egyptian priest to the Emperor Hadrian were considered so curious and valuable that he kept them in a secret cabinet, and used them only on grand occasions.

Among the most curious examples of persistence in art, are the well-known Aggry beads, which occur everywhere in Africa, and in many parts of Asia and Europe. Similar beads are still made for the purpose of barter by glass-makers in England and Italy; yet they appear among the oldest remains in many widely separated places. Some are of the opinion that they are Phœnician, and that they were made for purposes of barter with uncivilized nations, like the ancient Gauls and Britains. Glass beads of extreme hardness have been found in British graves, and on analysis were found to be composed and colored in the same manner as those of undoubted Egyptian origin. The usual type is large and round, but spindle-

shaped, and marked with alternate bands of red and blue, the colors being separated by a narrow white line. These beads are found in England, on the Gold Coast, in India and Germany, in Italy and Egypt. They are particularly common in the cities along the course of the Rhine. The oldest specimens must be Egyptian; but in all probability the pattern was continued in many distinct manufactories at many different periods. Very analogous are little vases of similarly indented patterns; but generally only of blue and white, or blue and yellow. One is black and white only. Another is very vivid green, with yellow and blue zigzags. These little vases are common in all the museums, and are occasionally found in early tombs in Egypt, in Cyprus, and other Greek islands.

It is probable that the ancients carried the art of glass-making to a higher degree of perfection than ourselves, and we may add that they used it for more purposes, excepting of course windows, which, however, is not to-day a very important use for glass in warm climates. Several of the ancient writers speak of a kind of malleable glass which, when thrown upon the ground, was merely indented, and could be restored to shape with a hammer, as if it were brass. Glass-makers in our day are unacquainted with any process by which such a quality of the ware may be produced. Some metallic salts, as chloride of silver, possess ductility, at the same time with a glassy appearance; but all modern experience has never yet been able to produce malleability in a vitrified body.

Again, in their glass mosaic work, the ancients have not yet been equaled. In the Boolak Museum are some exquisite specimens of the art, probably of the



SPECIMEN OF FINE CHURCH WINDOW.

date of the Rameses, or 1400 B.C. One of these pieces of glass mosaic, though not quite an inch in length, and a third of an inch in breadth, exhibits on a dark ground a bird resembling a duck in very bright and varied colors. The outlines of this gem of art are bold and decided, the colors beautiful and pure, and the effect very pleasing.

The most delicate pencil of a miniature-painter could not have traced with greater sharpness the circle of the eyeball, or the plumage of the neck and wings. The most surprising feature about it, however, is that the reverse exhibits the same bird, in which it is impossible to discover any difference in the smallest details, whence it may be concluded that the figure of the bird continues through its entire thickness. The picture has a granular appearance on both sides, and seems to have been formed of single pieces, like mosaic work, united with so much skill that the most powerful magnifying glass is unable to

discover their juncture. A little human-headed hawk in the British Museum is of this manufacture. Another in the Slade collection presents a human bust, and the hair is so fine that what appears to the eye to be a line of the thickness of horse-hair, can be magnified so as to show that it is composed of no fewer than nine threads of alternately transparent and opaque glass. This could not of course be directly accomplished by

any human power; but the glass must have been arranged in larger pieces, and the whole "rod" drawn out till it had diminished to the required thickness. The artistic possibilities of this welded glass were infinite, and the Venetians in modern times have made great use of it, copying the idea from the old Egyptians and the Romans.

Another ancient method of ornamenting glass was that by which the celebrated Barberini or Portland vase was made, namely, the superposition of a paste of one color on a body of darker glass. The art is spoken of by Pliny; but does not seem so clearly as mosaic to have come from Egypt. The Portland vase was found in a tomb said to have been that of Alexander Severus, who died A.D. 235. It is of a deep-blue color, with raised figures in a delicate white enamel. Two other vases of a similar kind of work are preserved, one known as the Auldjo vase in the British Museum, and the other an amphora in the Neapolitan Museum. All show strong marks



EAST WINDOW OF ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

of a Greek origin. With their active, quick inventive genius, the Greeks undoubtedly cultivated the art of glass-making. The intercourse between Egypt and the Grecian States was constantly kept up from the accession of Psammetichus, about the year 600 B.C., and the knowledge of the art of manufacturing this article must have been seized by the skilled artisans of Samos and Athens. Long before that time glass was doubtless known to the

Greeks. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him.

Totally different from anything we have mentioned is glass ornamented with colored enamel painting. It is rare, but appears to be of Roman manufacture. Two specimens were found with some Roman bronzes in Denmark, probably the spoil of some piratical viking. Later and less meritorious is a large class of objects simply painted, such as the Christian disks found in the catacombs, which seem originally to have been the feet or stands of drinking vessels. Some rare examples present a portrait worked on a gold ground, and perhaps used as a kind of locket worn around the neck, like the well-known bulls of a Roman bay. They date from about the second century to the fifth, and one example has the name of the person represented.

It is difficult to say to a certainty whether the ancients employed glass for the purpose of making lamps or lanterns. No direct information on the subject is given by the old authors. Herodotus indeed mentions a "fête of burning lamps" practiced by the Egyptians at a certain period of the year, and describes the lamps used on the occasion as "small flat vessels filled with salt and olive oil, the wick floating on the surface and burning all night," but he does not say of what material these vessels were made, and they may either have been of glass or of earthenware. Nor do the Egyptian paintings throw much light on the subject, though in the sculptures of Tel-el-Amarna a guard of soldiers are represented, one of whom holds before him what is evidently a lamp, resembling much the glass lanterns so common at the present day.

The ancients did not use glass for windows to much extent, although they knew its conveniences



SPECIMEN OF FINE CHURCH WINDOW.

in that respect. Only a few of the houses in Pompeii had windows of glass, thus showing that it was not in general use. The Romans had an excellent substitute for it in sheets of mica, which were used when a protection of this sort was required. In the warm climates of Eastern countries there was no very important demand for glass in windows. Even to the present day it is not in much use in those regions for that purpose. But in Western lands the use of glass has grown to be a necessity, as well as a luxury. The first window of that material in England dates back to the seventh century, but for private houses it long continued to be a rarity, and even up to the twelfth century houses provided with glass windows were regarded as magnificent. Colored window glass is known to have been used in churches as early as 750 A.D.; but it was not until after the Crusades that glass came to be at all common among Western nations.

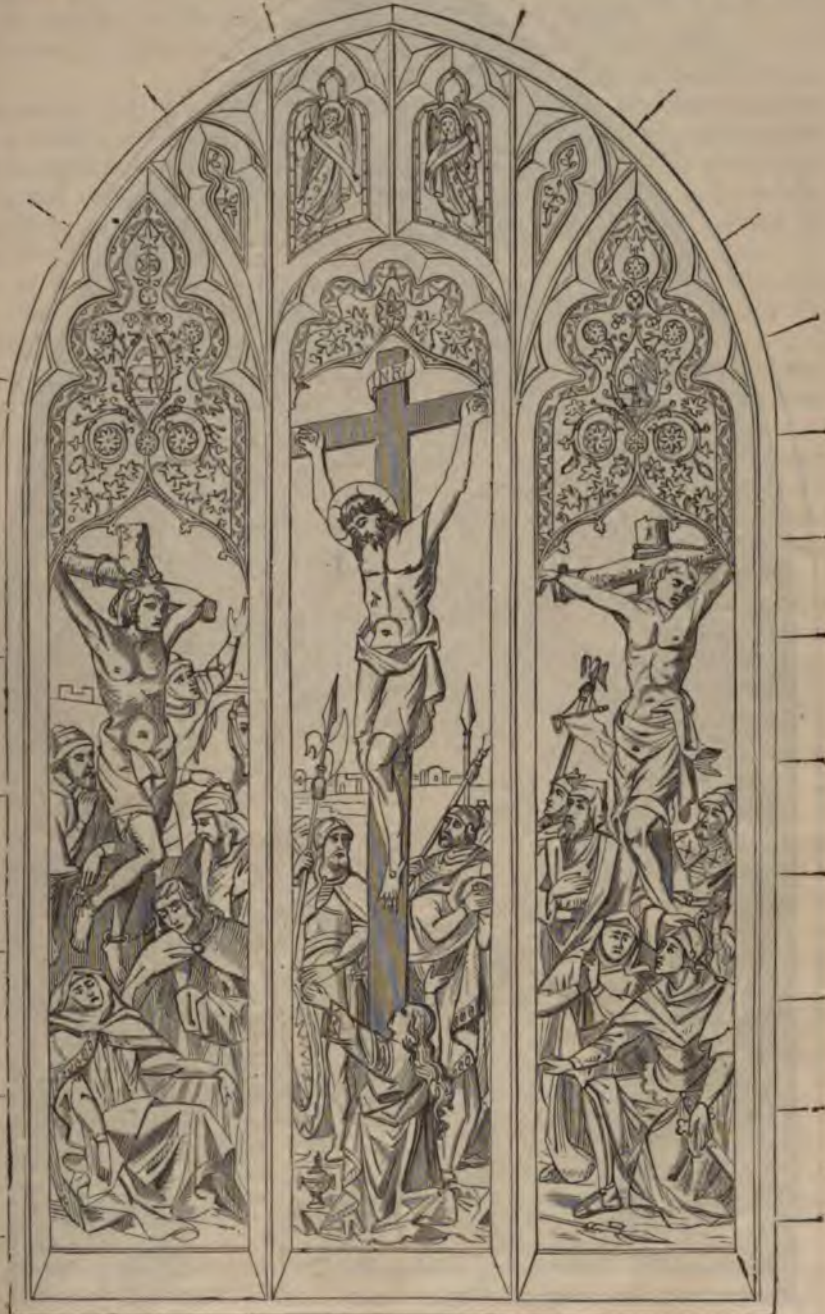
The Arabs succeeded the Egyptians in their wondrous faculty for glass-making. For several centuries they led the world in this art. The Saracenic mosques and palaces became the receptacles of marvelous creations of grace, ingenuity and beauty. The great lamps of the mosque of Sultan Hassan were famous throughout the civilized world. The famous clepsydra or water-clock presented to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid was of glass. During the Crusades the knowledge of glass and the art of making it was greatly improved in the Western mind by means of the intercourse with that brilliant people. The Venetians were the first to cultivate the art with any success. Some time in the thirteenth century a glass-manufactory was established at Mu-

rano, an island adjacent to Venice. By another century the reputation of the Muranese workmen

was unsurpassed. Under the fostering care of the republic their manufactures were prosecuted successfully for centuries. Extraordinary privileges were bestowed upon the workmen, and a Muranese glass-blower was equal in rank to nobles.

It was at Murano that the first glass mirrors were made. The invention took all Europe by storm, and it was not long before the mirrors of polished metal were discarded for the new invention. For a long time the demand could not be supplied, and kings and princes often sued in vain for the rich ware of the Muranese workmen. Many of the ornamental objects produced by these skillful artists were exceedingly ingenious, and are reproduced and admired at the present day. Such are the glass beads and the Venetian balls that have been so long used for paper weights, made by combining together colored pieces of waste filigree glass to imitate the forms of flowers, ferns, and mosses, and introducing these into globules of transparent glass, which are made to collapse upon the designs by the glass-blower drawing in his breath, and thus exhausting the air from the globe. The lens form of the outer covering increased the effect by magnifying the object within. The filigree work is produced by glass rods

of different colors, which are melted to the outside of lumps of glass when partially shaped into de-



A SUPERB CHURCH WINDOW.
(Representing the Crucifixion on Glass.)

canters or other vessels. The Venetian frosted glass is an old invention, although rediscovered



A MEMORIAL CHURCH WINDOW.

water and instantly taking it out, softening it by heat and blowing before the cracks are melted in. Another modern invention which has its counterpart in old times is toughened glass, which was one of the rarest manufactures of the Venetian glass-blowers.

After the Venetians the Bohemians and the French attained to a high reputation in glass-making. The products of the Bohemian workmen for a long time were in great demand, and the ware even now continues famous. The purity of the materials found in abundance in their country gave them a decided advantage, which was not unimproved; but the French early began to compete with them. Perceiving the importance of the business, that subtle government imitated the example of the Venetians, and offered extraordinary encouragement to any of the nobility who would prosecute the manufacture. There were not wanting those to take hold of it. The leading manufactory was at Tourlerville, near Cherbourg, which was flourishing in 1666. Some years later, 1688, the method of making large plates by casting the glass instead of blowing was intro-

duced by Abraham Thevart, which made a revolution in the art. New works were established at

St. Galian, where huge plates, measuring eighty-four inches by fifty, were manufactured. The two companies afterwards united their interests, and at the present time the products of the establishment rank among the first in quality in the world.

A volume might be devoted to the history of stained glass and its use in churches, and it would be an interesting one. The cathedrals of Italy, France, Germany, and England mark epochs in the annals of glass manufacture. The genius of artists and painters of world-wide fame was lavished upon the decorations of these architectural and religious monuments. Stained window glass began to be common in Italy soon after the introduction of Christianity, and by the ninth century was in use all over Europe. The finest specimens of the art are found among the glass pictures of the sixteenth century. In Yorkminster and Cologne Cathedral one beholds what the genius of Claude and Albert Durer and other distinguished artists spent lifetimes on. The glass was usually in small pieces, brilliantly colored throughout, and set in leaded lines, which were the outlines of the designs. The ground was mosaic, in circles, squares, and lozenges of massive forms, and filled with foliated ornaments in the Roman style. The designs always har-

monized with the style of architecture—stately and magnificent in the Norman structures, and light and elegant in those of the early English models in the thirteenth century.

The fine-art aspects of glass-making are rich and interesting in all their details; but our sketch has already extended beyond the limits assigned us. It only remains to glance briefly at the manufacture of glass in our day. Belgium is said to be the greatest glass-producing country in the world; but England and the United States are not far behind. In the former country the industry has been pursued since 1550, when some Muranese workmen were transported thither. Under the Duke of Buckingham, in 1670, the production of plate glass was undertaken. In the manufacture of crown glass for windows that country leads the world to-day.

The first glass manufactory in the United States was established at Temple, New Hampshire, by Robert Hewes, in the year 1780. The blowers employed were mostly Hessians, who had deserted from the British army. Since then the business has prospered, and our glass manufacturers are not behind those of any land. The most important flint glass works now in operation are in Philadelphia, Jersey City, Brooklyn, and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

BY BEAU HEMAN.

COULD it be done at all?

It couldn't be done by telegraph—

It couldn't be done by telephone—

It was a matter requiring immediate personal influence of the magnetic kind, which, although magnetic, cannot as yet be transferred over the wires—though we believe some highly charged messages do transpire; but to be brief, this was a joint affair, in the nature of a coalition or combination involving heavy interests.

All this Mr. Smith informed me by bits in a desultory way. It was 7 o'clock A.M. by the clock over the door as to the time, and the place the early breakfast-table of one of our city hotels.

I was just finishing a cup of strong coffee, when suddenly there came briskly skipping towards me

a gentleman evidently just in on a morning train; he had on a travelling duster, wore a cap, carried a hat-box in one hand and a valise in the other.

I judged him to be in a considerable hurry. As he approached I discovered an old acquaintance as a guest of the hotel.

"Can it be done?" he asked sharply of me. "Anything—anything that's good—quick!" he rasped out at the waiter, and then dropped down in a chair immediately beside me.

All these three at nearly the same instant, without either a nod or smile of recognition. I was surprised at the lack of his usual genial manner, and astonished you may be sure at such out-of-the-way proceedings on the part of this gray-haired, jolly old fat man, who generally was all

good humor, breakfasting at ten and taking an hour at the meal; what's more, his hair, which used to be gray, was now a lovely brown, the reason of which I hav'n't found out yet.

I didn't even ask him "What is it, sir?" but gulped my coffee and faced my chair to his.

"I must be at the Astor House, New York city, this morning at 9.40," he said, "on Wall street at 11. Must meet a person there at that exact time, and must be back in this city at my bankers on Third street before 2 P.M. sharp—fully one hour before the banks close. The business is this, if not done by that time, it's done for. Can it be done? Clerk down stairs says, impossible!"

All this came out in one breath before he had well recovered that from mounting up the stairs.

"I'll let you know, my dear sir, in five minutes," I answered, promptly starting up, "but don't hurry your breakfast on that account, for I think the clerk down stairs is right."

"I hope not, for it will be to your interest if he is not."

"Oh, that's no matter, sir," I smirked.

"But it does matter; will you hurry up?"

I hurried down stairs and had the question settled in one minute; the point lay in the time of a return train, and the time-table lay upon the counter (what an ass our new clerk is, I reflected, to miss such an opportunity).

"You will?" he quickly questioned, which broke up a neat calculation I was making to myself.

"I will—what?" I asked, a little startled.

"Why, I heard you say you would take the old gentleman through on time." Which I suppose I had unconsciously remarked.

"Ha—and so I will, my dear fellow," I said, with a bland smile, "if you will serve out the balance of my time, which I will make all right." My junior member looked at me admiringly, and nodded his consent.

Now although the old gentleman had not asked me yet—from the circumstances of the case, or my knowledge of the man (at this moment I also remember he was just a little close), or from the significant way he looked at me, I knew he was going to ask me, and therefore was consuming my five minutes in cogitating how much there was in it. Hotel clerks are supposed to be shrewd judges of many conundrums beside human nature.

I did not go back until the full five minutes

were up. Immediately upon making my appearance Mr. Smith dropped his knife and fork, and with his eyes aflame demanded a categorical answer.

"It can be done!" I said, positively; "mean-time, my dear sir, go on with your breakfast comfortably; you've got a quarter of an hour to spare."

"And no extra expense bribing hackmen, engineers, etc., or any of that sort of thing, in the Jules Verne style, eh?"

"None whatever, sir."

He smiled genially, I expect for the first time since this trip was on his mind.

The old gentleman was not precisely mean, but what you might call rather exact.

"What road shall I take?"

"The Bound Brook Route, sir."

"Let me see; that's under the control of the Reading, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What road will I return by?"

"The Bound Brook Route, sir."

"Ah, then I shall know everything will be on time."

I expect the old fellow owned stock in the Reading; anyhow, he seemed to take a pride in it.

Just upon finishing a soft-boiled egg which he managed from the shell in a graceful way, he turned to me again—this time smiling in a most enticing manner.

"Anything particular to do this morning, my boy?"

"I'm on duty until ten o'clock, sir" (fib).

"That's unfortunate. Wouldn't you like to take the run over?"

"I'm pretty well tired of travelling, thank you."

"Well, I must eat my breakfast now, if I'm to get any, and I want you with me to manage the thing. I want as much sleep and as much grub and as little worry as possible, sir. Must keep up my tone, sir, and here I've been jogging all night. As hungry as an alligator. Come, don't say no; I'll do what's right," and on top of this wagging his head a little to one side as he chewed away, the old buck gave me a curiously sly wink, upon which irresistibly answering him with a broad and complacent grin, I couldn't help it, and I was off.

I was determined to show Mr. Smith that I could be of some use to him outside of mere company. I had allowed him the utmost margin to eat his breakfast in, allowing myself only ten minutes to reach the depot for the 7.30 train. In thus taking the responsibility of every movement upon myself, I released him from that sense of having constantly to be on the *qui vive*, which relief I judged would allow him to eat comfortably, and once on the cars sleep sound. I was ambitious to land him in New York not only up to time, but up to "tone, sir."

"Time!" I called suddenly at the breakfast-room door, springing the exigency on our friend as if to see his action under fire. Whew! you've seen a dancing-master pirouette double on one toe; it was nothing to the energetic and graceful gyration by which the inimitable Smith curved excentrically upwards and outwards from his chair, arming himself in the action *cap-a-pie* with head-gear, hat-box, haversack and all. In less than ninety seconds we were seated in a car, Ninth and Chestnut streets, rolling away to the depot, Ninth and Green.

"And how much time to the depot now?" he questioned.

"Eight minutes, sir."

"E i-g-h-t minutes! Why, you don't mean to say you've got an elevated road in town already, do you?"

"No, sir; but we've got a depot close to hand at Ninth and Green streets, only eight minutes from the Continental Hotel."

The shades of old foggy days vanished forever from the soul of Smith as he sank back in his seat silently realizing the tremendous advantage in comfort and economy in time of having a New York depot right in the heart of the town.

With no delays to intervene we were soon seated in a handsome parlor car, ventilated with plenty of fresh air at a delightful temperature, though the white frost lay coating the fence-posts and fields as we whizzed past them at fifty miles an hour.

"When will we be in New York?" was his first query.

"Half-past nine, which gives you fifteen minutes to get to the Astor House from the depot, foot of Liberty street, seven or eight blocks off."

"Good; and how much time from Wall street, leaving it at eleven sharp?"

"Fifteen minutes."

"Then we'll whiz back in the same way. Well, I believe now we can do it, but its a big half days work," said the old boy, "and now I believe I'll take a snooze; I must keep up the tone, sir, you know."

With this he grew serious, and in a moment stretched himself away into the arms of Morpheus as unconcernedly as any rosy youth of fifteen years.

I remember the days when a railroad ride was a lively affair, swinging away as you went, first leaning to the one side then to the other, with every now and then a little jump, and away you went off your seat until a sudden jerk brought you down again, and jammed your head against the back of the seat; this exciting kind of thing, with its quickening apprehensions, may be enjoyed yet on some of the roads, but these cars moved along as staid and steady as a balance-wheel, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the motion except the reflection that it was marking time. Fifty miles an hour don't allow a very critical outlook at the scenery of the route. I had a dim conception that we were being hurled through a splendid string of elegant residences with handsome grounds attached, and afterwards through a fine rolling country with comfortable looking farm-houses and fat and substantial looking barns; but something happened that distracted my attention from the scenery without. We were under way (to speak sailor-wise) only about ten minutes, and about ten knots out, at Wayne Junction, when the conductor ushered in a bevy of lovely-looking craft, all of one party. Their cheeks were glowing with the keen air of the morning, and their eyes sparkling with a mixture of present enjoyment, pleasurable anticipation, mirthfulness, and I don't know what all.

It would be hard to analyze the expressions of all those lovely eyes; anyhow, they had evidently been having a good time down from Germantown (and from the way they eyed my venerable friend, who was deep in his slumbers, and who since the cars were stopped ever and anon gave out a deep rumbling sound, which expired in a gasp), I judged they were bent on having it over again before they got to Gotham. As soon as we were off, my friend's gentle snoring was lost in the rattle of the whirling wheels, but not before his last gasp had provoked a suppressed titter all around.

Now I suppose I am telling you nothing new when I say a party of girls can keep up a titter among themselves (especially in church) on just nothing.

These girls, when they could no longer *hear* my friend snore, pretended to *see* him snore—just for the pleasure of becoming convulsed with merriment, and then biting their tongues and holding themselves in ; however, this would have subsided had it not been for what I have mentioned before, the confounded easy motion of the cars, which enabled a couple of flies, sole remnant of a prolific breed, entirely unconscious that we were rushing along at nearly a mile a minute, to become attached to my friend. I shared somewhat the ridiculous appearance of Smith, who now had his mouth thrown open so wide you could have propped it with a small banana ; being immediately beside him, and I felt it would be more ridiculous still for me to exert myself driving the flies off, and gushing out, “shoo, fly, shoo!” so I had to be content and let him alone.

I would ask, have flies any notion of geometry? It seems they have a most wonderful instinct of curves. One fly would dart out and describe an exact parabolic curve and light on the tip of Smith's nose ; Smith would wiggle the end of his nose and away would dart the fly, describing an exact parabolic curve, and lighting in the identical spot again. Then again these flies certainly worked in company, for they took that spot which was of a luscious pinkish complexion, share and share alike.

It seems at last that this coveted spot on Smith's nose began to weaken. He seemed to lose the power of twitching it any more ; at last one fly flew out, and after making an exact parabolic curve inflicted on it a most diabolic bite. This was too cruel on Smith ; he made a furious slap, enough to knock the tender part off—the girls began to giggle, and Smith awoke.

The dazed expression on his face vanished like the mists before the sun the moment his eyes caught a sight of the girls. A soft blush suffused his face, but in an instant his features were knit again as firm as some old Roman general's, when he turned on me and in a peremptory tone exclaimed :

“What do you mean, sir?”

“What do you mean, sir?” I answered, firing up, for his manner was insulting.

“I mean, sir, why I mean, sir, it was most confoundedly mean, sir, to allow me to make a fool of myself before those young ladies, sir!”

“I let you sleep on instructions to keep up your tone, sir.”

“Tone, sir—tone, sir. When there are young ladies present I don't only want to be in tone, sir, but also in tune, sir—*tune*, sir!”

Smith caught the infection from my eyes on this, and not a little pleased himself at the turn, and the underlying principle of humor which was his nature getting the upper hand, he grasped my hand.

“Yes, my dear boy, I'm glad you woke me up,” he said, and without losing a moment's time he preceeded to fumble for a newspaper, as an excuse to put his eye glasses on ; upon my soul, I believe to flirt with those young things. I couldn't stand that, and I thought it advisable for me to retire to the smoking car.

It was my good fortune to meet in the smoking car an old friend, of whom I catch but a transient glimpse now and then, he being, as he expresses it, “always on the wing.”

“How far are we, Bob?” I asked him, after we had lit a fresh cigar.

“We're just thirty minutes out by rights, but we're ahead of time ; that was Jenkintown we just passed, and we are now on the Delaware Division ; but 'pon my word I believe we've been making a mile a minute.”

“I wish we were going twenty times as fast,” I said, throwing away the cigar, which was just beginning to make me feel sick enough to realize I hadn't had any breakfast.

“Why, what's the matter, my dear fellow?” Bob asked, “you're as pale as a sheet.”

“The matter? Why, darn it, Bob, I hav'n't had any breakfast,” I whined.

Bob's eyes were already twinkling at my sulky way, but at this he burst into a loud laugh, and diving down into his satchel, he brought out that inevitable companion of his, which I am bound to say, did me a good turn on that occasion. (I candidly believe it was old Smith trying to airishly flirt with those girls that had given me a nausea.)

“Breakfast with me, my dear fellow. I'll give you a breakfast at a little out-of-the-way chop-house, where they do a steak to a turn.”

“But (and here I made another requisition on

Bob's companion) there's seventy miles yet to run," I groaned.

"Bah! seventy miles ain't far on the Reading Railroad, in a comfortable car, with a good cigar"—

"Ha! ha! ha!" I laughed, in a melancholy way; but Bob's companion seemed to help me pick up spirits, and in a little while I had told him all about Smith; the last episode of the girls included at least all I knew. Bob skirted through the train and had a look at him, and came back in high glee.

"I wouldn't have been so interested," he said; "but I'm going back by the 11.15 train, too, and you must introduce me."

"You going back by the 11.15, and on this road, too? I'm glad of it. Do you travel it altogether?"

"Here I am," he said, pulling out a package of tickets, "twenty left; twenty-five of them, round trips, cost me only ninety dollars."

"A little different from old times, ain't it?"

"Somewhere about the tune of fifty dollars difference, that's all."

What a blessing there are no pauses in a lightning train! A little conversation, a cigar, a little chaffing, and behold! you're at your journey's end. We had rolled over the bridge at Yardley, with a magnificent view of the upper Delaware, Trenton in the distance; past Bound Brook, where the junction is made with the New Jersey Central without change of cars; past Elizabeth, that beautiful little suburban city; but a few minutes more, with Newark Bay, Staten Island, and a splendid panorama of New York Bay all along our right, and we will have made nothing so peculiarly singular on our part, since similar facilities are daily at the disposal of our business men.

Marvellous as it may seem, we had accomplished the distance of eighty-nine miles in one hour and fifty-two minutes. We were able, during this time, to devote ourselves to anything that had the strongest hold of the mind. Smith, I expect, was thinking about his stock-jobbing affair. I must confess that a certain pair of lovely eyes charmed me beyond any more mature considerations.

I might have waited a minute longer; but as we pulled into the depot at Communipaw, a mischievous spirit seized me when, upon looking

into old Smith's car, I perceived he had actually been working on the privilege of his gray hairs, and got upon a speaking acquaintance with those lovely girls.

"Time," I bawled; true to discipline, the gallant veteran bowed his leave instant, and joined me full two minutes too soon, hatbox, handbag, and all. Aboard one of those magnificent boats that speed you in a few moments from Communipaw to New York City, friend Smith insisted on going on the smoker's side, where he nonchalantly lit a cigar and entered into a lively conversation, though I could easily perceive he was miffed because I had called him two minutes too soon.

As we landed at the foot of Liberty street, New York City, for an instant a nervous tremor seemed to control Mr. Smith; but it needed but the repetition or the realization of the fact to fix him with all the courage of accomplishment. Fact was, he was ahead of time. He arrived at the Astor House with minutes to spare. I saw him afterwards down on Wall street, and New street, and Broad street, accomplishing his purpose, whatever it was. Anyhow, the ubiquity of his person was astonishing to me as I reflected he had but about two hours to spend.

At 11 sharp, I met him at the banking-house named; we had fifteen minutes to make the depot—time enough. We found a happy sequel to the brisk business of the day when once seated in a luxurious car on the way home.

Who can do justice to the grand fact that this man was enabled to be "on 'change" in both the metropolitan cities of this continent, practically at the same time; enabled to feel the pulse of the New York market, and afterwards regulate his action by the feeble thrill that marks the market here.

We believe that up to this time even such an intelligent man as Smith was ignorant of the facilities offered him, by which the Empire City was practically joined to us in such convenient time, making them, for business operations, the same.

At 11.15 A.M. we boarded the ferry-boat at foot of Liberty street, North River, and a few minutes later stepped on to the train, ~~exactly~~ on time to the second. Momentous affairs ~~seemed~~ to occupy the silent attention of Mr. Smith, money matters, maybe; the destiny of his whole life might have depended upon that, and hung upon that return

trip. One hundred and twenty-nine minutes whizzing along, and I had the consciousness that we had time to spare at the end.

And so we had. Smith was at the Exchange on Third street at a little after half-past one, with ample time at his command. I can't tell from his dubious conversation how much he made the

thing pay; all I know is that, judging from check he gave me, I felt that he appreciated quickest trip on record, which is in one hour fifty-two minutes' time, while fifty years ago days would scarce have been enough to make it in.

PEN, PRESS, AND PENCIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEB PAPERS."

V.

GOLDEN haze of a September sunset, deepening into dun shades, at bases of Kaatskill foot-hills, arrayed for me fit robings of air to encompass his quiet form, as he took my hand in his, under green gloom of a porch at Sunnyside, and said, "God bless you! may you ever be successful!"

I lingered there, listening to parting words, and loth to part from "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.;" though that tarrying upon the sill was supplementary to a tea-table talk upon "men and books;" and I was to ride through dark woodlands on my way to the railroad station. But what young aspirant for literary fame, as I was in those days, could have felt the kindly clasp of Washington Irving's hand, with a wish to leave his genial company?

In those days, haply, there was incentive to my dreamings of future fame; and I only smiled, in youthful self-assurance, over the poet's desponding question, "Who can tell how hard it is to climb?" for to me all steeps were stairways like "Jacob's Ladder," and all future years but shining rounds of their ascent, whereon angels were ascending to lead, and descending to help me.

For the youth of a man who goes forth, as Jacob did, seeking kindred afar, is a youth which believes in angels, and that the Father of angels will bestow upon him "bread to eat and raiment to put on," be his journeyings wide or narrow; so that in those days I took little thought of aught save shining staircases, that "sloped through glory up to God," and were far more facile of ascent, I thought, than marble steps of the United States Bank on Chestnut street.

So my evening with Washington Irving was prolonged into night-shadows, and I departed

from Sunnyside with a few bars of shadow between rounds of glory in my "Jacob's Ladder."

For in that pleasant tea-room of Geoffrey Crayon's villa, overlooking the broad Hudson River and afar, on scenes of Hudson highlands, that genius peopled with shapes of weird romance and tender love, he said to me, gravely:

"I have been what is called a successful author, and I have but lately returned from Spain, where I spent many years in diplomatic position; and now, as I verge on the limit of years allotted to humanity, I must work still, when I should rest. For my copyrights hardly enable me to make my ends meet from year to year, and I must look to business still, that a home may be left to them around me."

Such, as I recall them, were the words of that accredited representative, in his day, of our country's highest literature; that master of the pen whose fame was stamped abroad before his countrymen could claim it in a mint, whence men bore to all lands the effigies of Scott, and Byron and Moore, and Lord Brougham, and Campbell and Hazlitt, and Hallam; and in another man whence England's king drew medals for the greatest of living historians, two golden medals, one for Hallam, and the other for Irving; that painter with ink, whose "Sketch-Book" glows under chromatic lights; that prose-writer, whose prose is poetry; that historian, whose chronicles are fascinating as romances; that pure-minded moralist and moralist of the human heart, was obliged to buckle on, in his last decade of years, the armor which, though gilded by the sweat of a lifetime, could not be put away until its wearer lay 'do

to human agony. On his chamber wall were weapons he had wielded in fields of battle, and mementoes of comrades who had passed away. But there was a shadow on walls and bed which deepened the ashen pallor of his countenance; while a brave man's will mastered all manifestation of pains endured. That shadow in his room was cast by the gaunt spectre of poverty on his door-sill; poverty denying the necessities of life.

"Will you help me in the way I would be helped?" he asked. "You know I expended all my means in publishing 'Dolores.' They are in stereotype plates, and I have a number of bound copies. Perhaps Bryant and a few other friends will purchase five copies each—that would be five dollars; and I need it now!"

I disposed of as many copies as I could obtain the money for; Bryant drawing his check for five dollars, which, I trust, will be placed to account in his favor one day, when the millions he amassed as author and editor may not weigh so much as the five pieces of silver I received from his cashier to place in poor Harro's hand. But "Dolores" could not save the genius which portrayed her loving soul; and Harro Harring could not compass the desire of his heart, to "save Dolores."

For in another year I received a letter from him dated "London," wherein he described the meagre existence he was dragging out as a writer for the press, "moistening his crust of bread with tears that fell upon his gray beard," and were wiped away by a young daughter, who clung to her father's sad fortunes rather than go to their kindred, who were better able to give her a home. "Cordelia with Lear," wrote the poor father, in speaking of his daughter. And he closed his melancholy recital by imploring me to see the printer who held his stereotype plates of "Dolores" for a small debt. "Save Dolores for me, my good friend," he prayed; and I went to the printer, but it was too late. "Dolores" in her leaden coffin had been sold as old type metal for fifty dollars; and that was the end of poor Harro Harring's investment of several thousand dollars in the publication of a work which only lives, if it survives at all, on shelves of a book-stall; but which, if Godwin had written it, might have

ranked higher in that introspective writer's contributions to literature than "Caleb Williams" merited to rank.

But Harro Harring lived and died in battle for literary and material life; baffled, year after year, because his varied gifts and attainments were not marketable commodities.

It was not the fault of market-men, perhaps. "Demand governs supply," say booksellers, as other venders say. "Demand" did not call for Harro Harring's deep-thoughted supply of reading matter, so he could not "save Dolores."

And yet, one morning, when I sat opposite to Harro Harring at a small cabin table on board of the Italian bark *Carmen*, in New York harbor; and between us, dispensing his simple hospitality, the captain of that vessel sat, his calm, womanly eyes regarding me kindly as the friend of his comrade in South American strife against tyranny, I could not but reflect that our host had battled, like his guest, in a lifetime struggle, and that no golden nor laurel crown had been awarded to him.

For that mild-eyed, wide-browed man, who broke bread with us that morning, condoling with poor Harro Harring on the ill-fortunes he was powerless at that day to improve, was a man whose crown of laurel was to come, after he should give a golden crown away, with hand as free as if he possessed empires; for that man was Joseph Garibaldi!

And Garibaldi sailed away from New York a poor laboring captain of his small trading vessel; to renew in Sicily the fight against tyrants which had bared his sword, when a youth, against an Italian king; which had steeled it in manhood against Rosas, dictator of La Plata; which had sharpened it in gates of Rome against Louis Napoleon; and this poor trading captain, with his free hand, at last gave away to Victor Emanuel the crown of Naples and Sicily.

But Harro Harring sailed from New York only to renew in England and elsewhere his hard conflict with a world that knew him not. And he dropped by the roadside, still unknown; his history—

"Dolores!"

THE NEW MINISTER.

By E. P. B.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW days after the matrimonial engagement of Mr. Dashwell and Miss Pinch, the Rev. Joe, who was still an unsettled candidate waiting for some prominent church to call for his services, received a short note from his old chum James Dashwell. It contained an urgent request that he should come immediately to Hampton. Joe inferred from the nature of the communication that something unusual had occurred, and in a few hours after the note was received he stood knocking at the door of Mr. Dashwell's study in the Hampton parsonage. He heard a somewhat indistinct "Come in!" and he entered. He found his friend Dashwell stretched upon a lounge, and apparently hardly noticing his entrance instead of springing to meet him with his old-time hearty welcome and cordial grasp of the hand. Mr. Dashwell deliberately turned his eyes upon his old chum, and said, in a feeble tone of voice:

"Joe, are you still able to recognize your old friend?"

"Well, Jim, perhaps I might if I tried very hard," answered Joe; "you seem about the same old thing as when I saw you a few weeks ago, only perhaps a little more hollow and dark around the eyes and white about the gills. A little bilious, I suppose. How long have you been sick?"

"Joe," said Mr. Dashwell, with a solemn countenance, and in a sepulchral tone, "you see before you a broken-down man."

"Nonsense, Jim; when were you taken, and what's the matter?"

"Well, the first shock came last Saturday afternoon; but I have had two or three strokes since."

"What kind of a shock; what do you mean by strokes? You haven't been paralyzed, I hope, Jim."

"No, that's not it," said Jim, lugubriously, and with a melancholy shake of the head.

"What is it, then? Cholera, chills?"

"Not right yet, Joe. The truth is I have had trouble, great trouble, since I saw you, and I've sent for you to talk the matter over. I knew you

would be willing to come, and really I did not feel able to go to see you."

"Come, now, cheer up, old boy. I don't believe you are half as bad as you seem to think; you've got the blues a little, that's all. Tell me where your cigars are, and then let me know what's the matter."

"There, chum, in that box on the table. Help yourself."

"Thank you, Jim," said Joe, stepping to the table and putting his hand in the box. He fumbled in the bottom somewhat anxiously for half a minute, and said, withdrawing his hand, "Thank you, Jim, I never smoke; I've sworn off."

"Never smoke; not much you don't," said the Rev. Mr. Dashwell, suddenly forgetting his illness, springing to his feet, and looking in the cigar-box. "Excuse me, old fellow, but really I didn't know that the box was empty. The fact is, my mind has been unhinged for a few days back, and I am losing my memory," he continued, as he climbed a chair, reached to the top of his bookcase and brought down a fresh box of Havanas. "There, Joe, help yourself, perhaps they will last until we get through our conversation;" and Mr. Dashwell himself lit a cigar, took an easy chair, elevated his heels upon the centre-table, and commenced smoking. "Joe," said he, after a few puffs, "the sight of you makes me feel better already; but I tell you, chum, I have been badly down in the mouth for a week past."

"What is it, Jim? The church, the girls, or both?"

"Both, Joe, both; I am going to give up the ship here—shut up shop and clear out."

"No; Jim, you don't tell me that!" said Joe, with real surprise and sympathy for his friend. "What's happened now? Of course you go voluntarily."

"Well, hardly exactly, Joe. I thought I might manage to go in that style, but I have been tripped even in that; everything seems to go wrong just now. Don't you remember, chum, how you have warned me against making a fool

of myself by getting in love with the minister's handsome daughter, and going and throwing myself away?"

"Yes, Jim, I remember," said Joe, with a little feeling of pride at his perspicacity.

"Well, Joe, I've been and gone and done it, that very thing, and that was the commencement of my afflictions, hardly a week ago."

"Is that all? Pshaw! that's nothing," said Joe, feeling a little relieved. "It's easy enough to rectify a mistake of that kind; it's done every day. Let the matter simmer down and cool off gradually, and after a few weeks you can hatch up some excuse for breaking off the engagement."

"Oh, there don't happen to be any necessity for breaking it off in this case," answered Jim, a little solemnly.

"So you've broken it already? Or, chum, you don't really mean to say that you've proposed and were rejected"—and Joe stopped abruptly, as if he thought the supposition he was about to express in words was too humiliating to contemplate.

"Were rejected; you've hit the nail on the head. I have to tell it to you to explain my story; but I know you won't give it away," said Mr. Dashwell.

"Now, Jim," said Joe, with seriousness, almost with severity, "I never would have believed that of you; you must have been extremely careless. Couldn't you have told which way the land lay without committing yourself? Jim, I must confess I should be sorry for you if I did not think you richly deserved it."

"That's right, chum; pitch into me; I'll take it all without a murmur. It's one of the dispensations of Providence sent, I suppose, to educate me for better things in the future. That's just what I thought, and I tried to reform and do works meet for repentance; but I've been trapped a second time."

"How's that?" asked Joe.

"Why, I immediately afterward proposed to Miss Pinch," said Jim.

"And were rejected again, by thunder!" said Joe, slapping his thigh with emphasis. "Now, Jim, you must excuse me, but I believe you when you say your mind is a little unhinged. Twice in a week, by Jove! If it wasn't such a serious matter for you, old fellow, it would be laughable."

"But I wasn't rejected the second time. Worse than that," said the minister.

"Now, Jim, just tell me what you mean, and don't keep me in suspense. How worse?"

"Why, I am engaged to Miss Pinch."

There was silence for a little while, when Joe broke it by saying: "I sha'n't say another word nor ask another question until you explain yourself."

"Well, chum, I will make a clean breast of the whole matter, for I need the advice of such a tried friend as you. Last Saturday afternoon I was out for a drive with Mabel Woodbridge. As I think of the matter now, I cannot imagine how I came to make such a fool of myself, as you express it, as I did on that occasion. I had no intention of doing so when I started, but I suppose it was one of those cases of sudden infatuation or moral insanity which all men may become the victims of under such circumstances. There were no substantial reasons why I should offer myself to her at that time. It was a mere fancy; now, Joe, the possibility of a refusal never seriously entered my mind. There was my first great mistake. I ought to have felt my way more carefully before committing myself. To be sure I thought I used ordinary care, but the girl was not so unsophisticated as I had supposed. She was a little too many for me, Joe; that is the long and short of it. I know that you despise me, but I can't help it."

"I wouldn't say 'despise,' Jim; 'pity' would be a more appropriate term," said Joe, with a metaphysical air.

"But, Joe, you ought to have seen the girl when she was presenting me with the mitten. Juno herself could not have done it in a more magnificent style. The worst of all was that she did not seem at all elated with the proposal; did not put on any airs about it; did not attempt to patronize me, but really seemed to pity me, and to wish to let me down as easy as possible. I declare, I couldn't well stand that part of it. It was the most humiliating of all."

"You have my heartfelt sympathy, Jim; and candidly that is the only consolation I can offer. The affair is a bad one, make the best of it; and really I must say you have only yourself to blame, for you must remember how often I have warned you. The only good I can see in it is that it may teach you a useful lesson, and make you move with more caution in the future," said Joe, philosophically.

"I made up my mind that very night as I lay awake thinking the matter over that I would leave the old church altogether."

"I can't say that I approve of that course, Jim. You should face the music and stand it through; it would be a useful discipline to you," said Joe.

"But, chum, it was not the matrimonial disaster alone which led me to this decision. The fact is, it is impossible to raise a breeze in this church. No matter what contrivances I may resort to, and I believe I have tried almost all the modern appliances for getting up an excitement, yet they don't seem to work here. There isn't the right kind of material to work upon. The people have been so stiffened up by old Dr. Woodbridge's orthodox style of preaching that they cannot bend if they would like to. They don't sensate worth a cent. They despise sensation, as they call it here. I tell you, Joe, its discouraging when you have carefully concocted some little tidbit particularly spicy and get it off in the pulpit not to see a single smile in the congregation, but instead to notice the faces of the old saints in the pews lengthening out till they look like yardsticks, and then turning around to the clock to see if it isn't time for the sermon to be over. That's the way here. To be sure outsiders will come in when you announce something extra fine, but they do not become permanent lodgers; next week they attend the Second Presbyterian, and the third the Universalist, and so on. I call them rounders; they never hire pews, and that is what the old fogies here want. No, Joe, I have thought for some time that this old church is a little too ancient for me, and that I must look for another somewhat more impressible, and when this Mabel affair came up to cap the climax, I resolved to pack my trunk and leave for a more congenial climate. Of course I expected, however, to first get a permanent call, and then to decline with thanks."

"I see," said Joe.

"But here comes the second great stroke of adversity. The very day after I was floored in my matrimonial prospects, Domore came in and informed me that old Pinch had gone back on me, and with him Abel, of course, and that in consequence a majority of the session would be against giving me a permanent call. The whole thing depended upon Pinch," he said.

"Poor old fellow!" said Joe.

"Who? Pinch?" asked Jim.

"No. I had reference to yourself," answered his friend.

"I determined at once to convert Pinch to my side by contracting an immediate matrimonial engagement with his daughter. I knew I could do it just as easily as that," and Mr. Dashwell illustrated by holding the palm of his hand upward and then suddenly reversing it.

"Good for you," said Joe, encouragingly.

"But I had a precious little time to do it in, for the session was to meet the next evening. So on Monday afternoon I set out on another excursion with matrimony in view, taking Miss Pinch out for a drive this time. Now, Joe, I won't trouble you to listen to an account of the nonsense of that expedition. It's too flat. It is enough to say that before the end of it I won the young lady's heart and engaged her hand without any trouble at all—too easily, in fact, to be satisfactory."

"She's the heiress, I understood you to say. Now you have something substantial. That back-hander from the minister's daughter was only a blessing in disguise, after all. Jim, your stock is rising."

"I told the girl just as pointedly as I dared to, lest she should suspect the reason, to let her father know of our engagement at once, that very evening before the session meeting.

"And she didn't do it, Jim; I see through it all now. You can never trust a thing of that kind to the girls. You should have attended to that yourself," said Joe, with a grave shake of the head.

"I know it, Joe. Well, Domore told me the next day that my future father-in-law was down upon me with a vim—even more than old Wentworth himself. You know he is as obstinate as a mule, self-opinionated, and when he gets going to one side or the other he goes in with a rush, like a boat half full of water. Of course the majority of the session was against me, and it was decided to take no further action in the matter of stated supply. That gives me permission quietly to withdraw, while old Dr. Woodbridge remains as pastor of the church."

"Jim, things do begin to look a little squally, I must confess," said Joe; "but don't you think Pinch may come around when he learns of the son-in-law in store for him?"

health may fail, and make the fulfillment of your engagement impracticable, or something of that sort may occur, you know," said Joe, with a wink. "Time will work wonders; but one thing I think I would do: I would shake off the dust of my feet against this old settlement. I think it is evident that they don't properly appreciate your talents, my boy. They don't deserve you, and when you get away, the little annoyances and vexations you have experienced here, and the little blunders you have made will become small in the distance."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE trials and perplexities which were encompassing Mr. Dashwell at Hampton weighed heavily upon the mind of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Newman. That individual felt that his old chum had been reckless and hasty in his movements, and was in need of good advice and counsel to assist him in extricating himself from his difficulties. Deeply impressed with these thoughts, the Rev. Joe, a few days after his last conference with his friend, again presented himself at the door of Mr. Dashwell's study.

Mr. Dashwell from within recognized the well-known "rat-tat-tat" of seminary times, and was at the door in an instant.

"Joe, my dear old fellow," said he, "you are the very man I particularly wished to see. You are my guardian angel dropping down upon me with linen duster, satchel and cigar, just at the right moment. Sit down and take a little lemonade to wash the cinders out of your throat;" and Mr. Dashwell produced a long-necked bottle and a couple of wine-glasses.

"Jim, I really felt so much concern for you that I determined to come down once more and see how you are getting along. You can't imagine the anxiety your case has given me," and Joe began to sip the dark-colored lemonade from the wine-glass. "Jim, how many more matrimonial engagements since I saw you last?"

"None as yet, chum. I have been trying to undo what I have already done in that line, and that has occupied my whole attention. I have made rather slow progress in getting disentangled. 'Facilis est descensus Averni,' you know; 'sed revocare gradum, hoc opus, hic labor est.' I've found it so."

"What's happened, Jim?"

"Well, I'll tell you, father confessor. Since I saw you I've found out from the best authority, Domore, you know, that my jig is up in the church, and that its best not to appear to desire a permanent call, but to slip out of the concern and out of the place too as gracefully as possible. Old Pinch was not to be bought off from his opposition in the session by the prospect of a highly respectable son-in-law. In fact, Domore says that he has been even more pugnacious than ever during the last week, and that, you are aware, has been since he has known of the matrimonial honor in store for his only daughter. I learned, too, from confidential talks with Maria, that's the Pinch girl—I use the handle now in addressing her—that her father actually intended to make her a pauper by giving his estate to a benevolent institution, as he had informed me. When I found that this was really the fact I determined at once to break off our engagement, partly as a punishment to old Pinch and partly because it might interfere with my getting a call to some other church."

"Of course it would, Jim; but don't you think you were a little hasty in the breaking off part? Pinch might come around, you know; time works wonders."

"Perhaps I was, Joe. There's just where I needed your advice. You may judge for yourself when you hear the whole story. But its too late now to shed tears over the diffused lacteal fluid. The deed has been done."

"Proceed, Jim."

"Well, I called on the girl when I felt positive that all the evils I have spoken of would assuredly happen, and tried to get out of the affair delicately and smoothly, you know, putting myself in the light of a benefactor at the same time. I told her that our engagement was made when the skies were bright and flattering over our heads, when our paths seemed likely to be strewn with flowers, and a good deal more of that sort, you understand; when I had felt sure that my future home would be near her own beautiful one in Hampton; when I had good reason to believe that I should be the chosen pastor of the church"—

"That was quite a little whopper, wasn't it, Jim?" said Joe.

"But now dark clouds were rising over the sky once so bright; thorns were hedging me in on every side; I was compelled to leave the people

of my choice to seek a new field of labor; it might be far away from her pleasant home and surroundings. It pained me to think of separating her from the home and friends she had known and loved from her earliest recollection to ask her to go among strangers, to an abode which would be humble in comparison with old Pinch's house; those were not the exact words, Joe."

"No. You didn't speak of the damaging effect of the benevolent institution upon your prospects, I hope, Jim," said Joe.

"Not much. And I felt that I could not conscientiously ask her to make so great a sacrifice for my sake—I could not be so selfish—and that I therefore felt it my duty, painful as it might be to me so to do, to resign all claim to her hand, and to leave her untrammelled as before our plighted troth."

"Pretty well done, Jim. I give you credit. How did it take?"

"Not at all, Joe. The girl was up to snuff, I tell you. If I had really wished it so I should have been delighted. She said that all I had said did not weigh a particle in her mind. When she had pledged her hand she had given her heart also, and—well, the amount of the whole thing was, Joe, that she was willing to go with me to the end of the world, and a little beyond, for that matter. It was no use, Joe; I couldn't budge her an inch. She talked of her father cutting her off without a penny in just the coolest way possible, as if it was of no account to her, and therefore could not possibly be of the slightest consequence to myself. I believe the girl was really in love, and of course under such circumstances could not be expected to have any sense in matters of a financial character. I saw there was no prospect of getting around the old man on the property question, for she really seemed indifferent on the subject. Neither was there any use of asking her to back down on the engagement. I had to acknowledge myself repulsed on that parallel, and I took my hat and came home a broken-hearted man."

"What did you do next, Jim?" asked his friend.

"Well, then I thought I would try epistolary diplomacy. I set up about the whole night cogitating upon the subject, and finally I concluded to settle the matter by a short but decisive communication in writing. I concocted the following, and kept a copy to submit to you for

approval," and Mr. Dashwell opened a private drawer in his desk and took out a sheet of note-paper. "See how it sounds, Joe:

"MY DEAREST MARIA: I have been thinking over the subject upon which we were conversing last evening, and I feel that my duty to you and myself demands that I should again express to you the sentiments that fill my heart to overflowing. It does seem to me, dearest, that it would be unjust to hold you to the promise you made when my future appeared so different from that which now lies before me. I find that I cannot make it seem consistent with duty or propriety to request you to leave the beautiful home of your childhood and your pleasant surroundings in Hampton to enter with me upon trials now unknown to you, perhaps in some region remote from all that you hold most dear. I fear that you do not properly appreciate the gravity of such a step. With heart unchanged, with affection unabated, I would therefore again offer to release you, and pardon me for so doing. I would myself ask to be released from the engagement upon which we have so prematurely entered. Believe me, I shall ever remain your loving,

JAMES DASHWELL."

"There, Joe, shouldn't you think that would settle the matter?"

"I rather think it may do so. So you've sent the original document?"

"Sent it by special messenger early this morning, and have had no reply. I drove past Pinch's this afternoon, and Maria was at her seat in the window as usual. I was about throwing her a kiss, but strangely enough, just at that instant she turned her head away as if she had failed to catch sight of me; and yet I don't see how she could have escaped observing my turn-out. She always noticed it readily enough before. It is now five o'clock, and about time for the postman; perhaps I may hear something when he comes;" and Mr. Dashwell rose, stood before the window with his two hands thrust deeply in his pantaloons' pockets, and looked meditatively down the street for a few minutes in perfect silence. "There comes the old fellow now with his letter-bag. Now for a note from Maria, Joe;" and he dashed down to the front door to meet the postman. He returned to the study with his papers in his hand. "That scented note don't seem to be among these documents, Joe. What can the girl mean?" said Mr. Dashwell.

"Perhaps she expects you to call yourself for the answer. Don't you think that would be the most natural way?" said Joe.

"Hallo! here's something. Its a business envelope with 'Pinch & Co' printed on the outside. I guess Maria's white envelopes have run out," said Mr. Dashwell, as he hastily ripped open the yellow one. "I declare, its from old Pinch himself."

He glanced hastily over the large business sheet filled with writing in the bold hand of Elder Pinch. Joe noticed that his face flushed as he proceeded, then looked grave, and finally turned pale as he approached the end, while he firmly set his lips as if to prevent an exclamation, until he finished reading and threw the letter on the table before him.

"What's out, Jim?" asked his friend.

"There's a stunner from Pinch, Joe. I didn't think the old fellow was capable of such a production. You're just in time to hear it. Wait until I can catch my breath, and I will read it to you. Now here goes:

"REV. JAMES DASHWELL—*Sir*: My daughter requests me to reply to a note received by her from yourself, asking a release from your late engagement. In answer, I have to say that you are so released, on her part, I trust, with entire willingness; on my own, I can assure you, with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Allow me at this time to add a few words which I think you should hear.

"Your ministry in this place has, I believe, been of some benefit to myself, not so much from your instructions in the pulpit as from your example—an example, permit me to say, not to be imitated, but carefully avoided. Before you came here, I had believed that something more than the simple and faithful preaching of pure gospel truth might be useful in the pulpit; that certain contrivances which are sometimes called sensational, to catch the ear of the indifferent, might have their place as well. I have come to the conclusion, from carefully watching your course here, that a minister cannot preach the gospel in all sincerity, and at the same time indulge in claptrap to catch outside crowds. I have become convinced that one who attempts both must be insincere and dishonest. If we cannot have both, I certainly think we should have the simple preaching of the gospel. These remarks may explain to

you why I cannot vote to give you a permanent call, although I was in favor of a temporary one a year ago. The reason is, in a few words, that I doubt your sincerity, and I have been led by a close observation of your course during the year past, to fear that the same failing must almost necessarily attach itself to any one who could resort to sensational methods of filling up the pews.

"Allow me to say that as by your own act you can no longer have any claim upon my daughter, you will of course see the propriety of discontinuing any further correspondence with her either personal or written. As she is again to become dependent upon me for support in the future, it is proper to add that the rather hastily-formed plans for the disposal of my property, which I thought best to mention to you, have now been finally abandoned. Yours, etc., HENRY PINCH."

A profound silence for a few minutes followed the reading of the letter, while the two friends appeared to be engaged in earnest thought. Mr. Dashwell was the first to speak.

"Joe," said he, "I think this document makes it plain that the 'benevolent institution' plan was all a ruse to try my 'sincerity,' as Pinch expresses it. What I would like to know now is, whether the girl was a party in the conspiracy. By George! I almost believe she was, and that she really intended to cut me when she turned her head away this afternoon as I drove past. I confess I rather like her spunk though if she did. I suppose, however, I shall never find out for certain; for the old man don't seem to approve of any further correspondence with his daughter. I think, chum, I had better pack up to-night and take the early train for the city to-morrow morning;" and Mr. Dashwell rested his head on both hands, with his elbows on the table before him.

"Come, now, cheer up, Jim;" said his friend, rising and patting him on the shoulder. "Things do go a little roughly with you just at present; but don't get down-hearted about it. But one thing I would do if I were in your place. I would quit this old rookery at once. That letter of Pinch shows that they can never understand you here. The fact is the people have been crammed so full of what Pinch would call gospel truth and orthodoxy, that they never will appreciate your style. They must have preaching of the broad-brim order; they don't believe in a church with modern improvements, and so they

will continue to burn tallow candles, go to bed at sundown, and get up at cock-crowing to the end of the chapter. So far as the girls are concerned, chum, I think the fault is your own; I must say so for your own good. You've let the minister's daughter pull the wool over your eyes badly; but it will do you good, old boy, it will make you sharper the next time. Let me give you a word of advice: never be the first to fall in love; be sure you have your fish fairly hooked before you begin to haul in. I think you must blame yourself in the Pinch girl affair also; I think everything would have been lovely, the property, girl, and all, if you had been a little more patient. But let it all go; 'twon't hurt you. I'll try and keep a more careful eye upon you in the future."

The next day the two friends were seen driving through the streets of Hampton with Mr. Dashwell's stylish turn-out for the last time. They turned their horse's head toward the race-course. There, as in times past, were many of the sporting fraternity ready for a grasp of the hand with the fast young parson, who had not visited the course since his accident. Mr. Dashwell inquired for Sam McBride, and soon found that individual.

"Sam," said he, "give us your hand; this is the last time you'll see me here. Good-by!"

"No, parson, now you don't mean that! Don't feel so! I didn't intend it. That leg-breaking affair was all an accident," said Sam, extending his hand.

"That's all right, Sam; I wasn't thinking of that affair at all just now. But I'm going, going to quit the church, and leave town to-day."

"No; you don't tell me. That's too bad! If you do I will just speak the truth this time when I say the church will lose the best parson they ever had. Don't go, minister, anyhow. Give up preaching if you like, but stay in town, and come out here every day through the season. We'll treat you well, and I'll warrant you won't be disabled again.

"No; Sam, I'm off; I only came down now to bid you all good-by. Adieu!" and Mr. Dashwell gave a farewell flourish of the hand as he turned his horse on the track. "Say 'Good-by' to all the boys for me, Sam." Mr. Dashwell and Joe made a final circuit of the course with their horse at his full speed, and disappeared at the exit. Sam spread the news, and many were the expressions of regret at the departure of the gay

young minister. It was generally conceded that the church and the race-course would not soon see his like again. The couple drove once more through the streets, past every well-known resort for a parting glance, past the old church for a last look, past the Pinch mansion, where it happened that Miss Pinch was not at the moment visible, past the parsonage, where Mr. Dashwell had already given orders that his trunks should be delivered to the expressman, and had taken a sudden and unexpected farewell of the old doctor and Mabel. That young lady chanced to be at her accustomed place in the window-seat as the two young divines were driving past. Joe made a low bow, and Mr. Dashwell lifted his hat to her for the last time with even more than the old-time flourish and gallantry. The handsome horse bore them quickly by at a rapid trot, their clerical forms faded away in the distance down the road leading to the great city, and Mabel saw them no more.

CHAPTER XV.

THE college year was over. Tom Wentworth had graduated with honor, and was once more spending a few weeks in Hampton before entering upon his studies at the theological seminary. Nearly a year had passed since his conversation with Mabel on Cemetery Hill. Though he had met her frequently since, he had never again alluded to the subject which occupied their attention at that interview. It was only a few days before he was to leave his home to enter upon his theological studies that, on a pleasant afternoon in September, he called upon Mabel at the parsonage.

"Mabel," said he, "you may recollect that last summer we took a walk to the cemetery to examine the handsome monument erected in memory of old Mr. King. Perhaps you may remember that we came away without visiting it. I have quite a curiosity to see it. Will you not this afternoon again make an attempt with me to find it?"

"If you think we will not forget all about it when we arrive there, Tom, I will."

Again, as a year before, which seemed to them but as yesterday, they strolled through the paths which led them by many curves and windings at last to the summit. Tom sought and found the rustic seat where he then sat with Mabel, and en-

joyed the view of Long Island Sound and the distant hills of Connecticut beyond.

"Here it is, Mabel," said he, as he discovered the seat, a little more moss-covered than when they last saw it.

"What?" said Mabel. "Old Mr. King's monument?"

"Not exactly; but the place where we forgot all about the monument. Let us sit down here again and rest."

"Mabel," said Tom, when they had seated themselves, and he had commenced grave-digging with the point of his cane, as in months aforetime, "do you remember when we were here a year ago how jealous I was of that young Dashwell?"

"I remember, Tom, that you did not then seem to approve of his peculiar style of preaching. I think you criticised his conduct out of the pulpit also as being somewhat frivolous for a minister. I don't recollect that you said you were jealous of him."

"Well, I think I was jealous a little, just a little, you know, Mabel. I may as well acknowledge it now that he has gone, poor fellow! Did the thought ever occur to you why I felt so?"

"Was it because you feared you could never rival his popular style in the pulpit?" asked Mabel.

"Not exactly. I think I shall never attempt that." Tom was silent for a few moments as he industriously worked at the mausoleum. Somewhat abruptly he ceased, and turning to his companion said, with flushed cheeks: "Mabel, do you remember a promise you made a year ago while sitting here, with reference to Mr. Dashwell?"

"I remember it perfectly, Tom, and I have kept it," she answered.

"I have invited you to walk out here this afternoon to ask you another question in connection with the promise you then made. Have you ever thought why I then asked you not to allow Mr. Dashwell to find a place in your heart?"

"Perhaps I have, Tom; but is that the question you really intended to ask, and if so, do you think it exactly a fair one?" said Mabel.

"If it is not, I will ask another. Will you allow me to tell you the reason for the request I then made?"

"I shall be happy to hear it," said Mabel.

"The reason is," and Tom looked not at

Mabel, but at the little grave he was constructing.

"The reason was that I hoped—that which I did not then dare to ask for—that I myself might at some time occupy the place which I was so fearful might be taken by Mr. Dashwell."

"So I supposed at the time, Tom."

"And now I will ask you," said Tom, as he ceased his work, and with a pale face looked inquiringly in Mabel's, "if I may not obtain the place which I then had not the courage to ask for?"

Mabel's face changed from red to white as she listened, and answered:

"You may, Tom. You have that place, and have held it since I understood your meaning a year ago. If you had claimed it then the answer would have been the same that I give you now."

"Why did I not understand this during the long months that have passed since our talk in this place?" said Tom, taking Mabel's hand in his own.

"Why did you never ask to know?" answered Mabel.

"Because I thought I should be able to discover it in some way without asking if it were so," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! how blind you have been!" said Mabel.

"But I really feared, notwithstanding your promise, that Mr. Dashwell might yet carry the day."

"Tom, really you speak as if you supposed that Mr. Dashwell felt anxious to carry it. Now I think I recollect that a year ago in this place you insinuated that Miss Pinch and Mr. Dashwell might have mutual aspirations."

"I never really thought Miss Pinch could find a place in his affections, supposing, of course, that he has such a quality in his composition, so long as he was in the society of Mabel Woodbridge; and I truly believe that if he did not seek to obtain a place in that young lady's heart it was only because he felt that he could not succeed in so doing."

"Thank you, Tom; but do you not think you are a little enthusiastic. Suppose we now go and visit the King monument," said Mabel, rising.

"I believe I did hear something of such a monument when I proposed visiting it a year ago, but I never have seen it, and know nothing of its location; in fact it may not be in existence at the

present day. A year's time will work changes, even in a cemetery," said Tom, rising and walking by Mabel's side down the winding path which they had lately ascended.

Three years glided swiftly away in Hampton, as elsewhere. The Rev. Thomas Wentworth and his wife, Mabel Wentworth, are sitting side by side in the moonlight of a pleasant October evening. The two have been married for a month, and on this day Tom has been installed associate pastor of the First Presbyterian church, a colleague of his father-in-law, Dr. Woodbridge, who has been compelled by advancing years himself to ask for such assistance. The thoughts of the couple naturally turn to the former temporary colleague of the old pastor.

"Mabel, I once feared that the relations I now hold both to this church and to yourself might be held by that young Dashwell who preached here three years ago," said Tom.

"Poor fellow!" said Mabel, stroking his cheek. "Poor ignorant boy! how little did you understand me. As to Mr. Dashwell's future relations to the church, of course I could know no more than you did; but as to his relations to myself, you never made a greater mistake than when you imagined I was likely to become a Mrs. Dashwell. Where is the gentleman now, Tom?"

"He married a lady of Chicago, the only daughter of a wealthy liquor dealer, and he is now the pastor of a prominent Universalist church at the West. I always rather liked that Mr. Dashwell, notwithstanding I never could help thinking that he cared more for that blooded horse of his than he did for the church. I think he has found his proper place in a denomination with more liberal views than ours, for he is so

happy and good-natured himself that he must believe that the whole world will come out all right at last, his horse not excepted. The great trouble here seems to have been that the church was rather too orthodox for his habits of thought."

"Do you know what ever became of that friend he called Joe, a minister, too, I believe?" asked Mabel.

"I understood that he never found a church satisfactory to himself which was also satisfied with him. I have been told that he finally took up the practice of medicine as an amateur, and that now he is a thriving homœopathic practitioner, and a member of his friend Dashwell's church."

The months are passing by at Hampton. The church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Wentworth, is steadily increasing in numbers and influence, though no especial effort is put forth to attract a crowd. Elder Domore, however, has left, and connected himself with the Second Presbyterian. Elder Pinch says that a year's experience of the sensational style in the pulpit and out of it has been of great use to him. It is supposed that the compliment is intended to have reference to the late service of the Rev. Mr. Dashwell at Hampton. Maria Pinch is married to a junior partner in the firm of Pinch & Co. It is believed that the gentleman never has heard anything of the "Pinch Endowment Fund." Old Dr. Woodbridge, though nominally the senior pastor of the church, is seldom seen in the pulpit. Much of his time seems to be occupied in following, a willing captive, the four-wheeled chariot of an imperious little tyrant clothed in white lace and fine linen, Thomas Wentworth, Jr., as it trundles along the sidewalk or across the street to the mansion of the judge.

BEFORE A PARTING.

BY BARTON GREY.

THE hours slip on; the dark day comes apace
That parts our hands; our souls it cannot part,
Nor break the bond that links us heart to heart;
Faith changes not with changing time and place;

And though the eyes that cannot see thy face
Will sadden oft with tears that still will start,
Yet, darling, Love hath many a tender art
For those who trust them to his gentle grace:

And oft, when shadows fall and night is near,
And the long surf rolls in upon the strand,
And the faint sea breeze sighs in halcyon bliss,

I, lingering late, through the calm dark may hear
That low, sweet voice, yea, touch that loyal hand,
And feel on these parched lips, once more thy wonted
kiss.

had been taken, and from it he was not to be moved. His purpose was simple in expression, yet grand in character. It was, as he interpreted it upon canvas, to aim only at doing well, until such aspiration should become habitual. If his fellow-pupils, regarding his work with supercilious gaze, saw but little change in its appearance from day to day, it was because he sternly exacted from himself a reason for every line he drew. Not for any considerations of present and speedy effect, would he sacrifice the cause of fidelity to truth and Nature, which was dearer to him than anything else; and so he worked on, regardless of the strictures of his masters and associates, and with never a thought of despair.

Leaving Venice, he studied in Florence under Passignano, at the same time that he was carefully noting the excellencies of the best paintings to be found in the Tuscan capital. Just at this time a change was coming over the spirit of the Florentine school. Its excellence of design and its historic accuracy had long been acknowledged; but it failed conspicuously in coloring, and conscious of this, the Florentine artists were now looking to Correggio and his followers for their models. Into this movement Ludovico was drawn by sympathy, and quitting Florence for Parma, he devoted himself wholly to a study of the works of Correggio and Parmigiano.

The effect of this long and patient study of good models and this unremitting perseverance, ere long made itself felt. His associates now began to respect him as a conscientious artist, and on his return to Bologna, after an absence of some years, the real excellence of his work was acknowledged by many, and his rank as a good painter undoubted. But he was not destined to achieve immediate success in his native city. Here in Bologna he had to contend with an entire school of artists who worked on different principles from himself. It was a school of great merit, but it had some notable faults, and, like the Florentine, possessed but little feeling for color. It became evident to Ludovico, after a time, that if he were to win success at home he must create a party who would follow his maxims and in time supersede the then dominant school. When once convinced of this fact, he set resolutely at work to bring about the desired result. From his brother, Paolo, also a painter, but whose talents were of the most mediocre description, but little effective

assistance could be expected; but upon the genius of two of his cousins, Agostino and Annibal Caracci, he relied chiefly for the support he wished. Yet a man of lesser determination would have despaired at the thought of gaining coöperation from these two young men, great as was their talent for design. Their father, Ludovico's uncle, was a tailor, and Annibal, the second son, followed his father's calling; while Agostino was a proficient in the goldsmith's art. So entirely different were their dispositions that they would not willingly endure each other's company, and we are assured that they were almost enemies.

The elder delighted in the society of the learned, and was himself no tyro in scientific pursuits. His wit was second to none, his manners were gentle and refined, and his dislike of habits and manners unlike his own was very marked. Annibal, on the other hand, knew and cared little about polite learning, and possessing none of the fluency of his brother in conversation, was inclined to taciturnity; and when he did speak it was in a surly, repellant way, that was in strong contrast with the elegance of Agostino. Could these brothers, possessing natures so opposite, be made to work harmoniously together? That was the question their cousin asked himself. Most men would have said no, at once; but Ludovico thought it was possible, and managed to gain their consent to devote themselves to the profession of the artist. But at the outset a difficulty arose from the contrasted manner in which the young men worked, and which gave rise to angry differences. Agostino painted but slowly, because he was hard to please, and because no obstacle came in his way that he did not endeavor to overcome. In this respect he strongly resembled his cousin, Ludovico. Annibal, on the contrary, had no patience with delay, no matter from what cause it might arise. He worked rapidly, and preferred taking any short cut which would lead to showy results in the soonest possible time. Ludovico, however, possessed a rare judgment, and perceiving that for the present the same studio could not agreeably hold his cousins, he placed Agostino under the tuition of his own former master, Fontana, who was known as an easy and rapid artist, while he himself undertook the training of the more impetuous Annibal. After a few years the brothers became reconciled to each other, and were for a time firm friends. In the year 1580 their wise cousin sent them to

study at Parma and at Venice, where, as he hoped and expected, they imbibed the same principles in regard to their art which he himself held, and at last they returned to Bologna accomplished artists.

Not at once, however, were they destined to win public favor. Their first work, executed in conjunction with Ludovico, was a frieze in the Casa Favi representing the exploits of Jason. Wedded to their own feebler style, the other artists of Bologna refused to see any merit in this composition of the Caracci, and the people of the city, following their lead, repeated the censure. For a time the three reformers were completely overwhelmed, but their discouragement was but temporary, nevertheless. In another room of the same Favi palace Ludovico painted twelve histories or exploits of Æneas, the style of which was in marked contrast to Bartolommeo Cesi's representation of the same subject in the hall where Annibal and Agostino had painted their Jason. Beautiful Cesi's work certainly was, but it lacked the skillful drawing of Ludovico's, as well as his vigorous coloring, and this fact the rivals of the Caracci were unwillingly forced to admit.

And now opened an era of good fortune for the cousins. Firmly convinced of the truth of their methods, they answered adverse criticism by executing works whose merit was incontestable, and which thoroughly embodied their own views. To hasten the triumph of their ideas they determined upon establishing an academy where students should be taught after the new manner. This academy when opened was styled "*Degli Incammati*," and attached to it was a school for the drawing of the nude, and also for the study of anatomy and perspective. Nothing indeed was omitted which could in any way further the progress of their pupils. Students attracted by these advantages flocked to the new academy, and one by one the doors of the other academies were closed for want of pupils. The skill and gracious manners of the Caracci made them very popular with the young men, three of whom, Albani, Guido Reni, and Domenichino, had been driven from the studio of Dionisio Calvart, disgusted by his harshness. The new school of painting now completely superseded the old, the masters of which began, in some instances, to paint after the manner of their rivals. What a tribute, unwilling

though it was, to the merit of the Caracci! Prospero Fontana, who had once told Ludovico he would never be a painter, now was heard to regret that he was too old to adopt the Caracci manner.

The three Caracci are said to have been in the most perfect accord in regard to their system of teaching, and the ill-feeling between Annibal and Agostino seemed to have died away entirely. The labors of Agostino in the academy seem to have been the severest, as he appears voluntarily to have taken upon himself some of its hardest tasks. He was the author of a small work on perspective and architecture, and which formed the basis of his lectures to his pupils. Obtaining the assistance of Lanzoni, a noted anatomist, he gave anatomical lectures, in which the nature of the bones and muscles was carefully explained. He also taught his pupils the character of true criticism. Each one was expected to criticise understandingly his own work, as well as that of others, and those who could not give adequate reasons for what they had accomplished were obliged to erase it and begin anew. It will easily be seen that this course was admirably adapted to create a thoughtful, sincere style of art. Agostino did not desire to cultivate in his pupils any spirit of servile imitation, and he left them free to follow out their own peculiar manners, and so in his studio many styles could be observed, all, however, adhering to the fundamental principles of the Caracci in being founded upon reason, the careful study of Nature, and the intelligent imitation of the best masters. All doubtful questions were referred to the judgment of Ludovico, and the three cousins were usually all present at the daily lessons in design. Art was not neglected even in recreation hours, and at such times, under the guidance of Annibal, the students were wont to draw landscapes from nature, and sometimes to sketch caricatures.

Briefly stated, the prime object of the teaching of the Caracci was to unite in one whatever they found to be of most worth in the practice of other schools; and "in doing this," says Lanzi, "they observed two methods. The first resembles that of the poets, who, in several canzoni, propose different models for imitation; in one, for instance, borrowing from Petrarch, in another from Chiabrera, in a third from Frugoni. The second method is like that of those who, being masters of three styles, form and harmonize them into one,

like Corinthian metal, composed of various kinds." Agostino epitomized the practice of his school in the following sonnet:

"To paint for fame, who nurtures high desire,
Will Rome's design¹ keep ever in his view;
To the Venetian shade and action true,
Of Lombardy's whole coloring never tire;
Kindle at Michael's terrors, and his fire,
Seize Titian's living truth, who nature drew;
Allegri's pure and sovereign graces, too;
To heavenly Raphael's symmetry aspire:
Tibaldi's solid sense, appropriate air,
And Primaticcio's learned inventive thought,
With Parmigiano's graceful sweetness fraught,
And should all these ask too much studious care,
Turn to our Niccolini's bright display
Of wondrous works, the envy of his day."

In some few instances it is not easy to separate the work of the three Caracci; but where the work of each is known, Ludovico is thought to have been influenced in some measure by Titian, Agostino by Tintoretto, and Annibal by Correggio. Upon this point, however, authorities are not fully agreed. Of the three Agostino painted least, as he never entirely forsook his business of engraving. He was considered to excel his brother and cousin in purely inventive genius, and doubtless his knowledge of engraving had something to do with this. Some of Ludovico's oil paintings have now become almost indistinguishable, owing to some fault in the preparation of the oil, and a few of his frescos have yielded to the hand of time.

His best pictures are to be seen at Bologna, although other Italian cities contain many of his works. The sublime character of some of his compositions is very marked, and the picture of the Probatice, of Saint Girolamo, the Limbo of holy fathers, which he twice painted, and a Crucifixion, at Ferrara, are instanced as examples of his sublimity and dignity of manner. Although older than either of his cousins, it was his lot to survive them both, his death occurring in 1619, at the age of sixty-four. He painted till the close of his life, but in a few of these last works some slight inaccuracies of drawing may be noted, and detecting these when it was too late to repair the error, he is said to have died of mortification.

One of the most noted pictures in Bologna is the Communion of Saint Girolamo, painted as an altar-piece for the church of the Carthusians, by

¹ The imitation of the antique.

Agostino Caracci. It is not pleasant to record that the harmony existing between Agostino and Annibal was now broken by the jealousy of the latter; but such is the case. Annibal had also presented designs for the altar-piece of this church, but, as we have seen, his brother received the preference, and his picture was so enthusiastically admired that Annibal was moved to adopt his brother's manner of painting, while at the same time, envious of Agostino's success, he induced him to give more of his time to engraving, and less to painting. Not long after this Agostino, returning to Rome, there painted such admirable representations of Poetry and the stories of Cephæus and Galathea on the walls of the Farnese palace that it was openly declared that the "engraver" had surpassed the artist. The envy of Annibal now became so great that he contrived, under various false pretences, to have his brother removed from the post he then held, and Agostino, who vainly tried to appease his brother, now left Rome, and entered the service of the Duke of Parma. Here at Parma he painted a beautiful representation of Celestial, Terrestrial, and Venal Love in the ducal palace, but died soon after its completion, in 1601, at the age of forty-three. His last work was a design for a picture of the Last Judgment.

Annibal, having driven his brother from Rome, remained there himself, painting in various churches, but his best works are to be found in the Farnese palace. Here he painted the Choice of Hercules; Hercules Sustaining the World; Ulysses the Liberator, and various other mythological and allegorical subjects. These works brought over the Roman artists to the views of the Caracci, and created much enthusiasm among the lovers of art in the Eternal City. All of Annibal's best painting was executed at Rome, where, too, he was more fully appreciated than elsewhere, for at Bologna Ludovico's paintings have always been ranked higher than those of Annibal. In 1609 Annibal died at Rome at the age of forty-nine, and was honored with a splendid funeral at the church of the Rotunda. All three of the Caracci died comparatively poor, for the prices they received for their works were very inferior when we consider the high merit of their compositions. Of the three, Annibal was perhaps the greatest artist, and he certainly exhibited the most grace and sweetness in his drawing. Of

inventive genius, Agostino, as we have before said, possessed much more than the other two, while Ludovico excelled in elevation and dignity, and his knowledge of every branch of painting was most profound.

The Caracci are almost the last of the great Italian artists, for though they left behind them some pupils whose fame was widespread, a decline in the art was, nevertheless, perceptible soon after their era. It is not easy to overestimate the amount of service to art performed by these three. The task that Ludovico had in his youth set himself to perform he had the satisfaction of seeing fully completed in his later years. The overthrow of the weak and languid system of drawing and coloring which prevailed in lower Italy at that time, and the substitution for it of a school characterized by a conscientious adherence to nature and reason, and an intelligent study of the older masters—this was what Ludovico and his cousins accomplished by their teachings. But the indomitable spirit of perseverance under discouragement and the most adverse criticism, which was Ludovico's ruling characteristic, was the prime cause of this revolution in art. He it was who made it possible. But for his fixity of purpose Bologna would have had no academy like the *Degli Incammati*, and art no such ornaments as Agostino and Annibal Caracci. Surely Ludovico, in his old age, could look back upon a life illuminated by the steady brightness of high resolve and glorious with noble achievement. Of the two brothers

Agostino appears to have possessed the finer nature, and the envy manifested towards him by Annibal will always dim the glory of the latter. Antonio Caracci, a natural son of Agostino, but the pupil of Annibal, who resided with his uncle at Rome, left behind him some few works, but he painted comparatively little, and died in 1618, a year before Ludovico, at the age of thirty-five. His devotion to his relatives, and in particular his affectionate care of Annibal in his last illness, is noted by all his biographers. In marked contrast with his character is that of Francesco Caracci, a younger brother of Agostino and Annibal. He possessed not a little skill in design, while his coloring was considered excellent, and relying on these merits, he opened a school at Bologna in opposition to the *Degli Incammati*, placing over the door the inscription, "This is the True School of the Caracci." His dislike and even malicious detraction of Ludovico made him unpopular at Bologna, where his principal work, an altar-piece at Saint Maria Maggiore, had been greatly improved by his cousin, who had kindly retouched the whole of it. On his appearance in Rome his name assured him a warm reception from the artists and art lovers there; but his merit was estimated at its proper worth when his character became known, and, falling into neglect, he died in a hospital. He executed nothing in Rome; and his death, which happened in 1622, in his twenty-eighth year, removed the last of the great artist family of the Caracci.

THE "SUDDEN FREEZE" OF 1836.

BY A. A. GRAHAM.

ON the 20th day of December, 1836, occurred one of the most remarkable phenomena ever recorded in the annals of the West. Six years before, there had been an unusual fall of snow, covering the earth to the depth of three—many persons affirm four—feet, and causing a great amount of suffering among the people. This is always referred to as the winter of the "Deep Snow."

The "Deep Snow" and the "Sudden Freeze" mark the settlement of many families, the purchase of many farms, and the birth of many children. Old people will now tell you positively

that such and such a thing occurred at a certain time, and prove it by asserting it was so long before, at the time of, or just after, one of these events.

The "Sudden Freeze" was occasioned by a current of extremely cold air passing diagonally across the States of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Where it started has never been known; it is not mentioned east of Cincinnati, though it was felt, somewhat modified, there. In Illinois its width extended from Ottawa, on the Illinois River, south to Terre Haute, Indiana. Above or below either of these cities you will not hear of it.

Where it went its effect was fearful. It came with a strong wind, accompanied by a heavy black cloud, and a roaring noise, not unlike distant, deep thunder. Its velocity has been ascertained to be not less than twenty-five miles per hour. As it went southeasterly in its cold career, it seemed to exhaust itself, and gradually died out. In addition to its strangeness as a cloud, and the loud noise accompanying it, the most remarkable part was its intense cold. Nothing like it has ever been known since. The wind, in its fury and power, blew the water into little sharply defined waves, which froze as they stood, leaving the ponds, creeks, and rivers crusted with a very rough coat of ice. The snow, slush, and mud were suddenly congealed into a solid mass strong enough to sustain the weight of a team and wagon.

The day had been warm and showery, thawing the snow, which lay a few inches deep on the ground, and melting the small icicles formed here and there by the preceding night's cold air.

The wave struck the western boundary of Illinois about ten o'clock in the forenoon. By noon it was past the State capital, and at nine o'clock that evening froze some emigrants' horses and wagons fast in the mud at Lebanon, Ohio, while their owners were in the hotel arranging for the night's lodging.

Owing to the warmth and rain of the morning, the snow had melted to a thick, watery slush, and the little gullies in the fields and by the roadside were full of water, which coursing to the creeks, had swollen them till their banks were full. Men went about their daily avocations without their coats, though they generally had them near for any increase in the drizzling rain, or any change in the temperature. Suddenly the cloud appeared. Its loud and deep notes of warning gave them hardly time to grasp their coats and get to a place of safety. Cattle, hogs, and fowls were frozen in their track, unable to extricate themselves. Many died before help could come. Many persons were frozen so severely that death came before many days. Others were badly crippled from the effects of the cold, and lived, monuments of that day's disaster. The melting snow and drizzling rain were suddenly congealed into a frozen mass, so that over one man and beast could walk, while the other fell like small hail.

Lest some of the readers of this paper should doubt the strong assertions here made, I will give

the personal experiences of several who passed through the ordeal.

A gentleman residing in Pike County, Illinois, came the day before the "Sudden Freeze" to a farmer's house a few miles on the eastern side of the river, where he had a drove of hogs he wished to take home. On the morning of the 20th he and his men got an early start, and about eleven o'clock reached the eastern shore of the Illinois River. While waiting for the ferry-boat to take them and their drove of hogs over the river, the wave came unexpectedly on them. Hastily wrapping themselves in their cloaks, they tied their horses in the shelter of a large tree-top, and left the hogs to do for themselves, who with a deal of grunting took refuge in a small hollow, grown thick with underbrush. Finding the river rapidly filling with ice, one of them obtained a canoe, and taking an axe to cut away the ice as it froze to the sides of his boat, made his way across, not, however, without freezing one of his hands. Going immediately to a house, he thawed his hand in cold water, and after warming himself returned to see what could be done. The river was now full of ice, and no hopes of crossing could be entertained. The man left on the opposite shore, protected somewhat by the trees, took in the situation at once, and after securing shelter and feed for the horses, fed the hogs where they were from a crib, fortunately near by, and found shelter in a settler's cabin. The owner of the drove found similar shelter on the western bank. By daylight the next morning, Illinois River would sustain a team and wagon on its crystal surface, and after hauling a load of sawdust from a mill near by, the hogs were driven across. The ice was found to be nearly nine inches thick.

When the wave reached the vicinity of Jacksonville, Mr. Timothy Chamberlain, now secretary of the Old Settlers' Association there, relates that he was at the time working about his uncle's house, and owing to the warmth of the day was without his coat. About noon he left there to assist a neighbor to weigh some hogs by the old steelyard process. The hogs were driven to the pen, the "balances" arranged, when without any warning, save an angry roar, the wave was over and gone. Mr. Chamberlain had brought his coat, which, wet with mist, was frozen, he says, "stiff as a board." The hogs ran about squealing with the cold; their weight was guessed, and

then were driven to shelter. In the town, chickens and pigs were found frozen in the mud, while the little rivulets were rough and ragged with an icy surface frozen when blown into light waves. At Springfield similar experiences are recorded. It is here, too, that a circumstance occurred fixing the date accurately in the mind of one man, Mr. Washington Crowder, who is yet living. He was a young man then, and had hopes in life, like all young men then and now. One hope, so dearly prized by all in youth, was that ere long he should call a certain fair one his own. He had even gone so far as to gain the fair one's consent, and the happy day had been set. He lived some ten or twelve miles south of Springfield, the county-seat and State capital, whither he wended his way on the forenoon of the eventful day to obtain his marriage license. When about half way there, he espied, as he came upon a little hill—he was on horseback—a dark cloud coming from the northwest. It was accompanied with a roaring noise not unlike distant, heavy cannonading, or deep thunder. He says it reminded him of either. Thinking it best to lower his umbrella he carried to protect himself from the falling misty rain, he dropped the reins and folding it, placed it under his arm. As he reached for the rein, the cold wave struck him. When he drew the rein taut, ice rattled from it. Being a man of iron frame, he went on to Springfield, his horse walking now on frozen ground and snow. Reaching the city, he rode up to where Bunn's bank stood so many years afterward, but found he could not dismount. He called for assistance, and was answered by several who came at once to his relief. He was found frozen fast to the saddle, and cutting it loose from the nearly frozen horse, man and saddle were carried in to the fire and thawed asunder. He was determined not to disappoint his intended and her friends, and after ascertaining he was not badly frozen, he procured his license, returned that afternoon, and was married the next. This event fixed the date in his mind beyond a doubt, and may be relied upon as correct.

As the wave passed over McLean County, it encountered a party of men working in the field, one of whom had with him a very heavy overcoat. It had become rather wet with the mist, and as the wave came over the party, its owner hastily proceeded to put it on. As he raised it over his head for that purpose, the cold wave came over him,

blowing the coat over his head several feet from where he stood. It happened to light "head up and tail down," as he expressed it, where it stood, arms extended, frozen as stiff as a board. "Maybe you think that is a pretty tall story," remarked he to a crowd of companions to whom he was relating the occurrence. "Pretty stiff I should remark," said a listener. "Stiff! I should say it was stiff, and if you had been there and seen it, you would believe it," answered the first one, not noticing the import of the remark.

It was not an unusual thing for persons to have their clothing frozen to them, or their harness frozen on their horses. In either case it required some time to relieve the difficulty. If they or their horses were not frozen, they were considered fortunate. At that time St. Louis was the market for all Southern and Central Illinois. It was customary to drive hogs to market, taking wagons loaded with corn to feed them on the way, and to haul any that might give out. It happened that Mr. Andrew Heredeth, of Springfield, had started a day or two before the storm came with a large drove of hogs, accompanied by two or three men with wagons loaded with corn. When a few miles below Carlinville, in Macoupin County, the storm of cold overtook them. Unable to protect themselves, they overturned two of the wagons, the third being already empty, and drove as rapidly as they could to a house a mile or two away. When they arrived there, some had their hands frozen and could do nothing for their teams. By the aid of the inmates of the house, these were attended to, and their owners provided for until they were able to proceed. The next day they set out to find their hogs. Coming to where they had left them, they found a pyramid of dead porkers. It seems they had huddled together when the wave struck them, those on the inside smothering, those on the outside freezing. A few had wandered away from the herd only to perish on the prairie. The loss proved a financial disaster to the trader, who returned to Springfield greatly discouraged over his loss, and for a while was incapacitated for business. In its passage across the eastern part of Illinois, the wave left one of the saddest instances recorded.

Two young men, named J. H. Hildreth and — Frame, had left the neighborhood of Danville, in that State, intending to go to Chicago. The most common mode of travel then was by

horseback. The route was over a boundless, flat prairie, at that date almost wholly uninhabited. The men had proceeded a good way on the second day's journey, when, about two o'clock, they perceived the storm-cloud approaching from the west. Thinking it would be only a momentary prairie storm of snow, so common then, they turned eastwardly in their course, and made haste for a small grove of timber, apparently but a short distance away. They were, unfortunately for them, deceived regarding the distance, and before they could reach the grove the wave was upon them. For a while they were bewildered by its intensity and violence, and thought themselves lost. Persevering on, however, they reached the grove of timber, and for a while sought protection there. This part of the West was almost uninhabited then, and having no means of building a fire, they, about the middle of the afternoon, left the timber in search of some cabin. Their endeavor proved fruitless, and night came on with them in the open prairie, with no signs of shelter in sight. They were obliged constantly to keep moving, to keep themselves and their horses from freezing. About dark, with every ray of shelter gone, one of them proposed to kill one of the horses, take out all his insides, crawl into the cavity and save themselves from a fate they felt sure was certain to come. Strange and loathsome as this may appear, it had been done before in trying cases like the present one, and it was done now. The remaining horse was secured near, being allowed freedom enough to keep himself in motion. The poor brute seemed to feel his dangerous position, and did not evince a desire to go far away.

"About three or four o'clock in the morning," says Hildreth, "we were obliged to leave our place of refuge. It had become frozen, and afforded us no protection." They then tried to kill the other horse, but being cold and well-nigh numb, dropped the knife in the grass at their feet, and could not find it. At this Frame gave up, and lay down, declaring he could go no further. Hildreth tried every way to arouse him, but to no avail. A stupor came over him, and unconsciously he passed away. At this time it was nearing day, and Hildreth resolved to make another effort for his life, which he saw could not endure a much greater strain. By dint of considerable exertion he mounted his horse, and allowed the animal to go its own way. Presently they came to the banks

of a stream, which must have been the Vermilion River, but which at that particular place was running swiftly, and not entirely frozen over. On the opposite bank stood a log cabin, from whose chimney smoke was issuing, and whose shelter Hildreth now resolved to seek. He also saw a canoe, and though the experiment of crossing he knew would be very dangerous, he determined to effect it if possible. He halloed for some time ere he could bring any response from the cabin. Finally a rough-looking man appeared, and demanded savagely what he wanted. Being told, he refused to give him any aid, alleging that the river could not be crossed. He directed Hildreth to a cabin, which he said was only half a mile away, and on Hildreth's side of the river. On going to it he found it empty and deserted, and found, too, that the distance was more than three times as far as the man had informed him. Returning to the bank of the river, he noticed a short distance below the cabin a fallen tree extending across the stream, over whose slippery trunk he managed to crawl, and from thence went to the fence in front of the cabin he had at first vainly tried to enter.

For some reason, the inhuman owner would not assist him in any way, and when his wife relented and would have aided him, she was not permitted by her heartless husband. Hildreth could only conjecture they thought he was possessed of considerable money, and if he was left to perish the man and his wife could get it without murdering him. He was so numbed now by the cold and exposure he could not climb over the fence, and hardly knew how afterwards he did succeed. He managed, he says, to "fall over, some way," and to crawl into the house, where he lay down before the fireplace and saved himself from death. Here again the humanity of the woman prevailed; but the stern cruelty of her husband remained unrelentless.

Some time in the afternoon a party of drovers came by searching for their stock, and on entering the cabin to warm, found Hildreth nearly insensible. They immediately compelled the cruel occupants, whose names have not been preserved, to provide for him what they had, and soon restored him to consciousness. They took him home with them, and cared tenderly for him, restoring him to partial health. His health was never perfect from this time. He could not refer

to the occasion without pain, and did not care to hear of it. His fingers and toes, as well as his hands and feet, were badly frozen, necessitating the amputation of some of the lesser members, and in after life, I believe, one foot. The wounds left never fully healed, and were troublesome all his life. He married, and for several years lived near Mount Pulaski, in Logan County, where he died. The heartless man and woman who allowed him to suffer so were driven from the country by the indignant settlers, among whom hospitality was a cardinal virtue.

This incident, preserved by Mr. John Carrol

Power, of Springfield, is one of the most painful on record. Others no doubt suffered equally, but their privations have not been preserved by the pen of the historian.

What events happened in Indiana and Ohio while the wave passed over these States, illustrating its power, have not been noted so well as in Illinois. There the country was open, and the wave could exercise its full power. In Indiana and Ohio the country mainly is timbered, then very heavily, forming an excellent protection from such sudden outbursts.

KETTLEDRUMS.

By LEIGH S. NORTH.

"CHARMING affair that reception of Mrs. Du Barry's," the visitor said. The country cousin didn't think so, but she kept her thoughts to herself, and endeavored to smile in a way that was neither positive nor negative. This was how it seemed to her. In the first place, the young gentlemen of the family, or "the boys," as she mentally termed them, wouldn't go. "No, it was stupid and a bore; you wouldn't catch them there!" so they sent their cards and stayed away. She disliked some of their affected airs, but she did like their gay nonsense; and their staying away meant just so much less pleasure for herself.

Then—the reason why she could not tell, but so it was—her city cousins always seemed to take the occasion of an especial afternoon or evening entertainment to go shopping in the morning. They would come in tired out, but just in time to make a hasty toilet for the afternoon reception and start. Arrived at their destination just as the shades of evening were beginning to gather, they would meet a crowd of people coming away, and a smaller crowd arriving. The colored waiter advanced and presented a silver salver for their cards, which, with the "total depravity of inanimate things," refused to be forthcoming, till a hasty and confusing search at last produced them. Then they with difficulty made their way up stairs and divested themselves of their outside wrappings, when of course some necessary addition to the toilet had been left at home, and equally of course the new kid glove split down the centre.

A little flushed in face and perturbed in mind by these contretemps, they descended again with some difficulty through the crowd of people coming and going. "Any dancing?" the country cousin whispered. "No, my love," was the reply, "unless you wish to use your neighbors' toes as a floor on which to trip the light fantastic." Would they ever reach the bottom of that staircase? It seemed problematical, but they did. Then how to reach and speak to their hostess? "So near and yet so far" her smile was alternately seen and lost behind a sea of heads. At last there was a slight break, and they rushed frantically forward to seize the opportunity which might in one moment be lost. They have secured her attention and her smile. "Delight—" she murmurs, but whether she was delighted to see them or whether it was a delightful day remains forever an unsolved conundrum, for another influx of visitors has ruthlessly swept them away from their vantage ground. No introductions; and, as ill luck would have it, no familiar face is discoverable at this particular juncture anywhere near; so they stand helplessly and endeavor to preserve a charmed and charming smile, but feel it slipping from their grasp. The smile must be lost, for their hostess with a slightly anxious expression leans forward and asks them if they "wont walk up stairs and have a cup of tea." Tea! What on earth do they want with tea at this unreasonable and unseasonable hour! thinks the country novice. Have they not had a lunch, which would have been her dinner at home? and

are they not going to return to a six o'clock dinner at her cousin's? If she spoke the truth she would say no, she did not want any tea; so they both smile politely, say "thank you," and get out of the range of their hostess's solicitous eyes. Then gradually thread their way up the stairs again to the room at the head of the first flight, where two or three ladies gorgeously arrayed are dispensing the aforesaid tea. There is an oppressed air about the small sprinkling of gentlemen among the crowd of ladies, but they have donned their swallow-tails, and are making a valiant fight to be both useful and ornamental. The country cousin in the corner is so engaged in watching all this that she forgets that no one has handed her "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates," till with a motion of some impatience her companion has succeeded in engaging the attention of a colored waiter, and they are at last served. Then with a rustle and a rush some one comes across the room and greets them most enthusiastically. And lo! it is a feminine acquaintance who passed them

yesterday on the street with the barest recognition. So much for coming across the oasis of a familiar face in the desert of strangers. Then they conclude to take their departure, which suggestion the country cousin greets with a secret sigh of relief. Then they battle their way down the stairs again; again stand on the outskirts of the circle which surrounds their hostess, and at last interrupt one of the few agreeable conversations she has probably had in the whole course of the afternoon, to her well-concealed and the almost evident annoyance of the gentleman to whom she is talking, to make their adieux; murmur "charming" in their turn to match her former "delight;" go and shake hands with her mother or her aunt, who has a very confused idea as to their identity, thread their way out into the street, and another "kettledrum" is a thing of the past. And this is why the country cousin didn't think "that affair of Mrs. Du Barry's so charming."

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

By G. B. G.

THIS celebrated Grecian statue, found buried in the soil near the close of the fifteenth century, and set up by Pope Julius II. in the Belvidere of the Vatican, has been universally regarded as the perfection of sculpture. But modern criticism claims, and the claim seems to be well founded, that it is the product of Greek genius in its decline, and is vastly inferior to those of the age of Pericles.

It is now declared that the anatomy is pretentious; that the attitude and expression are foreign to the simplicity of the true Greek style; that the elegant sandals and carefully-adjusted hair suggest the coxcomb; that the polished evenness of the rounded marble, instead of representing an ideal removed from the conditions of humanity, are simply signs of empty mechanical workmanship! Further, the artist who restored the mutilated hand should have furnished it with Jupiter's ægis

instead of with the familiar bow. Again, it is believed to be probable that the statue was an imitation of an earlier one in bronze, even this having been cast as late as 279 B.C. These are the views which now prevail among students of art.

It is evident that great critics, like the rest of us, may see things through the glamor of their heated fancy; and that in the æsthetic world, as much as in the theological, orthodoxy may be something very variable. And yet it does not follow that there is no fixed standard of taste. It is just because there is one, that the Apollo Belvidere has had to come down from the throne where it had reigned supreme for centuries, and do profound homage to the royal masterpieces of the earlier Greek period, to whose lofty ideals, truth to nature, severe simplicity, and exquisite finish the highest taste of all time bows.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

According to NOTES AND QUERIES for November, the question "Was Talleyrand ever in this country?" has been asked in several newspapers of late. Elizabeth Oakes Smith gives some interesting information concerning the stay of Prince Talleyrand in New York during his visit to this country in the year 1795. Of his visit to Boston and vicinity, Samuel Adams Drake relates several incidents in his "Old Landmarks of Boston" and "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex." Talleyrand was once the guest of Dr. Andrew Craigie at his home in Cambridge, which was General Washington's headquarters in 1775-76, and which is now the home of the poet Longfellow. While in Boston he stopped at the Brasier Inn, now the Hancock House, the oldest hotel in Boston, situated in Corn Court, off of Faneuil Hall Square, opposite Faneuil Hall. "He afterwards became the guest of Mr. William Lee, in Water street. Mr. Lee's residence, a two-story wooden house, stood near the site of the new post-office." "He went first to Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting, and entered freely into the political questions then being agitated." He visited Gilbert Stuart's studio. Stuart was a great physiognomist, and after examining the features of his visitor closely, he remarked to a friend, "If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does not write a legible hand." Many other incidents pertaining to the visit of this "evil genius of Napoleon" to this country might be given.

Melrose, Mass.

ELHEGOS.

John Davis.—I observe in NOTES AND QUERIES of your December MONTHLY an inquiry regarding Davis, the author of "Pocahontas." Davis is one of the writers of some note in their day, whose works are not fully mentioned in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, which yet contains over seven columns concerning Goodrich (Peter Parley), whose juvenile books, popular for a while, are now hardly remembered. The author of "Pocahontas" was not an obscure pamphleteer, but a man of repute, though neither brilliant or profound. Allibone, in mention of him, merely quotes three lines from another authority, and alludes to him as a publisher of some other works. But besides his "Travels in the United States" he wrote the books your correspondent notes, and was a contributor to the current literature of his time. I have a curious article written by him, wherein he logically demonstrates that our apotheosized Benjamin Franklin was a plagiarist of the first water. It is a suppositious colloquy between a Southerner and

a New Englander, and is at your service to print, if you like, at any time.

A. J. H. D.

Belmont, Fordham Post-Office, N. Y.

If not too lengthy, we shall be pleased to consider the propriety of reprinting the article in question at any time our correspondent will forward it to us.

The interesting article which appeared in the December number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY on "Libraries" has reminded me that I have frequently been asked the meaning of the inscription on the gable of the Apprentices' Library in Philadelphia. It consists, if I recollect aright, of two dates and some words. Please enlighten us.

New York.

C. W.

The building occupied by the Apprentices' Library was originally constructed for a Meeting-house by some of the younger members of the Society of Quakers. These, during the Revolution, had actively espoused the Patriot cause, and for which they were "read out of meeting." After the close of the war, having demanded and been denied restoration, they formed a Society of their own, styling themselves Free Quakers. The inscription on the tablet referred to reads as follows:

BY GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION,
FOR THE FREE QUAKERS;
ERECTED A.D., 1783,
OF THE EMPIRE 8.

I find upon examining "Drake's American Biography," the statement that Daniel Fowle and Gamaliel Rogers, of Boston, were the first in America to print the New Testament. Their partnership in business extending from 1742 to 1750, it is to be presumed that their Testament was published some time during those eight years. Now, Mr. Editor, I have always labored under the impression that the first edition of the Bible published in America was that published by Christopher Sower at Germantown. Can you, or any of the readers of the MONTHLY give me the precise date of Mr. Sower's publication? HONORES.

Trenton, N. J.

By referring to the same authority, under the title "Christopher Sower," our correspondent will find it recorded that "he (Sower), in 1743 printed a German quarto Bible," thus showing that the Sower Bible was published the year following that in which Fowle and Rogers entered into the publishing business. It is our opinion that while they may have published the first English edition of the New Testament in this country, to Christopher Sower belongs the credit of having published the first edition.

Curiosities of Statistics.—As a fair example of the curiosity of statistics, says Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, "take the army of Xerxes when it crossed the Hellespont to invade Greece. Herodotus gives it as 1,700,000 foot, 100,000 horse, and 517,000 naval forces; total, 2,317,000, and adds that this was swollen by the attendants to 5,200,000; and all this to invade a country which in no age known to history contained over 1,500,000 inhabitants! Another favorite myth of historians is the story of that famous Alexandrian Library of 700,000 volumes, burned by the Caliph Omar, A.D. 640, with a rhetorical dilemma in his mouth. Unfortunately for this highly dramatic tale, no two writers are agreed as to the circumstances, except as to the single fact, that there was a library at Alexandria, and that it ceased to exist in the seventh century. To ask a modern inquirer to believe that 700,000 books were gathered in one body 800 years before the invention of printing, while the largest library in the world, four centuries after the multiplication of books by printing began, contained less than 200,000 volumes, is altogether too great a stretch of credulity. Even in reporting the size of modern libraries, exaggeration holds sway. The library of George IV., inherited by that graceless ignoramus from a book-collecting father, and presented to the British nation with ostentatious liberality only after he had failed to sell it to Russia, was said in the publications of the time to contain about 120,000 volumes. But an actual enumeration when the books were lodged in the King's Library at the British Museum, where they have ever since remained, showed that there were only 65,250 volumes, being little more than half the reported number. Many libraries, public and private, are equally over-estimated. It is so much easier to guess than to count, and the stern test of arithmetic is too seldom applied, notwithstanding the fact that 100,000 volumes can easily be counted in a day by two or three persons, and so on in the same proportion. Here, as in the statistics of population, the same proverb holds good, that the unknown is always the magnificent, and on the surface of the globe we inhabit, the unexplored country is always the most marvelous since the world began."

As Mr. Spofford is a most excellent authority on the subject of statistics, we prefer giving our correspondents, "W. R. N." and "Spectator," his views concerning the matter, and in his own words.

Passaconaway.—In answer to the communication of "Fowler," we would state that Passaconaway, sometimes called Papisseconewa, was the Sachem of the Merrimack tribe and Great Sagamore of Panumkog, or Pennacook, who died about 1663-69 at a very great age. At the time of his death he held control over the tribes of Southern New Hampshire and a portion of Massachusetts, and was at the head of a powerful confederacy when the whites first settled the country. In May, 1629, he conveyed to John Wheelwright and his associates at Squamscot (now Exeter), the tract of land extending from the Piscataqua to the Merrimack westward, and from the line of Massachusetts thirty miles northward. In 1648 he invited the Indian Apostle, Eliot, to take up his abode near his tribe, so that they might be taught Christianity, at the same time avowing his belief

in God. He was sagacious and cunning, and had a great reputation as a pow-wow or sorcerer. At a great dance in 1660, he made his farewell speech to his people, and exhorted them to live in peace with the English, as he had tried his arts as a pow-wow against them in vain.

Our correspondent will no doubt find further information upon this subject by referring to the *Farmers' Monthly Visitor* of February, 1852, which gives a very complete biographical sketch of the Chief.

The Oldest Piano in America.—In Toledo, Ohio, there is a piano that was sent to the West in 1833, but is supposed to have been brought to America in the last century, having been made by Astor & Co., of Cornhill, London, who began business in 1770, introducing this style of piano in 1779. It has been in the family of Mrs. E. D. Jermain, of Toledo, for seventy-five years. Mrs. Jermain's aunts, one of them now eighty-six years of age, took lessons thereon when a young girl. It was bought in Montreal, Canada, of a German music teacher, by Mrs. Jermain's grandfather, Mr. David Page, of Middlebury, Vermont. It was said that Mr. Jonas Chickering made a study of this piano as a model for his first instruments. The instrument is five feet long by two and a half wide, with frame of mahogany, inlaid with satin wood, everything being made of wood except the wires and keys. The only date about it is on the inside, where are the words, "A good instrument in 1808," indicating that at that time it was so old that its good condition was regarded as remarkable.

Hair-Dress in the Last Century.—One of the most interesting chapters in Racinet's "Le Costume Historique," furnishes some curious details with regard to the head-dresses of women in France during the eighteenth century, and illustrates indirectly the progress of that, to the ladies, highly important branch of the fine arts in modern civilization. The chignon, it appears, was scarcely known prior to the middle of that century. Artificial hair was worn by men for more than a hundred years without exciting the jealousy of the angelic fair, until about the year 1730, when the women began to adorn their heads with counterfeit tresses, but so disguised as to be scarcely visible. But in 1750 they adopted the peruke in the full-blown glories of its flowing locks, in order, it is said, to escape the torture of submitting the natural hair for hours to the hands of the professional hair-dresser. These perukes were of all forms and colors, and were purposely sprinkled not only with white powder, but with gray, russet and red. The illustrations of these architectural structures present a signal example of female enterprise. A great variety of specimens, both of womanly and manly beauty, in different styles, are given.

History, we believe, has failed to record what we see stated in papers, that the first settlement in New England was not at Plymouth, but at Phippsburg, Maine. A settlement was made in this town by Sir George Popham and one hundred colonists from England in August, 1607, more than thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Our Belongings.—What a vista of wealth opens up to the mind's eye at the penning of these two simple words—"our belongings!" We will chain our Pegasus, however, and confine ourselves to the limit of their commoner use; and the question at once proposes itself, do our belongings express our very selves, our thoughts, hopes, wishes, aspirations, and tastes? They do, when selected by ourselves; for then, indeed, and then only, can they be called our own. Unconsciously we give utterance to our tastes in all our little acts; surely then in our dress, furniture, equipage, books, friends, and general surroundings may be found the embodiment of our ideas, the fruition of our needs, the expressions of our hearts and minds, the searchings of our spirits, in a word, ourselves! the wonderful complicated human, with all its glorious possibilities.

Take but a peep into the nursery, observe each little child, and you cannot fail to detect at least one, if not more, peculiarity, as it gives utterance to itself in its selection of toys and plays; so on enter the school-room, where the half-grown girls and boys have wider scope for their expression of their proclivities and individualities—can you not almost predict the future of each one? So is it in the drawing-room, the pulpit, at the bar, on the battle-field, in the shop. Of course the mere votary of fashion is without the pale of these conclusions; he or she have sold themselves, and without a price. He who can only dress, receive, live, furnish, or act, save according to the dictates of that fickle goddess, has lost himself, his identity; he is a mere exponent of a brain more fertile than his own. We will hope that it is not for the nonce, and to do justice to the race, we think the proportionate number is small; yet would we make a graceful genuflection at the shrine of fashion and bid her welcome, with all her pretty belongings, to adorn and make lovely our everyday goddesses, for goddesses we have, and in our very midst, on all sides; for wot ye not, that to each man who loves, the woman who is enshrined in his heart is the perfect expression of all loveliness, all purity, all gentleness, his idol, even though he himself makes no use of this well-worn word; and let her beware! for when he loses faith in her, his belief in all goodness is shattered; but a truce to the contemplation of his lost ideal—there is a truer and a brighter light.

I ask you, does not this man look at the belongings of his "ladye fair" as the exponents of herself? He does. Does this slow-treading, dark-browed lord of creation expect to be welcomed by his fair-haired, blue-eyed charmer, arrayed in huge plaids of green and yellow, with bows of purple ribbons? I think not. He would even say, should such a picture obtrude itself for an instant upon his expectant vision, "It is not she." Unknowingly to himself he looks for the expression of her very self in her garments; soft hues and gentle blendings would seem to him the natural outgrowth of her soul.

We are more frequently judged by our belongings than even our judges are aware, notwithstanding the adage that

"appearances are deceitful." To the oft-times, I regret to say, careless literary woman, I would suggest, do not do yourself such injustice. Your soul is clean and white; why neglect the casket that contains so precious a treasure, because your mentality is of a higher grade and in more active condition than your neighbor's? Let not slovenliness in regard to the body's gear be your badge. Why should not your linen be as spotless as your heart? the soft wools of your gown be delicate in tint as in fabric? the fashion of your garments as gracefully and becomingly modelled as the visions that take shape from brain topics? You do not dash down upon your clear page a shadow here, a gleam of sunshine there, irrespective of time, place, proportion or circumstance; nay, a wholesome pruning, or a judicious commingling, a softened tone, a graceful, effective harmony is sought. Why then neglect to present these inner beauties through that most pleasing and legitimate medium—the body?

Our bodies were not given us to do with as we please; they have their use, purpose, and end, and not the least of these is to make glad the eyes of those around us; to render more beautiful our homes; to cheer our sorrowing ones, and to make ourselves a pleasant, comely sight so far as in us lies.

Waving an adieu to the personal, we will take a cursory view of the household goods of our white-souled, large-brained, grandly-habited woman, the product of whose pen, perchance, defrays many a necessary expense. The modest-hued carpet, newly swept, the fire burns brightly, the glad sunshine illumines the little bower, and betrays no fleck of dust upon the many volumes that are neatly arranged upon their shelves; while on the cozy round table in the centre of the room lie essays, novelettes, magazines, pamphlets, daily journals, a welcome bit for all and every taste. Here and there, adorning the walls, are choice engravings, photos, a flash of color in the way of a landscape by Hart, or a quaint family portrait by Herring; a bright scrap of work in crewels, or a dainty something in muslin, lace, and satin, lies half-finished beside the tiny work-basket; a fan is yonder, a glove from which exhales a subtle odor of whiteness and ladyhood, a vase of flowers, more flowers, vines growing luxuriantly about a favorite picture. The mistress is absent; but you can gather somewhat of her spirit by a glance at these simple belongings of hers. Involuntarily you will look for gentleness, kindliness, and honesty, with a spice of that true womanly charm which is nameless, indescribable, but is simply womanly.

Why do so many men shrug their shoulders and smile when they hear that a woman writes? Merely because one-half, at a moderate computation, of the women who do thus occupy themselves, disdain, ignore, or otherwise forget the greatest fascination of their sex—womanliness. What woman admires a man devoid of manliness? None, I fancy. Let us all, men and women, look well to our belongings; be

there aught inharmoniously lacking in these, believe me, there is a corresponding deficiency within. I would not advocate an assumption of what is not our own, a base imitation that would betray our insufficiency to the confiding looker-on later if not sooner. Spurious coin is ever detected and carefully eschewed by him who seeks a true rather than a meretricious companionship; but I would urge the renewing of the spirit within, the brushing away of all the dust and cobwebs from the heart, the purifying and educating of the brain, so that beautiful, lovable, honest outcomes and signs may be our own, by birthright, our very selves—our actual belongings.

M. F. A.

Humor.—Qualities of humor appear in decided contrast to positiveness of expression. Humor courts balmy breezes and sunny slopes, irrespective of dogmatic prescription; the idea commonly conveyed, being that of good-natured railery, enriched by enlivening conceits of fancy connected with things and persons. The delicate traceries of humor pale and fade before the emblazoning sting of wit and satire, never to be reproduced.

Humor dwells in amicable relations with all humanity; she lends her refining influence to the festive board; she smooths the path of adversity; she waves gentle adieux to failing strength, weaving with kindly forethought visions of blessedness into dying voices; she elevates and ennobles; she is the friend and ally of hope. Poverty, steeped to the lips, takes heart again under her assuring smiles.

Men and women thus endowed, maintain kingdoms in their own right. Characters of intense convictions, who allow to themselves no respite of ceaseless endeavor, nevertheless brighten beneath inspiriting rays of humor. Intellectual pleasantries create pure, unalloyed conditions of enjoyment. With the understanding awakened to genial powers of thought, philosophical insight into divinest secrets may be achieved.

The man of "cheerful yesterdays" proves indeed a boon to a community of blind, though conscientious, workers, who unquestionably recognize the certainty of the stars, but fail to notice their twinkling brightness; who watch the sunlight and shadow play upon gilded ceilings in decorative imagery yet receive no quickening impulse; to whom Nature is a dead letter, and Art an industrial contrivance of more or less practical significance. Houses inhabited by unexceptionable citizens of this calibre are abodes of dreariness, to be entered at advisory periods, and left with prompt alacrity; while cottages where dwells "godly cheerfulness" reach out clasping tendrils to convoy with compelling grace the coming guest, when, enlivened by quaint devices of fancy and humorous pleasantries of speech, the walls ring again with jovial cheer.

"'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity," that humor (unregenerate) may lose its delicacy of flavor in bold and venturesome skirmishes of wit, which, like the flashing of scimitars "on the perilous edge of battle," sever its division lines; "and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Humor creates. Under her power, "the desert shall blossom as the rose," by her touch the smallest particles are leavened to completeness; through good usage rough granite becomes polished to brilliancy. Humor is of rare combina-

tions, in the light of whose favor social kindnesses flow in smooth running streams. She views the shortcomings of the age with leniency; observing simple absurdities where austere justice sees only innate depravity. Humor redeems the world from the absolute. The excellence of right and the hatefulness of wrong receive in due ratio her humanizing acknowledgment. She shelters refugees from the world's dread frown, proving by inferential deduction their rights of citizenship. With benevolent intent, she suggests the striking similarity of virtue and vice in modes of development. She casts abroad flowery chaplets in indiscriminate provision of whomsoever it may concern.

Humor begets breadth and expansion of soul, which would encompass the universe in friendly communion of spirit. Humor pure and undefiled combines elements of true religion. Pleasurable sensations of fancy raise us from out the "Slough of Despond," sending us on our way rejoicing.

Our friend dies. Repinings fill our days. We question the moon and the stars; we cry, wherefore, mighty Ruler of the universe, can this injustice exist? We penetrate the works of seers and prophets, the veriest mockery—blind leaders of the blind, all. Unadvisedly a spring violet comes to our hand. Its dewy fragrance captivates our senses; its star-like petals twinkle and smile in the very beauty of holiness. We laugh outright, and press its velvety bloom to cheek and lips. This wayside flower has done more for us than all the seers and the prophets—than God himself by direct interpretation. The cheery look of this tiny blossom has won us to life again; it has touched the divine spark within, forever rendering us coadjutors with the Supreme. From henceforth activity shall be our watchword, we bravely proclaim, as once more we take our place in rank and file.

Alas! for the incompleteness of concrete principles, to those who are bound by its tenets and dogmas, witless of the embellishments of fancy. How greater are these than the machinery which grinds our corn? How shall the soul grow beautiful under conditions of utility alone, or garments become white as snow stretched always upon the rack—or ever tread the golden streets of Paradise?

But the realms of humor are fair to the eye and restful to the soul. The dominions of humor radiate with the uplifted countenances of the cheerful doer.

Close following upon her ample robes appears shining wit. Her equipage dazzles the imagination of beholders. Her blazing torch fires arsenals and cities, as upon the wings of the wind she cleaves the azure heavens. Her slightest breath convulses the world in loud applause; her quivering darts rankle deep in the heart of humanity.

Friendly of guise, satire sits at ease. With mocking visage she dabbles in poisonous concoctions with which to arouse the passions of men. Satire laughs low at sound of the strife and the conflict.

To humor, then, we turn for sympathy. Her kindly railery shall soothe us with fancy's imagery; we would sit beneath the cottage porch beguiled from sorrow's steadfastness by sweet interchange of social converse. M. C. W.

The Bleeckers are the oldest of New York aristocracy, the original Dutch ancestor of the family having come to the metropolis from Holland before New York became an Eng-

lish possession. During the Revolution the chief Bleecker was an auctioneer, and ever since, the elder sons have received the calling as a birthright. Among the present occupants of the position is Theophylact Bache Bleecker, and he has recently celebrated his golden wedding with two days' quiet festivity at his Bergen Point Villa. His wedding trip

of long ago was by post-coach to Philadelphia, and the old gentleman, now almost seventy-five, recalls how his grandfather bought the Bleecker farm, through the centre of which Bleecker street ran, as a speculation. Four of the five bridesmaids at the wedding a half century ago are still living, but the groomsmen are all dead.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

New Year's Day, the "Feast of the Circumcision," was called the octave of Christmas as early as 487 A.D., and was instituted by the Church to commemorate the ceremony of the Jewish law to which Christ submitted. In the sixth century it became a solemn festival, the Council of Tours, in 566, ordaining that "the chaunt of litanies should on the first of January be opposed to the superstitions of the Pagans," and that the Eucharist, or Mass of the Circumcision, be celebrated. By the primitive Christians the day was kept as a fast, in opposition to the Roman—then Pagan—custom of feasting, dancing, and gift-making.

In the time of Numa the day was dedicated to Janus, the double-faced deity, who faced the future while he looked back upon the past. The Romans offered him a cake of sifted meal, with incense, salt, and wine. They also did something in the way of their art or calling, to begin the year industriously, that they might have good fortune through it. By degrees, however, as the Christian faith and strength increased, and the necessity for the distinction grew less important, the Church in the eighth century abrogated the fast, and the earlier and more congenial jovial customs were gradually resumed, and have continued, in one good form or another, to the present.

It was the custom in "ye olden time," and in the Old World, to spend New Year's eve in jollity amid the ringing of church bells ushering in the New Year. The young women of the village carried from door to door a bowl of spiced ale, in imitation of the "wassail bowl," which they offered to the inhabitants of every house, singing congratulatory verses, generally made by themselves, and suggesting small presents. The young people also exchanged garments which they called "mumming" and "disguising."

The making of presents on New Year's day dates as far back as before the time of the Roman emperors. Evidences are to be found in Fostroke's "Encyclopedia of Antiquities." The custom is of remote date in England, a reminiscence, doubtless, of the Roman régime, linked with the wild exercises and revelries of the Northmen, who engrafted themselves upon its soil. The sums of money given by kings and powerful noblemen to their officers and servants as New Year's gifts are on record. Royalty hungered after these presents as well as the vassals, as far back as Henry III., who, according to Matthew Paris, extorted New Year's gifts.

In the sixteenth century there was much cordial rejoicing, prince and peasant being equally, in principle, the recipient of favors, the former, however, with much greater interest

than the latter. The kings and nobility of England interchanged presents and tokens of great value and consideration.

The wardrobe and jewels of Elizabeth were considerably augmented by gifts made at this season, and lists of these gifts are published by Mr. Nichols in the accounts of her "Progresses," from which, says the "Every Day Book," it appears that the greatest part, if not all, of the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the Queen's household servants, down to her apothecaries, master cook and sergeant of pastry, etc., "gave New Year's gifts to Her Majesty, consisting in general either of a sum of money, jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, etc." From her household and trades-people she also received a great variety of presents, and always made gifts in return of far less value than those she received.

One old author of 1570, quoted by Brand, thus sings of the customs of his time:

"The next to this is New Year's Day,
Whereon to every friende
They costly presents in do bring,
And New Year's gifts do sende.
These gifts the husband brings his wife,
And father eke the child,
And maister on his men bestows
The like with favor milde;
And good beginning of the year
They wishe and wishe againe,
According to the ancient guise
Of heathen people vaine.
These eight days doth none require
His dettes of any man;
Their tables do they furnish out
With all the meat they can;
With Marchpaynes, tarts, and custarts great
They drink with staring eyes:
They rowts and revell, feede and feaste,
As merry all as pyes—
As if they would at the entrance of
This New Year have to die,
Yet would they have their bellies full,
And ancient friends allie."

Down to James II. the monarchs continued to receive and give presents. At present the court custom has dwindled down to the placing of a crown-piece under the dinner-plates of the two chaplains in waiting at court on New Year's day.

In Westmoreland, Cumberland, and other parts of England, a peculiar custom prevailed in 1791, and up to within thirty years ago. The people assembled early in the morning with baskets and *stangs* (stout poles to which the baskets are suspended), and whoever refused to join in the "fun"

was hoisted across the stang and carried "shoulder-high" to a neighboring ale-house, where he was fined and allowed to sneak off, with other feelings than those expressed by Saxe in his lines:

"Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail."

The convivial nature of the French is quite adapted to the complimentary characteristics of the day, and they greatly enjoy this festival. As early as it is possible for them to be astir they are out on their visits. Children, sisters, and wives receive large gifts and portions from parents, brothers, and husbands. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets from early morn, laden with bonbons, souvenirs, etc.; and pastry cooks, with their boys, are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and other devices, made of flour and sugar. No person able to give pays a visit empty-handed. The morning is passed in visits and gossips at the confectioneries, and the evening concludes with hilarious merriment. The day is called by the French *Le jour d'etrennes*.

New York probably surpasses any city in the New World in the general exhibition of adherence to the custom introduced by its old Netherland denizens. Over two centuries ago the residents of New Amsterdam used to celebrate the day by shooting at turkeys on the ice at Beekman's Swamp.

"Cyril Thornton," one of the wits of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, travelled through this country, and wrote a clever book entitled, "Men and Manners in America" (1833), and in alluding to this season of plenty and plesantry, he says: "I am told its influence on the social intercourse of families is very salutary. The first day of the year is considered a day of kindness and reconciliation, on which petty differences are forgotten, and trifling injuries forgiven. It sometimes happens that between friends long connected a misunderstanding takes place. Each is too proud to make concessions, alienation follows, and thus are two families very probably permanently estranged. But on this day of annual amnesty, each of the offended parties calls on the wife of the other, kind feelings are recalled, past grievances overlooked, and at their next meeting they take each other by the hand and are again friends."

When the first President, George Washington and his lady received their friends in New York on New Year's Day, 1790. The annals of that city preserve the following account of it: "General Washington, in the first year of his Presidency under the new constitution, resided in the Franklin House at the head of Cherry street. On New Year's Day, 1790, he was waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city. After being severally introduced, and paying the usual compliments of the season, the citizens mutually exchanged their kind greetings and withdrew, highly gratified by the friendly notice of the President, to most of whom he was personally a stranger. In the evening Mrs. Washington held a levee. It was about full moon, and the air was so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer shades. They were introduced by the aids and gentlemen in waiting, and after being seated, tea, coffee, plain and plum-cake were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries, on the part of Mrs. Washington, after the families of the exiles, with

whom she had been acquainted during the Revolution. To a lady standing at the side of the President, she remarked, 'Of all the incidents of the day, none has so pleased the General as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who visited him at noon.'

"To the inquiry of the President whether it was casual or customary, he was assured that it was an annual custom, derived from their Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated. After a short pause, he observed, 'The highly-favored situation of New York will, in process of years, gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but let whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial, cheerful observance of New Year's Day!'"

This injunction of the great patriot seems not to have been lost upon those whom his advice and example in other respects have so bounteously blessed. Let us echo the sentiment, and wish our readers, one and all, a Happy New Year!

Fanaticism.—The December number of the *North American Review* contains a somewhat remarkable paper on "Romanism and the Irish Race in the United States," contributed by James Anthony Froude, the English historian, which is receiving many sharp and severe criticisms through the public press of this country. Of these none so fully expresses our sentiments, and, we feel, the true and legitimate sentiments of the conservative and unbiased minds of the country, as that of one of our leading exchanges now before us. It says:

"It is remarkable in many respects—for its hatred and misconception of the Irish character and of the religion of Rome, for its ignorance of the effect of free institutions upon the emigrants from the Emerald Isle, and for the falsity of its reasoning. The writer affects to fear a great danger to this country from the importation of the Irish, bringing with them their virtues and vices, their religion and their ignorance, and predicts that by the close of the present century the Irish Catholic population of the United States will number at least twelve millions. There are, he says, fully six millions of the race now here, clinging to their old nationality and forming as distinct a race as the Israelites.

"Mr. Froude is no doubt a man of great ability, but his prejudices too often warp his judgment. It is true that the emigration from Ireland has been large, especially during the past twenty years, and that most of the Irish when they arrive form a distinct class, and retain the religious belief in which they were nurtured. Nevertheless they form a valuable element of our population, and more readily assimilate with the Americans than any other class of foreigners who reach our shores, the Scotch alone excepted. The original emigrants may, perhaps, be ignorant, but they soon perceive the advantages of an education, and if they do not themselves acquire one, they take good care that their children shall have all the advantages that our school system affords. The result is that the Irish who arrive here in youth grow to manhood possessed of a liberal education, enlarged views on all questions, religious, political, and social, and are numbered among our best citizens. To an extent they remain Irishmen, and fraternize more or less with each other. Their children, however, grow up as Americans,

and have nothing to distinguish them in any respect from those whose ancestors came over with the Mayflower, save, perhaps, a Celtic name.

"As for the religious branch of the subject, opinions will differ. The assertion of Mr. Froude, however, that the Catholic Church fosters ignorance, is false, as proven by the many hundreds of institutions of learning, all of them of a high order, maintained by that Church in all parts of the country. These institutions, indeed, are the chief proselyting agency of the Church, for more Protestants are induced to abandon their faith on account of the instruction they receive in these schools, or the influences that emanate from them, than by any other agency. As education becomes more general among the Irish Catholics, they become less bigoted, though not less sincere in defence of their creed. An ignorant Catholic is no doubt an undesirable citizen, but no more so than an ignorant Protestant. There is no ground for a greater prejudice against the one than against the other. An educated and intelligent Irish Catholic is as good a citizen of the United States as an educated and intelligent Protestant, and each alike is deserving of honor and esteem.

"The object of Mr. Froude's paper is very apparent. It is to provoke a religious controversy, and to bring into disrepute both the Irish nation and the Catholic Church. It is wholly out of place in an American publication. While denouncing the bigotry of the Church of Rome, the writer displays a far greater degree of bigotry in a worse form than any that he charges upon the Church. It is unfortunate that

in all denominations there are some who bring discredit upon their professions by displays of intolerance, but it is unbecoming that either should throw stones at the other. A religious controversy is not desired by any sensible man in the United States. All can live in harmony, even though they may differ from their neighbors on points of religious doctrine. Fanaticism such as Froude's is to be deprecated here, and we are certain his views represent those of no sensible American."

Prehistoric Arizona.—The Prescott *Miner* says: Right here where Prescott now stands, can be traced the walls of an ancient city, and if we are to judge from the wearing down of mountains and the covering of earth that has almost hid the buildings from being traced, we should say that many thousands of years have passed and gone since the people who once inhabited a prosperous city, where now stands Prescott, the most beautiful village in Arizona, took their departure or became extinct. That a large and flourishing city once existed here there can be no doubt, as the evidences are proof positive and defy contradiction. Very often relics are taken from excavations of great depth, and we are inclined to believe that the former inhabitants of Arizona were a curious, but a somewhat civilized race. Again, the geologist or antiquarian has a rich field for study in Arizona, for go where you may, you are continually treading on the homes and graves of a race of whom nothing is known, other than that they lived in houses and had large buildings of worship.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Insect Lives; or, Born in Prison. By JULIA P. BALLARD. *Illustrated.* Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co.

The study of entomology, while the most interesting and attractive in our opinion, we regret to say, does not receive that attention at the hands of our young people it deserves. Whether this be owing to the fact that in this country there have been no elementary works on the different branches of the subject, suitable for young students and collectors, we are not prepared to say; yet we are much inclined to think so. There are many young persons, however, who are much interested in butterflies and moths especially, and who give the subject much of their time and study, but who labor under this disadvantage: they know not how to capture and properly prepare and preserve them; also, how to obtain perfect insects by rearing the caterpillars that produce them. Hence the advantage of elementary works to such beginners. Mrs. Ballard, fully aware of this fact, has, we are pleased to see, given us what proves a most capital text-book upon the subject, and one which will be hailed with much delight by our young readers. It gives reliable information on all points touching the subject, being a faithful record of her own experience and observations. It is pleasantly written and admirably illustrated. The object she assigns for hav-

ing written the volume is a very laudable one, and is happily expressed in these words: "It is with the hope of getting the question answered in favor of living balls and boxes, of getting the key into the hand, and getting the heart ready and anxious to unlock the many sources of beauty and interest which God has placed all about us in Nature, that this little volume of 'Insect Lives' has been written. That we may learn that while 'it is the glory of God to conceal a thing,' He is not only willing we should search out these hidden wonders, but will Himself be glad in our new-found delight in them." It will be far more appropriate as a gift for your child than a dozen of the trashy story books of the day, and will interest even yourselves, although the enthusiasm of youth may have long since palled upon you.

Myrtle Lawn. An American Novel. By ROBERT E. BALLARD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

We have been favored with an advance copy of the author's edition of "Myrtle Lawn," just issued from the press of the above publishers, which we find upon examination to show a no mean order of ability on the part of its author. It is written in a clear and scholarly style, showing the excellently cultivated mind of the writer. So far as plot and character are concerned, it is a fair American novel.

The action, however, is somewhat tame; yet the writer has, notwithstanding this defect, secured the most from his subject that its merits warranted. He also has two lovers, or rather the loves of two different people combined in one story, which we consider an innovation. Too many heroes and heroines, like too many cooks, "spoil the dish." It taxes too much the minds of readers of love tales to keep the run of them, with a liability to get things mixed up.

How to Study Phrenology: *With Hints on Cooperative Observation and Practice; Directions for the Formation of Societies, with Constitution and By Laws; References to the best Text books, etc.; also, An Outline of the Principles of Phrenology.* By H. S. DRAYTON, A.M., Editor of the "*Phrenological Journal*." With forty illustrations. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.

This is the title of a pamphlet specially prepared for the use of students of this most valuable of human sciences, in answer to the question so many times asked by young and old, "How can I study Phrenology?" It will be found to answer the inquiry very fully, giving names of books recommended, and many suggestions to the student in regard to the general and special application of the subject.

The outline of "First Principles" supplies the reader with the name and definitions of the organs of the brain, and brief expositions of the functional relations of the several faculties in the action of the mind. Over forty illustrations add their interest to the text. Price, in paper, only ten cents.

Angele's Fortune. A Story of Real Life. By ANDRE THEURIET. Translated and adapted from the French by MARY NEAL SHERWOOD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

"Angele's Fortune" is looked upon by all French critics as the strongest and most dramatic of Theuriet's novels. In it the love-making is charming, and done with great delicacy, for Andre Theuriet is an artist. He fascinates profoundly, and does not confine himself, as is his custom, to pictures of provincial life, but gives us a glimpse of Paris, its theatres, and its streets. We watch the heroine from beginning to end with unabated interest. Her pretty follies amuse and interest at first, but at the end they give us the heartache; while the mother, at once weak and energetic, is a character almost new in fiction. "La Genevraie," the gay adventurer, heartless and yet not altogether selfish, is a French Micawber, while the hero, the poet, and lover of luxury, is so uncomfortably well done that we feel that he was drawn from life. The story is most admirably told, and as to the translation, it is only necessary to say that it is one of Mrs. Sherwood's to ensure its success.

The Mound Builders. By J. P. MACLEAN, President of the "Geological and Archaeological Society of Butler County, Ohio," and author of "*A Manual of the Antiquity of Man*," "*Mastodon, Mammoth and Man*," etc. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co.

Probably no subject has possessed so much of general interest to our archaeological friends of this country as that of the many evidences presented from time to time throughout

many sections of the West, of the preëxistence upon this continent of a once remarkable people, and whose identity has since become extinct. Throughout many portions of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, and especially along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers have been found, at various times, mounds systematically constructed, which upon examination have shown numerous traces of remains, such as arrow-heads, spear heads, rimmers, knives, spades, hatchets, pendants, gorgets, pipes, shuttles, wands, etc., also skeletons of a race of people whose peculiarities denote a superiority over any of such as we have any recognized authentic data for. Who these Mound Builders were and what became of them, is an interesting question, and very many theories have been advanced in solution of the vexed problem. President MacLean, in his work on "The Mound Builders," gives a very full and rational account of the people, together with an investigation into the archaeology of Butler County, Ohio.

The work is illustrated with over one hundred engravings of these mounds, enclosures, implements, etc., and accompanied with a map showing the location of all the earth works in that country. In addition, it contains important discoveries never before recorded, such as "Ancient Fire-Beds," "The Method of Planning as Pursued by the Pre-Historic Engineers," etc., together with many other interesting features bearing upon this novel and instructive subject. To those therefore who manifest any interest in the subject of archaeology, the contribution of President MacLean must prove a valuable auxiliary, and as such we feel assured it will be treated.

Philadelphia Society of Artists.—The first annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Artists, lately held at the Academy of Fine Arts, was in every way a success. It was the finest display of American art ever seen in this city, and comprised about three hundred and sixty paintings, etchings, sculpture, and engraving. The pictures were well hung, in a good light. H. Q. Hyneman's "Desdemona," from the Paris salon of 1879, had the place of honor in the large gallery. The figure is life size, and is posed in a heavily carved chair. Her hands are tightly clasped at her sides, her head bends downward, and every line of her face is full of mental suffering. The moment seized by the artist is that which followed Othello's outburst of jealousy. The figure is a model of female loveliness; the eyes seem wet with tears, and the trembling lips quiver with emotion. Thomas B. Craig had several works on exhibition. One of these, "Sunday Morning in Rockland County," is a study of an old stone church nearly obscured by trees, with a landscape in the distance. A few horses and carriages stand near the church in a listless manner. The "Valley of the Housatonic," and "Halt by the Wayside" are also examples of Craig. Five pictures were exhibited by James B. Swold, the principal ones being "Rail Shooting," "Quail Shooting," and "Mark Lett." P. L. Senat exhibited "After the Shower," "Treborth Sands Cornwall," and "After the Equinox-Annasquam." In the former the water is filled with boats, and a party of shrimp gatherers stand on the shore near by. The storm has just passed away and light is breaking through the heavy clouds. The second

painting shows an old brig which has been driven ashore, and a number of wreckers are engaged in saving the cargo. John B. Tait, of Baltimore, had a picture, "The Harvesters," which is an excellent piece of work. Four works of Paul Weber's were shown, his "Study near Munich" being the principal one. Mr. Batchelor, of Boston, exhibited a boy gathering pond lilies. John J. Enneking exhibited "A Cloudy Day in October," which shows the effect of a gray atmosphere and the rich October hues. Carl Weber had two fine landscapes hung conspicuously. Felix De Crano had a number of his characteristic pictures, including a large one of a bride and groom having their pictures taken at Niagara Falls. George Wright had a scene called "In Mid Ocean," representing the quarter deck of a steamer, with the passengers seated around engaged in conversation. Ida Waugh had a picture, "Song without Words," showing a maiden reclining in an arm-chair, holding a guitar, while her other hand rests lightly on a table. "The Circus Rider," by H. B. Poor, is a clever composition, and its title explains the subject. William Hart's "After a Shower" is natural and expressive. James M. Hart was represented by "On the Hillside," showing some fine cattle. Newbold H. Trotter exhibited a fine view of the "Herd at Evening," "After the Crucifixion," and a small painting, "Benjamin Franklin and William Keith," are good specimens of B. F. Reinhardt. F. H. De Hass had "Twilight off the Coast," a warm sunset scene. Kraseman Van Elten exhibited "New Milford, Connecticut." "The Inlet at Atlantic City," a highly finished surf-painting, was sent by Charles Linford. A portrait of James L. Claghorn, Esq., was by William H. Harnett. C. W. Knapp had "The Valley of the Housatonic." A. F. Bellows's "The Parsonage," is in his best style. A. F. Bunner, "A Fisherman's Cottage in the Tyrol." A couple of animal studies were by J. H. Dolph. William Sartain had "Street Corner in Algiers," and J. G. Brown six natural sketches. Other works of note were by T. Addison Richards, Peter Moran, F. K. M. Wren, S. Parrish, S. B. Waugh, Louis C. Tiffany, Fred. James, Emily Moran, Lambkin, Agnes D. Abbott, and others.

The model for the proposed bronze statue of William Cullen Bryant, to be erected in Central Park, has been finished by J. S. Hartley, the sculptor. The poet is repre-

sented as seated musing in the open air, in a rustic arm-chair. He leans his head on his right hand, while his left hand is on a sheet of paper lying on his right leg, showing that he is composing. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs from "Thanatopsis" and the "Flood of Years."

"Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," Munkacsy's great painting, purchased in Paris in 1878 for \$20,000, by Mr. Robert Lenox Kennedy for the Lenox Library, has arrived from Munich and been placed on exhibition at the Lenox Library. The painting has been so often described and criticised, and is consequently so well known, that we omit an extended notice. Munkacsy received a gold medal of honor and the cross of officer of the Legion of Honor for it at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and one of the eleven first-class medals for painting at the recent Munich International Exhibition.

The Library of the Society of Decorative Art, New York, having been closed for the summer (except for the lending of books), is now open every day, from eleven o'clock to one, and any person who may wish to look over the designs, or to read the books, is heartily welcome between these hours. The Lending Library has received additions of new books, and has samples of fringes and of flowers worked in the crewel stitches. These are loaned on the same terms as the books. Among the books are some with Japanese designs in great variety.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Society of Decorative Art, New York, was held recently. The sales since January last were announced as \$17,611.97, of which \$8,617.89 was from sales of contributors' articles, \$700 being retained as commission by the society. It was announced that Mr. Walker, a pupil of Minton for seventeen years, and Mr. Volkmar of Paris will act as instructors in decorating china this winter. The report of the Committee on Admissions says twelve hundred and eighty-eight articles have been received from contributors, and seven hundred and thirty-four accepted. A higher standard will be required in future. Messrs. Lewis Tiffany and L. De Forest will act as an advisory committee.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Tender Profanity.—Not of the blasphemous kind, reader—don't be deceived by the title—but simply a profanation of the proprieties—well, the story is this: The other day in "New York, N. Y."—observing the formula of P. M. G. Key—a little rosebud of a girl, only five years old, one of the sweetest pets that ever gave light to a household, went with her mother and a lady friend to visit a museum of some sort at the Central Park. The little thing has developed a rare faculty of whistling, and makes the house merry with her chirruping music, being able to master all tunes

that she hears. Her mother and lady friend were examining different objects of interest, and the little girl, left to herself, was attracted by a collection of gay butterflies which was arranged along one side of the hall. There was a solemn hush in the place, no one daring to speak above a whisper, and a general ghastliness prevailed, when an old policeman who had charge of the premises was seen running about from alcove to alcove in a state of great excitement, and going for every boy whom he saw, as if he would immolate him. He looked greatly perplexed, and at last walked up

to the ladies and asked them if they would tell him who was whistling. The sound, which they had not observed, came faintly to their ears from a distance, and they well knew what it meant. They pointed out the culprit, and all walked to where she was examining the bugs and butterflies, whistling, at the top of her register, "My Grandfather's Clock," as unconscious of offence as one of the insects before her. The expression upon that official's face was funny. His features wrinkled like a baked apple, and he fully took in the absurdity of the scene. In his search for the offender he had passed her several times, not dreaming that she was the music box. The proprieties were restored in a moment, and the officer walked away smiling, as happy as if he had found a responsible offender.

THE HAPPY REPLY.

A pert and jolly hostler stood
As witness for his master, once;
The lawyer was in angry mood,
And took the fellow for a dunce.

"I'll soon dispose of him, no doubt,"
The famous Curran lightly said.
"Come, sirrah! Let the truth be out,
Nor stop to scratch your leasy head!"

The witness, like Sam Weller, smiled,
Though both cheeks at the insult burned;
Nor was he frightened or beguiled
Howe'er the mesh of questions turned.

The advocate, at last, in wrath,
Belched forth—forgetting time and place—
"You are vile snake in virtue's path,
I see the villain in your face!"

The hostler, simple and serene,
Just gave the rail a friendly pat
And said, "'Tis shinin' moity clane,
Yer Honor, to reflect like that!"

Pious Emphasis.—A story is told of the late Hon. Rufus Choate of Massachusetts, who had a delicate sense of humor that never on any occasion deserted him. He never neglected to make his point, and his retorts and suggestions were made with a supreme gravity that rendered them doubly effective. He was called once into Maine to defend a brother barrister who was under a cloud, and while preparing the case he was taken sick, the party in whose cause he was acting having to appear before him in his chamber with his witnesses. One of the latter was a good deacon—there is always a deacon in every story—who was deeply interested in the case, and was very earnest in deprecating the wrong done his principal.

"Well, deacon," said the great lawyer, in a sick tone, "what do you think of the treatment of your friend?"

"I think," was the startling reply, "that it is a d—d shame!"

"That is my opinion," said Mr. Choate, "but you have given it a pious emphasis which I would never have aspired to."

The Rival Boys.—A couple of diminutive specimens of the genus small boy were together on Court street, one spinning a gorgeous-colored humming-top and the other gazing on the toy with a look in which a combination of admiration and envy was plainly depicted. Finally the owner of the top said to the other boy:

"Why don't your dad buy you a top like this?"

"'Cause I wouldn't have a top like that. My dad's sent off to San'cisco for a top what plays an organ like there is at the Methodist church, and sings 'Hold the Fort' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.'"

"Oh, shet up your mouth; yer dad couldn't buy a top like that, 'cause I heard my mar say he couldn't pay his store bill, and that your mother had to turn her last year's alpaca to look half-way decent at church last Sunday."

"Well, I don't care, anyway," sobbed out the toyless boy; "our baby's got worms, and your folks ain't got no baby to have 'em."

Then the boy with the top shook hands across the bloody chasm by letting the other boy spin his top, "jest once."

Extract FROM THE MINUTES OF THE LIME-KILN CLUB.
—**GUEST NOT.**—Axletree Jones said he arose to defend the American nation from the aspersions of the Canadian press. He had lately read in a Canada paper that this nation was living too fast, and that it must soon become bankrupt. Such unwarranted attacks on his native country thrilled him with indignation clear down to his last button, and if the press of this country would not resent them he would.

"Livin' too fast!" he repeated, as he drew himself up. "I hez worn dis same paper collah free weeks. Am ~~dis~~ livin' too fast? Heah am a west ober ten y'ars ole by the almanax! Am dat dressin' to kill? Look at de red woolen patches on de knees of dese black pants, an' tole me if it looks as if this nashun was death on sto' cloze? Livin' too fast! Why, de werry ideah am imposturous! Am 'tater biled wi'd de hides on an' pieced out wid bacon an' co'n-bread livin' too fast? On behalf of de American people I protest! On behalf of this nashun I warn de Stait of Kennedy dat we can't be sassed beyond a certain pint. Whe dat pint hez bin passed dar will come a demand for gore an' revenge!"

The speech was received with great applause, and Satisfaction Rice next took the floor and said:

"Civil war an' its horrors am to be deplored and shunned, but if she must come, if we must resort to de force of arms to preserve our honor, den let us resort! Let us gird on de armor of right an' march forward with brave hearts. He who sasses dis nashun sasses de Lime-Kiln Club."

It was then resolved that this nation was not living too fast, and that Canada had best beware, and the meeting adjourned.

Pat Mivin's Disgust.—Pat, who is a very earnest ward politician, was delighted to find himself elected a Ward Inspector of elections, and had done the right thing in "treatin'" everybody who voted for him, who thronged his shebeen house to make their congratulations. The morning came when he was to perform his official functions, and he made extra preparations in order to appear as respectable

as any of his associates. The extra scrubbing, shaving and dressing, however, took up time, and the polls were to open at half-past seven A.M. sharp. There were, besides, certain little matters of business to be looked after before he thought he could go, and it was nearly nine o'clock when he made his appearance in the ward room. All the inspectors were busy taking votes, and when Pat attempted to enter the sacred enclosure, he was informed by the warden that his place had been filled at the opening of the polls, and he was not wanted there. The astonishment and indignation of Pat were immense, too great for words, and he withdrew himself to a seat where he could overlook the board, and singling out the man whom he supposed was filling his place, he resolved to crush him by his frowning looks. He remained for a long time watching the supposed offender, and scowling at him, who did not, however, seem to notice him. "What's the matter, Pat?" one asked. "Why," said he, "do ye see the red-bidged chap there, with the burning chin whiskers. That's the felly that's got my place as Inshpictor, confound his picter, and I'm showin' him just what I'm thinkin' av him." "That's not him," said his friend; "'tis the one wid his back there in front, and his face on the other side of his head. The red-headed one is the clerk." "Och, bother, then, I've been spendin' two hours in makin' faces at the wrong man;" and Pat, jumping up, rushed out of the hall in disgust without stopping to vote.

Baker's bread—The chaff of life.

Coals in the stove, like sins discovered, are "dark things brought to light."

A pair of stays—Two rivals visiting the loved one, and trying to "sit each other out."

A stock exchange bear is described as a "person" who "sells" what he has not got; a bull as a man who buys what he cannot pay for; and "financing" as "buying shares by a man who doesn't want them from one who has none to sell."

A Distinction.—Mrs. Bergamot had a beautiful and accomplished daughter; but she herself could not boast of such qualities—was rather homely and illiterate, in fact. The young lady had two suitors, the claims of one of whom the old lady was disposed to encourage, although the young lady, most interested, was inclined to prefer the other. Discussion grew warm betwixt them one day on the subject, and the qualifications of the lovers were minutely canvassed. The old lady closed the debate by saying, "Laura, I admit that Major Smith is a gentleman; but you must remember, my child, that Colonel Jones is a *diabolical* gentleman, and this should make you decide." It did, and he "proved his title clear" in three months.

The wife's word of command: "At ten shun company."

Ancient Greece—Soap fat.

Steeplechase—A clergyman after a vacant pulpit.

The microscopist's prayer—"Oh, let me diatome!"

Latin.—"Yes, that's right, Charlie, the Latin for man is *homo*. Now, tell me what is woman in Latin."

"If you please, sir, *chromo*."

Should you offer your toothless grandmother gum-drops, ought she to consider it personal?

The man who was "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," must have had a ladle-like mother.

The Comma.—To show the importance of the comma, take the well-known hymn from Watts and Rippon:

"The Lord will come, and He will not
Keep silence, but speak out."

By simply changing the position of the comma, we have a flat contradiction in each line:

"The Lord will come and He will not,
Keep silence but speak out."

A gentleman who was asked for his marriage certificate, quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot. The evidence was conclusive.

An enterprising Lewes tradesman, being obliged to remove his business to other premises, had placed the following startling announcement on the shutters of his old shop: "Removed by compulsion, and gone down below."

Mater: "So you enjoyed yourself, Kate? Did you go all that distance alone?" Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone." Beastly Brother: "Then how is it, Kit, you took an umbrella and brought home a walking-stick?"

"Have you any damp sheets in your house?" asked a guest of a manager of a fashionable hotel, as he registered his name. "No," replied the manager, "but I'll have a pair dampened for you if you wish." The stranger retired.

He would be Upsides.—A wealthy New Yorker, more remarkable for money than education, in attending a public dinner recently, heard his neighbor remark to one of the waiters: "Waiter, you have omitted my napkin," and set the table in a roar, by saying: "Waiter, I'll take a plate of napkin, too."

A gentleman in a draper's shop had the misfortune to tread on a lady's skirt. She turned round, her face flushed with anger; but seeing the gentleman was a stranger, she smiled complacently, saying, "I beg pardon, sir. I was going to be in a dreadful passion. I thought it was my husband."

A sentimental young lady says: "Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood, the kind I wore at school—I really thought them pretty! I must have been a fool; and yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss, perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake, the charming little mat—it makes my head so level, and so very, very flat! Oh, a sister's love is charming, as everybody knows! And a handsome cousin's love is nice

(that is, I should suppose). And the love of a true lover is the love that cannot pall; but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all—in fact, I think it better than going to a ball!"

"No, sir, I deny that I said you were a dishonest debtor; what I remarked, sir, was that you walked so closely to the edge of honesty that you were liable at any moment to lose your balance." "Ah, sir, that materially alters the affair. It would be cause for regret had a disturbance of our former pleasant relations taken place through the evil report of another." (They shake hands.)

Every man must carve his own way to success in business. Nothing springs up spontaneously but a mule's hind leg.

Conversation in a hotel corridor:—First party—"John, so-and-so used to be a lively fellow, but he has married and settled down." Second party—"If he would settle up he would be more popular."

A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on." His father is a prominent hat manufacturer of Danbury.

Fresh customer: "I'm surprised to see how quietly you stand the silly criticisms and objections of that shallow-pated cad who has just left the shop." Merchant: "Oh, my good sir, in our trade we always make allowance for empties!"

Rustic Difficulty.—Rector's wife (severely): "Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me?" Tommy: "Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself?"

An inveterate old chicken thief in Alabama, who had a marvelous faculty for gliding out of a close corner, was at last caught with a chicken in his hat. He denied the stealing of it, and on being asked how then it got into his hat, he solemnly said:—"Dat, marster, is jes' what 'stonishes me; but I 'spec' it mus' hab crawled up my breeches leg!"

A recent advertisement contained the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shore store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now deceased with name engraved upon it."

Sermon Enough for Sunday.—A little shoeblack called at the residence of a clergyman and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the bread from the crumb-basket, and as the little fellow walking slowly away and shifting the gift between his hands for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called back, and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. Receiving a negative answer he directed him to say, "Father," but he could not understand the familiarity. "Your father—your father—my father?" "Certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"

An editor defending himself from a libel, on being asked why he had printed such matter, said he had "proof" of it before it was published.

A stuck-up bird—A weather-cock.

When the employers "knock down," the employés are sometimes apt to strike.

"Tinker's Dam."—The often-used expression, "It isn't worth a tinker's dam," has nothing whatever to do with swearing, however much it may sound so to the uninitiated. When the tinker wishes to solder up a hole in tinware, he puts a piece of clay beneath the hole, which forms a "dam," to hold the molten metal in place until it cools. Hence the origin of the expression.

"I'm sitting on this tile, Mary,"

He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking-chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured: "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat!"

The story is told of a clergyman that, after preaching an interesting sermon on the "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said: "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have bowed to me in all that time."

Self-Sacrifice.—There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge-cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

Forethought in a Cat.—An observing visitor to a Southern plantation, having noticed an entirely tailless cat enter a hole in a corn-rick backwards, asked a colored agriculturist if he knew the reason of that singular mode of ingress.

"Why, you see, boss," was the reply, "dat ar cat use ter go inter dat hole headfomuss, jes' like any other cat. But one day de tarrier dog what had been laying for him a good spell, made a grab at him as he was a gwine in, an' bit his tail squar' off. An' ever sence den, boss, dat ar cat goes inter dat hole hincfomuss, so's de tarrier dog can't bite off his tail agin."

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DOWN THE PENINSULA.

BY AUGUST PLUMASSIER.



STATE HOUSE AT DOVER.

Look at the map and mark the geographical formation and wonderful outline of that little peninsula on our Eastern coast, jutting between those noble bays, the Chesapeake and the Delaware. Its settlements date among the oldest of the many movements to colonize this great land. Possessing every material advantage which a rich and quick soil can confer, not only in the growth of the more substantial staffs of life, but in the infinite variety of other fruits which a mild climate only can bring to perfection; teeming with its myriad creeks, rivers and bays, it has another rich source of wealth in the inexhaustible products of these waters, which also not only connect it as highways of cheap transportation to the markets of the great cities of our Eastern coast, but by the contiguous ocean to all the markets of the world; inhabited as it is by an

enlightened people of kind and hospitable manners, and filled with schools and churches of all persuasions, is it not strange that such a lovely land, right at our very doors, should remain but half developed still?

Is it not passing strange that the mighty tide of emigration flowing West and South should pass by such a favored spot, where land is so good and cheap, where forests are already felled, where churches and school-houses are already built, where as delightful a climate prevails as any on this continent, to make homes in new and remote settlements in the far-off West?

To solve the reasons of this problem, or at least to look into the matter in more speculative detail, we concluded to take a trip down the Peninsula, and investigate the matter for ourselves.



COURT HOUSE AT DOVER.

We chose for the time of our visit the winter season, because we were interested in an industry for which this land has been preëminently celebrated from its primeval days, knowing full well that we should find agricultural operations going on also; for here it is not merely a summer vocation. And, indeed, we might have known that the immense oyster trade of this region does not cease its operations in the summer time, either; but then it is in cold weather that the luscious bivalve is in his jolliest shape—he is fattest then, and most delicious to the taste. So, to tell the truth, it was as much for the purposes of gastronomy as for the solution of our problem that we projected our visit.

“Which do you like best, my dear?” my wife asked me, when I had invited her to accompany me on the trip, “strawberries or oysters?”

“Strawberries or oysters?” I replied. “What a comparison!” Why, I had to laugh right out. “I like them both best, of course; they are not to be compared. You might as well have asked me, little woman, to multiply so many quarts of strawberries by so many quarts of clams, and tell you how many watermelons it would bring.”

“Well, you needn’t be so smart. I was only going to say that I’d rather take the trip to see my cousins in strawberry time; so now you can go and get one of those horrid bachelor friends of yours to go with you, and I believe you’ll like it best, after all, and you can stuff yourselves just as full of oysters as two big turkeys; there,” and she was off. She had a good reason, as she usually has. I had been too smart, which to her I usually am; and she had come out best, as she usually does.

Now, to tell you the truth about cousins, there’s been so much marrying among relations in the family that I married into, that I’ve got a cousin or two in nearly every respectable town in the Peninsula. Out of duty I had considered it the proper thing to ask my wife first, as they are her cousins more than mine—but I was not loth to have a bachelor friend instead—especially as a good many of our cousins are of the female persuasion; in fact I had already made arrangements with a friend to that effect. Please do not consider that I am insincere or selfish for having done this, or that I put that strawberry idea into my wife’s head; ask her, she’ll tell you very quick

that I am “both a good and affectionate little hubby,” and fly at your face, too, if you don’t believe her, at that.

The only trouble about the arrangement with my friend, who lived at Chester, was his insisting on my driving down with him that far, he having just bought a new team. This was not a very pleasant anticipation on a crisp January morning; yet all disagreeable apprehensions vanished with the smoke of our cigars, as we stood on the porch next morning, his new mare pawing the curbstone, impatient to be off, while my wife, sincerely cheerful, stood by to give us a send-off with one of her lovely smiles.

Whiz-z-z! and away we went without the crack of the whip, the mare seeming to drink in the very life of the morning, clear, sharp, and gloriously beautiful as it was, with the bright sun lending the winter landscape a pure and cheerful glow. The mare also seemed to take kindly to her master; certainly her heart was full of high-spirited delight, and in full sympathy with our own. Down through the streets of West Philadelphia at a spanking pace, and out the Darby Road neck and neck for an instant with the trains of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, which in quick succession glided past us at fifty miles an hour, the railroad running exactly parallel with the turnpike as far as Paschallville.

“This style of travelling is pretty nice in fine weather,” I remarked to my friend.

“Yes; with good roads,” he replied.

“Good roads, humph! You know what I call a good road, my dear fellow?”

“Well, Bones,” he answered, with a smile, taking his cue from my manner, “what am a good road?”

“De railroad, sah.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed my friend; but suddenly breaking off, resumed, “but to be serious, that’s the best railroad over there you ever came across. Why, they carry all these people, from six to eight miles around here, into town and out, as many times each day as desired, for less than one round trip on the street cars. See, there’s Mount Moriah on your left; we will soon be in Bonaffon, nearly five miles out, the commutation ticket to which is only twenty-eight dollars a year—as many trips as you please, understand—for a little over fifty cents a week. Why, I only pay a

the rate of a dollar a week from Chester, which is thirteen miles off," asserted my friend.

"There's some difference, too, I think, between riding in a warm, comfortable car, with a seat to yourself, and being sandwiched in one of those jolly refrigerators that never are full," I suggested.

"You've hit it; I'd rather ride twenty miles on a train, than one on a street car. The time is a little different, too," he added; "I am as near the city at Chester as you are in West Philadelphia."

"That's one reason, I suppose, there are so many modern residences hereabouts, as well as the many comfortable-looking little villages," I rejoined.

"Exactly so; and they are a paying investment whether a man lives in them or not, are easily rented, or he can get his money back at any time. I put one up last summer at Ridley Park, one of the most liberal-spirited places in the shape of a suburban town on the continent, and what do you think that the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad did by way of encouragement? Well, sir, they transported all the lumber and material for me from the city at just half price; and more than that, they gave me a yearly ticket over their road, to and from Philadelphia, for every thousand dollars my house cost; they gave me three, or one for three years, which was all the same, my house having cost me three thousand dollars."

"You astonish me; will they do that for everybody?"

"Everybody just the same; no partiality," he replied.

"Pon my honor! I've got a little sum snugged away, which I think I'll hurry and invest along the line, too, for when this thing once becomes generally known, prices will hop up like pop-corn. Its queer I never knew of this before."

"Well, now you know it, take advantage of it while you may," he retorted.

We passed on through the old town of Darby, where many fine residences crown the surrounding hills; through Sharon Hill, Norwood, Ridley

Park, and down towards the river and on to Chester, where we finally arrived at a very seasonable hour.

What interested me along the whole route quite as much as the improvements noted, was the splendid view of the Delaware had from the high range of hills, which seems to extend with a margin of low land along the river bank all the way from West Philadelphia to Chester—this undulating trend of high and salubrious country, immediately accessible to the railroad affording to my speculative eye as many charming villa sites, pretentious or unpretentious, and unoccupied, as are already adorned with picturesque homes.

My friend kindly furnishing me some views of



LAMOKIN DEPOT.

prominent residences, picturesque stations and scenery along the road, I am enabled to favor the readers of the MONTHLY with some faint idea of them through illustrations, and I know that my friend will readily recognize them when he gets his copy of "Potter's."

While my friend drove home to make his preparations for our trip down the Peninsula, I sallied out to pay a visit to Mr. John Roach's famous shipyard and the several other points of interest in this cosy little town. As the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, which is the connecting link between the great railroad systems of the North and South, rush through on their double tracks, not less than forty trains a day, there was no hurry or fear of missing a train upon our part.

We met at the station as previously agreed upon, though our watches disagreed upon comparing the time. We fell into an amicable dispute over the question as to which was right. It was only a

matter of one minute, yet a matter of moment, nevertheless, when you take into account that the



TASKER IRON WORKS.

trains on this road are run to a second "on time."

We agreed to refer the matter to the clock in the depot, which is always right. That august

measurer of time settled our dispute in a very summary manner. It warned us to take to our heels in double quick time if we wanted to take that train, which we did, to the evident amusement of the news-stand man and the apple woman, and just boarded it as it was getting slightly under way.

We immediately secured ourselves seats in one of those luxurious cars so truly suggestive of an elegant drawing-room. This one was heated to the temperature of a mild spring day, and sufficiently warm to force upon us a comfortable comparison with the sharp, cold weather without; not that oppressive or enervating heat so common to cars, however, but an atmosphere of pure, sweet air, such as only perfect ventilation can supply.

"These cars run mighty easy," my friend exclaimed, settling himself in his seat for a comfortable nap, rendered practical by a perfect absence of that disturbing element of uneasy motion, so exasperating to the weary and apprehensive traveller on most roads. The rails of this route seemed to have been smoothed over as carefully as some dear old spinster smooths the least little creases out of her well-worn black and only silk, making the train run as easy as if it were a ship gliding down greased ways to be launched in the sea.

"Wil-ming-ton!" shouted a train hand, slamming the door.

"Sand-wiches!" sings out a brown-faced boy, as he opened it again.

The duet completely broke up the cat-nap of my friend.

"I'll have a sandwich, anyhow," he doggedly exclaimed.

"My dear fellow, don't; it will spoil your dinner," I suggested.

"Sp-o-il my dinner—tah! what's two or three little sandwiches but an appetizer!"

"I dare say," I sneered (dear reader, were you ever the least bit dyspeptic?) "I remember travelling once with a Camdenite, who was on a very long journey to Baltimore, and who thought the same; but he complained, after swallowing a round dozen of them, that his appetite wasn't a bit sharper than before," I remarked to my friend.

"Didn't he go it a little too strong, old fellow?" he retorted.

"It strikes me you're going it pretty strong at

that beverage you've got there," I was compelled to observe. "I suppose you got the sandwiches to lay a kind of foundation, eh!"

"Didn't have any coffee this morning, you see; take a nip, won't you?"

I took a nip merely out of complaisance, gratefully remembering what a satisfactory feature it is in the management of this road, to have refreshment saloons at convenient stations, as there is at Wilmington, where thirsty or hungry travellers can satisfy themselves with a variety of fresh-cooked seasonable food at moderate charges, thus doing away with hampers and haversacks full of cold meat, stale bread, sticky jelly, and old newspapers, sans napkins, knives, forks or spoons.

"This Wilmington is a lively town," said my friend. "We must make a stop here on our way back."

"My friend from Camden seemed to think it a lively place," I was interested to remark. "I remember when we were lighting our cigars after a very satisfactory lunch we took together here, his poking me exuberantly and confidently in the ribs, and saying, in a whisper, 'I tell you, this place did a power of blockade-running during the war,' and then slyly winked, indicating as much as though he could tell me a secret or two about those dark and underground doings were he so inclined."

"Very probable; for you know our patriotic stay-at-homes all went into making money out of the necessities," my friend replied.

Soon after leaving Wilmington we reached Delaware Junction, from which point the Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad branches off from the main line, and we enter the famous Peninsula. On every side we have presented to our sight a wide and open vista, here and there dotted with farm-houses and out-buildings, many of them of a high order of architecture, and all of them showing a degree of comfort and coziness creditable to the honest yeomanry of our agricultural communities. Aside from this feature of the passing landscape there is nothing very striking to meet the eye, and it becomes somewhat monotonous for the time being.

"There is New Castle," exclaimed my friend, pointing out of the window at his side. Following the direction, I discovered we were rapidly approaching what appeared to me, at that dis-

tance, to be considerable of a business place, as also a manufacturing point.

"What sort of a place is it?" I asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, New Castle has been a quiet, sleepy old place of about two thousand inhabitants for many a long year. A land grant from William Penn has yielded income enough to pay the modest municipal expenses, so there have been no town taxes, and the people have mostly inherited property enough to live upon in comfort. Conservatism has here found a stronghold, and the manners, methods and appearances of the last century have been perpetuated to our later days," he informed me. "Those extensive works you see over there are the great Tasker Iron Works of the Messrs. Morris, Tasker & Co., formerly of Philadelphia, but removed to this place several



STATION AT NEW CASTLE.

years ago," he resumed; "and these works, since they have been established here, have added hundreds of busy mechanics to its population, and the town is beginning to wake up, and bids fair to become in course of time an active and growing place."

These remarks passed as we made our brief halt at the station.

"All aboard!" from the conductor, and we were soon moving along again at our flying pace, passing in successive order State Road, the Bear, and Rodney, unimportant stations, and arriving in due season at Kirkwood. This is the centre of a rich farming and dairy country, and where the peach district begins, my friend informed me, and from which large quantities of peaches are annually shipped; no less than ninety thousand baskets having been shipped from this point in a single year.

Mount Pleasant, four miles below, is soon reached. This is also a great peach-growing



PEACH WAGONS AT MIDDLETOWN DEPOT

my friend says is only second to Middletown, the next station below. The surrounding country here

is highly improved, and the many fine orchards, with their rows of trees in perspectives as far as the eye can reach, are truly a sight worth gazing on.

The next station is Middletown, a place of some importance, and distant about twenty-five miles from Wilmington.

"At this point you are within the limits of the far-famed peach-growing district, and a pleasanter scene of activity you can hardly imagine than that at this depot on a fair day in the peach season," remarked my friend.

"Ten minutes for refreshments!" yelled the train-hand, as the train came to a halt.

"Yes, that reminds me. I want to stretch my limbs a little, anyway. Let's us out and take a lunch," exclaimed my friend.

"Hah! hah! you want another appetizer for your dinner, do you?" I said, laughingly.

In the depot here we found a most excellent restaurant, and where almost anything that the hungry palate could crave might be found to order. Friend and I gauged ourselves for a ten minutes' diet, and I am free to say came out "on time," the conductor's signal to start being passed as we resumed our seats. Duly fortified with a good cigar each, we settled ourselves in our seats to enjoy the utmost comfort and relaxation of spirits compatible with our position and feelings.

"By Jove, Fred, this is travelling after a fashion. What more in the way of comforts could a traveller ask than this?" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! don't go off the handle, now," replied Fred, restrainedly. "If you had travelled over roads that I have travelled over, you might well go into ecstasy over this. Did you ever travel over a corduroy road?" he asked.

"No; and if they are anything like what they have been represented to me, I certainly don't want to, either," I replied.

"Well, I have travelled over a corduroy road in the old-fashioned leather spring coach a distance of twenty-two miles, on one of the darkest and most dismal nights imaginable, consuming over five hours' time to make the distance, and I have travelled on some railroads, too, that were but an improved order of corduroy roads; so if you have not had such an experience in your lifetime you cannot appreciate this as I do."

"True, pard; but what did you do for an appetizer on the corduroy road, allow me to ask?"

"That was one of the discomforts of my corduroy experience, and hence I can appreciate these model conveniences so much better, you see."

"Town-send!" yelled the train hand.

Unconsciously we had glided over four miles more of the road, and had reached Townsend, the next point on the road.

This part of the Peninsula, known as the Eastern Shore, is cut up by the waters of the Chesapeake into a series of minor peninsulas, the estuaries and streams marking the most important divisions being the Elk River, the Chester, the Choptank, the Nanticoke and the Pocomoke Rivers. Each of these divisions is provided with its own railroad, extending from a terminal point on or near the Chesapeake Bay to a connection with the main trunk line.

A glance at the map will show that the peculiarly advantageous topography of the country has been improved in laying out the railroads, so that over almost the entire area of the Eastern Shore the farms can be within reach of the railroad on the one hand and the water on the other. Two such roads come in at Townsend.

Over the Townsend Branch road runs the Kent County road, which at the present terminates at Chestertown, the old shire-town of Kent County, and the Queen Anne and Kent Road, which runs to Centreville, the county-seat of Queen Anne. The stations on these roads are generally about four miles apart. Many of them are pleasant villages and towns, with from two to three hundred to as many thousand inhabitants. They are often characterized by a broad main street, bordered by handsome old gardens, with large, comfortable residences in their midst.

Transfers having been made with these connecting roads, we soon steam ahead and pass two small stations, Blackbird and Green Spring, way-stations only, and arrive at Clayton, the next prominent station and point along the Delaware Division. Here we find two more branch roads; the one to the east leading to Smyrna, a beautiful town of twenty-one hundred inhabitants, a rich and substantial bank, and three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Protestant Episcopal.

The other branch to the west is the Maryland

and Delaware Division, running southwest fifty-four miles through Caroline and Talbot Counties, Maryland, to Easton, a bright, clean, cheerful place, still keeping its old-time mansions, but keeping them in good condition. It has a population of twenty-one hundred. Oxford, eleven miles beyond Easton, and on the Chesapeake Bay, is the terminus of this road.

There is nothing in or about Clayton to give it any distinguishing prominence outside of that given it by the railroad connections, yet the time will come when even this prominence must attract towards it that energy and business enterprise so much needed to build up and enliven a community.



DOVER STATION.

Reader, my friend is soundly sleeping, all oblivious of his pleasant surroundings! Perchance he is dreaming of appetizers and corduroy roads!

Well, we shall not disturb him. Rather let us continue our observations alone for the brief moments we shall have afforded us before reaching Dover, our first stopping-off place. This is forty-seven and a half miles from Wilmington, and is the capital of the State of Delaware.

We are gliding along with the ever same unvarying movement, now and then our ears pierced by the shrill whistle of the iron horse as he whirls us along, signaling his coming or warning against the approaching danger of crossing his pathway. On past Brenford, a small way-station, and soon after Moorton, another, and we are making for Dover. Soon the spires of the town become visible, and before many minutes more the town looms into full view. A sharp, shrill whistle from

the iron-throated horse, and we experience the application of the brake power, followed by the



PENINSULA PEACH ORCHARD.

gradual slowing-up of the train as it approaches the depot.

"Do-ver!" yells the irrepressible train hand, followed by a slamming-to of the door.

"The deuce you say!" exclaims my partner, as he landed upon his feet. "Is this Dover already? Why, I must have been sleeping pretty sound."

"I should rather think you had," I replied, nonchalantly. "Did you get your nap out?" I inquired.

"Ya-as!" he drawled out, as he made for the door.

"Where are you going?" I exclaimed, as we were passing along the platform, or piazza rather, of the beautiful depot building, and observing my friend making rapid strides ahead. "You seem to be in a deuce of a hurry all at once."

"That nap has given me an appetite, and I am going to have something to tone up on," he replied, as he moved ahead.

We "toned up," as a matter of course, it being my rule to humor my friend in all respects.

Dover is the capital of the State of Delaware, and is a pretty and flourishing town of some nineteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants. It contains some very tasty and handsome buildings, the residences of its leading citizens being perfect models of coziness and comfort. The churches, five in number, Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal, present very striking pictures of beautiful simplicity in architecture. Two banks, a fine, new court-house and the old state-house building, lately improved, also add materially to the appearance of the town.

There is also here, and the first of the kind we have seen since entering the Peninsula, a large canning establishment for the canning of fruits and berries, which has grown up, we are informed, within the past few years, expanding from small beginnings to the extent of the present buildings, an illustration of which we give in the accompanying engraving. This industry of the Peninsula is none the least important and promising. Every year the growers of fruit and berries are realizing more fully the special benefits and advantages to be derived from this particular industry, and we do not hesitate a prediction that with the growing influx of Northern men and Northern energy a few short years will place it far ahead of the other industries on the Peninsula.

We were very favorably impressed with the general appearance of the capital of "the little State," and more particularly with the warm and very cordial reception received at the hands of

the several residents with whom we came in contact during our stay. We noticed while here also the evidence of what Northern energy can do and is doing for this section of country. We speak

beautifully moulded hills of bold, round outline, rising several hundred feet above tide-water, the lower limit of these counties to the extremity of the Peninsula presents an entirely different scenery

—a comparatively level country or table land, gently sloping east and west towards either bay from an elevated strip of land several miles in breadth, to which the name of water-shed or dividing ridge is not inaptly applied. The characteristics of the Peninsula scenery here begin to exhibit themselves—old farm-houses of stone or brick, spacious gardens and orchards, frequent hedges, smooth, rich fields, and the lush, billowy green of deciduous woods. The undula-



CANNING ESTABLISHMENT.

now of the surrounding country. The beautiful homesteads, barns and outbuildings, excellent fences, and finely cultivated fields on all sides, only too plainly attest the fact that Northern men and experienced farmers have settled here. This characteristic energy has also given the impulse to the business to be observed here.

But our stay at Dover at length found an end, and we again take passage on a south-bound train; this time for Crisfield, the southern terminus of the road.

"Now, for a ninety-mile ride!" said Fred., as we made ourselves comfortable in our parlor coach.

"How many naps do you propose to take in that distance?" I calmly asked.

"Well, that depends—on the number of—appetizers, I presume, pardner," Fred. replied.

The train proceeds on its way, and we are again at our post of rail-observation. We note that while the northern part of the Peninsula, in Upper Cecil and New Castle Counties, is characterized by the unevenness of its surface and

tions of the soil become gentler, and there is no longer a valley of distinct outline. The streams, instead of a busy, active flow, loiter along the channels. The land spreads out to a level horizon,



WYOMING DEPOT.

and the sky assumes the vastness and distance which it wears on the prairies, except that a soft, pearly gleam around its edges denotes the nearness of water.

"Wy-o-ming!" hails the train hand this time.

Here we find another very handsome depot, as also a miniature lake, and a collection of neat frame cottages. The vicinity of this station is noted, my friend informs me, for its fine soil, adapted to fruits and vegetables of all kinds, and large quantities of which are raised and shipped annually. We make but a brief halt, and are soon under way again. A run of eight miles more, and we run into Felton, a quiet town of apparently about four to five hundred inhabitants. Its main street, a view of which accompanies our article, presents a very charming and picturesque scene. It has two churches, Methodist and Presbyterian, as also several manufacturing establishments, which latter gives the place a somewhat spirited appearance.

"There must be some Northern settlers here, Fred., certainly, or there wouldn't be quite so much activity visible," I ventured to remark to my companion as I took a hasty glance over the place during the few brief moments the train halted at the station.

"Oh, yes; you can find quite a number of them here," he replied; and continuing, remarked, that "it is very readily to be seen what influence these Northern settlers are bringing to bear on the future welfare and prosperity of this section of the country."

"How do you account for this, Fred.?" I asked.

"Well, as a class they are more thrifty by nature, inured to work, their sense of manhood does not degrade them in their own estimation by laboring with their own strong arms at whatever their inclination may lead them to. Such is not the case with those to the manor born. Born and reared in luxury, they have grown up in the belief that theirs was a race above menial work. That work belonged to servants alone. These in times past have been the negroes who, at best, were but a worthless and shiftless set; without

incentive to accumulation their indolence became chronic. Do you wonder that a country such as this should retrograde under such influences? No! it is the pluck and the characteristic energy of the Northern arm, backed by its spirited coadjutors, public and private enterprise, that will and must eventually regenerate and reinvigorate this country. It is only a question of time, mark me, when it will become the paradise of this country, its great garden spot," he warmly asserted.

"Yes; I have no doubt that wherever such men settle, they soon produce a visible and marked



STREET IN FELTON.

change for the better in the general appearance of their surroundings," I assented; "but do you think that the inducements offered towards securing this class of settlers, are sufficient to warrant your prediction, Fred.?"

"Why not? Aside from every other consideration, are not the advantages of its geographical position, in this respect unequalled by any other part of the United States, an important inducement? On one side resting on the ocean, on the other reposing on the Chesapeake Bay, the largest and most beautiful in the world, intersected by rivers, or rather arms of the bay, every few miles, affording at all seasons of the year a safe, cheap and speedy conveyance to market. Placed within a circle, as it were, surrounded by the great cities

of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, all ready and willing consumers of its varied agricultural productions; are these not sufficient considerations to weigh favorably with any settler? Then there is the character of its soil, and the means at hand for its improvement; its variety affording an opportunity for the cultivation of every kind of grain, fruit or grass which the climate of this latitude will admit of. Some of its soils are peculiarly adapted to the growth of wheat; others raise the finest crops of corn; its fruits, particularly peaches, you know, are equal to the best in the country; and its capacity for growing grass will render it a fine grazing country. It has an abundance of the finest timber, particularly white oak, pine and cypress. In many places there are also extensive deposits of bog-iron ore, easily obtained, and several of the largest of chrome ore in the world. One great and valuable feature, too, of this country, is the abundance and variety of its resources for agricultural improvements. On many of the rivers there are large deposits of Indian shell-banks, capable of affording many millions of bushels of the purest lime, to say nothing of the numerous deposits of very rich shell and green sand marl. I speak thus specifically, because you are in the position that the great masses of the outside world find themselves—totally ignorant of the grand inducements that Nature holds out so temptingly right here in this Peninsula."

"Pardon me, Fred., but what place is that?" I asked, pointing ahead.

"That is Harrington," he replied. "Although a place of very little attraction to recommend it, it nevertheless has the advantage of a railroad centre; it has a branch road terminating there, which connects it with Milford, Georgetown and Lewes, and called the Junction and Breakwater Railroad."

The arrival at and departure from Harrington occupied but a brief space of time, and we were once more on the wing. After making some stray

comments of very little moment on several objects that attracted our attention as we passed beyond the town, I turned to my companion and said:

"Now go on with your string of *inducements* just where you left off when I interrupted you."

"I believe I was referring to the character of its soil, was I not?" he asked.

"You were, at the time, alluding to its numerous deposits of very rich shell and green sand marl, I think."

"Well, in some of the counties this green sand marl contains a large percentage of gypsum, and the shell marls from forty to seventy-six per cent.



GOVERNOR ROSS'S RESIDENCE.

of air-slacked lime. These can be obtained with the greatest facility too, being sometimes within a few feet of the surface, in fact sometimes cropping out upon it. So you see, that Nature itself supplies the husbandman here with excellent fertilizers ready to hand."

"I find an impression current, that this is a very unhealthy section of country, however," I broke in upon him. "If this be so, would it not more than offset all these inducements to settlement here you have named?"

"The most absurd idea in the world! There is no more truth in that statement than there is in the deduction that black is white. So far as my knowledge extends, and it is not inconsiderable, either, I venture to assert there is no more healthy section anywhere than this. True, there

plaints, whose troubles have been relieved and whose lives have been prolonged by making it their home.

"Hello, Fred., whose place is that?" I asked, hurriedly, as we passed on the east of the road a model farm and beautiful residence.

"That is ex-Governor William Ross's place, and a most charming one, too," my companion replied. "We are now near Seaford, and as you have taken very good care to keep me out of a nap in a nineteen-mile run, I propose that we lay over the subject of our discourse long enough to secure an appetizer."

"Ha! ha! ha! Fred., I am afraid that if this climate has the same effect on all persons it has on you, it must truly be a wholesome one," I laughingly replied.

"Ah! pardner, the very idea of those large luscious bivalves, just fresh from the cove, and awaiting our coming, is enough to start any man's appetite. Oysters, like oranges, to be properly relished, must be tackled at the source, you know. You are now approaching the homes of the jolly

oyster, and you can prepare yourself to pitch in, or rather I should say to pitch them in."

"Sea-ford!" from the train hand, and we are in the thrifty, growing town of some thirteen hundred inhabitants, situated on the north bank of the Nanticoke River.

We seek the bivalves and lay in our first supply from the half-shell. Ha! what a luxury. Large and luscious, and so tempting as they lay before us. But for a moment only; the next they were gloriously tickling our palate. Ye gods, what a feast!

"Stop!" yelled Fred., as the attendant set up the last half-shell of the second dozen; "we won't have time to shovel down any more before the train starts."

Fortunately we had one minute to spare. This

we spent in walking the length of the train and taking an observation of the town. Its principal industries are several oyster-packing establishments, a large sash factory and planing mill, and a considerable trade in lime. Here branches off the Dorchester and Delaware Railroad, which runs a circuitous route for thirty-three miles to Cambridge, a delightful town of some sixteen hundred and fifty inhabitants, and situated on the south side of the Choptank.

"Time!" exclaims Fred.; "I see the conductor signaling the engineer."



MAIN STREET, PRINCESS ANNE.

"All aboard!" from the conductor, and we are off again.

"Those oysters don't set right, pardner. I am thinking there are some that havn't reached bottom yet," dryly remarked Fred., and suggested, as he reached for his satchel, that a little *eau de vie* was required to wash them down.

The panacea was produced, and a suitable dose administered; but as in my case the bivalves had met with no serious obstructions, the *eau de vie* had simply been taken to add a zest to their proper digestion.

"Have a cigar?" handing me a prime Key West.

"Thank you, sir;" and I damaged a match. With both cigars lighted, and ourselves once more comfortably fixed in our seats, I turned to Fred.

with a, "Well, now proceed. The meeting stands called to order once more."

"By the way, pardner, I think that you will perfectly agree with me, that appearances so far indicate that what I have said on the subject of health is borne out by the facts. I have not claimed im-

Peninsula precede those of New York nearly four weeks, and those of New Jersey more than two weeks. More labor is thus possible, and not only this, but labor is rendered more profitable, because it can be directed to such things as can be sold at once for a profit, and not expended in lessening

the inconveniences of a cold, inhospitable climate. In the Northern and Western States large quantities of hay and roots are raised simply to be consumed in carrying stock through long, dreary winters, while the labor and land requisite for this can be appropriated on the Peninsula to the cultivation of crops convertible immediately into money."

"Lau rel!" announces the train hand.

From this place, our companion informs us, are shipped immense quantities of small fruits annually; as high as fifty thousand quarts of strawberries being loaded here in one

day last season. The place itself does not present a very striking appearance, and possesses no particular industry worth noting outside of its shipping facilities. Its population is about one thousand.

"You say that the soil is peculiarly adapted for fruits of every description, Fred.; how is it as regards the production of the cereals, such as wheat, corn, oats, etc.?" I inquired.

"Every valuable crop that can be grown at the North or West succeeds equally well in some portions, and many of them in the greatest perfection. Wheat of the finest quality, corn, oats, with sorghum and the cultivated grasses, all growing in the greatest perfection; market and garden vegetables—peas, tomatoes, asparagus, white and sweet potatoes of great excellence, maturing very early in the season, and thus securing the highest prices. It is here as elsewhere; some land being by its very nature better adapted for certain products than others; yet, by proper cultivation, even this can be remedied in time," he replied, in answer to my question on this point.

"Del-mar!" announced the train hand, and



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PRINCESS ANNE.

munity by any means, yet I do assert that this climate, with its temperature modified and regulated by the large surrounding surface of water, preventing sudden and excessive changes, makes this Peninsula decidedly a more desirable settlement than that of the far West, with its rigorous winters and their accompanying discomforts. Here the winters are short and mild, the mercury rarely falling to zero, and the earth seldom freezing many inches in depth, or remaining frozen long at a time; hence farming operations, such as plowing and preparing the ground for crops, may be carried on in the winter months, unless in some exceptional cases. The summers, on the other hand, are long and pleasant, giving abundant time for the culture and growth of all kinds of grain, vegetables, fruits and flowers; therefore you must perceive the advantages such a climate as this possesses are important, not only in the personal comfort and physical enjoyment it affords, but also in its pecuniary benefits. It allows a longer time for cultivating the soil, attended by fewer interruptions, than in a colder and more rigid climate. You are well aware that the seasons of the central and lower

we are at the terminus of the Delaware road. This place is immediately on the line of Delaware and Maryland, and takes its name from the first syllables of those words—Del and Mar. Here we cross, without change of cars, over to the rails of the Eastern Shore Railroad, and enter Wicomico County, Maryland, reaching, after a short run, Salisbury, the principal business town of the Peninsula, situated at the head of the Wicomico River, and having a large and flourishing trade in corn and lumber. It contains a population of over two thousand; has seven churches, representing the leading denominations, two hotels, three weekly newspapers, several large steam-planing and saw-mills, with two valuable water-powers, used by flouring mills. The soil surrounding the town is admirably adapted to the growth of small fruits. Strawberries appear to be the leading staple, being extensively cultivated, and at a large profit.

Here also is the junction of the Wicomico and Pocomoke Railroad, which runs east twenty-three miles to Berlin, whence it forms another junction with the Worcester Railroad, running to Snow Hill, fourteen miles beyond.

Leaving Salisbury we proceed on down the Eastern Shore Road.

"What, if any, improvement has there been made in the general prosperity of this section within the past ten years?" I again ventured to ask my companion (you see, dear reader, I had to keep him a-going, otherwise he would have got that nap, sure).

"Take the statistics, and you have it before you in black and white. Take the cultivation of small fruit, such as strawberries, blackberries and raspberries, for instance—their cultivation is rapidly growing, and the increase in their production for the last three years has been enormous. In 1873 there were shipped from the Peninsula to New York and Philadelphia by rail about six million quarts, which cleared on an average ten cents per quart, thus giving the growers, after paying the expense of picking and freight, an aggregate of six hundred thousand dollars from this source alone.

This business, together with that of raising vegetables, bids fair to become a larger interest than the growing of peaches. The very best evidence of improvement is in the increase in traffic shown by the reports of the railroad.

The increase from 1870 to 1875 in number of cars of peaches and berries shipped was four hundred and thirty-two, and from 1870 to 1878 was six hundred and forty-four, or a little more than three times the same quantity. Doesn't this show a very decided improvement?"

"Well, Fred., I should think it did."

"And the improvement does not alone show itself in these productions. There is an immense increase to be noted in almost every industry throughout the Peninsula. Take your jolly friend, the oyster, for a further illustration. The extent of the oyster beds of the Peninsula is about three hundred and seventy-three square miles, which gives employment to more than ten thousand hands afloat. Besides six hundred dredging vessels, averaging twenty-three tons each, there are two thousand canoes which take about five bushels each daily by tongs during seven months of the year. The product in 1869 was computed at not less than ten million bushels, worth in first hands five million dollars. The increase is fully twenty-five per cent., the product in 1874 being at least twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. How is that for improvement?"

"I should say, Fred., it was a capital showing,



RESIDENCE OF E. B. COOK, ESQ., WESTOVER.

and speaks well for the future of this Peninsula," I replied, just as "Princess-Anne!" escaped from the throat of that irrepressible train hand.

"Now here is what I denominate a happy little town. It isn't very large, yet it possesses a cer-

tain charm that is really captivating. There is that gentility about its people, its buildings and



STRAWBERRY-PICKING AT WESTOVER.

grounds, that truly commends it to notice at first sight," ventured Fred.

"It is really a very pretty place," I found

myself saying, before I was really aware of the fact that I had seen the whole of it. It has the same fine old main street which we have noticed as characteristic of most Peninsula towns. The Episcopal Church, a representation of which accompanies this article, is one of the oldest in this country, the organization dating back to 1670. The town is situated near the centre of Somerset County, and is surrounded by a country full of resources that when fairly developed must contribute largely to its prosperity and growth. The soil is generally light loam, warm, quick, and easily tilled, and the climate is so mild that outdoor work can be carried on with very little interruption all winter, plowing in December and January being quite common.

Below Princess Anne a few miles is the junction of the Worcester and Somerset Railroad, which extends nine miles to Newtown, a busy and enterprising town on the Pocomoke River. Just below the junction of the Worcester and Somerset Railroad, and on the Eastern Shore Road, the one we are journeying upon, we strike a section of the Peninsula that deserves something more than a mere passing notice at my hands. This is Westover and its vicinity. Here is a cluster of estates that fairly illustrate what the Peninsula formerly was, and what it now is and is destined to be. They lie near an estuary of Tangier Sound, and have every advantage of transportation, boating, fishing, oyster-planting, etc., that access to Chesapeake Bay can give. Westover, originally the largest estate, contains seven hundred and fifty acres. The neighboring estates are Arlington, six hundred and thirty-six acres, and Workington, three hundred and thirteen acres. Arlington has forty-seven acres devoted to strawberries; thirty-three acres to blackberries; six acres to asparagus; fifteen acres to early truck; also two thousand cherry trees, ten thousand peach trees, and one thousand pear and apple trees. The remainder of the tilth is regularly farmed with corn, wheat and grass. The other estates are similarly divided. No finer, cleaner or more thrifty growths can be found on this continent than the handsome orchards on these places. Nor are there any pleasanter, more interesting scenes of rural industry than these strawberry fields, with two hundred and fifty pickers singing in full chorus, the sweet quaint melodies of the South. The grand old houses on these places are of brick imported

from England more than a century ago. The interior woodwork was got out in England, much of it being carved oak, from trees, perhaps, that grew in the forests of Sherwood or Nottingham. In the days of the patriarchal institution these estates supported a population of possibly five hundred negroes each.

The proprietary families lived in manorial style, expending, as a rule, something more each year than the income of the property.

Since the war these domains have changed hands, the old owners retiring with the old order of things, and making way for the new. Now the lands are cultivated by the best known methods, with foresight, economy, intelligence and skill. With the use of machinery and half the number of hands formerly employed, the soil is yielding royal revenues, and is improving every year besides. My friend Fred. informed me that a gentleman who owns and cultivates one of these estates cleared net twenty per cent. on an investment of thirty-five thousand dollars.

"The Peninsula is, so to speak, in a transition state, and property is consequently depressed in value; but after the real estate passes into hands capable of developing it in accordance with modern methods, its worth will undoubtedly be greater than ever before," was the opinion expressed by Fred.

"After all, then, the material point to be impressed upon the minds of those seeking new homes, as to this most favored section of country, aside from the inducements already mentioned, is that of their present depressed valuation, as well as the extremely favorable terms upon which they can be purchased, I presume, Fred.," was my reply.

"Yes; and the sooner they avail themselves of the opportunity the more likely will they be to reap some of the excellent bargains in real estate now offered. It won't be so many years, I know," he rejoined.

We pass Kingston, Marion and Hopewell, small stations, and are now on the last quarter, making for Crisfield, the terminus of our trip, a distance of one hundred and sixty-six miles from Philadelphia, our starting point.

Reader, please notice that Fred. has not had a single nap yet; my shrewdness has been too much for him. I cannot say that much on the score of naps, however, his supply being inexhaustible.

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If I could have kept him talking continually, I might have choked off the "naps" at the same



time. But with all his faults he is nevertheless a good travelling companion, a hale fellow, well met, and one who is better than any traveller's

guide-book I have yet seen published. Deal gently with him, kind reader, as I have done, and assure yourselves there are many worse men in the world than he, even if he is a bachelor.

Well, here we are at last! The train hand, poor fellow! glad no doubt that he has got to the end of the list, standing at the coach door ready to announce the last at the proper time. Fred. and I make for the door so as to gain the lead of the impatiently waiting passengers, who are likewise preparing traps preparatory to an exit. The looked for cry of "Cris-field!" comes from the man at last, and we step out and down.

have for your supper?" came from the host, as we returned to the office, after having done the honors of the toilet.

"Well," says Fred., "I'll have, to begin with, some panned, a dozen fried, and a half-dozen of the large coves, a cup of strong coffee, and Graham bread."

I looked at him in perfect astonishment.

"To begin with! Why, what in the name of all the saints are you going to end with?" I exclaimed.

"Boiled crabs, if there are any left after you get through," he coolly rejoined.



IRON SHIPBUILDING WORKS, WILMINGTON.

"Now, Fred., let's to the hotel and overhaul our wardrobe," says I.

To the hotel we repaired, and where, I am pleased to say, we found most excellent accommodations and a cordial reception at the hands of one of Crisfield's most courteous and obliging hotel men. It was not our own Continental, it is true; but nevertheless none the less cheering and inviting to the tired-out traveller. The host could not be improved upon in any respect; he was affability personified, and closely studied the wants and comforts of his guests at all hours. His was the type of hospitality so generally characteristic of this section, and which leaves at all times the most favorable impressions upon the minds of guests.

"Gentlemen, what would you be pleased to

"That's cool, I must confess. You can make my supper somewhat lighter than my friend's—simply a panned, and a half-dozen fried," I said, in answer to the host's question.

It is needless to say that Fred. and myself were soon seated at the *table de hôte*, and enjoying a most capital feast. Talk of your oysters in Philadelphia! They cannot compare with the fresh cove just taken from his element. Fat? It is hardly expressive enough; it is simply indescribable in epicurean literature.

As space will hardly permit me to refer "to the uncles, the aunts and the cousins" we called upon, nor the little episodes and incidents that occurred in our brief visit, I must ask the reader to accept as an excuse for such an omission, the fact that Fred. is a bachelor, and such little peccadillos are

hardly of sufficient interest to be made public property of. Suffice it to say, that we spent a delightful evening among them, returning to the hotel at a very seasonable hour.

On the following morning we arose in good time, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, started out to do the town after the manner of tourists. We first directed our steps towards the Annapessex to have a look at the busy wharves of the town. Crisfield is the great oyster emporium of the Peninsula certainly, and is rapidly growing into an important town. Its situation, near the promontory of what is designated as the Nanticoke and Pocomoke sub-peninsula, gives it great advantages in relation to this trade. It is the point where the facilities of railroad transportation extend farthest toward the centre of the vast Oyster deposits that make the waters of the Chesapeake as valuable sources of wealth as the lands of the Peninsula. It is almost surrounded on all sides by the far-famed oyster beds of Tangier Sound, and the numerous fleet of dredging-vessels constantly seen in the offing bring into the busy wharves of the town their daily and hourly contributions, adding the value of their cargoes to the property of the community, to the traffic of the railroad, and to the food-supply of the country. The shipments by rail are heavy, amounting it is said to over ten thousand tons per annum.

Besides the oyster a heavy trade is also carried on in hard and soft crabs, terrapins and turtles, to say nothing of the fisheries of shad and herring, rock fish, sturgeon and others of the finny tribe which are caught at all seasons by traps, weirs, the seine or hook and line.

And game! Enough to make a Philadelphia ring politician's pulse beat faster than it ever did on an election night (reader that is, you know, when the thing isn't just certain), and of every variety; on land partridges, snipe, woodcock, wild pigeons, rabbits and squirrels; of water-fowl there are wild geese and ducks of the finest varie-

ties and most delicious flavors. And this variety of fish and game is not confined to merely one locality, but is diffused throughout every part of the Peninsula, and cannot be matched elsewhere either in the Old or the New World.

These advantages, and the trades growing out of them, produce an industry from which this town derives immense benefits. It gives it that general appearance of stir and activity so characteristic of our Northern towns. The improvements of the town are in many instances of fair pretensions, and its streets have a cleanly and picturesque appearance.

Returning to the hotel after making a tour of the town, we discussed the question as to the route we should take on our return home. Fred., feeling inclined to take a new route, suggested our taking the boat from this place to Baltimore. I did not admire the water route very much at this season of the year, but not disposed to set my wishes against my friend's, I gave in; and it was decided that we should take the next boat for Baltimore.

Our passage up the Chesapeake proved, contrary to my expectations, a most agreeable one. The weather was perfectly delightful, and the scenery ever presenting the most beautiful and charming. The change of transportation was a relief indeed to the eye, the mind and the body, especially the latter, as on the boat we are not circumscribed by the limits of a car seat.

Of our arrival at Baltimore, our stay there, and what we saw and did there, I need not rehearse. As I started out to tell you about the Peninsula, allow me to inform you that Baltimore is not "down on the Peninsula."

That we both arrived home sound and safe after making a pleasant run from Baltimore, thanks to the excellent accommodations of the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington Railroad, is assured, or the reader would certainly not be reading this account.

In front of the curtain is a glittering glory; behind it are the claptraps of the stage; such are the dreams and realities of life.

Does not the same bellman ring the same bell? then what makes the difference between wedding chiming and funeral tolling?

AFFLICTIONS only exercise the soul, so that it becomes more encouraged to nobler struggle in the arena of life.

OFTEN if we would only look from the night-shrouded valley of doubt, we could see the day-break lighting up the mountain-peaks of faith.

AMERICAN ART.

BY J. THORNTON WOOD.

"Art," says Cicero, "is of two kinds: that by which things are contemplated, and that by which they are produced." "Art," says Dr. Johnson, "is the power of doing something which is not taught by Nature or by instinct." "Art," says John Stuart Mill, "is the employment of the powers of Nature for an end." And each definition is enlarged or restricted according to the knowledge of its lexicographer. Limiting the whole definition and restricting it solely to the fine arts, it is clearly distinguished from Nature and from Science. In this category it may be classified as useful or fine. Architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music, with their accessories, are its peculiar exponents and developments; and it includes all which minister mainly to the human love of beauty. The residue belong rather to the class of useful than of fine arts, and are mechanical. Its laws are rather vague, and are not readily communicable, because they are not utilitarian. In sculpture it reproduces its subject in a solid form; in painting by configuration, light and color, whether of fresco or oil, on a plane surface. Hegel considered each art as representative of a period of civilization. Spencer considers an evolution. Time holds them to be a result of conditions.

Classifying the subject broadly, and counting many recesses, the fine arts have their genesis about 3000 B.C., and this early period lasts to 1000 B.C. Another term commences some six centuries later, and comes down to 1400 A.D., a term chiefly of architecture and painting. The renaissance is usually extended to 1600, when the modern period began. Back, however, so far as the middle of the fourteenth century, sculpture and architecture were divorced from one another and from painting, and since then the development has been special and natural, rather than common. Painting, whose influence, despite its perishable nature, are hardly second to any, and that is most usually intended in every reference to fine art, seems to have been originally employed as a kind of hieroglyphic or writing. It was certainly so used, and

intended to convey exact ideas, in the Theban temples, nineteen centuries B.C.; in Egypt generally, in Babylon, Chaldaea and Jerusalem, down to the sixth century B.C.; and was transported to Greece for this function, whence it has extended over Europe and the world. Greece gave it schools, those of Zenxis, Parrhasius and Apelles. From there it issued into Byzantium, whence it reentered Europe seven centuries later; and growing beneath the skill of Guido and Cimabue, and extending north, it found its perihelion under the labors of Giotto, sculptor and architect and painter, in the thirteenth century; under Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, Giorgione, Titian and Perugino in Italy; under Durer, Hans Holbein, Van Eyck and Matsys in Holland, followed a century later by Cuvn, Rubens, Rembrandt and Teniers; under Poussin and Claude Lorraine in France; under Murillo, Spagnoletto and Velasquez in Spain; under the revival caused in Italy by Salvator Rosa, Guido Reni and the Caracci the next century, which revival extended to France under Watteau in the seventeenth century, and under Ary Scheffer, David, Delacroix and Vernet in the nineteenth, to England under Kneller, Hogarth, Wilkie, Leslie and Gainsborough, when water-colors were originated, until now the German, Belgian, French, British, Italian and Spanish schools are all differentiated, and each has its special varieties.

This summary of art history excludes the Chinese, Japanese, Moorish and other schools; each of which has its resemblance to and difference from every other. It overlooks the demarcations between industrial or textile and pure art, and reaches its purpose in remarking the origin of art in this country with Benjamin West—1738-1820.

There was art in the Western Continent long before West's day. Its antiquity is beyond date. It was introduced with Columbus and Vespucci, and all who accompanied or followed them. It was taken into Mexico, Peru, Cuba and Central America in paintings of Christ, the Virgin, and other sacred themes, executed by Spanish and

Italian masters. It accompanied the earliest immigrants to Canada, Florida and Louisiana. But all this was artificial, evangelical and brief, as well as foreign; and the occasional altar-pieces and portraits of the saints now found with the signatures of European masters, rather show the termination than the dawn of European art on this continent. There was indeed something of this sort here, anterior to the arrival of Columbus, or even of Biorn and Eric. The stone monuments of Copan and Palenque; the elaborate carvings of western Peru and Chili; the undeciphered relics of Lake Titicaca; the marvels of Guatemala and Nicaragua, and the occasional remnants of statuary, painting and pottery found in the tumuli of our own country, show how varied and extensive this native art culture was. The civilized form of art here, however, has no period beyond West's day, a century ago. Thence it can be traced down through Leslie and Washington Allston to the middle of this century, when apparently we are to note a *novus ordo rerum*. This date may be too late. It is not to be overlooked that C. W. Peale and John Trumbull and Copley and Stuart were anterior. Still it is to be borne in mind that West and Leslie and Copley lived principally abroad, and are Europeans in their art lives; and it is also to be considered that in the beginning the practical demands of a new country and the *res angusta domi* were conjoined with the doctrines of Penn and the principles of the Puritans in hostility to art and art culture. While at the same time, fine examples of art, introduced by the settlers from every colony from Massachusetts to Mexico and Peru, stimulated native taste and directed original ability.

Omitting some unimportant essays, the first notable paintings in this country were executed by John Watson, from Scotland, in New Jersey; by John Smybert, of the same land, in Boston, and by one Williams, from England, in Philadelphia, in the first half of the last century. There, a portrait painter of South Carolina, classes with them, among the predecessors of Benjamin West. The latter, born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1732, received his first lessons in color from the Indians; visited Italy in 1753, by the aid of Governor Hamilton and Mr. Allan of Philadelphia, and not only surprised Cardinal Albani by his fair complexion, but won such British fame that he was able to refuse knighthood and yet gain a

grave in St. Paul's in 1820. He painted a "Christ Healing the Sick" for the Philadelphia Hospital, and a replica for the British Institute, and achieved an European reputation when Hogarth was dying. There is little vitality beneath his colors; but he had other merit than that of being the pioneer of American art, attested by his elevation to the presidency of the Royal Academy. J. S. Copley, the grandfather of Lord Lyndhurst, who died in London after much success in 1815; C. W. Peale, of Maryland, who died in 1827, after having founded the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Matthew Pratt, who studied with West in London, painted dukes and duchesses there and street signs after his return to this city in 1776, and service in the army; Gilbert Stuart, of Rhode Island, a philosopher in his calling, who studied with West, painted in Philadelphia and Washington, and died in Boston in 1828; John Trumbull, of Connecticut, another of West's pupils, who painted Adams and Jefferson and many notable Europeans between 1779 and 1789; Malbone, of Rhode Island, who died in Savannah in 1807, after having resided in London; Washington Allston, of South Carolina, whose "Dead Man Restored" was placed in the Philadelphia Academy in 1816, and whose many scriptural subjects adorn British galleries, glowing with Titian's colors; Henry Inman, who painted Chief-Justice Marshall and many others in Philadelphia about 1835, and Wordsworth, Macaulay, Chalmers, and their contemporaries in England, and dying in 1846, left a rare reputation for versatility and power; Cole, whose "Course of Empire" and "Voyage of Life" were painted after study in Europe, and who died in 1848; R. Peale, whose portraits of Colonel Bird and of Washington are familiar, and whose name preserved his name; C. W. Leslie, who copied Sir Thomas Lawrence's "West" for the Philadelphia Academy, and has left portraits of his friends Washington Irving, Crooke and Cooper, and many more, and whose easels are more highly prized every year; and Jarvis, born of English parents, but distinguished by many excellent portraits and by some fine historical compositions, such as the "Passage of the Delaware;" Doughty, who transferred the treacherous scenery along the Susquehanna, and thoroughly understood the landscape—these are among those whose works are comparatively connected with the beginning of

American art. They include names the world will not willingly let die. West, whose portraits of Byron, the Guiccioli and Lady Caroline Lamb are preserved in England; Allston, whose Elijah, Michael and Titania's Court have the same home; Chester Harding, whose portraits of the Dukes of Hamilton and Sussex are similarly disposed; Leslie, whose cabinets are in the same company; Inman, whose portraits are there praised; Pratt, whose dukes and duchesses preserve all that remain of some among them; Copley, of whom the remark may be repeated; Inman, Mignot, Kensett, Durand, Elliott, and others have certified their various capacities and given a foundation on which their countrymen may confidently build.

It will be observed from the mention made that as the schools of the several artists varied, so did their styles and themes. If until recently, the general Government gave no encouragement to art, and the several States scarcely more, and small personal wealth restricted individual patronage, and there were few galleries and academies, the free political institutions of the country partly counterbalanced their make-weights and diffused education coöperated, and mental and business activity assisted in the endeavor to domesticate and develop a true national school. Thus Allston was inspired to breathe a true spiritual life into his ideals, and give intellectual power to his imagination. Thus Stuart was encouraged to look into and apprehend the philosophy and principles of art. Thus Leslie was directed to watch, feel, and delineate those subtle qualities which cannot be described to describe him as "the good, the gentle, and the beloved." And thus the various favored successes have been helped onward in the same path, until the Earl of Ellesmere has placed examples of Church, Kensett and other contemporary painters in the Bridgewater gallery in London, where examples of West hang in the Royal Academy, and others at Paris and Rome and Munich. And Mayhew and Austin and Inman and Copley and Leslie and Harding and Mignot are being placed side by side in the public galleries of the same country. And thus what was once a weakness and commonness is now an advantage and an American art has emerged from the obscurity and is recognized as the architect of the national character, and of public and corporate and private buildings which become grandeur with beauty and durability. In

many monuments, growing in number; in statuary which adorns our streets and halls and homes; and in paintings which, whether they represent the sea or the forest, mountain or meadow, history or the individual, or in whatever category they fall, not only have the promise of high excellence, but have that excellence, and show constant progress. The early and wise study of European achievements, without which progress is unattainable, and of abstract principles, as requisite, has been continuous and increasing. More numerous and more excellent examples of all schools have been introduced, and adorn public and private galleries, and are accessible. Schools of Design and Academies of Fine Art have been founded in many principal cities, and provided with professors as well as with studies and capital. Excellent engravings and photographs have been rendered common. Literature has discharged its function well and abundantly, and increases that use annually. Industry, recognizing its past indebtedness and present and future dependence upon taste, has seconded the purely æsthetic motive, and trade has not neglected it.

From all these mixed motives and opportunities, American art has entered upon a new and more advanced stage. If it has produced no architect equal to those who erected St. Peter's and Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral of Strasbourg; none who excel or even rival the builders of many palaces, castles and halls abroad, and in Asia as well as Europe, it has marked its development in the magnificent Capitol and department buildings at Washington; in the fine public buildings at Albany, in New York City, and in Philadelphia; in colleges, and universities, and in private residences over all the country. Many of these we wish, and some surpass their foreign equivalents, and all breed beauty and fitness with wisdom in a equal manner. They do not singly or collectively indicate a new order of architecture. They do represent an eclecticism which, borrowing from all models and every source for its inspiration, has led to a style based upon the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, combining suggestions of the Mosaic as well as of the Norman and Saxon, and attuned to the exigencies of our climate and the social needs of our political and social and domestic life. Through the better taste of our residences there is a more marked improvement in their design and construction. They

are of good material, stone or brick. They are well drained and lighted, and thoroughly ventilated; excellently partitioned; provided with large halls, fine stairways, conservatories, galleries and libraries. They are heated from one fire, and have water in every room. They realize the full idea of home, and beautify and improve it. And what has commenced with urban homes and edifices is annually spreading. That structure, intermediate between public and private edifices, the hotel, has attained an American type; and the American prison and public school and workshop are imitated abroad. Sculpture, less utilitarian and more difficult than its sister arts, has made slower progress with us. Powers and Greenough and Miss Hosmer have won distinction in it. The national capital is acquiring fine examples.

There are statues of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Lincoln; and of great authors and divines, as well as of generals and statesmen, in several cities. The public buildings, parks and streets are taking on this great addition, and private taste is giving it hospitality. Still it is embryo, and a promise rather than a reality. Painting advances most rapidly and successfully and generally. The utmost patriotism will not maintain that even in this department our art has the equals of Meissonier, Gerome, Frere, Fromentin, Bouguereau, Couture, Cabanel, or Bonheur of France; or that it challenges equal consideration with Lawrence, Wilkie, Turner, Landseer, Eastlake, Stanfield and others who have in this century continued British renown. Nevertheless we can point to Powers, Gibson, Greenough, Story and Miss Hosmer in one department, and to Bierstadt, Colman, Eastman Johnson, Rossiter, and a very great number more of equal or approximate merit in the other, who have their claims vindicated by foreign as well as domestic judgment, and who are inciting and instructing their future superiors.

The century and a half in which American art has existed has not sufficed to produce that fruit which matures only in many centuries. It has developed it more rapidly than it was ever grown elsewhere; has outgrown original crudities of conception; remedied ignorance of principle, and having awakened an intelligent æsthetic conception in every State, is now advancing under more thorough appreciation and more generous patronage toward an ideal never wholly reached. The

finest performances thus far have been in the domain of landscape, and that for obvious reasons. Portraiture has not been neglected, and the marines and still-lives from some American easels have earned their commendation. We are now at the threshold of historical and imaginative art. Aboriginal life is sufficiently remote to be colored with romantic hues. The war of Independence and the second war with England are no longer matters of personal memory. Even the Mexican war is growing dim, and we turn backward to the great war of the Rebellion. Each of these has a thousand themes for art, and every theme will in time be treated. Industrial art is being developed under the same potent cause; operating here as vehemently as anywhere. It has imported the art of China and Japan and India for direction and suggestion. It has given express use and value to views of the Yosemite and Niagara, the great lakes and the great rivers, and it employs every transcript of American forests in the fall. It is being nationalized by these adjuvants; and as the industrial object reaches new markets over all the world, where a conceded superiority of decoration runs with superior material, principle and fabrication, we may well forecast the day when our industrial art will parallel the industrial skill it illustrates, and become a help to the growth of high and all art. We may now indeed consider the hope of more than a century within our grasp. Just as we have affirmed the permanence of our political institutions to our own and the world's satisfaction, and made the Republic a future and continuing as well as a present certainty; just as we have attained a distinctively American literature, and illustrated it with such names as Irving, Bancroft, Edwards, Longfellow, Motley, Hildreth, Carey, and those of their compeers; just as we have laid hold of the useful arts and impressed them with the achievements of Franklin, Whitney, Morse and their successors; just as we have overcome the great detriment of our country and destroyed slavery with rebellion and installed upon their ruins the beginnings of a new political and a lustier industrial being—just so we are beginning to add ornament to use, to embellish peace and prosperity, to illustrate welfare and hope, and enter upon that stage of national being which shone under Pericles in Greece, was Augustan in Rome and Elizabethan in England. This beginning has been reached by the evolution and progress noted.

Its development is sure, but the rapidity of its rate is contingent upon wise aid and hearty encouragement. The schools and institutes and academies, whether of fine or industrial art, need larger endowments. The public taste needs more exact education, and art in the abstract a fuller recognition. With fifty years of this tuition and use—with half of that—it is not a possibility, but a certainty, that the great advance the Western world has made in a century in government, in general education, and in industry, will be paralleled in that department which is as much their ornament and finish as it is their accessory, and which is the topmost flower, the very fruit, of human progress. Toward that we tend with accelerating speed

and growing concern. Interest, industry, taste and patriotism press an advance from which each gains, and by which all life, in hall or cottage, is embellished. Philosophy, recognizing this junction of grace with virtue—*τον καλον κ' αγαθον*—which underran the Socratic system, now makes the æsthetic a twin to the practical. We have but to hold our course and increase our speed in order to close this century with a harmonious progress that is continent of more and greater services than the thoughtless recognize. Something of the exact condition of art and the arts here now, and of their tendencies and possibilities and uses must be reserved to another number.

CIMMERIA.

By. C. E. D. PHELPS.

BEYOND the surging of the ocean stream,
Out of the reach of shifting winds it lies:
There never comes the sun with cheering beam,
No starlight glitters in those murky skies.
An everlasting twilight harbors there;
Upon the dormant soil broods drowsy air;
No lightnings flash, no thunders rise and cease,
Nor hear they moaning of the sea's abyss
There, where the tumult of no tempest is,
Beyond the bounds of human war and peace.

One only radiance knows that lonely land,
As on a winter's night, when every blast
Has sunk to silence, and with icy band
The rivers in their courses are held fast,
Over the dark pine forest bowed with snow
Rises a sudden and unearthly glow.
In silver tapering points and shining bars,
Far to the north the fitful frost-fire burns
And quivers, fades and flares aloft by turns
From the cold earth to the immortal stars.

So, when with us Apollo highest drives
His chariot, in the long, bright summer days,
While Night against his power vainly strives.
The pale Cimmerians see a gleaming horse
Shine from the distant world of happy men
Over the rim of their dark land; and then
They say, "The gods have gathered to the feast,
Let us go thither;" but the vision fades
Ere their weak feet can bear them from the shades
Which never yet a victim have released.

Yet there dwells Life, though faint and soon to fade,
And though all men walk in the shadow there,
With trembling steps, and faces fear-dismayed,
Still do they breathe the vital upper air.
Though it be dark, there home is real and true;
Not like that under-world of livid hue
Where sits Aidoneus on phantom throne,
Where airy images renew their days,
Seeming to act again in earthly ways.
And Pain and Pleasure are alike unknown.

HUMILITY.

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

DOWN the steep cleft on mountain side,
Distil the sweets of morning shower,
And there the sparkling dew-drops slide
To bless the valley's meekest flower.

So down the heights of human pride
God's richest gift, the dews of grace,
To humblest heart will softly glide
And fit it for exalted place.

LEON MANOR; OR, THE RESOLUTE GHOSTS.

A STORY OF MARYLAND IN 1725.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER I.—THE RECLUSE.

IN the year seventeen hundred and twenty-five there stood upon the northern bank, and near to the mouth of a small creek which, singularly enough, is called Jack's Bay, and which flows into the Patuxent River on its eastern side, a rude hut of logs. This hut contained two rooms upon its ground floor, and one large apartment above these, which occupied all the space immediately under the roof of rough clapboards. At each gable end of the hut was a chimney, built, like the hut itself, of logs, but protected on the inside against the effects of fire by a thick layer of clay. One of the two chambers down stairs had a window which looked towards the forest, that crowded upon the house on its northern side, and a door which opened towards the creek. The other down-stairs room had one window which also faced the forest, but no outer door. The up-stairs apartment, which was reached by a ladder from the outer of the two rooms below, had one very small window in its eastern gable near the chimney. Indeed, all the windows in the house were small, for glass was in those days a very expensive article everywhere, and, of course, especially so in the colonies.

A small cleared lot of ground, covering the space of about twenty yards between the hut and the shore, and extending towards the east some thirty yards, was cultivated as a kitchen garden. On every side of the humble building, except its southern side, where the creek spread its bright and transparent waters, extended the dark pine forest.

The only occupants of this rude dwelling were an aged man and a boy of some twelve or fourteen summers, both of whom were queer and unusual in dress, appearance and manners. The former, whenever he was seen in public, which was seldom, wore a broad slouched hat, a long coat with side pockets which reached to below the knees, a waistcoat that came to the hips, ankle breeches and a pair of low and broad fair-topped boots. All of his dress, except hat and boots, was of

broadcloth, and everything that he wore was black. His hair and beard were long and gray. His eyes were dark and piercing, and his teeth very white and even for one of his apparent age. The whole cast of his features indicated a powerful and penetrative intellect and a resolute will. His head was large and well-shaped, too large in proportion to his body, which was rather low and rather slender also, but well-formed for both activity and strength. His height was less than five and a half feet.

The boy had black eyes expressive of vivacity and a fondness for fun, a dark and ruddy complexion and a redundancy of long and reddish-brown hair. His features were regular, and rather *petite*. He was quite small for his age, not being larger than an ordinary boy of nine or ten years. Every feature in his face and every gesture of his body expressed unusual intellect. His usual dress, whenever he appeared among the people in the neighborhood, was fashioned generally like the man's, and was of like materials and color.

The character and occupation of these dwellers in the hut were subjects of mystery and speculation to the residents in its neighborhood. Nothing was known of their origin, their business, or the object or objects which had caused them some two years before to take up their abode in such an out-of-the-way place. But strange conjectures were afloat, and such as were for the most part not at all to the credit of the residents of the cabin. Those who passed near the place on the creek or river at night—for none ventured to approach it by land at such an hour—heard weird sounds and saw strange lights there. The sounds were sometimes clear and ringing, sometimes low and moaning, always sweet. The lights shone from the window of the east room which faced the water; they were of different colors at different times, and sometimes beamed steadily, sometimes flashed out suddenly and as suddenly disappeared.

In truth, such sounds and appearances issuing from any dwelling were well calculated at that period of time to create a bad character for its

occupants on any part of the globe; and especially would they produce such an influence in a colonial neighborhood so retired and so primitive in its habits. Yet was there no real cause for the simple dwellers in the country around the hut to look upon it as they did with superstitious dread, or to entertain towards its inmates a mingled feeling of fear and detestation. The purposes of our story do not require that the reader should be at all mystified in regard to the things which so excited the curiosity, while it aroused the fears, of the simple colonial peasantry of that day.

The man was an Englishman, of good birth, and possessing considerable wealth in his native land. He had since early youth been devoted to the study and experimental investigation of chemistry and its cognate branches of natural science. He had been very successful, too, in the prosecution of his studies, and being a bold speculator, was in some things in advance of the philosophers of his school and period in his discoveries. It was the unpopularity engendered by the superstitious ignorance of the age which had caused him to leave England and seek a retired and quiet abode in the forests of America. In the retreat which he had found he had hoped that he would be allowed undisturbedly to prosecute his investigations into the arcana of Nature. But, as we have seen, the same feeling of superstitious terror and hate which had driven him from his native land still threatened him with its persecution in the far-away spot to which he had retreated.

The reader can now attribute the singular lights which issued from the hut to their proper cause. The sounds proceeded from a violin, with whose music the student occasionally solaced himself; and the pure tones of his cremona, uttering in highly artistic execution chosen operatic passages, bore no likeness to the ranting dance-tunes rattled off on the rude and low-priced fiddles of the backwoods musician.

The boy, strange as it may seem, was brother to the man; his youngest brother, it is true, and, except himself, the last survivor of a numerous family. Of course the elder brother cherished the younger "as the apple of his eye;" but nevertheless found it necessary at times to check him, even very sternly, in the manifestations of his too exuberant gayety. It was the queer and antic pranks and tricks of the boy in truth which had

first attracted popular attention towards the inhabitants of the hut.

Northward from the small creek, upon which stood the rude log dwelling which has been described, extended a level plain, between a half and three-quarters of a mile in length, to a broad, deep and beautiful stream, called Battle Creek. This plain was bounded on the west by the Patuxent River, and on the east by the foot of a low range of hills distant about a half mile from the river's shore. At the northern end of the plain, and at the point where Battle Creek flows into the river, stood, at the time of which my story treats, the little town of Patuxent. This town has long since disappeared; and its locality seems to have much, but unnecessarily, puzzled the writers of Maryland history. The village contained some two or three dozen dwelling-houses, one or two shipping establishments, a few shops, and one small tavern. All its buildings were of logs or frame-work. Around it cultivated fields extended to some distance. Beyond these fields, on the southern side, and between them and Jack's Bay, lay a dense pine forest, which spread from the river shore to and beyond the range of hills to the eastward. Several cart-tracks and footpaths led through this forest from the village to the different hut dwellings and other points along Jack's Bay.

To the eastward of the town, and on the summit of the ridge mentioned before, could be seen above the tree-tops the towering chimneys and pointed gables of a large homestead built some fifty or sixty years before by a wealthy gentleman of the name of Leon, who had emigrated from England, and had partly purchased, partly obtained by grant from the lord proprietary of the colony of Maryland, some ten or twelve thousand acres of land. This tract was known in the neighborhood as Leon Manor; but the mansion-house had been named "Faywood" by the gentleman for whom it had been built. It was the grand house of the neighborhood.

The few shipping-houses of the town traded directly with London by means of vessels which made regular trips between that city and the Patuxent River. Through the merchant to whom one of these commercial establishments belonged, the recluse of Jack's Bay, who was called in the neighborhood by the assumed name of Walter Waken, imported such chemicals and other articles as were needed in his scientific investigations.

He was much respected, indeed held somewhat in awe by Mr. Sumter, who was necessarily admitted into his confidence to such extent as to be aware that he possessed pecuniary resources of no ordinary amount, and who in some sense acted as his banker.

For the purpose of transacting his business with Mr. Sumter, as also of procuring certain house-keeping supplies, the recluse was obliged occasionally to visit the town of Patuxent. On the occasion of one of these visits he had prescribed for and cured a citizen of the village who was suddenly taken ill in the counting-room of the merchant. The result of this incident was that he gradually came to be often called upon to administer medicines to the sick; and the kindness of his manners, the general success of his remedies, and the fact that he made no charge for his services, won for him by degrees a deserved popularity. This was during the early part of his residence on Jack's Bay. When, however, the singular sounds heard, and especially the strange lights seen to issue at night from his cabin began to be spoken of, his popularity began to decrease; and at the time of the opening of our story, his medical attentions had not been requested for some weeks. The lower class of people, so superstitious in that age everywhere, began to talk of his having intercourse with the Evil One; and when, in the February of the year seventeen hundred and twenty-five, a cattle plague prevailed in all the district of country around Patuxent Town, which swept away large numbers of those valuable domestic animals, and which continued its ravages with unabated virulence until the beginning of the following May, the cause of this misfortune was generally, indeed almost universally, attributed to the harmless student; and hatred usurped the place of the kindly and grateful feeling which had been entertained towards him. The many practical jokes played off upon the villagers by the other inhabitant of the hut upon Jack's Bay—Dick Waken, as he was called—had added fuel to this ill feeling towards the hermit himself. Dick, indeed, was considered by many to be his familiar demon.

CHAPTER II.—THE RESCUE.

SUCH, as described in the preceding chapter, was the state of the public sentiment towards Walter Waken, when, on a bright and beautiful afternoon, about the middle of April of the same

year, the recluse had occasion to visit the village on business with Mr. Sumter. He was a man of quick perceptions; and having noticed the change of the popular feelings toward himself, although ignorant of its cause, he had made his visits to the town as few and brief as possible. It may be well to mention here, perhaps, that when the recluse made these visits to Patuxent, Dick always remained at home to take care of the hut and its contents, which were held by the owner as very valuable.

On the beautiful afternoon mentioned, Walter Waken had finished his business with Mr. Sumter, and had started on his way home. The charming appearance of the lovely river, whose waters, gently stirred by a light wind from the south, flashed and sparkled in myriad bright tints in the westward-tending sun, led the recluse to take his way by the sands. He had pursued his progress but a little distance beyond the line where the shore ceases to front the town, when he came across a large number of the villagers engaged in hauling a seine. He stopped a while to witness their employment, a very exciting one, as all who have witnessed it are aware. At length the seine, with but a scant supply of scaly spoil, was drawn to the shore, and the fish landed on the beach.

To this point of time the attention of the fishermen had been so monopolized by the eager interest which they took in their occupation that no one among them had noticed the presence of the recluse. But their prey being secured, all were at leisure for a while to look about them; and soon lowering and angry eyes were bent upon him whose coming they believed had been intended for an evil purpose. Eager whispers were exchanged among them.

"He has destroyed our cattle," said one, "and now he is casting his evil spells upon our fishing."

"That's true," asserted another. "Who ever saw so small a draft of fish from the well-stocked Patuxent?"

"He will not cease to use his diabolical power to our injury," observed a third, "until he has destroyed our means of living."

Such remarks were uttered through all the crowd of fishermen. At length one of their number, bolder than the rest, proposed that they should make use of the opportunity, probably presented to them by heaven, as he suggested in ignorant profanity, and end the evil machinations of the

recluse against them by throwing him into the river.

"If he really has power from the devil," objected one of the more timid spirits, "we shall be harmed ourselves instead of harming him; and if he has no dealings with the Evil One, it would be wrong to do him injury."

"There is no doubt about his having dealings with the devil," said the bold proposer of the conspiracy, "and if we call upon the Lord to help us when we seize him, he will not be able to resist. Such a good opportunity to put an end to his evil deeds may not soon occur again; and if we let him escape now he may bring starvation to us and our families, or send plagues upon us to kill us."

Desperation will make men assault even the very cause of their fear. These poor and ignorant villagers verily believed that they would be doing a praiseworthy act in putting to death the innocent devotee of science; and they had great faith that the utterance of the Holy Name would neutralize for the time the supposed magician's powers of evil. So, after some further conversation and many words of mutual encouragement, they advanced, headed by the man who had proposed the measure, to attack the inoffensive recluse. He was seized at once by a number of hands.

"What is the matter, my friends?" asked the student. "What have I done to cause you thus rudely to assault me?"

"Give us back our cattle that you have killed," answered one of the assailants. "We ain't going to give you a chance to do us any more harm. Maybe your next work would be to kill us."

"What madness is this?" said the student, mildly, but firmly. "I neither have done nor have I desired to do you any harm. Would I have cured your sick had I wished to injure you? Would I have freely given of my own stores to those of you who were suffering almost famine during the scarcity of the last two winters, had I desired evil to you? I needed only to have left your sick without medicine, your starving without food, had I been so vile as to wish injury to you or yours. And why should I wish to do you injury? you have as yet done me no harm, except by this unreasonable assault."

"It's no use for you to talk so innocent," said one of the fishermen, fiercely. "What do you keep them quare lights burning at night for?

None but the devil could make such lights as them."

"I am a laborer in the fields of natural science," replied the recluse, "and the lights which you speak of are produced from the flames which sometimes result from my experiments. I am trying to find out something for the good of mankind. We have all some talents given to us, and it is our duty to use them either for the special benefit of those around us or for the general benefit of the human race."

"It is of no use to have any more palaver," said the bold man who had first proposed an assault upon Walter Waken, addressing his fellows. "Come, boys, let us throw him into the river at once, and end him and his wickedness together. The Lord God is on our side, and will help us to put down the devil and his servants."

He thus used the Holy Name as a charm against the supposed magician's evil powers. At his command the fishermen crowded around the student, and all who could reach him seized hold of him, when they began to bear him towards the water. The recluse, however, was not a man tamely to submit to being thus immolated upon the altar of superstitious ignorance. Though small he was strong and very active, having been accustomed for years to practice himself in vigorous athletic exercises. With one violent effort he threw off his assailants, and by a sudden bound placed himself at the distance of several yards from them.

But the fishermen, believing from the result of this assault that the student's supposed powers of evil had been destroyed by the appeal to the divine name, and that they had now only the natural strength of a man to contend with, rushed a second time upon the student and, notwithstanding his knocking down several of them, at length seized him again, and, despite his violent struggles, bore him to the water. The Patuxent at the place where this scene occurred deepens very gradually outwards from the shore; so that the fishermen were obliged to wade some dozen yards or more from the beach before they found the water of sufficient depth for their purpose. They then pitched their burden into the river as far as they could throw him. Being a rather good swimmer, he immediately began to make efforts to return to the shore; but they met him at all points, and thrust him back again.

The exertions of the unhappy student began at length to grow feebler, and it became evident that from physical exhaustion he must soon yield to the dread fate which threatened him; for the ignorant would-be-murderers, relieving each other in turn, continued their efforts unceasingly. So absorbed were they in their cruel occupation that they did not observe a horseman who approached them at full gallop along a road which led from the hills towards the east. This horseman, who had good eyesight, had observed from the brow of the ridge as he was approaching the town what was taking place at the river's edge, and at once pressed the fine steed which he rode to its utmost speed, that he might be in time to save life.

He was a young man of between twenty-one and twenty-two years of age, and of literally splendid personal appearance, possessing that grand and shining expression of face, and that superb and high-toned bearing which is best described in English by the term "distinguished;" but a correct idea of which is still better conveyed by the French phrase, *l'air distingué*. His large, dark-blue eyes had what is called an eagle glance, suggestive of a clear intellect and a resolute will. Long locks of dark-chestnut hair fell in shining curls over his neck and shoulders. His finely-proportioned form was nearly six feet in height. The effect of his appearance was added to on this occasion by the fact that he was dressed in the best style of the day as known in the colonies.

Immediately on arriving at the shore the young man spurred his powerful horse directly into the water, dashing at the point where Walter Waken, at length compelled by complete exhaustion to give up all exertions to save his own life, lay helplessly prostrate, held under water by his brutal enemies. A few moments later, indeed, all rescue, except of his dead body, would have been hopeless. The fiery rush of the strong horse, throwing the water violently in all directions, and the impetuous and, as it were, irresistible energy expressed in the face and bearing of the powerful and excited rider, drove the fishermen at once from their prey. Taken by surprise, they fell away to the right and left, and hurried to the bank, leaving the student lying upon his back in the water, apparently dead. Bending from his horse, the young man seized Walter Waken by the collar of his coat with his right hand, and

with a strong effort lifted him all dripping wet to a position before himself on the saddle. Holding the body firmly there with his left arm around it, he turned the head of his horse toward the shore. Having regained the dry beach, he faced the fishermen, who stood in a group before him, with lowering and angry faces, which threatened him also with assault.

"Vile and cowardly wretches!" he cried, in a voice as firm as iron, and powerfully expressive of the righteous indignation which filled him, "is this your mode of showing your gratitude? You, John Stokes—who saved your child from death by the scarlet fever last year, furnishing from his own purse the medicines and all other things needful to her comfort? You, Tom Turley—who saved your family from starvation but a few months ago? Who furnished provisions, to a greater or less extent, to the families of many of you during the scarcity of last winter? I know, and I can tell you—for the medicines and the provisions came from our warehouse—that Walter Waken paid for them, the very man whom, in your stupidly ignorant malice, you would have murdered. You need not cast angry and threatening looks at me; I defy your whole cowardly pack. By heaven, were it not that I have this helpless body to take care of, I should feel tempted to trample your trashy crowd under my horse's hoofs."

One of the fishermen, the man who had been the boldest of them all, approached him.

"I tell you, Jack Wilkes," said the young horseman, "to stand back. The man who advances towards me is a dead man."

As the young man said this, he let go the rein which he had held in his right hand, and drew one of the heavy horse-pistols, as they were called, of the time, from the holsters which were fastened in front of his saddle.

"I mean no harm, Master Leon," said Wilkes, checking himself at once in his advance towards the rider. "I only wanted to say that I am sorry for what I have done; that you have opened my eyes to the wickedness of what we are engaged in, and to ask if I can help you with Walter Waken. He should be taken at once where his recovery can be attended to."

"I am glad," replied the young man, still excited, "that you have been awakened to some sense of humanity; but I want no help. I shall carry him, as I hold him now, directly to Mr.

Sumter's house, which is not more than two hundred yards distant. In the meantime you may thank Heaven that you have escaped the commission of a great crime; for he is beginning to show signs of life."

Saying this, the young man who had been addressed as Leon rode away at a slow pace towards the town. The men whom he left stood silent for a few moments. The expression of their faces was much changed; the mingled feelings of shame and anger, caused by the stern and uncompromising words and bearing of the young man, exhibited there their struggle for the mastery.

"I don't like this young Charles Leon's way of talking," said at length one of the fishermen. "He speaks as if he was our master."

"That is what I like in him," said Jack Wilkes, with whom the young horseman had always been a favorite. "You all know Master Leon. Since he sides with Walter Waken, then there can be no harm in Walter Waken. Come, my masters, as I was the first to propose this attack, so let me be the first to acknowledge that it was wrong. We must confess that this Master Waken hath at all times, whenever chance offered, done good deeds towards us; he cannot therefore be a servant of the devil. His queer doings at his hut are doubtlessly meant for something good, but above our ken."

The logic of Wilkes had some effect upon his hearers, at least so much that not one of them would now have been willing to do harm to the student. Still, however, the most of them looked gloomy, and were silent. It is very hard for most men to acknowledge even to themselves that they have done wrong.

CHAPTER III.—CHARLES LEON.

CHARLES LEON was book-keeper in the mercantile establishment of Mr. Sumter, and made his home with the latter's family. When he arrived with his burden at the merchant's house the sufferer was taken at once to its best chamber, where all that the experience of the period and place suggested was done for his recovery and comfort. Charles Leon remained with him until he was not only thoroughly restored to consciousness, but until no effect of the brutal treatment to which he had been subjected remained, except weakness. About two hours after his rescue he was sitting up

in an easy chair. Mr. and Mrs. Sumter, their oldest daughter, a young lady named Alice, and Charles Leon were with him.

"My heart is warmed, my dear friends," said the student, "by your kindness to the lonely student. Charles Leon," he added, taking the hand of the student into his own, "I owe you a great debt of gratitude."

"You owe me nothing, Master Waken," said young Leon, interrupting the recluse. "What I did was demanded by my own manhood; and, although as you know I am especially rejoiced to have been of service to you whom I have always so much esteemed and respected, yet I would have performed the same act towards any other human being whatsoever."

"I prize the deed and its hero more highly on that account," said the student. "I have never before since my birth received so great a service from any one, and I am, therefore, more indebted to you than to any other person in the world. I wish you to know that it is pleasant to me to be thus indebted to you. Gratitude, as I experience it now, is indeed a most delightful feeling. Remember, Charles, that if ever you should stand in need of the services of a friend, I have a claim that you should allow me in such a case to be of use to you."

"You are very kind, Mr. Waken," said Leon, "and there is no person upon whom I would more willingly call in case of need."

"Thank you," returned the student. "I cannot express to you what happiness it would afford me to be able to advance your interests or to add to your enjoyment in any way. But take the ladies with you now, and leave me for a little while alone with Sumter; I wish to have some private conversation with him. Know, however, Charles, that it has always done me great good to look upon your face, so hereafter the sight of it will afford me more pleasure than ever."

Charles and the ladies of course at once left the room.

"Sumter," said the student, as soon as he was left alone with the merchant, "I wish to know more of the history of this young man. I know that he is the only son of the last owner of Faywood, who bore his name, and that he has but one sister, who is some years older than himself, and who is married to a gentleman of the name of Evelin, who is secretary of the Pro-

prietary Government. This is all I know of his history."

"There is but little more to be said of his personal history than what you have mentioned," replied Mr. Sumter, a dignified-looking gentleman, between fifty and fifty-five years of age. "Charles was instructed by a private tutor until his sixteenth year, at which age he was sent to England to finish his education. There he remained until his eighteenth year, when he was recalled home by his father's death. His mother had died before he left Maryland. On his return from England he learned that he no longer had a home at Faywood. His father was a man of expensive habits, and was hospitable to an almost unlimited extent; so that after his death his estate was found to be so much involved that everything had to be sold to pay the debts. After all claims were settled a very small sum remained to Charles; his sister had been portioned by her father when she was married."

"What did Charles do, then, on his return?" asked Mr. Waken.

"He went at first to live with his sister in Annapolis," answered the merchant. "A few months after his return from abroad he applied to me through his brother-in-law, Master Evelin, for the situation of accountant in our mercantile concern here, which office he has filled ever since, to my entire satisfaction."

"How came Master Burton, the present owner of Faywood, in possession of that place?" asked Mr. Waken.

"He was the lawyer and man of business of the late Mr. Leon," answered Mr. Sumter. "Such confidence had the latter in his capacity and integrity that, when it was found how deeply the estate was involved, Mr. Leon executed in favor of his creditors a deed of trust to Burton, in which he transferred to the lawyer all his property, real, personal and mixed. The terms of this deed were that, after the settlement of all claims, what remained of the estate should be retransferred to Mr. Leon and his heirs. No one had ever thought that a sale of Faywood would be necessary, until that property was advertised to be sold at public auction after the death of Mr. Leon."

"Has there ever been any suspicion of foul play on the part of Burton?" asked the recluse.

"That is a delicate question to answer," said Mr. Sumter. "I can only give you in confidence,

Mr. Waken, my view of the case, and the facts which sustain it. I shipped to England, on Mr. Leon's account (and I still perform the same functions for Master Burton), all the produce of his plantations, and also imported for him all his supplies from that country. In his dealings there there was always a balance in his favor; and as by far the greater part of his expenditure was in England, I cannot conceive how his debts in this country could have been so great as to have swallowed up, almost literally, all of his estate."

"From the character of the deed of trust," observed the recluse, "Mr. Leon must, indeed, have placed a singularly great reliance upon Burton."

"As I before remarked," said the merchant, "Master Burton possessed Mr. Leon's entire confidence; so much so that long before the deed of trust was executed it was his will which directed all of Mr. Leon's business transactions."

"But how could Burton, being the trustee, become also the purchaser of Faywood?" asked Mr. Waken.

"The estate was not purchased by Burton at the public sale," answered the merchant, "but by his clerk. The impression had got abroad, nobody can prove how, but it was doubtlessly through the contrivance of the party most interested, that this clerk was bidding for Charles Leon; and few liked to bid against him; so that Faywood was sold for less than one-half of its actual value. After the sale, however, the property was deeded by the trustee to this clerk, who everybody knew was not in the slightest degree able to pay for it; and not many days afterwards it was reconveyed to Burton in his own right."

"To his own wrong, perhaps," remarked Mr. Waken. "'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?' I shall see if something cannot be done to oust this wrong-doer."

"Your efforts will prove to be in vain, Mr. Waken," said the merchant. "Mr. Evelin has already employed the most eminent counsel in the colony for the same purpose, and to no effect; nothing illegal can be proved against Burton in the management of the affair. He is himself one of the best-informed and most ingenious lawyers in Maryland, and his plans were well laid and well executed."

"Nevertheless," returned the student, "I shall

not be without hope in the matter; some other course may be successful in casting this man from the estate which, I doubt not, he unjustly holds. If all other means fail, I shall repurchase the estate and transfer it to Charles Leon; I have enough to leave my young brother wealthy, and still pay my great debt of gratitude."

"You need not give a moment's thought to

that view of the case," said Mr. Sumter. "I know Charles Leon well, and I am sure that he would not accept the gift."

"Then I shall devote my mind," said Mr. Waken, "to ousting the unjust steward by other and juster means. Nor shall I cease my efforts until the work is done." He paused a moment, and then added, emphatically, "It shall be done."

THE HOLY MONK OF KEMPIS.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE holy Monk of Kempis gave
Us truth in such a guise
The young child can comprehend it
Reading with its pure, clear eyes.
Simple truths, in simple wordings,
Gems set in the finest gold;
And the beaten gold seems brighter
For the jewels it doth hold.

The clear facets of truth's diamond
Are the terse words of the Saint:
Many-sided, pure and holy
Are the readings old and quaint.
Read we at the dewy evening
Leaning out toward a rent,
Where the full moon's molten silver
Fell a-through the night's soft tent;

For the child we read to, held us
As the twilight waned apace;
Was it the moon's touch a-quiver
On the tender lifted face?
By the holy Monk of Kempis
Were the child-lips softly stirred,
Lifted were they with sweet yearning
For the teachings of God's word.

Happy Saint! this Saint of Kempis,
One of God's own chosen few
Who can lay the finger softly
On a heart till it runs through
With deep motions that are quiverings
From the chords that move God's own,
Who can barb a truth as subtly
As the feathered seed-wind blown.

Know we not if he were learned,
It is more for us to say
He spake words that touch the pulses
Of the children of to-day.

Came a shade that softened strangely
With new tenderness the eyes,
And I said in thought, of Kempis,
Yea, that man is truly wise

Who can teach the simplest-hearted
In no word of stilted speech;
Who has quick electric currents
That the heart's own core can reach.
Blessed be the teacher bending
With a finger touch so clean
That the lily for its contact
Wears a clearer inner sheen;—

As the Lotus wears new beauty
With the moonlight at its heart!
Oh, thou holy Monk of Kempis,
Living still, thou truly art
In the fibre of each soul's life
That hath stirred to hear thee tell
Of the love of Christ; that loving
That is so ineffable

That our words are vainly striving
For a mastery at our lips,—
And we cannot tell the story
Save in tears that dim, eclipse,
The soft eyes that melt before us;
They are opals at the best,
Changing with the slightest shifting
Of the thoughts that underrest

Their calm beauty. Oh, the pathos
Of a child's transfigured face
It might gladden even Kempis,—
'Tis a touching of that grace
All the holy Saints are wearing;
Feeble rays, yet pure and fine
Of the Love of God that halves
His beloved with light divine.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY LUCY M. BLINN.



FREDERICKSBURG.

On the river-banks where the shadows creeping
Down through the leaves in the star's soft glow,
Hung like a bannered outpost, keeping
Silent guard over friend and foe,—
Two armies under their white tents lay,
On this side the Blue, on that the Gray.

The clash and din of the day were over;
Bugle and drum and fife were still;
The cricket chirped in the dewy clover
Sharp answering notes to the whip-poor-will,—
And the oriole sung her vesper lay
To the boys in Blue, and the boys in Gray!

They were children, all of one proud mother,
Jealously held from shame and harm;
But brother forgot the name of brother—
Threw off the clasp of the mother's arm,
And bitter thoughts that night held sway
In the hearts of the Blue, and the hearts of the Gray.

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They sullenly longed for the fateful morrow,—
For the cannon's voice, the march of death;
For the cries of pain, the wails of sorrow,
The curse or the prayer with the dying breath;
Oh, woe for the light that should fade away
From the eyes of the Blue, and the eyes of the Gray!

But hark! through the mists that enshroud the river,
Faintly, softly, the zephyrs throw
Voices that make the stern lips quiver,
Echoes that rise from the "long ago;"
And memory's fingers deftly stray
O'er the hearts of the Blue, and the hearts of the Gray!

Then from *that* side and *this* the cadence swelling,
Sweeter, louder, the full notes come;
Mingling in one grand chorus, telling
The dear old story of "Home, Sweet Home!"
And the grass was bright where the moonbeams lay,
With the tears of the Blue, and the tears of the Gray!

UNCLE STRYKER'S ADVENTURE.

BY F. M. JOHNSON.

"WHEN I bought this farm and brought your Aunt Mary home to it," began Uncle Stryker, "we were just married. I had put every cent I could rake and scrape into the farm and stock, and given a mortgage of two thousand dollars for the balance. Your Aunt Mary's savings bought the furniture.

"We were young and full of pluck then," continued Uncle Stryker, settling back in his story-telling attitude and taking a long pull at his pipe, "and we thought the two thousand dollar mortgage wasn't much matter. We could pay it off in a few years. Now I know better what a load to drag a debt is, with the interest eating away at your profits, year after year. Then I didn't.

"It was a pretty place, and we both got fond of it. Forty years is a good while to live under one set of shingles, but I haint got tired of the old farm-house yet. Neither has Mary. It's been good enough for us to live in, and its good enough for us to die in. I know every inch of land and every foot of stone-wall on the farm, and its a big one, too. Bigger now than it was forty years ago, when Mary and I stood on the doorstep and saw the sun go down the first time behind old Gray Mountain.

"You see that sweep of medder off to the left. Well, that was all a wood-lot then, and all that corn-land over the hill was a huckleberry pasture. 'Twas sort of wildish about here, and there wasn't a rod of good fence on the whole place; but we thought 'twas pleasant enough, and we felt contented.

"Well, the years slipped away and we worked hard, but somehow we didn't make much headway towards paying off the mortgage. I planted and sowed and cleared the woods and built fences, and Mary fixed up about the house and started rose-bushes and cherry-trees and things, and every year we got fonder of the place. But what with the youngsters coming along pretty fast, and the bit of interest money every year, and keeping everything trim and tidy, we just made the two ends of the year meet, and that was about all.

"But when Billy was going on to nine years old, and there were three younger, we began to

say, 'Now this won't do. If we want to be sure of a home over our children's heads, and a place of our own in our old days, it's time to be laying by something to pay off that mortgage.' You see the man that held it had moved out West, but he had plenty of money, and never bothered us about the principal so long as we kept the interest paid. But Mary and I we began to plan a little harder and pinch a little more to save something towards the debt. Mary raised turkeys and chickens for the market, and I teamed down to Andover with wood, winters, and fatted calves in the summer, and both of us slaved and contrived to save a few dollars every year. Then we begun to see what a dead load we were carrying. Sometimes it seemed at a standstill; what with sickness and extra expenses every now and then, but we'd made a beginning, and our little nest-egg in the bank begun to grow. I tell you about all this, so you'll know what a store we set by that two thousand dollars when we'd finally made it up.

"Neighbors? Oh, yes. We never wanted for neighbors. Good neighbors, too. You see the old red school-house about a mile back. Well, there's a dozen families or more in this school destrict within a two mile circle. Why, there's Deacon Springer's folks, not a quarter of a mile off. We've voted the same ticket 'lection days, and had pews jining in the meetin'-house for forty years. Its a sociable neighborhood, too, when you get used to it, and as for kindness when a body has sickness or trouble in the house—well—there needn't anybody say anything against our neighborhood.

"Once in a while a shaky one comes along, but they don't generally stay. There's an old house over in the holler that's had different sorts of folks in it, and some of 'em were pretty shif'less. It stood empty now for more'n a dozen years. The Dykes came there to live when our Billy was boy. Dyke was a sullen, drinking fellow, and his wife was high-tempered and rough. Their children grew about as it happened, without any too much to wear or eat. I always felt sorry for them Dyke children. So did Mary. Many's the warm biscuit and hunk of gingerbread she's given to

them little wild Dyke ragamuffins when they come prowling round our back door. But she didn't like much to have 'em play with Billy.

"When Dyke was in liquor he used to flog them little boys shameful. I'll never forget the day Jimmy Dyke run away from home, with marks of a rawhide all over his back and arms, and a great gash on his cheek, where his father 'd struck him for some boy's mischief. He was a bright, independent boy, Jimmy was, with snapping black eyes and as quick as a cat. I always thought there was the making of a man in Jimmy Dyke, if he'd had half a chance.

"I was hoeing down in the long medder, and I heard a noise over in the road and looked up. There was little Jimmy Dyke, his face as white as a sheet, with eyes shining black, and the blood a-running from that ugly cut. He had on a straw hat that Mary 'd give him for his best, and a poor little bundle under his arm.

"'Why, Jimmy,' says I, 'what's the matter? How'd you get that cut?'

"'Dad give it to me,' says the boy, his eyes snappin' fire. 'But he ain't a-goin' to hoe me no more. I'm runnin' away.'

"'Sho, now, Jimmy,' says I, 'that never'll do. A little chap like you mustn't run away from home. What in the world can you do?'

"'I'm going to be a pirate,' says Jim, as smart as a whip.

"Well, I was beat to hear that snip of a boy, no bigger than our Billy, talk of running away to be a pirate. I was sorry for the shaver, too.

"'Who in the world has been stuffin' your head about pirates?' says I.

"'Cap'n Hantz used to tell us about 'em down to Deep Harbor where we used to live,' says Jim. 'I'm a-going for a cabin-boy till I'm big enough to be a pirate.'

"I knew if I grabbed the boy and took him home to his father, he'd only get another flogging, and run the first time he got a chance; so I thought I'd coax him a little.

"'Now, Jim,' says I, 'if you're bound to run away, you'll want to have your clothes mended up a little, and something put on your cheek to stop up that gash. No cap'n would take you all ragged and bloody like that,' says I. 'Come up to my house and stay to-night, and get some supper and breakfast, and Mis' Stryker'll fix up your clothes.'

"He went along with me willing enough; and

when I told Mary about it, she couldn't do enough for the poor little chap. She plastered up his cheek, and mended his clothes, and give him a tip-top supper. Then when he was snug a-bed with our Billy, I went over to see Dyke. For a wonder I found him sober, and by talking to him peaceable and neighborlike, I got him to promise not to flog Jimmy when he come back. It happened lucky that Jimmy and Billy had got crazy over building a waterwheel in the brook the next day, so we hadn't as much trouble as we expected persuading Jimmy not to run away. He stayed about the farm a day or two, and then Dyke come and took him home.

"'Twasn't more'n a year, though, before Jimmy and Ned Dyke run away from home for good; and after a while the rest of the Dykes moved away, and we didn't know what become of 'em.

"Well, about the money. We saved it up dollar by dollar, and every year it grew a little more. I guess 'twas over a dozen years from the time we put the first hundred in the bank when I carried the last load of grain for the mortgage money in to Andover, and it made up the two thousand.

"Billy had grown to be a young man then, and we drove in to town together.

"'Father,' says he, on the way home, 'why don't you take that trip out West to Uncle Benjamin's that you've talked about so much? You can carry the money to Mr. Foster and pay off the mortgage, and mother and I'll manage the farm till you get home.'

"I'd been thinking about that very same thing, and that night I talked it over and settled it with Mary. I'd always wanted to see the West, and it had been a good many years since I'd took a journey.

"I suppose you boys would laugh to see how much ado we made over that journey. It was most a month before I'd got things settled and fixed to my mind ready to start. I carried a satchel of shirts and things to change; but the money, Mary and I concluded, I'd better carry it sewed up in my stock. I always wore a stock.

"Mary sewed it in as neat as could be, and she packed in my satchel along with the rest of the things a needle-book and some thread to sew up the stock again after I'd took out the money. It turned out lucky that she did.

"I had a new suit of clothes made over to Andover. Brother Benjamin's folks were well-to-

do, and Mary and Billy felt anxious I should make a good show. I don't care much about clothes myself.

"I took along what ready money I could raise, too, so's not to run short. There was nigh on to twenty-two hundred dollars sewed up in my new black stock. If you want to know what a pile of money that seemed to us, just work and save fifteen years to get it together, as we did.

"I went by way of the lakes. There was a sight of travel on the lakes that season, and they all seemed to be folks with plenty of money. I'd heard a good deal about pickpockets and sharpers, but I didn't see anybody that fitted my idea of a blackleg. I'm a sociable sort of a man, and I talked a good deal with some of the men on board; but of course I wasn't fool enough to tell anything about my business West.

"There was a nice-appearing man on board that they called the judge. I got pretty well acquainted with him the day before I landed. He was mighty pleasant and polite, and not a bit stuck up, though I calculated he must be considerable of a big-bug. Then there was a slick-looking fellow that I took for a doctor. We had a little talk out on the deck after dinner about politics and so on, and the judge talked like a man of sound sense. I made up my mind that he was considerable of a public speaker.

"There was a lot of passengers coming and going on the deck all the time, and by-and-by a handsome young fellow came and sat down near me; but he didn't talk a great deal. He was dressed up slick, and from his general look I calculated he might be a young man fitting for the ministry.

"The boat wouldn't land till into the evening, and I laid out to go to a hotel and stop till morning, and then take the cars for Mr. Foster's next day. I didn't feel just easy to enjoy myself till that two thousand dollars was off of my mind.

"I'd just strolled out to the side of the boat after supper, and stood watching for the city, which the cap'n said would soon be in sight, when the young divinity student come along and stopped near me. The doctor and the judge were just across the deck, and folks were coming and going between.

"We're getting pretty nigh shore, I expect," says I to the young man.

"Yes," he spoke up, quite loud. "We shall

run in by nine o'clock, I think," and then he dropped his voice all of a sudden, and said, low and quick, "Look out! There are thieves watching you, and you're likely to lose that money that you carry somewhere around your neck. Hush! Don't speak!"

"I looked at him perfectly dumb struck, but he was looking off into the water, and saying something about a great fish that had just flopped in sight.

"He moved along the side of the boat, and I moved along, too, as if I wanted to see the fish better. When there was an open space about us I asked him:

"How do you know I am watched?"

"Never mind how I know, but look out for your money. There's others besides me that know where you carry it. Your hand goes up to your neck too often. Change it to another place before you go to sleep."

"The judge come along just then, and the young man gave me a quick look over his shoulder as much as to say 'Look out.' After that the judge and the doctor kept close by till the boat landed, and I didn't have a chance to say any more, till just as I was going ashore the young fellow stepped alongside and whispered:

"Don't blow on me! I risked myself to give you a warning."

"Won't you tell me who you are?" says I.

"No," says he, quick and sharp, and the next minute he was out of sight, and there was the judge getting into the hotel hack along with me.

"I drew back in the corner and kept pretty still, I tell you, till I got to the hotel. Then I called for a room and went straight to it. When I'd locked the door and found myself alone I was all in a cold sweat.

"I looked under the bed and in the closets, and made sure there was nobody else in the room. Then I stopped the key-hole with my handkerchief and pulled down the curtains. Then I took off my stock.

"I took out my jack-knife and cut the stitches that Mary had sewed so neat and careful. The money was there, all safe so far—the money we'd toiled and saved so many years for to clear our home from debt.

"I sat still a few minutes trying to think what to do. First I thought I'd keep awake all night. Then I was afraid to trust myself, and then there

was the long ride next day when I might be took off my guard. If there were rascals bound to get my money 'twould be better to throw 'em off the track. I had some loose change in my pockets, a matter of ten dollars or so, and I stuffed that into the stock, and sewed it up with the needle and thread that Mary'd put in. If the thieves should set out to rob me they might think that was all I had.

"Then I looked for a safe place to hide the rest. I was afraid to risk the bed. I put it in my stocking, and my stocking on my foot, but I concluded that wouldn't do. Then I thought of the carpet.

"I found a loose tack and pulled it out, laying the bank-notes in smooth, and crowded the tack in fast again with my fingers. Then I got into bed, after pulling the handkerchief out of the key-hole, leaving the light burning.

"I meant to keep awake if I could till morning. I heard the clocks strike eleven, twelve, one, two, three. Not a sound come nigh my door. I concluded the young fellow had fooled me; but I thought I'd try to keep awake a couple of hours more, and that was the last I knew.

"When I woke up 'twas bright daylight, and a gong was a-going it in the hall. I had a queer,

dizzy feeling in my head, and when I crawled out of bed I was weak and giddy. I was struck all at once that somebody had been in and drugged me in the night. I felt as if I was going crazy while I was under the bed groping for that loose tack. I pulled it out with my jack-knife, and reached under. I drew out the money—all safe."

Uncle Stryker paused a moment, and looked around upon his anxious listeners.

"When I come to dress," he said, solemnly, "I found my black stock had been slit from end to end, and the ten dollars I put in it was gone."

Uncle Stryker rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and picked up his hat.

"But what's the rest of the story?" we asked, all together.

"The rest? Why, I saw Foster before night, and paid him the money; that's all."

"But the young fellow that warned you. Did you ever find out who he was?"

"I never found out anything," said Uncle Stryker; "but I'd seen just such a pair of black eyes before, and I make sure they belonged to little Jimmy Dyke. I expect he knew me."

"Do you suppose he belonged to the thieves gang, then? and the judge and the doctor, too?"

"I'm afraid so," said Uncle Stryker.

ABOUT KISSING.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

THERE are few who have not heard the story of the lass at school who, when asked to parse the word kiss, replied that it was a noun, and then hesitated.

"Well," said the teacher, in an encouraging tone, "what kind of a noun is it?"

"Please, sir," she blushing answered, "I think it is both common and proper."

The girl was right in more senses than one, though the osculatory ceremony we believe should not be indulged in promiscuously. Against that practice the nineteenth century has set its ban, as well it should, for kissing was rapidly losing whatever significance it formerly possessed. Says an author, truly, "Surely kisses are love's food, not the voice of whim or mood." Doubtless there are some, however, who would have the old

custom restored, and we are willing to admit that the world might not be the worse for it. Morals go deeper than the surface; but for one we have an old-fashioned reverence for the idea, and are not willing that it should be contaminated by too general a partnership.

We formerly supposed that kissing was a mode of expressing affection found everywhere in all parts of the world. It appears that this is an erroneous opinion. The New Zealanders, Tahitians, Papuans, and Esquimaux, we are told, are unacquainted with the practice. It is Africa, however, which possesses the sorry distinction of being the largest non-kissing area in the world. Whether this fact is due to the African women having black lips—sometimes, though rarely, the under lip is red—is an interesting speculation. Mayne Reid,

in the "Amoy Sketch Book," in speaking of the natives of Canton River, says, that though apparently very affectionate, they never indulge in kissing, and seem to be entirely ignorant of the art. On seeing the return of some natives to their homes after a single day's hunt, he said the women ran out to welcome them as if they had been absent for years, murmuring to them in a baby language, caressing them by all sorts of loving names, patting the breasts, and laying arm upon arm, stroking their right hands, caressing their faces, and embracing them in every possible way, except with the lips. Judging therefore by this geographical distribution of kisses, kissing though very ancient in some countries, appears to have a *marked civilization* about it, and at any rate has always been a civilized method of endearment.

The origin of kissing is lost in antiquity. Some future Darwin may perhaps occupy his attention in evolving some plausible theory of its evolution. It certainly would be an interesting study. Did a man or a woman discover it? Was it indulged in by Adam and Eve in Paradise? The Biblical record is silent as to the matter, though at a very early date it mentions the custom as being a usual one, indulged in between men as well as between the sexes. Singularly enough, the first recorded instance of kissing is that of the act between two men, a father and his son. (See Gen. xxvii. 27.) Some authors are inclined to believe that the first kiss proceeded not from a lover's, but from a mother's lips. Quoting from Reid again, he says: "In the backwoods of Liberia I saw a woman nursing her baby and placing her mouth against the child's—it was not quite a kiss, but it was very nearly one; and is it not natural to suppose that our tenderest embrace has sprung with our tenderest feelings from the deep, pure sources of maternal love?" However much this theory may be criticised, the custom is no doubt as old as our first mother. For our part, we have always imagined that Adam was prevailed upon to eat the apple (who knows that it was an apple?) by the wooing of a kiss from his beautiful partner's lips. Of course it was very silly in the old gentleman to have been won thus from his duty; none of us would have been so weak; no, certainly not. Then the matter grows worse, if we may believe Milton, who says that Adam was so infatuated that he declared he had rather lose heaven than his wife, which only proves him the greater sinner.

If readers object to this latter theory, they can accept the former, for if Eve never kissed Adam there was Abel to kiss.

The original organ of kissing was probably the nose. In the South Sea Islands they rub noses together as a mark of affection, and though the Africans cannot do this because their noses are so flat, an analogous custom prevails in Senegambia. When a Mandingo swain is in love and wishes to announce his passion, he takes the hand of his sweetheart and sniffs it ardently three times. If she is willing to accept his address, the ebony beauty replies in the same manner. The untutored African should not be judged too severely for an ignorance for which he is not to blame. They are an imitative race, and express a willingness to adopt civilized customs. A converted negro once assured a missionary with honest pride that though the heathen did not know how to kiss, the Christians were proficient in that art; and once in a village on the Grain Coast a young Kruman sitting with his wife, called out to his white pastor: "Lookee, massa, sabby kiss!" and forthwith suited the action to the word, the lady seeming not altogether displeased with this novel application of the lips.

Our modern customs makes promiscuous kissing improper; but it has generally been countenanced in all ages, and by all ages of mankind. The old Greeks and Romans were addicted to the practice, as we learn from the ancient authors, and the Scriptures are quite as diffident in the allusions made to the custom among the Hebrews. Under the Christian dispensation kissing assumed a new dignity; it became not only a social, but a religious sign, being laid as an injunction to all the followers of the Church. The Apostle Paul was the enunciator of this token of mutual forgiveness and love, which afterwards occasioned so much abuse and scandal. Some of the early Fathers set their faces against it, but it continued more or less popular for many ages.

In England as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, and perhaps earlier, for Chaucer, the first great English poet, and who died in the year 1400, alludes to the custom in his "Canterbury Tales," it was the usual practice to salute all one's friends of either sex with a kiss. The custom was introduced from France, most probably by the little Queen Isabella, wife of Richard II., and soon after was strengthened by the coun-

tenance of Queen Catherine, another French woman. The custom increased in popularity until Puritanism stalked upon the stage, and put kissing and royalty down together.

It is easy to imagine the great nobles like Warwick the king-maker, and the potent Buckingham, and such stern ecclesiastics as Wolsey and Gardiner embracing each other, and pressing bearded lips together; but the picture, we must confess, is not a pleasant one. During one of the truces in the War of the Roses all the leading personages, men and women, so the chronicler relates, met together at Westminster Abbey, and to cement their conciliation, as it were, each one kissed all the others, and afterwards went to dinner, former foes being partners at the banquet. We are afraid some of the kisses were treacherous kisses on the occasion, for the peace was broken after a short time. Henry the Eighth's jealousy and cruelty seems only the more contemptible and outrageous when we contemplate the fact that kissing was a common practice among the sexes, and that poor Anne Boleyn had a perfect right to kiss either Lord Rocheford or Sir Henry Norris, or be kissed by them, one being a friend and the other a brother. But political motives, as well as moral ones, underlay the king's murderous jealousy, and the beautiful woman that he once had madly loved was led to execution.

In the reign of James the First the custom was carried to a degree of rude license. The first half of the seventeenth century deserves indeed to be called the golden age of kissing. The custom was universally indulged in, and kissing could not be eschewed by those who desired to be fashionable, more than could the high ruff, the peaked hat, and farthingales. The fashion seems to have been confined to France and England, as we notice that the inhabitants of the other European countries appear to be more or less surprised at its observance by the courts of James Stuart and Henri de Bourbon. For instance, the Spanish ambassador to England, the Duke de Frias, relates that when he was presented to Queen Anne he kissed her hands and then kissed the mouths of all the court ladies present, "a custom of which the non observance on such occasions is deeply resented by the fair sex of this country." Again, Cromwell's ambassador to Sweden, Bulstrade Whitelock, was asked by Queen Christina to teach her ladies the English mode of salutation,

"which, after some pretty defences," the chronicler naively relates, "their lips obeyed, and Whitelock most readily."

Kissing followed the caprice of fashion in the same manner that costume did. As the farthingales and high ruffs went out of style, promiscuous kissing lost its prestige, though some people clung to it with a lingering fondness. The Puritans wrote heavy pamphlets against the practice during their days of power; but it is a little curious that some of them had equal objections to hand-shaking. John Bunyan shared the scruples of those who considered so much kissing improper. In some of his writings the gifted author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" says that when he had seen good men kissing the women they visited, he had objected strongly. He adds: "And when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks. Why did they salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored ones go?"

Sure enough! The pious tinker had a shrewd eye in his head, and logic in his brain. His caustic banter, however, could not eradicate the bane. It is evident from Bunyan's narrative that the majority did not agree with him as to the impropriety of the custom, and so the question remained for some time longer a subject of perplexity and discussion to the good people who clung to the practice of their fathers. It is only until within a few years that the custom has been entirely abandoned.

There are sufficient reasons why it should remain an obsolete custom. Naturally the kiss implies more familiarity than any other mode of salutation. There may be nothing more or better than custom to urge against the impropriety of promiscuous usage; but it seems to me proper that there should be some form of greeting by which one may make a distinction between intimate friends and one's other associates. Let the bow and hand-shake be sufficient in saluting an ordinary acquaintance, while we preserve the kiss for our relatives and those friends to whom we are most closely bound in love.

Kissing has almost become a lost art among members of the ruder sex, nor is it surprising. The beautiful pictures of Isaac and Jacob, and Esau and his brother, have no counterparts in

modern times and even the patriarchal occurrences are some of their attractions after one has seen two aged and portly Teutons embrace and kiss each other at a railroad station. We must confess there is nothing particularly charming in seeing two men seize each other by the ears, and press bearded lips together with resounding smacks.

But with women it seems all natural and proper, though sometimes we think the practice is overdone. A Frenchman says "*J'amour*," equally with reference to a beefsteak or a sweetheart; in like manner young ladies will kiss and kiss again, irrespective of the fact that they may be friends of long standing, or mere passing acquaintances. Too little discrimination is used by these silly school-girls, and there should be a reform in this respect.

Between persons of opposite sexes, the kiss must always have a deeper significance. The lover may be satisfied to press his lips to the white hands of his mistress, or with reverent modesty he may venture to imprint a token of his regard upon her forehead. Grown bolder, he will touch her cheek, or as Tennyson says, "Their spirits may rush together at the meeting of the lips." But in any of these cases he will doubtless feel that he is enjoying, to say the least, one of the experiences of life. Is it not a pleasant and a suitable coincidence that the Persians give to a small raisin, one of their sweetest luxuries, the name of Kiss-miss?

Let us now go below the surface, and try to get at the root of the matter. What is the philosophy of kissing? Why is it so pleasant, and withal so significant? Baron Reichenbach, a German thinker, explains it to his satisfaction if to nobody's else. Possibly he may know all about it; at any rate he says: "The lips are magnetic poles. The masculine lips are positive, the feminine negative; therefore when they meet they attract each other. A magnetic discharge takes place from one to the other, and (wonderful to relate) a brilliant spark has actually been seen by a peculiarly sensitive person, produced by a kiss in the dark! Thus the masculine kisser is relieved of a burden, and the feminine is positively gratified."

This all sounds very well; but how would the astute German explain the matter when the kisses are all feminine, or when they occur *ad lib.* be-

tween mothers and children? In our opinion the reality is more electrical than this elucidation.

Wells, in his "*New Physiognomy*," more clearly illustrates the philosophy of the thing. He says: "Between sensation and sentiment, between touch and taste, and the affections, there is a close relation; and accordingly we find a direct nervous communication between the lips and the organs of the social propensities in the back part of the head, as well as with the chin, which represents the cerebellum in the bony framework of the face. Here then lies the basis of the philosophy of kissing. People with ardent, loving natures are always most fond of kissing and of being kissed, and invariably that part of the cerebellum behind the ears and the mouths of such persons are found well developed, accompanied with large, full red lips. Kissing is not a mere arbitrary sign; but the natural language of the affections, and especially of love."

The kiss has been a powerful agent in the annals of the human race. It has accomplished greater wonders than gunpowder or the sword. Empires have been shaken and religions destroyed by the magnetic influence of a kiss. Kisses like those of Antony and Cleopatra, of Alexander and Thais, of Nero and Poppa, what have they not accomplished! If we knew the secret history of courts, we should probably learn that nations have been created or erased by the magic touches of a woman's lips. In view of this a great problem naturally rises before us. "Has this discovery proved a blessing or an affliction to mankind?" We opine the former; for it has certainly increased the influence of woman, and the influence of woman is employed more for good than evil. All women are not Cleopatras or Thais, and a holy kiss is doubtless as potent an engine as a bad one. What is holier than a mother's kiss as she welcomes her babe to the world, or that of a true wife as she sends a husband to battle; and do they fall powerless? Judas kisses there have been, treacherous and fatal, poisoning innocent hearts, and turning to curses on despairing lips. But there are other kisses that soothe and elevate, that ennoble as with the seal of royalty, such kisses as Andromache bestowed on her lord, or the beautiful Castilian the mighty Plantagenet. Happy are those who in their old age can look back upon kisses that have never dishonored! To them there is no remorse.

FOUND FAITHFUL.

By MRS. ELLA BASSET WASHINGTON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

"LIKE warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy, like the notes
Of an organ vast."

As one door closed and the other opened, Lily became possessed with an extraordinary and unnatural decorum, wishing most devoutly the while that she had some fancy-work or book, or anything to employ her idle hands, that seemed just then oddly in the way and curiously conscious of themselves. Yet it was only a young man entering with cordial smile and perfect composure.

She had a vague idea that this ceremonious call would be extremely stiff, and in the absence of her mother it behooved her to be very dignified. Taking a seat beside her, he remarked:

"Are party calls very important things? I've not paid one in a long time, and fear I've forgotten the rules."

He seemed perfectly serious, and she was puzzled for an answer; but finally made a neat speech explaining her mother's absence, and winding up with a *prim* remark upon the weather.

"Yes, it is a splendid day for winter; but its especially pleasant in this temperature at present. I'm sorry your mother is not well, but I'm afraid I am glad to see no one but yourself."

He settled himself against the corner of the sofa comfortably. Lily gave a side glance of despairing scrutiny, hoping for inspiration to some society observation impossibly suggested by his profile. Her commendable effort arrived at the most commonplace ending.

"Do you feel much fatigued after the ball?"

She hoped he would take up the topic, and enlarge learnedly upon it; but was only rewarded with a laconic, "Oh, not at all; I can stand a great deal." This remark was extremely ambiguous and unsatisfactory; not materially assisting her conversational struggle. She considered it important not to let a pause of any length ensue. In a conventional *tête-à-tête* a pause is something oppressive, and now there seemed an ominous silence impending. Why had she not been over-

awed with a sense of his superior talent and wisdom the night before, when they first met? How young and silly she must seem to him not to be able to entertain better than this! Lily felt that her part was a failure; but he did not seem to mind it, only looking perfectly comfortable. And she felt so absurd as her bright willful eyes suddenly met the full, amused glance of his! The climax of the situation arrived, and without knowing how it happened she laughed irrepressibly, and he heartily joined in. All the primness and stiffness at once dissolved like morning mist, and she said, simply:

"You are not like what I thought a great writer and author ought to be, after all."

"Not cynical nor sentimental enough, is that it? But I am not a great author. People get puffed on small capital sometimes if they happen to be popular."

"And do you know," she said, wistfully, "I'm not sure I've read any of your books?"

"That's a terrible confession; but suppose I haven't written books, just sketches by no means wonderfully wise?"

"Then I'll not be afraid of you any more, as I haven't much wisdom myself; but do you write about real life—true things, not fancies?"

"Both sometimes. The true and false are so mingled one can't separate them always."

"And I cannot entirely comprehend that, so I don't think I ought to be grown up yet, and sent out in society. But how did you learn?"

He paused a moment, and said, gravely:

"By sad experience."

Then a silence came that has a strange charm in its sadness, so that even while speaking less, we feel more. After this the interview insensibly became a revelation of these two to each other. With artless, unconscious skill she drew from him the history of his life, with its early, bitter experience of sorrows and struggles. Her sweet young face grew very grave as she listened and looked earnestly up to him. Suddenly he stopped, and exclaimed:

"I don't know why I've talked so much of

myself. Its inexcusable egotism ;" and there was a shade of bitterness in his tone as he added, "You know nothing of such things. How can you ever understand them?"

"I don't know how ; but I think it has come to me to realize it. Will you take my sympathy?"

His voice shook, and grew a little husky in its eagerness:

"Yes, I'll gladly take from you what I never sought, but scorned, from others ;" and looking he longed to snatch the little hand that lay so temptingly near his own, and crush it in a passionate clasp, or cover it with kisses.

"Oh, Mr. Arnet, do be benevolent, and believe there are more good people in the world than you think. Have faith, and try to believe, won't you?"

"Have faith?" he repeated. "I did have it once, and it was forced out of me. Believe?" he stopped ; "I'll believe anything you tell me."

His eager, impetuous words stirred the girl's heart strangely, with his eyes full of consuming interest.

"Believe for belief's sake, not because I ask you," she said ; "but this has been such a good old world to me, I haven't thought enough how hard and cold it is sometimes to others."

"Don't think, and I hope you'll never know. Lilies are too tender to be touched roughly."

"They must take the lot of humanity as it comes. I like to think I could be brave to bear, as you have been."

"Heaven grant you may never be tried. Its harder for a woman than a man," he said ; and added, glancing around, "But I've no fears for you."

"I have had, for my part, an unsentimentally soft time of it, not even a crumpled rose leaf to cry over. Quite unromantically happy," she said.

The clearness of the girl's thoughts were clouded for a moment, as all but the bright world she lived in seemed boundless and unreal to her. It was only last night she had been dancing with heart as light as her feet, in a scene of brilliance and gayety where pain, poverty, sorrow, sin, and death seemed things forgotten or unknown. Arnet looked down at her with a kind, frank glance and pleasant smile.

"You don't know what a real good thing it is to have an 'unsentimentally soft time.'"

"I believe I get tired sometimes, and would like to have something more to do than make morning calls, buy pretty things at Stewart's, and—well, I like balls immensely if they're all as nice as last night."

"It was capital ; I never enjoyed one before so much ; but I must thank you for that."

"And Mr. Harman for making you go."

She looked up, turning to him with raised eyebrows, such pretty delicate dark eyebrows, arching under her fair, white brow.

"Yes, it was a happy accident for me ; but I've imposed upon you this morning, staying such an unconscionable time."

"Oh, no ; surely its not been very long, and"—she hesitated, "I want to thank you" (the tone was low and tender) "for telling me your story. It makes me feel we are friends."

"Does it?" he said, eagerly. "Then I'm rewarded for the pain of opening old wounds. It was an involuntary confession."

"But I hope you'll not regret it."

"I could regret nothing that made you my friend."

The color deepened in her cheeks under his steady, earnest gaze.

"Friendship is love without wings."

When will men and women cease to delude themselves with this most common of Cupid's devices. Still he lingered over the adieu, half suggested, but yet not spoken, and after a moment's silence between them, continued:

"I've had no stimulant but ambition, and sought no reward but gold. If you want a work to do, make me a better man. I need encouragement and sympathy."

"I'm such a child, I don't know how to do things well and wisely ; and the responsibility?"

"Would be something immense. Is that what you are thinking?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, I've been such a butterfly, I'm not fit," she answered, very solemnly. "My girl's life has been so smooth and sunny."

"That you are beginning to think your blessings a reproach ; but it is all right you should be happy. Take the 'goods the gods send.'"

The brave, bright eyes, the frank, fearless tones electrically encouraged her ; but beyond the resolute bravery, the cool, quiet courage she saw now with new wisdom on that bold, broad brow, the many nameless traces of his hard life, his stern,

undaunted struggle with fate. It did not need words to tell her how hard it had been at times for him to hope, how vain to resolve, how almost fruitless to struggle. She was pierced with the pang of this new, intense, acute sympathy, and he read it all on the pure face as on a fresh page when at last he bade her adieu.

CHAPTER V.

"Who calleth thee, Heart? World's strife,
With a golden heft to his knife;
World's gain, with a brow knit down,
World's fame, with a laurel crown;
Which rustles most as the leaves turn brown."

For several weeks succeeding this interview at her own home and in society Arnet frequently met Lily Maclean; indeed, in seeking her he sought society wherever she was to be found. It was a new enchantment that had not touched him before; that his hard, relentless fate had for many years repressed, until he had grown cold, stern, and indifferent.

There had been nothing in all of his youth to give "glory to the grass, or fragrance to the flower," and no blossom of love had ever brightened his life's springtime. Before that chance meeting at the Charity Ball he had made arrangements to go abroad as foreign correspondent of one of the leading journals. It was imperative he should comply with the contract, and both profit and pleasure had hitherto blended in his agreeable anticipations of this tour. But now his native shore had a new charm; and as the time for the steamer to sail on which his passage was engaged drew daily nearer, he was unwilling to go.

Inclination was not to be consulted, however, and he set himself sternly to the task of preparation with unflinching firmness, though the man's strong passionate nature, framed for the joys of love, rebelled against reason and the cold philosophy of his brain, which circumstances had hitherto compelled him to adopt.

He had sought for a long interview alone with Lily, but had been frequently baffled by the throngs of friends and admirers who gathered around the reigning belle, and constantly filled Mr. Maclean's parlors with their ubiquitous presence.

So the day of his departure had actually arrived, and before the routine hour for fashionable visits, he, for the last time, entered the elegant Fifth Avenue mansion.

It was hard to control his vexation as the servant ushered him in, to find his friend Harman already there, lounging on a luxurious sofa doing the agreeable in the usual style of conversational twaddle, that passes current as good coin in society, though it is only oreide after all.

His last hope of seeing her alone was over; for the young man, with aggravating and unconscious amiability, had apparently no immediate intention of leaving.

"Arn't you on the wing to-day, Bertie?" said his friend, as he seated himself, hat in hand, near Lily.

"Yes, the Scotia sails this afternoon."

"I was thinking of driving down to see you successfully off."

"Thanks; you are very kind, Hal," biting his lip at the same time to keep his impatience in check.

"We'll miss him terribly, won't we?" the irrepressible young man continued, turning to Lily.

"Yes," she said, simply; "very much."

"But you'll have a good time, I guess; though going abroad has rather become a bore these days, when everybody goes."

"To me it will have the charm of novelty, as 'everybody' did not include myself," answered Arnet.

"You'll find Paris passable for a while," Harman continued; "but one soon tires of the cafés, theatres, mabille, the grisettes, gamins, and all that sort of thing, besides eating bonbons and drinking absinthe."

"I don't think I'll devote much time to any of them, as they've been described to death already. I shall want to know more of passing events."

"Oh, of course you have got to get it all up for the journals. I really mean to read your articles if the weather is not too hot for literature this summer; so do your best, my dear fellow," he said, with an amiable assumption of intense conceit and importance.

"I'll tax my mental muscles tremendously for your especial edification."

Lily had been listening to them without taking part in the conversation, trying the while to overcome the dull pain that seemed stupefying her into silence.

When the allusion to his writing was made, she started suddenly into animation.

"Do tell me your *nom de plume*, and what

journal you write for, Mr. Arnet, so I can be one of your readers too?"

The mention unexpectedly surprised and for a moment confused him. So before he replied, Harry burst out laughing:

"Well, don't you know he was 'Cosmos,' the publisher of the nineteenth century?"

"How dreadfully dull and stupid I've been not to find out for myself," she said, smiling. "when I've so often alluded to your sketches and wondered who wrote them."

Again the irrepressible Harman interposed.

"Credit him with the modesty of genius; and me for showing off the elephant. We have an author among us, you see."

"Yes; I am delighted to see and to know the author, and Mr. Harman, philosopher," she added, with sparkling animation.

"Will my friends accept thanks for this unexpected benefit? my feelings are beyond expression," responded Arnet. "But I am compelled to retire, as there's a prosaic valise to pack, and some other things to do in limited time."

"Oh, I'll drive you down and help out," his tenacious friend benevolently suggested, while Arnet arose, reluctantly.

"Partings are always unpleasant to me, Miss Maclean. When I am taking leave of friends, they are best made briefly. Give me good wishes, and good by."

She arose from her seat, and he took the small soft hand extended silently to him, and held it for one intense moment in a close, convulsive clasp.

Almost painful as the pressure was, her slender fingers scarcely felt the tension as her deep, wistful eyes looked up into the pale face and met his earnest gaze.

Was its secret revealed to her young heart as with woman's perception she saw and felt the change that came over him; something intense, yet intangible; voiceless, but eloquent.

Yet the worldly-wise observer saw nothing but a conventional leave-taking between two well-poised, thoroughly-trained, unexceptionable society people.

Her cheek possibly paled a little, and the lines about his mouth were set more sternly, but the society drill of self-possession was superbly maintained by both of them; and there was no tremor in the deep tones that said "good-by" and begged to claim "a place in her memory."

That was all the world, represented by its looker-on, the fashionable friend, could see. And so they parted, as so many have parted, as so many of us part, with compelled smiles concealing the pain quiver of pale lips, and hard, dry eyes, that show no sign the heart is weeping tears of blood.

The two young men left together, and the girl was alone. She sat where they had left her, very still, trying to collect her thoughts.

The resolute expression was unrelaxed; there were no sobs nor sighs, no apparent agitation, nothing but intense immobility.

So she stayed there for some time, still and fixed as a statue; only a dull, cold pallor settling down on her face.

There was singular strength and power in Lily's character, young and untried as she was; and it was serving her now.

Suddenly Mrs. Maclean's voice sounded in the adjoining room. She sprang from her seat towards the piano, and became busily engaged arranging some sheets of music on the stand as her mother slowly entered. Seating herself with great deliberation, and then turning to her daughter she said, with some significance:

"Has your father spoken to you to-day, Lily, my love?"

"I kissed him good-by this morning when he went out, but he didn't say anything. What do you mean, mamma?"

"Well, my dear, I'll come to the point at once. Mr. Howard has proposed for you. He spoke to your father last night; the English style is so correct. Parents should always be consulted first."

"Then I'm glad papa can settle the business for me. That's equally correct. I shall politely decline the intended honor. His surprise will be something amusing. The Howard refused!"

She laughed lightly, but her mother interposed with some asperity: changing her suave, sweet tones from persuasion to authority and decision.

"My daughter, I cannot permit you hastily to reject such an offer. Think of his wealth, position, and prospects! Such advantages must be considered. Your father and myself altogether approve. It's a splendid offer; all the girls of your set have been trying for him."

"And they may have him, too, for all I care to the contrary;" then adding, "Are you and

papa tired of me, that you want me to marry that conceited Englishman? He's more in love with himself than with me."

"You do him injustice. He is evidently seriously attached to you."

"But suppose I am not seriously attached to him, what then?"

"Why, my dear, that is not at all essential. Love can be cultivated; its not always a natural growth. It will come after a while."

"That theory seems very unnatural. It is like one's marrying a house with a man to it; not the man because he gives value to the house. Aunt Marian says marrying just for establishments makes so many miserable women, and some reckless and wicked."

"You are always harping on your aunt's maxims when I want you to be sensible, Lily;" her tones become harsh and angry. "Your father and I desire that Mr. Howard should be encouraged and eventually accepted. We have your interest at heart, and know what is best. There are good reasons why we should wish to see you established, and your future welfare splendidly provided for. No one knows what may happen. My health does not improve, and it would be a relief to see you make a distinguished alliance. Our plans are all for your good, but you do not seem to appreciate."

"I am well established in this dear home, and I'll not go anywhere else," she said, kissing her mother lovingly; and as the servant announced lunch ready, the conversation ended.

From her entrance into society until now, the race for Lily's hand and fortune had been a general sweepstakes, for which there were numberless competitors, with sometimes one, then another in the lead; but it had hitherto been only a source of pride and pleasure to her parents, who were simply amused at the contest, and not disposed in any way to interfere.

Now Lily was dismayed and distressed at the new attitude they had so suddenly assumed, and their urgency in favoring the proposed marriage, amounting at last on Mr. Maclean's part to absolute commands, when he found arguments and persuasions ineffectual in subduing her resolute opposition to Mr. Howard's suit.

So matters stood for several weeks, until Mr. Maclean's sudden illness terminated his daughter's troubles for a time, and put a period to the domes-

tic discord. She had been secretly strengthened in her refusal by a note received from Albert Arnet, written on the steamer, and sent back by the returning pilot boat.

"I could not leave you without another farewell," he wrote, "even though it is spoken on paper. And should your thoughts ever revert to the hours we have passed together, they will meet with mine, for my memory loves to linger over their brief, bright history. Think sometimes, think kindly, of the wanderer; for he loves you, Lily, and that love will be a beacon light amid the storm surges of life, the star of hope guiding on to future greatness. If my words offend, forgive me; and if I live, we shall meet again, for I must win your love. Good-by, and may God watch over you as I would that I might do."

"Love prays fervently when it prays for love," and I pray Heaven may give you to

"ALBERT ARNET."

CHAPTER VI.

"BEHOLD yon grotto where the drooping tears
Are crystalized to columns by long years;
So shall thy sorrows, child of mighty grief,
Bear up like pillars for thy soul's relief."

Time and death are inexorable. Changes came in the Fifth Avenue mansion. Mr. Maclean's illness terminated in death; there were tears and sorrow and suffering. A pompous funeral procession passed from the door, was gazed at by the passing crowd, and speedily forgotten.

Then after a few more days the papers announced, among other local events, that the deceased broker's estate had proved to be insolvent. Society was surprised a moment, then sneered and criticised, and finally settled down wisely to the conclusion—it was just what they expected, and so waited for the next sensation, after the manner and custom of New York.

Lily and her mother had scarcely realized their position, when Mrs. Maclean's health gave way, long enfeebled as it had been, and the double shock soon sent her to a grave beside her husband in that vast and voiceless city across the river—Greenwood Cemetery.

But the orphan girl was not utterly desolate, for her kind aunt came before her mother had passed away, and the day after the second funeral the two mourners together left the brownstone palace to its sombre splendor and silence, until what

he could not overlook or set aside simply for a matter of feeling; the strong, wild impulse, the mad yearning of passionate love. Heart and head struggled for the mastery, and fought a bitter battle against each other; but reason conquered.

His literary engagements were imperative; business contracts must be complied with. Fame and fortune for the future hung in the balance. It might be "filthy lucre," but it was the great controlling power that moved the world; and he was not rich enough yet to put aside the golden promise of the present. He wanted a fitting shrine for the wife he hoped to win; a choice casket for his jewel. So he put self resolutely aside, determined to do his duty first; finish the work before him, and then seek the woman he loved for his reward.

So the matter was mentally adjusted, the struggle ended, and Arnet set himself sternly to his work, pursuing his purpose with indomitable energy and determination.

Months passed by; everywhere he wandered, and of everything he wrote; pouring on paper the wealth of his brain with most wonderful versatility, sending forth descriptive sketches, spicy criticisms, notes of events, poems, or romantic legends; all rich, racy, and original, which the reading world approved and applauded, patronized and paid for.

And the author was courted and caressed, sought in select circles, beamed upon by the sunshine of society's smiles, while fame wreathed his brow, and fortune brought her fickle favors to lavish on the favorite of the hour, as his bank account increased steadily, and was successfully invested.

So a year had gone by, his engagement was drawing to a close, and the arrangements for his return already made. He was eager to go, fretting at delay like a fiery steed at the restraining curb; longing to carry his gold and laurels to lay them at Lily's feet.

He would find her, that he never doubted, if he had to go to the end of the earth.

The cup of joy seemed so near his lips he was thirsting to quaff its intoxicating nectar; but how often human hopes and expectations fail!

Looking over his mail one morning, there was another letter from his friend Harman.

Glancing over its contents his eyes were suddenly spell-bound as he read thus:

"I know you have not forgotten that lovely

girl, Lily Maclean; and the fact is, I have an uncomfortable way of thinking of her too much myself. *Entre nous* I was further gone there than I thought. She might have made a better man of me, but *quien sabe?* Helen don't bother me, but she is rather insipid. I wouldn't object to hysterics for excitement and variety sometimes, though we don't interfere with each other, and get along pretty much like every one else in Gotham. You were always impenetrable, Bertie, but I thought you were struck more than you showed with Lily's distracting fascinations. Poor dear child, she was too tender to be so hardly dealt with by fate. After you had worked off this tour I fancied you would come back to look for her. But she was so good and lovely the angels wanted her; and Charlie Vinton told me yesterday that when he was coming down from the Lakes the train was delayed at some village, where he picked up a local paper; and among its items, just think of it, Bertie, was the death of our beautiful Lily.

"It was her name in full, Charlie said, no mistaking it, but he hadn't time to make further inquiries before they got off.

"Did you ever know anything so sad as the fate of that family! I've got the blues terribly just thinking it over. It would be no good trying to find out anything more of poor little Lily's fate when she is dead.

"I must stop this scribbling, for my tandem team is waiting at the door—two new bays that cost a rousing round sum.

"The English drag you selected for me is just the nobbiest thing out. I shall try to drive off the blues, for those horses pull like steam engines, and take an expert to handle the lines.

"Come home soon; I want to see you awfully. Addios, HARMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

"God pity him, and God pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

Holding the fatal letter in his hand, Arnet sat motionless with his dull eyes gazing down as if reading his own death warrant. He was struck with the blind, dizzy unconsciousness of mortal physical pain; paralyzed by a blow dealt in the dark. He did not move from the desk where he

had been writing, but sat there still and stony, with clenched hands and set teeth, his face blanched to the pallor of death. The only precious hope his life had ever held was blasted, when the radiant dream seemed nearing the threshold of reality. His love had been sudden and passionate—its end was quick and violent.

It would have been well for him if, when hope died, love had died with it.

He fairly cursed himself for the mercenary motives that had prompted his fatal delay. If he had only gone back at once and sought her out, found her, indeed, she might not have died, she might have been! Oh, what indescribable, illimitable agonies are comprehended in the possibilities those little words, "might have been," contain.

There had been disappointments, sorrows, struggles in his life, fierce wrongs and bitter hatred, but only one love. His heart had fixed itself upon this girl with all the strong passion, all the ardent avarice of affection.

And now that Death had inexorably divided them, the iron entered into his soul; its burning agony scorched his brain, blighting, blasting every thought and feeling. And while he sat there, still and fixed in his despair, the evening sun gloriously bright, sending its beams through a window near, shone down in cruel mockery upon his bowed head, as it shines alike upon the happy and the unhappy, the just and the unjust.

At last the tension of his strained nerves gave way, and rising from his seat he walked the floor wildly a moment, and then threw himself upon a lounge with one fierce cry to God, which at such times will burst from profanest lips, even when cursing in their hearts the power that has snatched away the treasure. Burning tears, that seemed wrung like the life blood from his heart, forced themselves from his eyes, and saved him at last from the menacing madness of that horrible hour.

Yet even while the sable wings of the grim raven Despair were fluttering over his head, and a tempting voice told him life was a burden, end it at once—what was there to live for, work for now—he roused himself resolutely; for only cowards are suicides, and he was brave. Death had no terrors; it was living his life out he shrunk from. Looking down the dim vista of the future, how blank and barren it seemed! The charm was gone, the champagne had ceased to sparkle,

the cup was empty. There was but one alternative for him now: it was work, or go mad.

So he renewed his engagements, and set off on a more extended tour of travel. Into the burning heart of Africa he went with Stanley, seeking Livingstone, and striving to satisfy his illimitable unrest. Wandering amid savage tribes, exploring unknown lakes and rivers, caring for nothing, heeding nothing, only to forget. Back again to America he came at last, after two years had passed, to recruit his somewhat shattered health, to receive an ovation from the public, and warm greetings from his friends.

They thought him changed, they called him cynical and unsocial; women said cold, for to them he was an enigma; but neither his friends, nor the world, nor the women knew the why or wherefore, though he was the more admired because he was not understood. Being incomprehensible and mysterious always fascinates. How many of us carry graves in our hearts, of which the external tablet of flesh bears no record, except perhaps a few deepened lines, a shade, a look, a tone, that might tell the psychologist their story.

He was weary of wandering, for he had left no world-wonder unexplored, no gem of art or Nature unseen; but restless as the waves, the return to his native land brought no "kind nepenthe" to his soul; for home he had none.

The associations with New York City were painful and unpleasant to him, stirring again the strong sorrow he was striving to suppress. He had spent his happiest days there; but he had loved and he had lost.

It was now summer time, and the city was going to the country; society was out of town. Every one was seeking sylvan shades and rural retreats to rest, except the crowds that thronged the watering places and other fashionable resorts.

Arnet went off to the Adirondacks hunting, fishing, exploring, with no company but his guide, sometimes walking from one point to another, where the country permitted. In the grandeur and beauty of the scenery surrounding him he experienced something more nearly akin to pleasure than he had for a long time felt.

Into the deep recesses of the primeval forest he penetrated; frowning cliffs, dark caverns, savage gorges did not stay his daring steps until he was tired of their rugged beauty. Then coming back to the more inhabited portion of the country, he

followed the irregular roads, or at times turned from them to linger over a frugal lunch carried in his pocket or satchel, beside some cool mountain brook, lovely lakelet, or graceful waterfall. At night he found shelter in the woodman's cabin, or the simple farmhouse. With no encumbrance but his satchel, sketch book, and geologist's chisel, this wild, free life in the woods well suited him.

One day he had been clambering among rocky boulders visiting one of those beautiful spots made sacred by romantic legend, and turned towards the clear country again as the afternoon came on, feeling somewhat fatigued.

It so chanced that he had idly followed the course of a pretty stream, winding its way through a lovely forest glade, its mossy banks gemmed with bright flowers.

At the cottage where he had spent the previous night, he had been told that this same little stream led out towards a point he was seeking; and as the shadows lengthened, he quickened his steps, noting that the forest grew more open, indicating the approach to a clearing.

Suddenly he heard the report of a gun not far distant, then the baying of a dog, and through the trees his eyes caught the gleam of something white fitfully gleaming amid the lights and shadows of the forest. With vague curiosity to see what the white object could be, he quietly approached, keeping the huge trunks of the trees between himself and the person, or creature, whatever it might be, so as to be himself unseen while making observations.

Having drawn quite near, he stopped behind a great oak to see what the vision might prove that seemed spiritlike in this wild woodland haunt, so still and secluded. From beneath a mossy bank, amid the gnarled roots of a superb tree, gurgled a sparkling stream, sending its wavelets dancing down to mingle with the stronger tide of the neighboring stream.

Beside this delicious spring, on a low, rustic seat of woven boughs and vines was the white figure that had looked so like a wreath in the distance—a female form, slight, graceful, and so still it seemed the very incarnation of repose. All about her was at rest but the bounding, babbling brook.

Albeit women were not generally interesting to him, the scene, the surroundings made Arnet watch this one with intense interest. Her face

was turned from him, and shaded by the wide-brimmed sun hat, so it was impossible to see the features, while she leaned against the tree in an attitude of rest.

The hair, half disheveled, hung in loose curls over her shoulders, and catching the stray sunbeams that shimmered down through the dusky foliage tangled them in the bright tresses, till they looked like burnished gold; and altogether the statuesque beauty of the figure in its picturesque repose, its graceful immobility, was an artistic study; he stood there abstractedly admiring. And when there was a slight motion, Arnet actually started.

She stooped, dipping one slender white hand into the spring, and scattering a shower of crystal drops upon a heap of ferns and wild flowers that had been carelessly tossed on the turf at her feet. Then the cool, wet, white fingers were pressed to her brow.

He leaned further forward to see better, as a bird amid the branches warbled a wild, sweet song and flew away. Springing quickly to her feet, the rapid motion made the hat fall back from her head, as she turned and looked up to watch the bird's swift flight away into the blue ether.

Had a ghost crossed his path, that his sun-browned face should blanch to such deathly pallor! that with one fierce bound his heart should seem to stop its beating! And in another instant the hot blood had flushed his dark cheek, and gone leaping madly through the veins, with all of that inexpressible delirium that is part rapture, part pain.

Was it not some dazzling vision, incarnate of the sunbeams and the summer breeze, that was binding him with its radiance? or had a hand from heaven wrought the strange, sweet miracle, and brought back again the face he had thought gone from him forever?

Catching his breath in short, strong gasps, he stood transfixed, striving to realize he was not asleep, not dreaming, not deceived, nor enthralled by some mystic enchantment. No; he felt it was reality. And then, with iron will mastering his wild emotions, he moved from behind the tree, and walked slowly, steadily towards her.

Startled by this sudden presence in the sylvan solitude where she thought herself alone, there was a slight tremulous motion for a moment, as if

she were inclined to turn and fly. There was something unearthly in the marble beauty of her face, only the deep-blue eyes burning themselves black in their intense look of sudden, startled, absolutely bewildered recognition. And so for one supreme moment she met his gaze, vivid, eloquent, intense. Then as he drew nearer she stretched out her hands with mute, impetuous joy, and with passionate eagerness they were caught and held within his close, warm clasp.

There are moments that come sometimes in our lives when the world seems strangely like heaven; for we are told that "Heaven is love."

Upon the rustic seat they rested together until all had been explained, while the birds in the branches trilled riotous songs of joy, and the grand symphony of Nature around them whispered its wild harmony. At their feet the ferns and wild flowers nodded coyly, and the leaves, like those of Dodona, were "speaking sweet oracles."

The shadow had passed, sorrow was gone, a great joy had come, and in his glad, brave face

there was a wonderful brightness as he spoke softly and tenderly:

"How many lives have been made miserable by mistakes! My letters did not reach you after your change of residence. I heard nothing from you. So we have both suffered."

"And my cousin's death was mistaken for mine, as our names were alike. Uncle named her for my mother. It was natural your friend should think it was me."

"And no wonder I could not find you," he said, looking long and lovingly down into the clear depths of her beautiful eyes; and clasping the slight form more closely and fondly to his heart, he whispered, eagerly, "But Lily, darling, you are living yet, thank God! and you will be my precious wife?"

Her gaze met the passionate appeal of his eyes with a look so softly, surely steadfast in its love and trust, so purely perfect in its joy, that the answer was given. And in the rapture of happiness, her face was a fairer picture than Raphael ever painted, a sweeter book than poet ever dreamed. And so those two were found faithful.

WITH MEN AND BOOKS.

By A. F. BRIDGES.

X.

THE Wabash River, the classic stream of Indiana, as it runs through the suburbs of Logansport, forms a modest little island, the home of the Hon. Horace P. Biddle, a judge of considerable repute, and an author, in prose and verse, of no little distinction. This island has been Mr. Biddle's home for so many years that it is known, wherever it is known, as Biddle's Island. The residence itself, a roomy, old-fashioned building, crowning the tallest ridge of the island, is one vast library, filled with choice books, rare and antique, together with many curious documents out of reach of the masses. Its occupant has been fortunate in having ample leisure for study. He has especially cultivated his literary taste. If his poetry, of which there are several volumes extant, has any one particular fault, it is that it is too exact and mechanical in its conformity to

poetic measure. Still he has written much that should and doubtless will live.

Although acquainted with our current literature the judge is nevertheless liable to be imposed upon by as many famous literary lights before him have been. Not long ago a friend addressed to him an appreciative letter, in the delicate handwriting of a lady, styling himself an admirer, and submitting some verses, purporting to be original, for his criticism. To this letter he signed the name of a lady acquaintance in Florida. The judge was very much pleased with the verses, and sent them to a home paper the next day for publication, accompanying them with the following note:

"To the Editor of the *Pharos*:—I inclose you some verses sent me in MS. by a lady from Florida. I have no express permission to have them published, nor am I forbidden to do so; but they are so much superior to the ordinary run of poetry

thus brought to my notice, that I venture to give them to the world. I withhold the name, as it might be indelicate to give it without her consent, but I would be proud to make it known. If the gifted authoress writes thus by stealth, she will yet 'blush to find it fame.' Yours, truly,

"HORACE P. BIDDLE."

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where sweet wailing singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is glad to win them;
Alas, for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nav, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross, but not the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the silent night-dews weep
On nameless Sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O, hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out its carlial wine
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses;
If singing voice or echoing chord
To every hidden pang was given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

In the next day's issue of the same paper appeared the following note, which to say the least is self-explanatory:

"To the Editor of the *Pharos*.:—If the Florida poetess of Judge Biddle, or even Judge Biddle himself, will turn to page 355 of O. W. Holmes's 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' he or she will find 'The Voiceless,' as published in yesterday's issue. This poem was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1859, and has been before the literary world for fifteen years. Has the *Atlantic* just reached Biddle's Island? D. P. BALDWIN."

XI.

Byron writes of poets who have scorned to lend their thoughts to the world; who sung, but who sung for their own gratification and to themselves. They were poets; but they lived and died, and no note was taken of them. But such poets have been very few. Where there has been one to scorn the world's praise, there have been many who were afraid to strive for its flattery for fear of

realizing only its indifference. Reticence and timidity! who can tell to what extent these characteristics of mind have robbed real worth of recognition, and the world of much sweet melody? But why need we wonder at this? In the hush and quiet of his study, surrounded by the wisdom of past ages, ideal visions have come to the poet. How their wings have been clipped, and their airy forms appareled in speech, and they have thus been chained to the earth! In the midst of sacred and classic silence they have been reared to maturity, even as children in the sanctity of home; and now to thrust them out into the world to become a part of its dusty commerce—why, the very thought seems out of place!

A few years ago the readers of several Western literary sheets, and the students of Western literature in general were familiarized with the name and poetry of a Mr. E. S. Hopkins. First, there were the initials merely, afterward the full name. It was not known, however, at least to most of the readers, that the poet was yet a mere school-boy. Nor was it known that the few poems submitted to the public were selected from a number large enough and of enough variety and merit to justify collection into book form. The volume thus collected would not have been as meritorious as many books of poetry, but it would have been an interesting addition to the poetry of youthful genius.

Mr. Hopkins was graduated from the Indiana Asbury University in 1873 with the degree of A. B. He has since been elected to the superintendency of the public schools of Jeffersonville, Indiana, which position he now occupies. Of late he has published but little. Assuredly there is a reputation awaiting him, if, overcoming his reticence, he publish the many poems of which he is author.

I submit two specimens of Mr. Hopkins's poetry, the first an early production, the last an extract from a poem read before the Alumni of his University in 1875:

IN JUNE.

The dawns grow mellow through the amber light,
Now near and clear, now far away and faint,
The lark in fierce melodious delight
Sends her complaint.

Beyond the blue hill's utmost scarlet rim,
Or leaping from each gilded mountain height,
The happy feet of myriad cherubim
Roll back the night.

Borne forward on the shoulders of the gale
The heavy curtain of the fog uplifts,
Then breaks and flees the emerald intervals
In silver drifts.

And in its stead the restless wavelets splash
And crinkle into ripples on the sands,
Or, clad in gold-imprisoned diamonds, flash
Their lifted hands.

Within the dimples of the ringing streams
The dainty willows lave their finger-tips
Wherefrom in ruby sparks and crystal gleams
The sunshine drips.

Where late the winter wove his shroud of snow
Our withered stalks and dead leaves, tempest torn,
The pink-eyed daisies and blue violets blow
Among the fern.

The fragrant winds in wanton frolic toss
The apple blossoms to the dreamy air,
Or drop them in the maple's tangled floss
Of yellow hair.

Caught in the fingers of the satin lawn,
The sea-green network of the velvet grass,
Each dandelion lifts a mimic sun
In burnished brass.

As from the shadow of the lilac cooes
In tender melody the turtledove,
And with a voice of mournful sadness woos
Her truant love.

So with the very soul of passion thrills
The saddest measures of the poet's verse
That with the mystery of loving fills
The universe.

The poem from which the following is taken bears the title of "In Memoriam." The years and incidents of the past in general are commemorated, but a tribute is also paid to the poet's mother, who had but recently died. This accounts for the undercurrent of sadness perceptible in the verses:

The wind went wailing among the pines,
O the sorrowful weather!
The rain came weeping among the vines,
The wind and the rain together.

The wet earth reeled through the rainy days,
O the wearisome weather!
The sky grew dark with a leaden haze,
The sky and the earth together.

The needles of sleet pierced the beautiful leaves,
O the pitiless weather!
The flowers grew pale as a friend that grieves,
The leaves and the flowers together.

The brooks were still d by a frosty seal,
O the ominous weather!
The rills were chilled into ribbons of steel,
The brooks and the rills together.

Out of the grove the birds were flown,
O the desolate weather!
Into their places the flakes were blown
Fluttering hither and thither.

But sorrow of sorrow above them all,
O the sorrowful weather!
The presence of death let his shadow fall,
Sorrow and death together.

But now there has fallen a robe of snow,
O the changeable weather!
A robe as white as the souls that go
No more with us out together.

And the air is full of a song of peace
Born of the wonderful weather,
"There cometh a day when sorrows shall cease
And the earth shall be glad together."

XII.

The name of Ethel Lynn Beers has been before the American public as an author of verse ever since the War of the Rebellion gave origin to her famous poem, "All Quiet along the Potomac." This poem was written and published in the fall of 1861, when the phrase which forms its title was familiar to all. Perhaps her claim to authorship has more permanent basis in "On the Shores of the Tennessee," also written during the war, and first published in *Harper's Weekly*. This poem will perhaps have a more lasting hold on the public mind. As extensive as its circulation has been, and as familiar as it has made her name, it is to be wondered at that Longfellow in his "Poems of Places" should credit it with anonymous authorship. There is a simple beauty in the poem from the first line to the last that is exceedingly restful and cheering. A dying master and a faithful slave, two loyal hearts in a disloyal land; a last wish, and its gratification, to look on the waters of a majestic river, the Tennessee; the regret that the stars and stripes no longer float over its waters, the sudden, unexpected appearance of a Union man-of-war, suggesting that the rebel dominion over the stream is broken; a peaceful death and a slave's emancipation; these are allotted their place in the narrative with a minuteness of detail that does not weary, a simplicity that is refreshing, a beauty that charms.

There is no strain after words. Expressions are homelike; thoughts are not far-fetched. Altogether in the comprehension of the masses, and embodying literary merit, there is no reason why it should not survive as one of the few war poems that will be read a few generations hence.

Mr. A. A. Hopkins, in his "Waifs and their Authors," in speaking of Mrs. Beers says: "She finds life's pathos along its travelled ways, and beneath the common speech, and says when she brings her poems all together into a book she shall christen them 'Burdocks and Daisies,' since they have been gathered by the highway's dust and within life's trodden courts." This was written in 1875. Only a short time ago the author gathered her poems together, a publisher was found, and they are now before the public. Instead of "Burdocks and Daisies," however, the volume is more appropriately entitled "All Quiet Along the Potomac, and other Poems." The publishers executed their work without delay; but when it was done and the first volume was sent to their author it found her body lying in state, her pure spirit having gone to its Maker. It was placed with the wreaths that rested upon her folded arms, suggesting as it lay there at least one, if not the saddest, disappointment of authorship.

There are many excellent poems in Mrs. Beers's volume. "Which Shall it Be?" and "The Tallest Soldier of them All," the first of which has been quite popular, are of this class. This excerpt will indicate its finish:

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I listening bent my head.
"This is his letter:
 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given.'"

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this,

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the crib we lightly stepped
Where Lilian the baby slept,
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white,
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily said John—"Not her."

And thus they make the circuit of their children's cots, but with the same ending in every case. Not one could they spare. How many households have been blessed by this poem! Fathers struggling with poverty, mothers worn with overwork have read it with tears, and have gone cheerfully forward in the discharge of duties to their growing family of little ones.

The second poem referred to will be interesting reading as a memento of the war:

THE TALLEST SOLDIER OF THEM ALL.

How brave they looked with guns a-shine,
With floating flag and pennon gay;
How firmly trod the martial line,
Through surging clouds along Broadway.
While women turned to say "Good-by"
Through tears that would unbidden fall,
I, waiting, watched and saw but one,
The tallest soldier of them all.
On tip-toe I had buckled close
A shoulder-strap that morn for him,
But scarce could see the simple clasp,
Through eyes with swelling sorrow dim
With sad adieu and backward glance
He left me at the bugle's call,
To pray that God would watch and keep
The tallest soldier of them all.

.....
A squad went marching down the glen,
Picked men and true for earnest work;
To start from covert by the way
A foe who might in ambush lurk;
With wary eye and rifle poised,
With bated breath and soft footfall,
They followed through the narrow pass
The tallest soldier of them all.

Along the crags the stained vines,
Red with the ray October sheds,
Fluttered and swung their trembling spray
Around two couching rebel heads.
Above the rock a flashing gleam,
A-down the glen a true-sent ball,
And then outstretched lay stark and still
The tallest soldier of them all.

They brought him back, my gallant love,
 With solemn step and bugle wail,
 They bore him through the crowded street,
 My soldier murdered in the vale.
 Pallid and still he lay at rest,
 Beneath the sacred, starry pall,
 So, low at last I stooped to kiss
 The tallest soldier of them all.

XIII.

The memory of Stonewall Jackson is commemorated by a poem of great worth. It went the rounds of the press when it was first published, which was just after the war; but it drifted, like so many meritorious lyrics of our literature have done, without its author's name. There are few better poems in commemoration of fallen American generals. It has stately, solemn bearing, suited for a dirge; but its movement is natural, light, airy, graceful. It has not merely literary quality of a good order, but it embodies the very spirit of poetry. The images arranged in it are all highly poetic. Whoever the author is, whether he is a first class poet or not, he has certainly written one of our very best elegiac poems. That your readers may judge of its merits, that its authorship may be ascertained, and that a poem so worthy of recognition may receive part of its due, I here submit it in full:

STONEWALL JACKSON.

He sleeps all quietly and cold
 Beneath the soil that gave him birth;
 Then break his battle-brand in twain,
 And lay it with him in the earth.

No more at midnight shall he urge
 His toil-ome march among the pines,
 Nor hear upon the morning air
 The war shout of his charging lines.

Cold is the eye whose meteor-gleam
 Flashed hope on all within its light,
 And still the voice that, trumpet toned,
 Rang through the serried ranks of fight.

No more for him shall cannons park,
 Or tents gleam white upon the plain;
 And where his camp-fires blazed of yore
 Brown reapers laugh amid the grain.

No more above his narrow bed
 Shall sound the tramp of marching feet,
 The rifle volley and the clash
 Of sabres, when the foemen meet.

And though the winds of autumn rave,
 And winter snows fall thick and deep
 Above his breast—they cannot move
 The quiet of his dreamless sleep!

We may not raise a marble shaft
 Above the heart that now is dust;
 But Nature, like a mother fond,
 Will ne'er forget her sacred trust.

Young April, o'er his lowly mound,
 Shall shake the violets from her hair;
 And glorious June, with fervid kiss,
 Shall bid the roses blossom there.

And round about, the droning bee,
 With drowsy hum, shall come and go;
 While west-winds all the livelong day,
 Shall murmur dirges soft and low.

The warrior's stormy fate is o'er;
 The midnight gloom has passed away;
 And like a glory from the East,
 Breaks the first light of Freedom's day.

And white-winged Peace, o'er all the land,
 Broods like a dove upon the nest;
 While iron War, with slaughter gorged,
 At length hath laid him down to rest.

And where we won our onward way
 With fire and steel—through yonder wood,
 The blackbird whistles, and the quail
 Gives answer to her timid brood.

Yet oft in dreams his fierce brigades
 Shall see the form they followed far,
 Still leading in the farthest van—
 A landmark in the clouds of war!

And oft, when white-haired grand-ires tell
 Of bloody struggles past and gone,
 The children at their knee shall hear
 How Jackson led his columns on.

XIV.

Literary history affords many instances of rare and curious volumes and MSS. selling for fabulous sums to those whose passion for such has entitled them to the appellation of bibliomaniacs. In these sales, especially those with which we are familiar, occurred long ago, in times as different from ours as they are distant. It is not true, however, that all bibliomaniacs are dead. Recent sales of books in New York City afford proof of this. The season was crowded with the Irvin Brown, the Brinley and the Arnold collections.

It is claimed for the Brinley collection that "it was a treasure of antiquity, the most remarkable library of ancient American literature ever seen in an auction room." The Arnold collection was made by a book-fancier, of means sufficient to indulge the wildest fancy. It contained many works rare for interleaving, which had swelled them to enormous size. An elaborate interleaved copy of Irving's "Life of Washington," a very handsome edition in itself, sold for \$2000. The five volumes were increased to twenty-five by the introduction of portraits and autographs.

The costliest specimen of interleaving in the Arnold library, however, was a work entitled "Old New York." The work was simply an address before the New York Historical Society by Dr. Francis, an eminent antiquary. It was enlarged from a small volume to nine immense quartos, by portraits, autographs, sketches, rare and curious documents, etc. The work of interleaving was achieved by Mr. T. H. Morrill, who was several years at his task. The volumes, handsomely bound at a cost of \$40 a volume, sold for \$4000 in coming into Mr. Arnold's possession. The costliest specimen of such work previous to these two, was "The Records of the New York Stage," in which two volumes were extended to ten. It constituted a prominent feature in Mr. Augustin Daly's collection, and was sold for \$1100, to become probably the possession of the Lenox Library.

The Brinley collection, however, was valuable not because of such artistic ornamentation. The books were ancient. They contained some information not to be found elsewhere. They were in many instances the only copies to be had. Of the 2619 lots in the library, 67 sold for more than \$100 each, and 24 for more than \$200 each. The latter two dozen brought an aggregate sum of eleven thousand dollars. The choicest of these are as follows:

No. 364.—SMITH (Capt. JOHN). The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and The Summer Isles: with the Names of the Adventurers, Planters, and Governours from their First Beginning, Ano: 1584 to the Present 1624. With the proceedings of those Severall Colonies and the Accidents that befell them in their Journies and Discoveries. Also the Maps and Descriptions of all those Countreys, their Commodities, people, Government, Customs, and

Religion yet knowne. Divided into Six Bookes. By Capt. John Smith sometimes Governour in those Countreys & Admirall of New England. *Jolia, London, Printed by L. D. and I. H. for Michael Spark, 1624.*

This was the dedication copy of the original first edition. It was in its original dark-blue morocco binding, with gilt edges, paneled sides, wide gilt borders, the panel seme of *fleurs-de-lis* and corners richly gilt. In the centre, on one side, was the royal arms (James II.), on the other, the arms of the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, to whom the work was dedicated. It sold to the Lenox Library for \$1800.

No. 847. The Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfullness, but also the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance of singing Scripture Psalms in the churches of God. 8° [Cambridge: Stephen Daye,] Imprinted 1640.

This volume was described as a beautiful and perfect copy of the first book printed in the Anglo-American colonies. It was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$1200.

No. 787. The Holy Bible: containing the Old Testament and the New. Translated into the Indian Language, and Ordered to be Printed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England, At the Charge, and with the Consent of the corporation in England For the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England. *Cambridge: Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson, MDCLXIII. Mamusse Wunnecetupanatamwe UP-BIBLUM GOD naneeswee Nukkone Testament kah wonk Wusku Testament. 1—Ne quosh-kinnumuk nashpe Wuttinneumoh Christ nob asoowesit John Eliot. Cambridge: Printeuoop nashpe Samuel Green kah Marmaduke Johnson 1663.*

This volume was the first edition of Eliot's Bible. It was believed to be the best, if not the finest, copy preserved. It sold for \$1000. A copy of the New Testament by the same translator and publishers, also copies of second editions of the Bible, also by the same, sold for \$500 and \$700 each. The New Testament was printed in 1661.

No. 1195. A POEM. Dedicated to the Memory of The Reverend and Excellent Mr. Urian

Oaks, the late Pastor to Christ's Flock, and President of Harvard Colledge, in Cambridge, who was gathered to his People on 25^d. 5 mo. 1681. In the fiftyth Year of his Age. 11. Sam. 25 1 (3 lines; followed by 4 lines of Latin verse). sm. 4° Boston in New England, Printed for John Ratcliff, 1682.

This was supposed to be Cotton Mather's first published work. It sold for \$300. It was the only copy known to be extant.

No. 948. A Brief History of the Warr With the Indians in New-England. (From June 24, 1675. when the first English-man was murdered by the Indians, to August 12, 1676. when Philip, alias Metacomet, the principal Author and Beginner of the Warr, was slain.)—Wherein the Grounds, Beginning and Progress of the Warr, is summarily expressed. Together with a serious EXHORTATION to the Inhabitants of that Land, By INCREASE MATHER, Teacher of a Church of Christ, in Boston in New-England. (Quotations 3 lines.) 4° Boston. Printed and Sold by John Foster over against the sign of the Dove. 1676.

No. 1106. An Elegy on the Much-to-be-deplored Death of that Never-to-be-forgotten Person, The Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Collins; Who After

he had been many years a faithful Pastor to the church at Middletown of Connecticut in New England, about the Forty-third year of his Age Expired; On 28th. 10 moneth 1684. (Mottoes, 4 lines) pp (4) 20, red levant morocco. 8° Printed by Richard Peirce for Obadiah Gill 1685.

Of the two last mentioned, the first, No. 948, brought \$260, the other \$205.

A glance at these figures shows that the day of bibliomania has not yet departed. The binding and the date figure prominently in these sales, while the contents are secondary. Lucian, in speaking of the book-fancier who buys because of these two things, calls him a navigator unversed in science of navigation—a Thersites, tottering beneath the burden of Achilles's armor, his little eyes leering from under his enormous helmet and his hunchback lifting the cuirass above his bent shoulders. "Why do you buy so many books? You have no hair, and yet you purchase a comb. . . . Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasions of the worms, and the nibbling triumph of the rats."

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

WRITTEN BY THE LIGHT OF A BACKLOG'S EMBERS.

By GUY AINSLEE.

NONE but those who remember a time of boyhood in the country can appreciate the full meaning of the first snow of winter. In manhood and in the city, little do we care when the snow comes. We look out in the morning and say, "Ah! it has been snowing," and straightway it goes from the mind. By and by we go out, and feel inconvenience from the slippery sidewalks, and wonder, perhaps, why the boys and girls are evermore so industrious with their sleds. Or the first snow in the city is a flurry in the air; it whitens our coats and hats as we go through it, and when we enter our door we shake it off, and think no more about it. But can the reader remember the time when, with swift coasting-sled

burnished anew, and its steel runners cleared rust, waiting in the wood-house, and appearing every time it was looked at to be even anxious to be brought into requisition; does he remember buttoning up his greatcoat, which was not so very large, and getting into his thick boots, which were made more for service than beauty, and thinking himself proof against any storm or cold winter could bring? Then, when the first snow flakes begin to appear on the ground, how ponderous the question seems as he asks it of his playmate, "whether there is likely to be snow enough to make good coasting."

Before the ground is fairly covered the sled is brought forth; strange it will not go, even down

the steepest hill. But later in the day, the snow falling all the while, behold the long hoped-for time has come, and the sled will slide! Swiftly

him tired, it closes one of the gladdest and happiest days of the year.

This is what the first snow was in the far-



THE FALLING FLAKES.

down and slowly up he goes, and down and up, through the livelong day; such insignificant matters as eating and drinking are scarcely thought of; and when the night has come, though it finds

away time. And as we look at the snow now with awakened mind, there come also other remembrances, of the deepening winter and deepening drifts; of the little red schoolhouse toward

which we plodded, in company with our fellows, morning after morning, through the clear, crispy air; the little red schoolhouse, that seems now, as seen in memory, to be almost buried in the surrounding drifts, a kind of beacon in a vast white sea whose mountain waves are stilled and fixed; and again come remembrances of armies of boys meeting in snow-fights, rolling the snow into huge balls and building forts, to attack and defend with embryo military heroism; and again it may be, of moonlight nights, when boys and girls beyond numbering are out on the hill with their sleds, and making the air ring with merry song and merrier laughter; and again, perhaps, of moonlight sleigh-rides,

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their memory foretells!

Ah! as you look out of the window, in quieter mood than you know every busy day, you see the snow through all these memories; and thus seen through the added window of memory, it is tinged with a romantic coloring that relieves it of its cold, monotonous, passionless white.

There is yet another window through which we may look at the snow—the window of science. How were these snow-flakes made? What peculiar atmospheric or electrical influences cause the frozen clouds to assume such feathery forms, instead of solid crystals, such as we have sometimes in the hail? This has long been a point of investigation; but we know not that any satisfactory conclusions have been reached. What is done in the laboratory of the skies, in what wondrous manner electricity is there at work, we have not learned, yet in time may know.

But a single snow flake is at once an illustration of science and an object of it. It illustrates geometry—the angles of its crystals are formed according to universal principles, and testify to Nature's harmony. The snow-flake, for its own sake also, is worthy of being made a study. The microscope is needed to detect its finest beauties; but the common glance is not ill-repaid. The time for observations is when the atmosphere is quiet, the fine texture of the snow is broken by stormy wind. Says one, of the flake that rests on your sleeve: "Gaze at it, or ever it vanishes from your sight. What a world of symmetry it discloses to you! What an airy, fairy, crystalline splendor! What delicate spires of feathery light

shoot out from the centre with tiny fringes and rosy, radiating bars! In all your life you have never seen anything more beautiful or more perfect."

Every snow-flake is a *miniature meteor*, and for him who has an eye to see, contains more attractions than the most perfect ruby or diamond the world has known. Whittier says of the snow:

In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell.

Here is a realm of well-rewarding science, as yet comparatively new, but which must more and more increase in interest. To see the snow, then, through the window of science (though it be with us neither pretentious nor very profound), to study the snow as a mystery of globules and wheels and stars, made of finest crystals, is to find in it inexhaustible fascinations and inestimable mental profit.

So it is as we look at the snow with casual yet thoughtful glance, it glides playfully into our musings, and we soon come to admire it; and with its associations in our memory, we soon learn to love it; and then with scientific eye, we perceive its finer beauties and more extensive meaning.

Take a single snow-flake into the hand; it is in itself almost nothing; it at once melts beneath the finger touch; yet what a power there is even in that snow-flake in certain combinations! One by one the snow-flakes fall, without noise and in utter impartiality; they combine, and cover the highway and the wold, and turn familiar objects into strange shapes. How interesting to watch the snow flakes when they come down large and feathery, and seem to poise themselves in the air with invisible wings, and to have a quiet playfulness in going here and there, down and up, like wayward humming-birds; this one, larger and soberer than the rest, breaking from the others, and coming near to look for a moment in your face, and then to stow itself away on the window-sill, to move no more; another, more active than the others, prying at all crevices and corners, seeking a resting-place and finding none; another, with more ambition, seeing no attractions on the earth beneath, and taking a straight upward course for the housetop, and disappearing whence it came; and all the flakes, the air being

full, seeming like fairies in dress parade, marching and countermarching, with fantastic movements and endless variety! It is a spectacle for the mind to enjoy that has the capability of being quietly pleased, and has relief from more exciting and distracting thoughts.

See the tree that stood yesterday so bare and prim, to-day covered with fantastic snow-foliage, and still the little flakes come down, and deepen on the earth, the wind takes them and piles them into drifts; and now behold what a mass they have become, and what a power! They blockade the highways, and put an embargo on travel; they are too mighty for the strongest locomotive to overcome; yea, as with Bonaparte at Moscow, they are unconquerable by an army. May we

not say that so it is that God exerts by silent and almost imperceptible forces his moral power over the children of men. We may despise his entreaties and his precepts, as we may single snow-flakes; but when they turn to judgments, they encompass us, and we have no ability to flee away.

We believe it to be a fact, that only in the climates where snow is known do the people have an institution of Home that really deserves the name. It has been said by another that, while the land is more fruitful as you approach the tropics, what is taken out of the land is put into the man as you touch the snow. And Prescott said: "I think better of snow-storms since I find, though they keep a man's body indoors, they bring his mind out."

OLD VIRGINIA LEGENDS.

By ELLA F. MOSBY.



AN OLD VIRGINIA HOME.

MANY of the old houses in Virginia are far separated from each other, both by distance and roads that are almost impassable in the winter season and during bad weather. In their isolated situation they are surrounded by vast tracts of

woodland, which even at noonday are shrouded in a shadowy twilight from the overhanging boughs, and hushed in a silence unbroken except by the glad twitter of small birds near their nests, or the rippling interlude of invisible brooks. In

the winter these sounds are heard no longer, and underneath the old trees stretches an untrodden field of snow. If a rider passes on the winding road, the muffled footfalls of his horse, and his figure, now appearing and again disappearing on the unlevel road, have something ghostly in their appearance. I myself have often travelled on

the narrow by-paths which cross the woods in every direction. We agreed, however, that this was of all places best fitted for superstitions and legends, even more so than the lonely moors and misty glens of Scotland.

Besides the general environage of a Virginia home, the inner life of the household is peculiarly



"DE COMING OB DE LORD."

horseback for mile after mile through Virginia woods in the gray dusk and early moonrise of a winter night, and I remember well the weird effects of the vast silent spaces of the forests, the crying of the owls to one another as they flitted by us with a whirl of their wings; the unreal, spectre-like figure of my companion as he rode ahead, passing alternately through dark shadows and sudden gleams of light from the low, red moon.

We heard nothing but the wail and hoot of the owls, an occasional gust of wind shaking the snow-laden boughs, or a wild hymn on "de coming ob de Lord" sung in a plaintive minor key by some negro in the distance, traversing one of

favorable to that dreamy retrospection which the vital atmosphere of omen and tradition. there is a vacant place, a voice silenced, or a loved touch withdrawn by that dread Ishmael Death,

"Whose hand is against us all,"

or if there is anxiety for an absent or perhaps returning one, the heart has full leisure to brood over its disappointed love and sorrow. In the long winter, when probably no visitor may cross the threshold for days, in the slow nights when the fire burns low in the shadowy room, a woman has many hours of silent thought, during which every sound or creaking of the old timbers becomes to

her excited imagination and yearning desire the footfall of an invisible presence; every light or shadow on the quiet hearth an omen replete with augury from the spiritual world. There is also the constant companionship of the negroes, who are a race profoundly superstitious, emotional and ignorant, guided by dreams, signs and visions, so there is no wonder that every old house in Virginia is said to be haunted, and every family history is interwoven with traditional ghost stories.

Some of these are very pathetic. A lovely little girl of seven years was taken from the happy home by one of those rapid diseases so fatal to childhood. The evening after the dear little body was laid to rest under the long grass and daisies, the father and mother with sore hearts retired early to their room; but not to sleep, for as they lay with closed eyes, so many memories of the tender, laughing voice, the merry blue eyes, crowded upon them that their hearts ached with inconsolable pain. Everything was quiet; out doors a light drizzling rain was falling, and inside only the half-veiled light of a little wood fire illumined the chamber.

In the midst of the hush the father heard a familiar footstep, light and childish in its soft, uncertain tread on the hall-floor, on the stair. Step by step it came nearer, pausing at the door, as the little girl was wont to do before trying the bolt, still difficult to such little hands, then seemed to enter. An awful sense of the presence so intensely loved, but held in such far-off sanctity and purity by the unearthly change, kept the eyes of father and mother still unopened, and at last the little footsteps turned away to the beds of the other children.

The little brother began to talk of his sister's small hands which he felt upon his brow, and suddenly the baby started up and uttered, with a quick light on his face, one of the few words he had learned—his sister's name! So the vision departed; but never afterwards did the heavenly and seem so distant or the ministry of angels so strange to those grieving hearts. They felt that the lovely little daughter so early called home was not lost, for

"God lends not, but gives to the end
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather—amend,
And finish it up to your dream."

The old story of the stepmother, told in so many lands and tongues, reappears in Virginia ghost-lore. The new wife, who has neglected the little child which has fallen under her care, hears night after night the cradle slowly rocking, and the grieving cry of the child hushed by its own dead mother's unseen presence.

At the old house of the C—l family, now destroyed by fire, many ghostly sights were reported to have been seen. One occurred at a large dinner-party after the profuse hospitality of a Virginia table, and the passing of the genial wine had enlivened to a high degree of hilarity the spirits of the assembled guests. While they were conversing in gay groups they heard a low but distinct knocking at the hall door. Colonel C—l directed one of the servants to open it; he attempted to do so, but soon retired in great confusion, saying that the door seemed to be held by some one without. The knock was repeated, and another servant sent, but in vain; one of the sons then tried to force open the door, but also failed. The father, impatient at such an interruption, walked hastily forward, but before he touched the door it flew open. What he saw there was never told; whether spirit of long-departed companion or friend revealed itself to mortal eyes remains unknown; but he turned pale, and a shadow of the deepest melancholy rested upon his face throughout the evening.

Another story connected with the old ford near this mansion is historic in its date. During the Revolution, when Tarleton's troops were traversing Virginia, some of the wagon-drivers became separated from the main body of the army, and attempted to cross the ford here in order to effect a junction. A furious storm was raging, the hour was late, and they missed the passage and perished in the dark waters. There is a tradition that on the same night every year, however cloudless the sky and serene the moonshine, a furious wind seems to rise, and the sound of a heavy rain, blended with the creaking of wheels, cracking of whips, plunging of horses, and the cries of the drivers are distinctly heard.

A far less tragic ghost story, but one which breathes a fit spirit of retribution, is said to have been enacted at an old family residence in the adjoining county. Most of the negro women on the plantation were spinning one evening in a large up-stairs room of an outhouse. The wheels

were placed at regular distances, and as the spinners paced backwards and forwards, they mingled with the turning of the wheels and their low monotonous whir one of their characteristic negro hymns whose chorus sounded wild and weird in the gathering dusk:

O, give me wings, and I'll fly home
To the New Jerusalem!

The oldest boy of their master's family, full of fun and mischief, proposed to a younger brother that they should both cover themselves with white sheets, mount on stilts, and frighten the women, who were doubtless beguiling the time in the intervals of singing by some spectral legend. No sooner said than done; and with laughter, scarcely choked into unearthly groans, the two tall sheeted figures slowly ascended the stairs. The women, as they expected, uttered cries of terror, and quickly springing out of the low windows, rushed for safety to the bright kitchen fire at the house. Harry, the scapegrace, turned to indulge in a hearty laugh with his brother; but his countenance, too, was ashy with fright and dismay, and he pointed silently to a third tall white figure standing motionless beside them. This was too much. The boys threw down their stilts and sheets, sprang from the windows and fled, nor did they ever boast afterwards of the success of their trick.

Among such stories, told usually by a December fire to a group of eager, but somewhat skeptical young listeners, who, in spite of skepticism, often turn to look into the dark corners, and start at every noise, there is a class of stories which deal in forebodings and the fulfilment of disastrous signs. Before the falling of a large public building in Richmond, and the consequent loss of many lives, it is said the band of musicians at the theatre twice began playing the "Miserere" instead of the waltz on the programme. The marriage of a celebrated beauty to a gallant young officer, though the theme of congratulation and rejoicing among all their kindred and friends, was marred by the accidental rending of the long bridal veil, the sudden breaking of a mirror before which the bride stood, and the dropping of the ring at the altar. The young bridegroom laughed away the lugubrious prognostications, and jested at "old women's signs;" but another week

the tidings came that he had been shot through the heart in a skirmish near Antietam.

On one occasion a lady dreamed that she was standing on a river bank near a crossing-place, and while waiting, she was profoundly impressed by the gloom of the sky, the dark woods, the deep and troubled waters. As she turned away she heard some one say, "Yes, this is the place where poor L— was drowned," naming a young man to whom her whole family were warmly attached and nearly related. She awoke in much distress; but the impression soon passed away. Years after, during the civil war which filled the land with gloom, her dream was recalled by the sad intelligence that L— had indeed been drowned while attempting to cross a river with a small body of troops.

Such traditions, however, have struck but shallow roots into the minds of the rising generation, who care far more for to-day's work and enjoyment than the tragedies of the past. Still, they amuse a quiet hour, and some, by their picturesqueness and vivid local coloring, deserve to be remembered. I have not thought it necessary in those I have repeated to suggest any explanation (generally so apparent), as that, like a moral, is usually the most unpopular part of a narration.

After all, although these signs were usually those safe "prophecies after the event," and the sights and sounds merely the outbirth of a lonely life and overstrained imagination, they possess as their germ an intense faith and realization of the spiritual life which interweaves a higher meaning into all our days and hours. Mrs. Browning, with her rare intuition, beautifully describes the effect of such fancies or superstitions:

Things nameless! which in passing so,
Do strike us with a subtle grace.
We say "Who passes?" they are dumb;
We cannot see them go or come;
Their touches fall soft, cold as snow
Upon a blind man's face.

Yet touching so, they draw above
Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown;
Our daily joy and pain advance
To a divine significance—
Our human love—O, mortal love,
That light is not its own!

THE LOST NATION.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

A COLD, damp waste of land, with the night fog, weird and ghostly, drifting in from the sea. Away in the distant east a mountain chain, sombre and mighty, looming up like a prison wall against an ashen sky, hung here and there with heaven's glimmering lamps; upon either hand black, marshy forests skirt all the plain, lending the horror of their oozy thickets to the eternal gloom of the scene, while in front a writhing sea tossed its mad waves against the crest of tottering dykes, and a single path of blood-colored light from sea-wall to horizon told where the sun had been; such was the land of the Toltecs, such the last resting-place of a fugitive nation.

Wizardlike and lean, dreaming rather than thinking, longing rather than achieving, sinking beneath the loathsome superstitions that for centuries had drifted in upon their stagnant life and here lain rotting, a meagre handful only remained of the once mighty nation which had borne through the strifes of war and the seditions of peace the emblematic brazen vulture, until from inland lake to western sea the country of the cactus and the eagle had owned allegiance to them alone.

How now sadly changed! Prone to drunkenness and debauchery, lacking the fierce spirit of their ancestors, but a miserable wreck of the powerful people remained. Nor had these any of the ring of their fathers. Time with its ravages, successful wars, and the ingrowth of horrible religious rites had strangled the true life of the nation, and those who remained dwellers in the lowlands of the western coast bore little resemblance to the Toltecs of three centuries before, whose only history of the noble deeds and great successes of their nation was that found in the legends and story lore that was sometimes whispered in the place of the living, told as tales of an unknown land. Beyond the distant mountains, dim and fearful barriers to their shattered minds, no living Toltec remained.

Upon the dreary ocean, whose waves knocked unceasingly at their ancient shores, no living Toltec had ever dared to launch a puny craft. Imprisoned, weakened, crushed, they yet dragged out a sorrowful existence, living on the scanty produce of their barren fields, or

trusting to their idols for success in the childish hunting that they sometimes practiced in the fringes of the dismal woodland. In its fringes only; for they deemed the forest haunted, and dared but to enter its veriest limits, lest from its lurking darkness the ghouls of their half-crazed brains should rush to seize them. Already a dying and forgotten people, lost to the outside world, they were moving swiftly toward the waiting graves that forever should hide them away.

The inhabitants of the chief town sat waiting at the door of their temple, waiting in silence; for to-night was the feast night of their gods, the sacrificial night; to-night died he upon whom the sign should fall, the one whom the fatal lot should designate when from their seven nights of fasting the young men should come forth, and all the people waited before the temple doors.

Up and down the sinuous streets of the village crept the lurking pestilence, breathing in the gloomy doorways, tracking all the narrow pathways, leaving slimy footprints at deserted corners, cursing the town! For God, the Infinite and the All-enduring, had condemned this land and nation, doomed it for its loathsome living and its horrible idolatry; and in the fulfilment of that doom its people should be swept from the shrinking face of earth, be forgotten and forever lost.

Yet not all; for retribution as well as punishment must be endured. One alone of all that yet remained should escape the overthrow, and live to drag out the weary years that yet belonged to all. One should bear the weight of sin for all, of all; the sin that even death could not atone. So should God's justice and his vengeance as well be assured; and the hours winged swiftly on.

From the sea there came a distant lapping like the sound of thirsty tongues, like the sound the Midianites heard when Gideon tried the people at the brook; but the villagers gave no heed. Overhead the frightened clouds swept by in broken and purple columns, shot through by the last long lances of the hidden sun, borne hither and thither like the wraiths of lost souls, twisting and writhing in fearful shapes, tearing asunder but to blend again in some more threatening form.

villagers saw it not. From the dark, noisome morasses that environed the town came the reeking fever breath, the poisonous odor of festering grasses, the fatal vapor of deadly gases thick and foul as the breath of the pit; but the people knew it not. An overpowering dread filled every heart, a gasping was in every throat, the cold sweat stood in beads upon many a brow, and even the black-robed priests who waited at the altar trembled in the creeping mists of the coming night. Trembled, yet waited; for the sacrifice must be, and the time was drawing near.

Suddenly the temple doors were opened, and the young men came forth, a long and winding line, headed by the chosen one clad in scarlet, and bearing in his hand an empty cup fashioned from a skull, a cup that should be filled from his veins!

As his form towered aloft in the deepening shadows, a wild shriek rang from the uprisen multitude, a woman's cry; but it was quickly smothered, and harsh hands bore the wretched mother from the scene.

As the solemn and slow-moving columns advanced the priests lit the altar, and its weird light gleamed out over the sea of upturned faces; faces drawn and pinched already with the deadly pestilence; faces wild and haggard already from the poisonous night odors; faces fierce and thirsting for the coming blood, and as the victim was bound upon the funeral pile voices of inhuman exultation trembled upon the shrinking air, and the ghoul-like executioner drew near.

Then came there up from the distant sea another sound borne in the mantle of the fast riding winds overhead, the gathering roar of angry waters, the grinding of the waves along the shore, the ominous throbbing of the ocean against the ancient dykes; and the multitude heard and trembled. From the far-off forests came the cries of hideous monsters, while the serpents in the swamp lands lifted up their crests and hissed; and the multitude heard and trembled. The hurrying clouds broke and parted, while the scathing lightnings shot downward, and the threatening thunder rumbled through the frightened sky; and the multitude heard and trembled. Yet the altar-fire leaped higher, and nearer drew the glittering knife, while the victim shuddered upon the funeral pile.

And now arose a weird, unearthly chant from the hooded troop of mourners gathered in mystic

circle, and the pale legion of upturned faces grew more pale in the yellow light that fell upon the scene.

The one supreme moment had arrived; quivering aloft like the vulture poised for surer aim hung the glittering steel, and the villagers with indrawn nostril and eager eye rushed forward toward the gasping figure upon the altar bound, when a sudden rush and roar of sound filled the air, a wild surging and sobbing, as it were spirits weeping, and in among the doomed people ran little streams penetrating everywhere, silent themselves, but the forerunners of a foam-flecked waste of water that swept, like a devastating army adown the dreary village street, surged in frothing waves about the very temple doors, and, with a mocking cry like that of an exultant demon, arose high in the yellow air over the multitude below tangled in horrid writhings, trembled with white and tossing crest one fearful instant, and then fell with a roar that shook the very earth, echoing and reëchoing from the dim aisles of the distant forest mingled with the piercing wails of the terror-stricken beasts—and then the sea rolled triumphantly on! Across the dismal swamp lands steaming with deadly vapors, through the dense forest, peopled with strange creatures, until at last it dashed and broke against the rocks of the off mountain chain!

The end had come—the nation was no more.

.....
Iashed to a blackened trunk, half awake and yet dreaming, swept to and fro at the sport of the laughing waters, the morning sun kissed the pallid forehead of a young man drifting toward the mountain side. A boisterous wave, stronger than the mad companions which frothed in its wake, tossed the voyager upon the rocks, and receding left him to desolation, a dreary wind and a burning sun; the only remaining member of the forgotten tribe, and he bound for the altar-knife, and the gods!

.....
What was it urged him on? Cities he had never dreamed of: gorgeous palaces, roofed mosques, silver-spined minarets, unlike the ghastly ones whom the sea had allowed that he deemed them almost angels; whose beauty rivaled that of the evening stars were not these enough to stay him? Found naught in all this wondrous world to love? Was

there no bosom for his weary head, no water for his worn feet, nor soothing touch nor gentle voice for him? Must he forever wander doomed, unholy, shunned, a living ghost? Would God's vengeance never fail, nor rest come to him again?

From land to sea, from sea to land again he roamed, midst storms that lashed the face of heaven in their mounting fury, through calm that lulled the sultry winds to sleep, yet found no rest. In peace, where commerce ruled, and now in war, where Death stalked, bloody to the girdle sought he a place, yet found none. In desolation so horrible that memories of the distant Toltec land awoke within his brain; in surging life that swept him as a bubble unresisting along; in light, in darkness, throughout the wide, unfriendly world from ruin to ruin he searched for rest, yet found none.

The dreary days crept on. Lives budded, blossomed, faded in his sight; young men grew old, and old men died; nation succeeded nation in the endless cyclical years, even earth herself was changed; yet lived he on. Time passed him only by of all material things; for changing moons were moments, centuries but days, and age he could not reckon; yet Death fled his grasp, the grave hid from him. Earth held him in an endless thrall, God's time had not yet come, nor did his vengeance cease; and still the melancholy years rolled on.

In the deepest hell to which human despair hath ever yet descended, in the most horrid phantasm of the night-watches that ever scorched the brain of man, has there ever for a single second flashed before the trembling, tottering reason a doom more frightful, dread unholy than the curse which God pronounced upon the Wandering Jew? Can mind imagine, or heart appreciate a punishment more terrible than to live forever upon this earth, body and soul doomed to the endless torment of everlasting connection?

A night whose Cimmerian darkness excelled all which wraps about the prison house of the damned; a heaven hid by hurrying clouds, yet at fitful intervals by the ghastly glare of the lurid lightning's play; a mountain top, desolate and alone, lashed by the raging storm; in front a writhing sea.

The winds hold high carnival, and as the frightened hours speed by, destruction stalks abroad in

awful power. Gigantic forests bend and tremble in the blast, and the very rocks at times fall with mighty sound a-down the mountain side.

Midnight is at hand. Along the distant horizon lies a thin sulphurous line of yellow, as it were, an opening in the lid of the lightning's prison, and from it come most scathing flashes of the fiery curse, followed by the hoarse roar of the angry thunder; the winds madly toss the great waves high upon the rocky shores; the storm king shouts in the exuberance of his fiendish glee, and vassals answer him from peak to peak; witches ride upon the furious gale, all Pandemonium hath broken loose.

Alone, uncovered, madly buffeted by the demons of the storm and the night, his long, gray locks streaming in the noisome wind, and a mantle wet and useless lying at his feet, there stands a man.

His massive head is bowed, his eyes grow dim with unshed tears, the thin, trembling hands clasp themselves, and sinking to the earth he prays—prays to the God of long ago, to the idol, to the one whose sacrifice was lost; and the night grows older as the tempest rages on. He prays for death! not to come, but now. Prays for it as a boon long sought, yet ever denied by the Christian's God. Will not his god, the idol, the one of long ago, hear and answer him? And the morning dawns as the tempest rages on.

Weak, trembling, stricken with livid face and sunken, burning eyes, the man arises. Before him sweeps the sea, the cruel, cruel sea. Will it not be kind this once; will it not shelter, hide, engulf? Must he alone, of all the long-forgotten nation, find no rest, no empty grave? Will not the master of the waves break up the rotten hulk that bleaches wan and ghostly against the shore?

He staggers forward and gazes for the last time upon the world around, the mountain's crest, the storm, the sea. He notes the fleeing darkness struggling with the coming day, notes the distant broken line where angry sky and angry ocean meet, sees all the hideous traces of the storm growing more hideous in the gloaming, and with a last-whispered prayer turns to the beetling cliff, and waits no longer, but with a shudder as he couches for the spring, and a long, wild cry, he hurls himself far from the dizzy cliff toward the seething sea beneath, hangs one moment with outbursting eyes above the horrid depth, and then

shoots downwards as the plummet falls to the yawning gulf that waits him, to blackness and to death!

And the tempest roars with redoubled fury, tossing the white foam high on the drifting clouds,

the waters hiss with a demonish gloating, and the mocking east wind shrieks unceasingly. But the man comes not again. The punishment is ended; the prayer has been answered, and the last Toltec is no more!

AMERICA'S SONG COMPOSERS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

X.—JOHN R. THOMAS.

MR. THOMAS is well known, both in this country and Great Britain, as the composer of very many of our most popular and beautiful songs. They are mostly of a sentimental character, and of a higher order than the generality of those that succeed in the people's favor; and he has attained to not only an estimation with finer minds, but also to an enviable popularity with those of common culture.

This is not surprising, or ought not to be so, when the peculiar combination of rare and various powers which distinguish him are taken into consideration. Well known and appreciated alike in minstrel hall, concert and oratorio as a singer of more than usual merit, and accustomed to compose ballads for the masses as well as the most complicated church music, cantatas and operettas, in each and all of these departments he has achieved deserved success. Some of his songs, such as "Bonny Eloise," "Annie of the Vale," "Cottage by the Sea," "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower," and "Happy be Thy Dreams," seem so old and familiar as to belong to a former generation. But he is by no means now an old man, and new compositions still appear with pleasant frequency from his melodious pen, and show no diminution in his powers.

We cannot claim John R. Thomas as a native American, he being a Welshman, having been born at Newport, South Wales, in the year 1830, so that he is now only in his fiftieth year. In his earlier years in the United States he appeared to great favor in a minstrel troupe on Broadway, New York, but under a stage name. Later on he was connected with the Seguin Troupe in English opera, assuming the Count in the "*Bohemian Girl*," and various other characters. Meantime

he had essayed ballad writing, meeting with encouraging recognition, besides singing frequently in concert, oratorio and church. Sacred music seems to have been, and to be, a peculiar forte with him, and his many collections are too well known in choirs and in the home-circle to require enumeration.

In New York, where he first gained his popularity, he made his permanent residence, and still makes that city his home with his wife and family. Mr. Thomas's songs are very numerous, remarkably so when their general excellence is considered. Of the most familiar, besides those already mentioned, are "Mother Kissed Me in My Dream," "Dreaming of Thee," "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Down by the Gate," "Softly O'er the Rippling Waters," "The Owl," "Fishes in the Sea," "Kindly Words and Smiling Faces," "Sweet be Thy Repose," "The Birds will Come Again," "Against the Stream," "Janette," "King of the Air," "Mary of the Wildwood," "Let us Speak of a Man as we find Him," "Angel Voices," "The Day when You'll forget Me," "Down by the Riverside I Stray," "Ye Midnight Stars," "Land of Dreams," "Golden Hours," "Voice of the Mountain Land," "The Hand that Rocks the World," "Fond Hearts at Home," "Floating Down the Stream," "Good-by, but Come Again," "Do You think the Moon could have Seen us?" "Heart and Hand," "The Voice of Effie Moore," and "All in the Merry May," not forgetting "Eileen Alanna," a few years ago, the most popular song of the day.

Among his sacred songs, "If ye Love me do my Will," "Seek, and ye shall Find," "No Crown without the Cross," and "The Mother's Prayer," had an exceptional welcome. Of his

patriotic pieces, "Flag of the Free" and "Mother Kissed me in my Dream," have been sung quite as often as older songs that are considered "national," while "Follow the Flag" and "May God protect Columbia" were very favorably received. His latest songs, "Must we then Meet as Strangers?" "We Two," "Sweet Dreams be Thine," "When Blossoms come Again," "Darling of our Home" and "Strangers no More" are making their way into popularity, for Thomas's name on a song is sufficient guarantee that it is a good one; generally, that it is even of superior excellence.

Of many of Mr. Thomas's songs the words also were written by himself, especially of his earlier compositions, but for a number of years he has depended for his song-words principally on Mr. George Cooper, of New York, who, by the way, has doubtless written more verses for music than any other man in this country, and before whom, in that capacity, both for number and excellence, George P. Morris, the reputed "Song-Writer of America," were he now living, might well hang his diminished head.

Judging from the remarkable sale of some of Mr. Thomas's most popular songs, he ought to be a man of considerable wealth; but such does not appear to be the case, to the public view at all events, as he never affects elegance in his dress, and still continues his musical labors, including teaching of vocal music and choir singing.

In personal appearance he is somewhat below the medium height, of stout build, face full, with high, intellectual forehead, hair that once was brown, but is now rapidly inclining to gray, and heavy and quite extensive mustache, while his eyes ever sparkle with natural good humor. His disposition may well be termed social and sociable, of the genial and jovial sort, while he is witty, quick at repartee, and full of healthy fun and good stories.

The secret of Mr. Thomas's enviable success as a song composer is not only the delicacy and

beauty that charm in his conceptions, but vitality, which is even a greater desideratum. The question is, Has a song life? Did it naturally grow to its present shape, or was it put together? This vitality is present in the majority of Mr. Thomas's compositions in an eminent degree, and therein doubtless lies the secret of their popular favor and long life.

What is here so imperfectly declared of Mr. Thomas's songs is no more than is clearly apparent to every intelligent lover of melody that may be familiar to them—and who of that class is not?

In the regular course of nature this favorite has probably some twenty years still before him to devote to his profession and to the public. In that time he will doubtless repeat many of his successes; but it is to be hoped that he will besides attempt more ambitious heights than he has yet essayed. He has written songs, hymns, cantatas, operettas, masses, why not an English, or rather American opera—legitimate opera? No time could be more auspicious. There have been but few operas that could claim their birth in this country, and none have had any very remarkable success. There have been Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle," Fry's "Lenora," Eichberg's "Doctor of Alcantara," Hopkins's "Dumb Love," and Millard's "Deborah." The third mentioned has been most popular, perhaps because it is of the comic order; the last has not yet been thoroughly presented before the public. Mr. Thomas will see that there is plenty of room and opportunity in this almost unoccupied field of music. He has in past years received every encouragement from the American people; with genius, ambition, and patriotism to spur him, and with some inspiration from the old Welsh bards from whom he is descended, there is no reason why J. R. Thomas should not produce an opera in which our country could take an honest pride, and which would confer upon him new honors in addition to the many of which he has already been the recipient.

BECOME rich, and your wit is clothed with rich purple and sparkles like champagne; become poor, and the same sallies of wit will be libels and insults.

WHEN the unjust man has the advantage, he tells you, "I stand here for law;" but when you have the advantage, he exclaims, "What care I for the law!"

IMMOLATED.

BY ALLEN R. DARROW.

Mrs. B., the fair queen of an opulent guild,
 Gave to a set of dear friends a *sociale*;
 That her grand salon on the event might be filled,
 Invitations were sent to them all.
 To dwellers in mansions of "brownstone" and "gray,"
 She addressed her rose tinted cards;
 A coterie select, both brilliant and gay,
 The *élite* of the "upper ten" wards.

"'Twill be so *recherché*, the event of the year,"
 Said bonton, with excited *eclat*;
 "Our set, par-excellence, all must be there,
 For that is the mandate of law."
 Such were the comments, which fell fast and free
 From callers in seal and brocade;
 At this shrine, on this altar—in sequel, ah! see
 What a sacrifice one of them laid.

In her elegant home on a favorite street,
 Mrs. Valentine Vale, now with toilet complete,
 Of satin long trailing, pearl necklace and lace,
 Turned at last from her mirror her radiant face.
 Just then she bethought, with a tremor of care,
 • To look in once more to the alcove—where
 In the care of his nurse, her bright boy lay,
 Not "alarmingly ill," but just "ailing" all day.
 With this thought preconceived, she came to his bed
 To "kiss him good-night," when he tearfully said,
 "My throat is so sore, I am sick and I fear,
 Please, mother, don't leave me, but stay with me here."

What demon was that? whose lying beguiled
 That gay mother's heart away from her child,
 When she answered, as turning all ready to go,
 "I'll quickly be back, you'll be better, I know."
 Ah, the demon of Pride had his ruling that night,
 Obscuring perception, and veiling from sight
 The red flash of fever, the laboring breath
 Which else would admonish of danger and death.

O, regal the splendor and brilliant the light,
 In that palace of carved granite gray,
 As it shone from the parlors, transforming the night
 With a radiance rivalling day.
 And sweetly the music fell soft on the air
 For the waltz and the long promenade,
 While rivals for favor sought eagerly there
 For the "queens" in their silk and brocade.

With paintings and vases, and rare statuette,
 Reflected from gold-mirrored wall;
 See bevy of beauty both fair and brunette;
 Society's "stars" were they all.
 The moments glide swiftly, the hours pass away
 With exciting, entrancing delight;
 Mrs. Valentine Vale—the flattered and gay,
 Scarce thought of her "Willie" that night.

What music is that? he faintly can hear,
 As softly in waves it comes borne to his ear;
 Is it music of angels? Ah! so does it seem
 To his feverish fancy, in half-conscious dream.
 Tread softly, speak lowly, for Death's drawing near
 And yet there's no weeping, there's no falling tear;
 Around his white bed there's no sob and no groan,
 And the unequal contest is borne all alone.

All alone, did I say? Nay! nay! for in love
 The Lord in his mercy sends down from above
 Sweet ministering spirits, who in office of grace
 Bear each to his vision a mother's dear face,
 Whose kiss of affection upon his pale brow,
 Drives away from his thought all his suffering now.
 Yet the fever raged high—all hopeless the strife,
 With a foe who demanded the little one's life.

Tread softly, speak lowly, for Death has been here,
 And yet there's no weeping, there's no falling tear;
 A form in cold beauty lies still on his bed,
 And yet there's no sigh, and no wail for the dead.
 The gas was burned dimly throughout the long night,
 While rich brodered curtains deep shaded its light;
 The watcher grown weary from vigils long kept,
 And the patient so quiet—she thought that he slept.

Past midnight, near morning, and now she has come;
 In haste she ascends to her dim-lighted room;
 Tread lightly, speak lowly—"how sweetly he sleeps."
 But hark! there's loud wailing! there's some one weeps!
 There's wringing of hands! there's a cry of despair!
 There's a groan of deep anguish! there's passion's prayer!
 Alas! a great sorrow has come to one heart,
 With a burden whose presence will never depart.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In your January number of the MONTHLY I perceive that you have made a slight error in reply to the QUERY as to who published the first Bible in America. As between the parties named, I have no doubt that you are correct. Mr. Sower's Bible was certainly published before that of the Boston firm. But your statement that his edition was the first published in America is wrong. Eliot's Bible in the Indian language, published in 1663, preceded Sower's Bible long enough.

Boston, Mass.

J. A. M.

If our correspondent so understood our reply, we stand corrected. We intended, however, that we should be understood as saying that Mr. Sower's edition was the first or earlier edition of the two in question.

I have often heard of univocalic verse, in which but one vowel appears. Can you let me know where to find a specimen?

Dayton, Ohio.

JOHN M. H.

We cannot, but perhaps some of our readers can oblige you. One example is the verse placed under the Ten Commandments, containing only the vowel *e*, which we quote from memory:

Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten.

Another we find in our Scrap Book, entitled, "The Advent of Evening," in which appears only the vowel *i*:

Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
Whilst birds in wild, swift vigils circling skim.
Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,
Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid light.

This sort of literary gymnastics shows patience and skill, but gives no commensurate result for the labor employed.

Can the editor of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY inform me as to whereabouts in Philadelphia was situated the building known as "Morris's Folly," and give any particulars regarding it?

New Haven, Conn.

LIBERTY BELL.

This great edifice, the largest ever attempted in Philadelphia for a private residence, was erected by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and member of Congress in 1776. The whole proved to be a ruinous and abortive scheme, not so much from his want of judgment to measure his end by his means as by the deceptive estimates of his architect, Major L'Enfant. Mr. Morris purchased the whole square, extending from Chestnut to Walnut streets, and from Seventh to Eighth streets, for £10,000, a great sum for what had been, till then, used by the Norris family as a pasture ground. Its original elevation was twelve feet

or thereabouts above the present level of the adjacent streets. With such an extent of high ground in ornamental cultivation, and a palace in effect facing on Chestnut street, it must have had a signal effect. Immense sums were expended on the building ere it reached the surface, arches, vaults and labyrinths being numerous underground. It was finally raised to its intended elevation of two stories, presenting four sides of entire marble surface, and most of the ornaments worked in expensive relief. To place it in this state of forwardness Mr. Morris expended all his means. He was obliged to abandon all expectation of finishing it, and it was only then that he became sensible of his utter ruin. He was frequently seen contemplating the enormous structure, and heard to vent imprecations on himself and his extravagant architect. He had besides provided, by importation and otherwise, the most costly furniture, all of which, in time, together with the marble palace itself, had to be abandoned to his creditors.

The magnitude of the establishment could answer no individual wealth in the country. This fact was speedily realized, and that which cost so much to rear could find no purchaser at any reduced price. The creditors were therefore compelled, by slow and patient labor, to pull down, piece-meal, what had been so expensively erected. Some of the underground labyrinths were so deep and massive as to have been left as they were, and probably so still remain, to be discovered at some future age, to the great perplexity of the *quidnuncs*.

The materials were sold out in lots, and the square divided up and sold in parcels. Mr. William Sansom afterwards erected his "Row" on Walnut street, and many of the houses on Sansom street.

It is something remarkable that while Mr. Morris operated for the government as financier, his wisdom and management were preëminent; but when acting for himself all his personal affairs went wrong, and to ruin.

Machiavelli.—Is it not the duty of the historian as well as the educator to correct the injustice of records? No name stands more legibly before the world as the synonym of all that is base, treacherous, and cruel, than that of the above-named Italian statesman. The Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D., has recently discoursed upon this much-abused man, and poured out a fresh vial of bitterness with which to weigh his memory. Speaking of "The Prince," written by this author, the Rev. Dr. goes on to say:

"The book is comparatively a small tractate; and yet it has become a sort of classic, sheerly because of its infamy. So atrocious are its principles, that some critics have supposed it to be only ironical; but there is no evidence for that supposition. But is it not the case that governments have generally been conducted on such principles? and is not this fact the most obvious reason of most of the miseries and disasters of the political world?"

"Deliberately presented in theory, as in the 'Prince,' Machiavelli's principles have shocked the worst men. Frederick the Great, who stole Silesia and shared in the partition of Poland, wrote against him in the 'Anti-Machiavelli;' and the infidel Voltaire edited the criticism. In calm meditation, all men see the folly of such principles."

Now it is well known that Machiavelli had given noble testimony to the excellence of political virtue in a work of his upon "Titus Livius," in which the highest morality, the most exact integrity are declared to be the only true basis for the action of rulers. For this and other writings which might indirectly be regarded as an assault upon the rapacious Dukes of Florence, as well as the Romish Church itself, Machiavelli's writings were censured by the College of Ex-purgators, and he being obstinate in his principles, and able to defend them, was subjected to torture.

The infliction of the rack is most likely to make a man cautious as to what he writes, and accordingly this great man wrote an essay in the spirit of the age in which he lived, and in the spirit likely to be acceptable to his contemporaries; and this work of his lives to libel his memory, and be the stock in trade of those who earn a cheap reputation by citing the opinions of a man as infamous, who never believed in them himself. Before his death Machiavelli solemnly declared the "Prince" to be a satire.

It was a benign action in Dr. Stevens to quote and translate the following words of wisdom and sweet tribute to virtue by the Italian statesman, who has been "more sinned against than sinning:"

"Who that lives in a republic, and whom fortune, talent, and courage have elevated to the magistracy, if he reads history, and would profit by it, does not wish to resemble Scipio rather than Cæsar; Agesilaus and Timoleon rather than Phalaris and Dionysius. We see the first extremely admired, while the others are covered with shame. We see Timoleon and Agesilaus enjoy in their country as much authority as Phalaris and Dionysius, but enjoy it much more securely. And who can allow himself to be imposed upon by the glory of Cæsar? Titus, Nerva, Trojan, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, have no need of Pretorian Guards, of numerous legions for their defence. The kindness of their manners, the responsive benevolence of their people, the attachment of the Senate, were their firm defence. We see that the Caligulas, the Neros, the Vitelliuses, and so many other corrupt rulers, could not discover, in all their eastern and western armies, a safeguard against the enemies that their infamous lives raised up against them. Their history should serve as a lesson for every ruler. All the good rulers lived in security, in the midst of confiding citizens, and justice and peace reigned in the world; the authority of the Legislature was venerated; the magistracy was honored; the successful citizen enjoyed his prosperity; nobleness and virtue were respected, and tranquillity and happiness prevailed everywhere; animosity, license, corruption, ambition, were extinguished. The government was triumphant, the ruler venerated and covered with glory, and the people loved him without alarms. On the contrary we see, under the evil rulers, destructive wars; the country torn by seditions; cruelties raging in times of peace as well as of war; rulers massacred; civil war and foreign war; Italy deso-

lated by boundless calamities; cities sacked and ruined; Rome in ashes; the Capitol destroyed by the people; the ancient temples profaned, and corruption soiling all the nation."

E. O. S.

What was the platform of the original Know-Nothing party?

Bellefonte, Penn.

MASON.

The Know-Nothing Convention met in Syracuse, New York, in 1855, and passed the following resolutions:

1. Americans shall rule America.
2. The Union of all the States.
3. No North, no South, no East, no West.
4. The United States as they are—one and inseparable.
5. No sectarian interference with the legislation or administration of the American laws.
6. Hostility to the assumption of the Pope, through the bishops, priests, and prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, here in a country sanctified by Protestant blood.
7. Thorough reform in the naturalization laws.
8. Free and liberal educational institutions for all sects and classes, with the Bible, God's Holy Word, as a universal text-book.

A Pioneer Incident.—The surrender of Hull at the beginning of the war of 1812 left the northern frontier of the State of Ohio exposed to marauding bands of Indians, who, after that disgraceful event, had nothing to restrain them. It was during that unsettled and somewhat stormy period that an event occurred in Delaware County that is still remembered by a few who are yet living. Captain William Drake, a pioneer of the county, and a man of considerable note, formed a company of Rangers from the "sturdy yeomanry" of his immediate vicinity for the protection of their northern border. When Lower Sandusky was threatened with an attack from British and Indians, Captain Drake and his brave Rangers obeyed the call to march to the assistance of the beleaguered place. The first night after their departure they encamped but a few miles beyond the outskirts of the settlement. In those days Drake is said to have been a great wag, and brimming over with fun and frolic. Being a little desirous of testing the courage of his men, and at the same time to perpetrate a joke at their expense, after they had all fallen asleep he slipped into the bushes at some distance, and discharging his gun, rushed toward the camp yelling at the top of his voice, Indians! Indians! with all his might. The sentinels supposing the alarm to come from one of their number, joined in the cry and ran to quarters. The men sprang up in complete confusion. A certain space near the camp had been designated as a rallying point in case of an attack during the night, and here the more courageous attempted to form; but the first lieutenant, acting upon the principle that "discretion is the better part of valor," and that he who runs away without fighting may live to do the same thing at another time, took to his heels and fell back in good order. The captain, beholding with consternation the impending disgrace of his company, lost no time in proclaiming the hoax, and ordered a halt; but

he lieutenant's frightened imagination converted every sound into Indian yells, and like Fitz-James,

And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,

and the louder the captain shouted, the faster he ran, until the sounds sank away in the distance, and he supposed his commander and comrades all tomahawked and scalped. Under the impression that he had been asleep but a few minutes, he took the moon for his guide; but having had time to gain the western horizon, she led him in the wrong direction, and after running over saplings and through swamps for several hours, he reached Radnor settlement, some ten miles away, about daylight, with his clothes in shreds and he in a dilapidated condition generally. Here he horrified the people by reporting the whole company massacred but he, who alone had escaped to tell the tale; and panic-stricken they at once began a general and rapid flight. Each conveyed the tidings to his neighbor, and just after sunrise the frightened cavalcade came rushing through the town of Delaware, mostly on horseback, many in wagons, and some on foot, presenting all the ludicrous aspects of a body of frontier settlers who supposed a horde of hostile savages in full pursuit of them. Many anecdotes are told, amusing to us now, but far from it just then. One family drove so rapidly in their headlong flight, that they bounced a little boy out of their wagon near Delaware, but did not miss him till they had gone five or six miles on their way toward Worthington, and then upon consultation decided

that it was too late to attempt to rescue him amid such danger, and left him to his fate; but the little fellow found protection from others, and grew to manhood. In the confusion of hurrying off, one woman forgot her babe until after starting, when she went back to fetch it; but in her great fright gathered up a stick of wood from the chimney corner, and again hurried off, leaving the babe quietly sleeping in its cradle. Many fled to Worthington, and Franklinton, and some to Chillicothe. In Delaware, the men who could be spared from removing their families to safe quarters, or who had none, rallied for defence. They sent scouts to Norton, a village in the north part of the county, where they found the people quietly attending to their daily affairs, having received a message from Drake; but it was too late to save the other settlements from a precipitate flight. Many of the people were slow in coming back, and some never returned; and from this fact much injury resulted to the county, as a large amount of produce was lost from the depredations of stock and the want of hands to harvest it. Captain Drake, with his company of Rangers, marched on to Sandusky, where they took an active part in its defence, little dreaming of the panic produced in their rear. Drake lived many years to enjoy the peace he had assisted in purchasing, and was regarded as an excellent and honorable citizen. He was censured somewhat by the people for the trouble he inaugurated through his penchant for a joke, and perhaps never wholly forgiven by those who suffered most severely.

LA PARIERE.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Children, Past and Present.—I am disposed to think that the children of our day are really brighter than those of my day. They say prettier things than I remember to have ever said, and I was not considered a dull, but a too inquisitive, child. I could not let anything pass that I did not understand without inquiring the meaning; hence I was a great reader of the dictionary, and must have been troublesome to my elders.

I think the children of my time referred their ideas to a moral basis far beyond what they do now. We might have been little prigs, but we were entirely reliable, very orderly and obedient where obedience was due, never cheated, deceived or compromised in any way the truth, "would not tell a lie to save the right hand."

The public press is sowing broadcast loose notions upon veracity when it turns into contempt the pretty story of George Washington and the little hatchet. The "I cannot tell a lie" of the boy became the distinguishing trait of the man, and enhanced all the dignity of those manly qualities which make Washington great beyond all other men.

There are certainly combinations in the child-mind of to-day unlike those of the past, indicating the progressive fineness and increasing convolutions of the human brain. Boys and girls jump at conclusions by an instinct quite other than what I should ever have thought of; hence I consider

them as brighter, but far more worldly, and more "self-endearing," as Shakespeare would say.

A neighbor's child was playing "have a party," and she spilled some milk upon the carpet. In such a case I, when a child, should have hastened to wipe it up; not so Mary; she put her foot upon it, and rubbed it in.

"Did you spill milk on the carpet, dear?" inquired the mother, dreading a storm.

"No, mamma."

"Why, Mary, I think you did."

"Well, you know, mamma, you say the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

The mother laughed, and said that was a proverb which did not apply to such a case, and without explaining why it did not apply, went on with her reading, and Mary with her play.

My mother would have lectured me upon the palpable falsehood, and would have rebuked such flippancy, while not the shadow of a smile would have commended my wit.

I overheard Miss Jane, a girl of ten, relating a most exaggerated story of one of her companions; a grain of truth in a mountain of falsehood.

"How can you say such a thing, so utterly false?" I exclaimed.

"It was true, over the left," she replied.

"It was not true to the truth, child; and to say over the left, Satan's shoulder, does not excuse it."

"But I said inside it isn't true, and that made it all right."

It seemed incredible to me that one so young should have penetrated the subtle theory of Jesuitism. Ah! this is the way that slanderers, and gossips, and liars are made. I use, as the apostle did, "great plainness of speech."

My youngest boy, Edward, was down on his knees pasting a kite, and talking with me as I made repairs upon a garment.

"Mamma, is God everywhere? in the littlest and the largest place? in the light and in the dark?" he asked, thumping the paste on the kite.

"Yes, my dear, it would not be God if there were any place hidden from Him."

"Suppose I went into the closet and shut the door, not to be bad and meddle with things, but only in the dark, would God mind it and see me?"

"So we are taught to believe, dear."

Edward was a reverent child, and he came, paste-pot in hand, close to my side and whispered:

"Then I'm afraid, mamma, I shall not like God. I don't like anybody that peeps into key holes and pokes about in little dark places."

Now this was paralleling a great idea with an everyday modern one, quite in the modern child way; but he did not degrade the idea, he only clothed it in familiar terms.

At another time he was repairing his ball, and I took it from him and did up the little job, while he leaned upon my knee and questioned in his serious boy way:

"Mamma, I know when my body dies my soul will go to God and live in a new world. I know the part of me that thinks can't die, for we cannot see a thought nor kill a thought; but, but, mamma, if it should all be a *suck-in*, what a dreadful *suck-in* it would be!"

Here was the boy's language coupled with the child's overthought. Boys were in the habit of using the phrase *suck-in* as synonymous with a cheat, a deception.

When I was a child of the age of Edward I was haunted with vast, mysterious images, that weighed my poor little being with visions of wondrous magnificence, flowing out into unknown worlds, but I no more doubted the future eternal than I did the present existent, and I look upon the modern child with its instinct of doubt as being less happy than the child of faith. I speak of myself in illustration as representing the average child of my own time.

Edward was reading the "Arabian Nights" with great zest, and was asked sneeringly if he believed in all that nonsense. His reply was after my own heart:

"If such things ever did happen, they might have happened just in this way, and so I believe in them."

Elizabeth, being the oldest of a group of children, and inclined to levity, was perhaps unduly reminded that she ought to be an example to the rest. One day, being about to launch out into a wild fit of romps, she came to me, saying:

"I'm tired of being an example, grandma; I want to have fun."

Now the child of my time, with her deep moral tone, would have been more owl-like, and never dreamed of

evading her solemn position of responsibility. He or she was more like the Irishman's bird, an owl which he had bought, supposing it to be a parrot.

"Does he talk any?" asked a friend.

"Not yet, but he keeps a d—l of a thinking."

That was akin to the child of my time, serious, ruminating. Miss Eva was seated in her table chair clamorous for a second piece of mince pie. Her mother said to her:

"You must not have any more. It will make you sick and die."

"Where do children go when they die?" asked miss.

"Good children that die go to heaven."

"Give me another piece—give me another piece, I want to go to heaven!" she cried, and the extra piece was given her, amid a general laugh.

The little owl of my boy would not have said this, for he had never sung

"I want to be an Angel,"

and other aspirations of the same kind.

I remember that I, when about the age of this child, haunted with visions of heavenly spheres quite other than I was taught by my teachers; supernal beauty and ravishing music, more poetic than orthodox, about heaven and a future state, was greatly shocked when a little companion said to me in confidence:

"I don't care much about going to heaven when I die. I shall be awful tired singing psalm tunes and casting down my crown."

I passed many long hours, and uttered the most fervent expostulations in my efforts to indoctrinate this little one with my views. Years after she expressed her gratitude to me for my little sermons, to which I listened half in shame that my crudities had taken such hold; and yet she was the happier for them.

It is most likely that the excessive petting which children now undergo is yielding a harvest ominous for the future man or woman. A general sensuousness is growing upon our people; children are too unheroic, too devoid of aspiration, are kept in a sort of babyism, sensuous, bright, and unreasoning. They retrograde to a molusk state, soft, selfish, inert. This may do for a hitching, clinging, barnacle kind of life; but will be dangerous to themselves and others when cast adrift in the stress of a stormy experience.

Much of our Sunday-school literature is a reflex of English life and manners, and unadapted to our republican notions of society, besides being full of a morbid kind of sentimentalism about boys and girls feeling bad at not being as well dressed as other children, and regarding their rough hands, hard with honest toil, with shame instead of pride.

Our voluminous child literature presents every possible grace of children in an attractive point of view, as if prettiness were the main thing; and mothers stand in a perfect pillory of rhymes, presenting their duties in an attractive shape. Thus exact, responsible ideas are made engaging where they ought to be exhibited as binding. I have come to the conclusion that even our best fiction (not including the historic) is rather a bane than help to general morality.

We children in my day were taught to endure physical pain with the heroism of the Spartan boy, who suffered a fox to tear his entrails without complaint; the modern child

kicks and roars lustily till relief is in some way obtained. Self-denial formed a large part of the child's training; now the senses and appetites are pampered, and all the tricks and subterfuges of the child to secure indulgence are regarded as legitimate and proper under this régime of petting.

All was different in the past. Children were taught obedience, self-denial, forecast. It was thought they would find it difficult sailing the sea of life without moral chart and compass. Ambition was rather inculcated than repressed; for we read the great Milton, early in life, who calls ambition

"The last infirmity of noble minds,"

and we were expected to aim high. Mothers were often conscious of a deficiency of book-learning; but they were earnest in remedying any such defect in their children, and incited them to higher attainments, and thus they grew up not devoid of that noble aspiration without which men or women become swinish.

The modern system of petting is sure to intensify the natural and inherited defects of character, which a proper system of discipline might have eradicated. Are parents guiltless of the prevailing selfishness, flippancy and corruption in the community?

A fine nature is not easily spoiled; but the omens of a bad one may be augmented by over-indulgence.

Now and then one of these sweet little ones,

"Born without reproach or blot,
Who do God's will and know it not,"

will be exceedingly thoughtful and unselfish under the most tender care. Edward had cut his hand badly, and I, after dressing the wound, was overcome with faintness; seeing this, he laid his little hand over the blood, and kissing me, said:

"Never mind it, dear mother; God will soon *patch* it up."

A pretty turn to the natural process in the healing art.

The modern method of treating the subject of death is infinitely preferable to the old. Formerly the Angel Death was indeed the King of Terrors to the child. There was no disguising the cadaverous hue of the flesh; no pretty crossing of the hands to signify rest; no symbolic asphodels and lilies; all was dreary sombreness. When a child of six, I was taken to the funeral of a young companion, with the prevailing idea that children must be familiarized to all the horrors of the occasion. I was lifted up so that I should see my poor little friend. I fainted, and my face fell upon the dead face. When taken home I was found very ill, and put tenderly in bed, upon which I called to my good grandma, and with tears in my eyes, addressed her in this wise:

"Will you please to have all go away, and let me be all alone. I am not sick. My body is telling a lie, making believe sick, because I saw poor little John Maverée dead."

Now this was not pretty nor engaging, and no modern child is likely to talk or feel in this way, because we are too wise to subject it to such painful experience.

I yield the palm to the modern child for quickness, smartness, brightness. He has more wit than the old child, most especially more than I had, who have always abhorred a

pun. A locomotive devoid of cars has just gone down the road, and a child at my elbow exclaims, "The train is broke off." This turn would have been beyond us; but then we had no trains, only training. E. O. S.

A Word to Husbands.—Would you have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words, as attentive and solicitous in your manner after as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly, yes, more so, as a matron as when a miss. Don't make her maid of all work, and then ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when you first knew her. Don't buy cheap, tough beef, and then scold because it don't come to the table porter-house. Don't grumble about squalling babies if you cannot keep up a nursery, and remember that baby may "take after papa" in disposition. Don't be continually smoking and chewing tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you. Go home joyous and cheerful to your wife, tell her the good news you have heard, make her a sharer in your confidence, and not silently put on your hat, leaving her lonely, and go out to the "club," or "lodge," or "on business," and let her afterwards learn just where you spent the evening.

Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be. Let whisky and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true, unless you married a heartless beauty, without sense or worth. If you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

The Training that Girls Need.—Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson has been giving Boston some common-sense notions about "The Training that Girls Need." In a paper read before the Moral Education Society, she pronounced ill-health a luxury that enormously increased the cost of living. She advised mothers to keep their girls from their own fate, and she asserted that girls should be made to lead a quiet life on a simple diet until they are fully grown; that they should exercise freely in the open air; that housework should be done by them in carefully ventilated rooms; that their dress should be radically changed, so that no longer shall their vital organs be compressed or their hips weighed down with a mass of cloth that no man would willingly carry. Compliance with these rules, she believed, would give to the world a nobler, healthier race of women. The object of a girl's mental training should be, she said, to enable her to reason, not to fill her brain with superficial ideas. The processes applied to women's minds that are now devoted to the education of men, she considered, would bring the same results. She advised that girls pursue with thoroughness the disciplinary studies. Next to this she would place the perceptive faculties, in which woman is now much more proficient than man. Women should also be acquainted more or less intimately with physiology, natural philosophy, the laws of mechanics, chemistry, political economy, the characteristics of a republican form of government, rhetoric and natural sciences, all of which are far more important to the girl than the modern languages. First of all parental duties, Mrs. Woolson placed that of

fitting children, and especially girls, to earn an honorable living, no matter how wealthy their family may be, since no one is beyond the reach of possible poverty.

The Family Scrap-Book.—The following excellent suggestions upon the subject of scrap-books we copy from "Woman's Kingdom" in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. They are timely and very appropos:

How few persons are swift to discover the beauty and value of to-day, of the present hour, the present age. How few discover the heroic traits of neighbors and friends until they are dead? How few careful housekeepers, who would protest loudly against casting into the fire of an eighth of a yard of calico that cost five cents a yard, and who give days of time in the course of a life to sorting and shielding from moth the family scrap-bag, ever remember to save the gems of thought that are brought into the household by every mail? The day after the fall of Sumter, Mrs. Orth (wife of the Hon. G. S. Orth, of Indiana) commenced carefully selecting the best editorials, letters, etc., from the current newspaper literature of the day. As the months passed on, special prominence was given to the letters from the "Boys in Blue," especially those that frequently appeared in the country newspapers. Nine volumes were thus collected, and notwithstanding the fact that the same material might have been saved in thousands of homes, so valuable are these volumes on account of their rarity that Mrs. Orth received a special request from Europe that they be sent to the Exposition; but many friends protested, through fear that they might be lost, and thus the State deprived of a valuable record. Notwithstanding the many valuable books in the library, where these books are, we have often noted that the first books to arrest attention are these nine volumes of letters from the "Boys in Blue."

Here was a book that thousands of women might have duplicated; so to-day, amid the mass of important matter

with which journalism is freighted, there are gems of poetry and thought, valuable facts, etc., which, if carefully selected and preserved in a scrap-book, will prove of infinitely more value to mother and children than the time consumed in preserving them.

What is the need of a scrap-book in these days of encyclopedias? do you ask. I would answer, attempt to prepare a paper upon the "progress of the higher education of women; the admission of women to the professions; woman's industries; and consult the four popular encyclopedias, and tell me how much information you will find."

We have some bitter editorials on the woman question; editorials ridiculing in an insulting manner some of the purest and most womanly women of the nation, filed away in a certain scrap-book, which we think will surprise even the writers themselves when the articles are produced in the forthcoming history of the woman movement.

During last summer, while writing to an aged aunt, who has been the keeper of the family treasures, we begged to examine some old letters and papers; among the very first was one from the writer's grandmother, in which she explained that the reason why she had time for letter-writing in the evening, was that "Cousin Grace Fletcher is trying to entertain a young man by the name of Daniel Webster, by playing checkers. Father and Uncle Chamberlain think him a young man of considerable promise, but we girls think him awkward and rather verdant," etc.

Next came a little poem written by my grandfather, and who can estimate the value of these little glimpses into the past! Let us garner the earnest thoughts, the very poetry of existence for our children, sealing them with a mother's influence, and they will make a more lasting impression than the most learned article ever penned, met with casually in a course of reading. Encourage the children to make their own selections for their own scrap-books, and thus gain a sure guide to their tastes and habit of thought.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Our New Serial.—The readers of the MONTHLY can safely anticipate a pleasant repast in the reading of the new serial story, commenced with the present number, entitled "Leon Manor; or, the Resolute Ghosts, a Story of Maryland in 1725," written by that charming and entertaining writer, James Hungerford, Esq., of Baltimore, whom they will recall to mind as the author of those excellent serials heretofore published in its columns, entitled, "Preme et Preme," and "Link by Link." The present story is written in his usually happy style, and the envelopment of the mystery involved in the story is skillfully worked through until the end. The interest of the reader becomes at once attached to the thread of the plot, and is unconsciously drawn, as it were, into a vortex, from which he cannot escape until he finds himself at the end of the closing chapter, and the mystery is explained. It is semi-historical in character, and portrays, in most graphic and instructive

terms, many of the primitive manners and customs of our colonial days, which will give it an additional claim to many of our readers. We trust, therefore, our readers will, one and all, enjoy a very pleasant time in following the varying fortunes and doings of those "Resolute Ghosts."

St. Valentine's Day.—Though the custom of sending valentines on the 14th of February has been said to be dying out, there is no doubt that it still lives and flourishes among the young folks, as the enormous sales made by dealers in this style of pictorial literature can abundantly testify.

Its origin has been variously accounted for; so we will here mention but two, which will doubtless answer as well as any, from which you may take your choice. It is said to have originated in the latter part of the second century. St. Valentine was a good bishop, who was noted far and wide for his charity. He was beheaded at Rome, during the

reign of the Emperor Claudius, on the 14th of February, 270. On account of the above-mentioned qualities, it became the custom for young people to choose their "valentines" or lovers on that day. Others, again, trace the origin still further back to the ancient festival of the Lupercalia among the Romans, held in February, when it was the custom to place the young women in a box, and then permit them to be taken out by the young men, as chance directed. They were then one another's "valentines" for the ensuing year. Of course there was no objection to making the relationship permanent by marriage if any couple so desired it. Whatever its origin, the custom has maintained a firmer hold on the minds and feelings of the people than many another, especially among the Germanic races, the Germans, English, and of course the Americans. In English poetry we find it one of the most frequent themes glorified. Shakspeare alludes to it in several of his plays and sonnets, and even wrote several valentines himself. In fact, we might say that there is scarcely a poet but what has some time enriched valentine literature.

The Electric Light.—In accordance with the previous announcement, that Edison would throw open his laboratory to the general public for the inspection of his electric light on New Year's Eve, many hundreds of persons from far and near availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered. The laboratory was brilliantly illuminated with twenty-five electric lamps, the office and counting-room with eight, and twenty others were distributed in the street leading to the depot, and some in the adjoining houses. The entire system was explained in detail by Edison and his assistants, and the light subjected to a variety of tests. Among others the inventor placed one of the electric lamps in a large glass jar filled with water, and turned on the current; the little horseshoe filament, when thus submerged, burned with the same bright, steady illumination as it did in the air, the water not having the slightest effect upon it. The lamp was kept thus under water for four hours. Another test was turning the electric current off and on one of the lamps with great rapidity as many times as it was calculated the light would be turned on and off in actual household illumination in a period of thirty years, and no perceptible variation either in the brilliancy, steadiness or durability of the lamp occurred. The method of regulating the supply of electricity at the central station was explained in detail, as was also the electric motor; the latter was made to pump water and run a sewing-machine with only as much electricity as was necessary to give out an illumination of the brilliancy of an ordinary gas jet.

To illustrate, Mr. Edison simply attached the wires of the motor to an electric lamp, disconnecting the latter. The rapid changes from light to power and from power back again to light attracted much attention, and elicited not a little admiration. The method of producing the current, the mode of measurement of the electricity consumed, the manner of connecting the wires, and the other incidental details were practically illustrated. The simple method of preparing the horseshoe filament attracted much attention. The vacuum pumps were kept working, and hundreds wit-

nessed the method of obtaining the vacuum in the bulbs of the lamps. The wires leading from the generators to the various lamps were followed in all their connections. They were ordinary copper wires of about one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

The regulation of the current was carried on in the lower part of the laboratory, a young man by the aid of a small wheel turning off the current to any degree desired. Attached to all the chandeliers, which are of the pattern frequently used, were screws, by the turning of which the light could be turned on or off as readily as gas. The centre of attraction during the exhibition was Edison himself, who was attired in a rough suit of working clothes. The skeptics were severe in their cross-questioning, but to all their interrogatories as to expense, amount of horse-power consumed, proposed method of working, and all other details, he gave prompt, simple and direct answers, which were readily understood, and always convincing. When argued with that the gas companies could reduce the price of gas much lower than it was at present and still make a profit, thus successfully competing with the electric light, he referred to the electric motor to be used in connection with his system, pointing out that even if gas and electricity cost exactly the same, to produce the electric motor could make a vast difference in favor of electricity, inasmuch as the plant of the latter would be kept in use nearly all day and night—in the daytime furnishing power, in the nighttime furnishing illumination—while the gas was serviceable for only four or five hours every night, being idle throughout the day; but he insisted that without the electric motor gas could not be produced nearly as cheap as electricity under any circumstances.

Among the visitors and spectators upon this occasion were many distinguished electricians and men of eminence from every part of the country, all of whom manifested a deep interest in this most remarkable of all modern inventions. All seemed fully satisfied that Edison had actually solved the problem of practical household illumination by electricity.

The street lamps will probably be kept burning nightly for several nights to come; but the inventor will be compelled, if he would make any headway toward getting ready for the general introduction of the light, to close the laboratory to the multitude, leaving them to see and examine the light in the street lamps and dwellings in Menlo Park. No scientist or expert, however, he states, will be denied the privilege of thorough examination of the system until all are satisfied.

Suffering in Ireland.—The people of the United States have never failed to respond liberally to cries of hunger from any source, when they have felt assured that their contributions would reach the sufferers; and their sympathies are perhaps more quickly excited and more strongly moved by such suffering in Ireland than anywhere else. Mr. Par-nell's mission to this country, so far as it contemplates obtaining relief for the hungry, claims and will receive hearty support; but his objects beyond this should not be pressed while multitudes in Ireland are in want of food.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Thoughts that Breathe. *From the Writings of Dean Stanley. Selected by E. E. BROWN. With an Introduction by PHILLIPS BROOKE. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.*

The character of the writings of Dean Stanley which are best known among us makes them perhaps especially suitable for the purposes which the compiler had in view. They are historical, and possess the vivid interest which belongs to the most sacred or the most romantic scenes in the history of the human race. No writings are richer in the assertion and illustration of those principles of thought and action which are universal and eternal. The appeal to principle or the statement of universal truth made in connection with some event in history, or some question of present life, will always have a clearer vividness and a stronger influence than a purely abstract utterance of wisdom. To those who are familiar with the writings of Dean Stanley, it will be needless to say how largely his character pervades them. The power which this character involves will be felt in these extracts, even separated as they are from the historical events by which they were suggested, as a great portrait makes its power felt even by those who never saw the living face which it portrays.

The thoughts that have been selected for position in this volume are such as may be truly esteemed most forcible and striking, and, clothed as they are in the choicest diction of the English language, deserve to rank as among the fairest gems of modern classics. No more expressive title for the work could have been selected; for verily they are "thoughts that breathe."

More Ways Than One. By ALICE PERRY. *Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.*

Miss Perry has succeeded admirably in her labors, and the story before us is significant of the great skill and ability expended by her in its rendition. It is a society story, full of tender pathos and feeling, and told in such a chaste and unsensational vein, that it leaves the reader pleasantly entertained with a realization of some mental improvement having been derived from its perusal.

Nana. A Sequel to L'Assommoir. By EMILIE ZOLA. *Translated from the French by JOHN STIRLING. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

The story of Nana is as real, as intense, and as bold as its predecessor; but it places before us a totally different world. It is elaborated with the same care, and gives us a careful study of the manners and life of that class, as they exist in real life, whose principal business in life is to be amused, and which ordinary romance-writers designate as "people of elegant leisure."

Cincinnati's Beginnings. By FRANCIS W. MILLER. *Cincinnati: Peter G. Thompson.*

The design of this work, as expressed by its author, is to supply some missing chapters in the early history of the city

and the Miami purchase, chiefly from hitherto unpublished documents. That he has successfully accomplished his task the work before us sufficiently attests. The style in which the work has been gotten up by its publisher is also, we are pleased to note, a great improvement upon the usual style adopted for works of like character, and for which he is deserving of public consideration. Any of our antiquarian readers desiring a copy of the work can obtain the same by remitting the price, one dollar and seventy-five cents, to the publisher, Mr. Thompson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

How She Won Him; or, The Bride of the Charming Valley. By DAVID A. MOORE. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

This might more properly be called "a realistic romance" than a novel, for every incident in it—and many of them are wild and wonderful to a degree—*might* have happened. The hero of this story starts for the West, while yet in his teens, leaving his home in a Pennsylvania village, and with his mother settles down in Cincinnati, where he has the good fortune to win the favor of a liberal-minded banker, who gives him employment, and to whom, in the fullness of time, he is able in turn to render essential service. When he attains manhood, he follows Bacon's advice, of giving hostages to fortune by taking a wife—not, however, his first love. There is a little mystery here, which the reader will find cleared up very satisfactorily in the end. Leon Gaylord, having a passion for adventure, and a conviction that enterprise, perseverance and good conduct cannot fail to win success, goes to the Pacific coast soon after the wondrous resources of California had begun to be developed, leaving his mother and wife in Cincinnati, and, though not without trouble from the Indians, who regarded all gold-hunters as interlopers, eventually becomes very rich, and even obtains a seat on the bench in a district in California, whence he dispenses justice to the satisfaction of all except criminals. At last, still a young man, for he had begun life early, he returns to the East, with the large fortune he had realized. His wife had died years before, leaving a son. The wealth laboriously and honestly obtained is judiciously and liberally dispensed; but the romance of his life may be said to begin again at Saratoga, the end being a second marriage, with the happiest auspices and under very strange circumstances. The numerous characters in this life-drama are so cleverly sketched that it seems as if they were pen-photographs—if such things are.

Glimpses at Olden Arts.—Among the most interesting of the collections at the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, are those illustrating the development of the arts among the mound-builders of this continent. The mound-builders were rude jewelers. Carved discs of shell, often with the heads of birds outlined thereon, a ring of steatite, and a copper ornament of cross-like form, are among the decorative relics of these people. The cross is represented upon articles of shell and copper found in the graves, evidently made from

native copper, hammered and cut into shape. A small perforation at the upper border still contains a fragment of the string by which the article was suspended, preserved by the action of the copper; and on the surface of the copper are slight evidences of its having been in contact with a finely-woven fabric, thus showing, says Professor Putnam, that this ancient people, who were well advanced in the ceramic art, also possessed the knowledge of weaving.

One jar now in the museum, taken from a stone-grave mound in Tennessee, is made in the rude image of a woman, represented as resting on her knees. The hair or head-dress is distinguishable. Some ordinary jars of mound-builder manufacture are made with care and skill; their good proportions and well-made curves equalling and closely resembling in outline some of the best of the early Old World forms which were produced by the aid of the wheel, while their very simplicity is the perfection of the art. Bones were used for many implements. Splinters of bones, as the museum collection shows, were utilized as awls and needles, and it is not improbable that the grandmothers of mound-building days knit their grandchildren's stockings with bone knitting-needles. That combs were worn in the hair seems sufficiently proved, as is known to have been the case with the aborigines of Peru. One jar, taken from the grave of a child, is mounted on three hollow legs, the cavities of which connect with the body of the jar, while the cross-bars between them are solid. A bowl, also from a child's grave, is well executed, duck-shaped, with natural head and bill. Another jar is a fairly faithful representation of a bear. This latter jar is remarkable for its showing that the mound-builders were acquainted with decoration in color. On this jar had been painted a number of concentric figures, perfectly apparent when the jar was first removed from the grave, but as they had not been burnt in, they are now but faintly indicated.

The Bayeux Tapestry.—The oldest piece of needle-work in the world is the Bayeux tapestry. Tapestry, you know, is a kind of woven hangings of wool or silk, often enriched with gold and silver representing various figures. In the Middle Ages queens and noble ladies had not much else to do to employ their time, and so they wove and embroidered tapestry to cover the cold stone walls of their prisonlike castles. A great deal of labor and skill was sometimes expended upon these productions. The tapestry that is preserved at Bayeux, France, is said to have been worked by Queen Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, though if she did it all, she must have done it as Solomon built the temple, "with a great deal of help." It is a long linen web of the color of brown holland, about two hundred and thirty feet in length, and a little over twenty inches wide. Upon this is embroidered a series of historic groups illustrating the various events and incidents of the Norman conquest. Some have called it a sort of pictorial history of that age, which indeed it is, and in some respects better than Mr. Freeman's or Mrs. Strickland's. The embroidery is woollen, the thread used being about the size of our common yarn. It was of various colors—blue, red, green, black and yellow predominating. There are fifty-two scenes represented, and one gets a very interesting and

graphic picture of that age from that parti-colored web. The designs of course are very simple. Neither Matilda or any of her maids knew anything of perspective or the principles of coloring; but with this lack of the rules of art, and her paucity of material, she produced a work which few of the women of the nineteenth century would care to undertake.

Mr. Reinhart has several small pictures of interesting motive. One is of Franklin before Governor Keith, who, it will be remembered, professed greater interest for the young American than was proved by his acts; and that after offering to give Franklin letters of credits abroad to enable him to buy type, and so to be set up as State printer, not only did he neglect to send any letters after him, but had in fact no credit to give. In this picture the Pennsylvania governor sits in his library beside a table, in picturesque and elegant costume, and the young man stands at the other side of the table, holding his hand on an open book, and with an enthusiastic expression, as he seeks to make an impression on his patron. Another picture is the "Pride of the Village," in which an effort is made to realize the tenderness and sweetness which Irving represented of the subject.

A work believed to be a valuable treasure of art has recently been found in a pawnbroker's shop in San Francisco. A brooch was being shown by the dealer, when the discovery was made by a person present that the miniature which it contained was by Richard Conway, the favorite of George IV. and of the English nobility of his day. By more careful inspection the artist's initials were found inscribed beneath a glass covering, and within the reverse, where was set a wreath of auburn and golden hair intertwined; under another covering, his full name, with one supposed to be the maiden name of his wife. The picture is that of a beautiful woman, and the painter's wife, if the supposition about the feminine name be correct. The history of the brooch is traced by the person holding it in San Francisco to its purchase at auction by a titled Englishman, from whose son the pawnbroker received it a year since as security on a loan of ten dollars.

At the Chicago Academy of Design is exhibited a portrait of De Lesseps, the great French engineer, by Healey. It is a composition representing, apparently, the conclusion of the canal conference held in Paris. M. De Lesseps, a three-quarters length figure, is standing near a table, over the edge of which hangs a map of the two American continents. With the index finger of the left hand he indicates the location of the canal which is to connect the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. Standing on the opposite side of the table is Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston.

Miss C. L. Ransom has been commissioned by the Treasury Department to paint a portrait of Alexander Hamilton from original pictures in New York.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie has completed her statue of Farragut, which is to be cast in bronze at the Washington Navy Yard.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

We very well know that our readers are considerably interested in the travels of their funny friend of the *Detroit Free Press*, and feel no little concern over the trials and tribulations that beset him in his peregrinations through Detroit's lively every-day life. He is always on hand just at the right moment to catch the good points, and he returns them to us in most excellent shape. Here are several of the latest:

Not His Darling.—After a down-town young man had been keeping company with a girl at the north end of Third street for several months, her father suddenly got the idea that a salary of \$7 per week would not support his daughter in proper style, and he forbade the young man to come to the house. Letters were exchanged and stolen interviews followed, but nothing of the sort will occur again.

The other night the old man observed his daughter acting nervous and queer, and he scented cologne in the air. Whispering in the old woman's ear, he dodged out doors and took a position favorable for one determined on evil. Pretty soon soft steps were heard. The old man coughed. The gate opened, the steps came nearer, and a voice whispered:

"Is that my darling?"

"Not hardly!" replied the old gentleman, as he rose up and reached out for a coat-collar, and next moment a pair of polished boot-heels revolved in the air, swept off the top of a rosebush, came down and demolished a flower-pot, and then shot out of the gate at the rate of a mile a minute, bearing away a young man whose hair had pushed his hat off.

Who He Was.—"Now, then, who is the plaintiff in this case?" asked his Honor in Justice alley yesterday, as a case was called.

No reply.

"I ask who is the plaintiff in this case?" continued the court.

"I don't know anything about plaintiffs," replied a man in the corner as he slowly rose; "but if you are asking for the chap who was chased a mile and a half, and then mopped all over his own barn-yard by two desperadoes, I'm your man!"

The case went on.

Not Her Motto.—A Woodward avenue policeman was the other day halted near the City Hall by a two-hundred-pound woman with a parcel in her hand, and she requested to be directed to the store where they sold mottoes. He asked which particular store she wanted, and she explained:

"Well, I can't tell. My old man came to town yesterday, and I wanted him to buy the motto of 'God Bless our Home.' He got in somewhere where they told him that stylish folks no longer hung up that motto, and the old idiot went and brought home this one."

She untied the parcel, and held up a card which was tastily painted:

"Don't ask for credit—Our terms are cash."

"You needn't grin," she said, as she rolled up the card again: "I'm heavy on foot, and the walking is bad, but I'm going to walk this town till I find the man who got this thing off on Samuel for 'God Bless our Home.'"

Lawyers.—Some years ago two wealthy farmers of Western Pennsylvania had a serious dispute in a business transaction, and determined to have the matter settled according to law. One of them accordingly repaired to the county-seat and stated his case to a lawyer, who said he regretted that he could not undertake his cause, as he had been already retained by his opponent. He would, however, do all in his power to serve him by recommending another and able lawyer. The farmer thanked him, and took from him a letter of introduction to his friend. The gum of the envelope being still wet, he thought he might as well take a peep at its contents before delivering it. This he did, and to his astonishment and indignation read as follows: "Two plump geese have come to town. You pluck the one, and I the other." The farmer immediately waited upon his adversary, and showed him the letter. The matter was speedily and satisfactorily arranged without the aid of the lawyers.

Freaks of Accident.—Strange mischances, with fatal results, are happening daily, here and there, over the country. A Boston butcher ran against a knife that lay on a block, severing an artery, and bled to death. In New York a man, hastening by a meat stand, had his eye caught and torn out by a tenter-hook fastened to an awning-post. A Denver woman caught her foot in a frog, and could not extricate it before a train ran over her. A horse kicked a Michigan boy into a deep well, where he was drowned. A Vermont farmer sneezed while holding a straw in his mouth, drew it into his lungs, and choked to death. In Nashville a shoe flew off the foot of a kicking mule, and fractured the skull of a baby. While standing on his head on the top of a high fence-post, an Iowa youth lost his balance, fell into tub of boiling water, and was fatally scalded. An Oregon girl swallowed her engagement ring, and lived only a week afterwards. A stone, thrown by a playfellow, broke a glass from which a St. Louis boy was drinking, driving some of the pieces down his throat, and he died a few days after great agony. Looking up to watch the flight of an arrow, a Nashville woman did not see it descending directly over her head, and the sharp metal point penetrated her brain through one of her eyes, killing her instantly. In Ohio a five-year-old boy went to feed the pigs; the pen was furnished with a sliding door, moving up and down, which, as he poked his head in, suddenly fell on his neck, strangling him. A bachelor in Philadelphia met with a curious death, he held a button in his mouth while threading a needle, and accidentally swallowed it, and it so lodged in his throat as to result fatally. In Cincinnati recently a young man was leaning upon his gun, watching a game of base-ball, when a

foul ball so struck the hammer as to discharge the gun, shooting him in the forehead and killing him on the spot. A few days since a boy in Providence was playing with an umbrella handle, and stumbling over it it pierced his eye, causing death in a few hours.

The Advantages of Women Over Men.—A woman may say what she likes to you without running the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to work. She can go forth into the streets without being invited to treat in every coffee-house. She can paint her face if she is too pale, and flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, other fixtures if too thin. She can eat, drink and be merry without costing her a cent. She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better. And she can get in debt all over, and he must pay it, until he warns the public by advertisement not to trust her on his account any longer.

How Sharon was once Beat.—A good story is told about Farmer Treadway of Carson, and Sharon, in the *Caution Appeal*, as follows. The writer has never seen this story in print, but it is so good that it ought to have been, and may have been years ago for all he knows. Sharon once built a saw-mill on some government land, and ran it three years on government timber. This was in early times, and wood-sawyers were not always particular to secure a proper title. After sawing up all the wood in sight, Sharon abandoned the mill, and immediately old Farmer Treadway, who had an eye on the property, entered the land in the regular way, and came down on it like a thousand of brick with a United States patent. Presently Sharon began to move the machinery of the mill, when Treadway served him with a notice to keep his hands off. Sharon paid no attention to the old farmer, and the next thing he knew he was sued for eight thousand dollars. Treadway showed his documents all correct, and the jury awarded damages in full. After the suit Treadway walked up to Sharon, and remarked: "Bill, you may be pretty good at minin', but you're a — shiftless land-sharp. I ain't much on quartz ledges, but when it comes to realities I'm a terror. No hard feelin', Bill? No hard feelin' I hope?" The crowd roared, and Sharon good-naturedly set up the drinks.

A certain young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights. One day, while they were passing a confectioner's, the swain noticed in the window a placard bearing the announcement, "Ice cream—one dollar per gal." "Well," said the young man, as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal; but, Maria, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for this gal."

The Schoolma'am at Court.—Lena Morgenstern, the respected proprietor of the kindergarten, attended the court held in the Berliner Schloss, recently, in celebration of the golden wedding. Royal pages, gorgeous in scarlet and white robes, were in attendance at the throne-room to

spread out the trains of the noble dames and damsels privileged to appear before the presence and perform the homage of curtsies prescribed by etiquette. These high-born youths executed their functions with admirable neatness whenever the ladies requiring their ministration happened to be ambassadors, peeresses, or even members of the numerous untitled aristocracy; but when a lady of the middle class, haply representing a deputation of a charitable society, presented herself at their post, they were observed to hang back and withhold their services. When Lena Morgenstern's turn came to enter the throne-room, she paused at the portal, expectant of the assistance eagerly afforded to her predecessor, the Countess D—f; but in vain. Turning sharply round upon the "proud pyets" who disdained to notice a mere "burger liche," she addressed them: "Who are you, young gentlemen?" "I am Prince H—," "And you?" "I am Count K—." "Well, then, Prince H— and Count K—, be so good as to arrange my train properly!" With cheeks as red as their liveries, the youthful nobles hastily did their office, having learned a salutary lesson from a lady whose exceptional experience in managing ill-conditioned children thus stood her in good stead at the court of her sovereign.

Dr. Mary Walker has a pretty long range for one of her calibre.—*Exchange*. Would it be at all improper, then, to call her a breech-loader?

"Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, did you say, Mrs. Caddy? You may be right; and, to judge by the size of the opening, the spoon must be there yet, handle and all."

Leap Year Law.—Girls, just listen to the funny man of the *Philadelphia Record*. He has interested himself to the extent of looking up the legal provisions for such of you who are troubled with a beau who will not pop the question. For your benefit, we quote him at length:

Girls, this is Leap Year! Now is your chance. *Tempus fugit*. It will be four years before Leap Year turns up again; and it may be forever to your matrimonial hopes. The manner of securing a masculine attachment is very simple, and the world is full of gudgeons who swallow smirks-and-smiles bait with as much delight as the whale took Jonah in out of the deep waters. In the chivalrous days of Merrie England there was enacted a law that made liberal provision for young women troubled with young men who would spark but never blaze into a proposal. In Colonial times this law was incorporated in the statute books of Penn's Colony, and there it still reposes, unrestricted in its application to modern cases of long-drawn-out courtship.

Stripped of its almost impenetrable cloak of legal verbiage and old English, it is found to contain these provisions for "ye maydys and spinsters" who seek redress under "ye act of ye Leap Year:"

Any girl who has set every night to twelve o'clock since the last Leap Year with the same young man, eating twenty-five cent candy, has an inalienable right to pop the question. Should the same girl devote all Sunday afternoon to the same young man, and feed him liberally and frequently during this period, his refusal to take her makes him liable

to be fined and incarcerated in the deepest dungeon beyond the moat.

(As dungeons and moats were never imported to this Land of the Free, we must mentally substitute the House of Correction and Pennypack Creek.)

If it can be shown that any "maydn" between the ages of thirty-six and 'so on has for the said period of time (viz., since the last Leap Year) focused her affections on any certain particular young man—that she has diligently sought to keep and hold him by divers means known to the sex, and striven to kindle the ardent flames in his bosom—she can, under the provisions of this act, drag the said hardened young man to the nearest magistrate and give him the choice of supporting her for life as her lawful husband or enlisting in the service of his Gracious Majesty, the King.

(Doing service for the King is sheer nonsense. The way to do it now is to snatch the young man by the lappel of his Ulster and give him the choice of taking you or parting with his garment. In nine cases out of ten he will save his Ulster and take you. As the divorce lawyers put it, this will prevent the publicity of going before a magistrate.)

If the young lady cannot muster courage, this antique law clothes the parent with certain powers. Any time during Leap Year he is privileged to drop in on the young man at any hour (it makes no difference whether the young man is weighing the old man's darling on his knee, or is glued to her side by a cramp in the arm), and say to him:

"Young fellow, biz is biz. There is my lovely daughter. Here is a lovely bill for—

"Sixteen gross of Candles,
 "Eight cords of Wood,
 "Four dozen Gate Hinges,
 "Two hundred and twenty Meals,
 "Three Carpets,
 "Six Chairs,
 "Seventeen Dresses,
 "Fourteen Doctor Bills,
 "Loss of Sleep,
 "Raids on the Kitchen,
 "Hair Oil,
 "Perfumery,
 "Powder,
 "Paint,
 "Patience—

used and consumed by you and that girl, during this court-ing spell. Which will you take?"

The modern degenerate young man would no doubt close solemnly his off-eye at a parent, and remark:

"Biz is biz, old man; but knock off the candle charge; no light, you know, for three years. Cut down that fire bill one-third; we have been too snug to use much heat. Substitute sliding down baluster for gate hinges. And, as for chairs, that's sheer extortion; one chair for two has been the rule. But, give a fellow six or eight months to think it over, and I'll let you know."

Indulgent parent, beware!

Tender-hearted female, nail him!

Do not falter.

Pop the question at once.

If he declines, fire him out!

Brother Gardner has the Floor.—"What I was gwine to remark," began the old man, as the calcium light at the lower end of the hall shone full on his clean shirt and garnet necktie, "am to de effect dat you can't depend on a man till you hev gone ober a mill-dam in de same boat wid him, an' eben den it am safer to keep de doahs locked. I am led to dis reflectshun by de fact dat about fo' days ago a strange nigger knocked at my humble doah. He was a meek and humble-lookin' man, an' he tole me a story of woe an' mis-fortun' dat almoas broke my heart. I took him in. I fed an' warmed him an' felt bad fur him. Yesterday, while I was out lookin' fur a job fur him, he dodged de ole woman an' made off wid all my summer 'skeeter-bars, an' I hev'n't cotched him yit. De ideah of a man stealin' 'skeeter-bars in de winter am bad 'nuff of itself, but to steal 'em from a fam'ly dat had warmed his heels, clothed his back an' filled him up with bacon an' 'taters, am sunthin' dat I can't get ober right soon. I shell go right on trustin' folkses same as befo', but in de sweet bime-by dar will be a clus board fence, eighteen feet high, 'tween me an' sich people as can't eat two meals a day an' pay a hundred cents on de dollar. We will now enter into de reg'lar concordance of de meetin'."

Twin Stories.—Good stories are always born twins. We all remember the quaint saying of Rufus Choate, who, when told that if he pursued his hard work he would ruin his constitution, replied that the constitution was gone long since, and that for years he had been living on the by-laws. Of Sheridan the counterpart is told. He was somewhat given to indulgence in strong drink. When remonstrated with, and warned that the quantity of brandy he drank would certainly destroy the coat of his stomach, he quietly poured out another glass, and replied, "Well, then, my friend, there is nothing for my stomach to do but to digest in its waistcoat."

When Patrick was told that the price of bread had fallen, he exclaimed: "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my bist friend."

"When the swallows homeward fly"—after midnight.

"Robin Adair-y," the milkman sang, as he scuttled away with the cans; he is singing now, "By the sad sea waves," for Sing-Sing quite altered his plans.

A true American's a man of feeling—when he gets busted, too proud for begging, too honest for stealing, then he gets trusted.

"When we are married," said Widow Wagstaff to her new adorer, "I think it no more than fair that you should give up smoking your cigar, as I must give up my weeds."

The man who called a bow-legged individual a perambulating parenthesis had his remark brought to a period by the interrogation of his exclamation point.

A disappointed literary aspirant remarks that, asbestos being fireproof, he would recommend that it be thoroughly applied to the shrouds of dead editors, that they then need have no fears of a future life.

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THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

By W. J. THORNTON.



GRAND PLAZA, CITY OF MEXICO.

IN the long record of human migrations there has never been any one so vast in its volume, so constant in its flow, and so great in its various effects as that which, having within a generation removed Ohio from the frontier to the interior, has carved all of the trans-Mississippi into Territories and States, supplied it with an intelligent population and with laws, planted its valleys, pastured its hills, connected it with rails, penetrated its won-

derful mineral wealth, and made it more alluring to fancy than Colchis to the Argonauts, and more attractive to energy than ever the Atlantic States were to European hope. The California migration is an independent episode, and generally understood, though incomplete. Less is known of that other efflux whose more ancient germ is now again swelling lustily and to rival, perhaps excel, the Californian in its values; to affect the

industrial as well as the political complexion of the rest of the Union, the continent, and the world. The past, present and future of this are made vital by the visit of ex-President Grant to Mexico, traversing in peace the route he followed with victorious arms only three decades ago; and by suggestion as well as assertion commanding notice.

In less than half a century after San Salvador rose before the longing eyes of Columbus, Spanish greed for gold—the *auri sacra fames* of all time—had not only subjugated the islands of the Gulf, and conquered Central America, Peru and Mexico, but it had penetrated New Mexico with Nuñez and

but a year; since which time there have been more than forty revolutions, and the country has been vexed by British, French and Spanish, as well as by American and domestic arms; and has existed under imperial, royal, dictatorial, republican and military governments, and in anarchy. The United States was not brought into contact with its neighbor until after the purchase of the Louisiana territory from France in 1803. The little fringe of Atlantic colonies had no grasp beyond the head-waters of the Ohio on the west, or below Georgia south, when their independence was won a century ago. At the beginning of this century Mexico claimed all of the trans-



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, CITY OF MEXICO

Onate, and led Cortez to California, and Vasquez Coronado to Colorado. Alas! that we shall never know the civilizations they overthrew and the arts they destroyed! They conquered. Before 1521 Cortez had subdued Mexico, and until within a half century it was ruled and misruled by Spain. The rare though imperfect culture of the Aztecs and Toltecs was crushed out. We know of their laws and government and worship and arts and science by fragments only. Precisely three centuries after Spain dispossessed Guatemozin, the Spanish power, which had been shaken by Hidalgo's revolt in 1810, was broken, and independence was won with Iturbide. His sway lasted

Mississippi world from the Sabine River on the east to Oregon north that was coveted and claimed by Great Britain; Spain possessed Florida, and France that vast Louisiana territory which, purchased for \$15,000,000 in 1803, has been partitioned into Arkansas, Dakota, Iowa, the Indian Territory, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri and Nebraska, comprehending 672,706 square miles, and if Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington and Wyoming with their 599,721 square miles are added under the clause of the treaty conveying "all of the country west of the Mississippi not occupied by Spain, up to the British Territory," reaches 1,272,427 square miles. The ce-

sion of Florida in 1819 perfected our possession of all the cis-Mississippi region south of the Dominion, but left our trans-Mississippi territory

1685, whose colonies were driven to the interior eight years later by Spain, had the Sabine recognized as its eastern boundary in 1819. Fourteen



SERENOS.

indeterminate between the loose boundaries of Texas and the uncertain limits of Great Britain in Oregon.

Texas, first settled by Lavalie on the Lavacca in

years later the American population in that province numbered 20,000; and when Mexico attempted to unite Texas with Coahuila in 1833, and subordinate the greater to the less—enterprise

to ignorance—a spirit of resistance was aroused which won independence in the fall of 1835 and the following spring, and had that recognized in Europe and in the United States. Mexican incursions and border forays eventuated in the annexation of Texas to the United States in 1845, and brought on the war with Mexico which

from its arable surface by the Rocky Mountain system, including the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges, that penetrate its whole length. That loss is more than compensated, however, by the metalliferous wealth of the mountains, their abundant forests, fine pastures and fat valleys, which have made New Mexico, Colorado and Montana



A MEXICAN COURT-YARD.

terminated in 1848 with the further annexation of California and New Mexico, from which Nevada and Utah have since been partitioned, and Arizona and Colorado framed. This increment gave the Union 400 miles additional coast on the Gulf, aside from that important Pacific gain which, augmented by the acquisition of Alaska and the secure possession of San Juan, leaves our coast line on that sea unbroken save by a small British indent, all the way from the Arctic to Lower California. This vast area loses a million square miles

as famous for their lumber and cattle as for their gold and silver.

Texas is preëminent in some respects among all of these additions. Its great stretch of 274,350 square miles, cut into 170 counties, renders it truly an *imperium in imperio*. The diversification of its soil, products and climate continues this grandiose estate. Sloping gradually from the northwest to the east and south, its littoral of thirty to one hundred miles inland produces rice, coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, indigo and vanilla; its middle

range of rolling prairie, one hundred and fifty miles broad, furnishes pasturage for countless cattle, and produces fruit, grain, lumber, and tobacco, and yields various iron ores, coal, limestone and marble; its mountainous upper parallel is well wooded, and has mineral wealth. The anthracite, bituminous, and semi-bituminous area extends over 6000 square miles, and the Texas Pacific Railroad runs through as great and various a wealth, excepting the precious metals, as the world can show. From 1845 to 1875 the 150,000 population rose to 1,500,000, and the 2,000,000 reported this year shows how great these resources are, and how highly appreciated. Railroad construction that began in 1854 reached 1572 miles in 1875, and 2592 in 1880, is another indication; and to all there may be added a very wonderful advance in manufacturing, commerce, schools, churches and public order, each of which is growing by an unparalleled increase in population and wealth.

The current visit of General Grant to Mexico suggests this comparison of Texas as it is with what it was, and provokes review, comparison and speculation. Grant entered that war as a captain in 1846, and after serving honorably under both Taylor and Scott, left it as he entered. It is worthy of note that on his way to Vera Cruz he invited Major-General Robert Patterson of Philadelphia to meet and accompany him in Mexico—an invitation that was declined under the pressure of eighty-eight years. But Patterson was a major-general when Grant was a captain. He joined the army in Mexico with this high rank, was second only to Taylor on the Rio Grande, marched from Matamoras through Victoria and Tampico, where, joining the commander-in-chief, he went with him to Vera Cruz, accompanied his advance and shared his battles until the capital was taken, and was commander-in-chief after Scott's recall. Both subsequently left the army. Patterson reentered it as a major-general when the rebellion occurred, and resigned during the campaign in West Virginia, on account of insufficient support and impossible demands. Grant reentered as a colonel, and rising to a grade held by none other

than Washington and himself, has enjoyed the Presidency for two terms. Annually since the war closed the Aztec Club, formed of army officers present in the "Halls of the Montezumas"



JAROCHOS.

in 1848, have dined with General Patterson upon the anniversary of the victory; save when Grant as President entertained the Club at Washington in 1874. Unattended by any of

his comrades, the ex-President has revisited the battle-fields of a war which was compared by British critics to the great Anabasis and the most

sidered in both lands and in Europe, and the realization of which is rather doubtful as to its date than in any other point. Stirred from his customary phlegm by the "boom" that has not utterly died out, he may have considered how its success could be excused and glorified. So far as that great body are concerned who believe the "whole unbounded continent is ours," or soon to become so, the conclusion is less doubtful than are the steps to it. But since the American general was in Mexico before, those very European countries which most condemned American war with Mexico, have levied such war for far less provocation and with infinitely less excuse; but though three to one, and each superior to the assailed in wealth, power and skill, the empire they created has been overturned, the emperor they enthroned has been dethroned and shot as a criminal, and to-day there remains no honorable memorial of their effort—no return for their great outlay. The moral, political and industrial influences of the Union weighs more there than it ever did, and presses like the geographical mass from which it proceeds. This pressure is chiefly exercised upon the States of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon, Sonora and Tamaulipas, and less forcibly upon Durango and Sonora. It is increased, as it was in Texas and California. American emigration has entered, surveyed and occupied the land, and now asks protection from Indian rapine and Mexican rapacity. It asks for personal security and industrial encouragement. It holds out the fact that the gold and silver product of Mexico from 1521 to 1870 was \$4,200,000,000; that the mintage exceeded \$3,000,000,000; that the gold product averages a ton and a half, and that of silver five hundred tons annually, despite poor mining, poor machinery, ignorant labor, objectionable laws, and official and Indian interference and frequent robberies. It shows that the territory designated has been marvelously productive from the days of Guatemozin and Grijalva, if not from an earlier time; and of tobacco and turpentine, maize and mercury, lead and lumber, as well as of rubber and emeralds and gold and silver and pearls



NA RAFAELA, OR WATER-CARRIER.

daring exploits of Gustavus and Wallenstein. He has been courteously received; but he must have glanced at eventualities more dazzling than the purchase of Samana or Samoa; eventualities con-

along the Pacific coast. It shows that these resources have been partially or wholly dried up and rendered valueless by the want of good government, of education, transportation and protection, and that enormous American investments in fields, forests and mines are hurt through the incompetence of the government. The personal safety which should be secure to every one is not secure to any.

The Mexican territory to which attention is specially directed comprises seven States in the north—Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Sonora, Sinaloa, Durango, Chihuahua and Coahuila. They constitute the northern mass of Mexico. The Sierra Madre penetrates the western division; another range, the eastern. Every one of the States is rich in a varied mineralogy, and in metallic as well as in agricultural and pastoral wealth. Cinnabar, copper, gold, iron, lead, limestone, salt, silver and sulphur abound. Barley, cane, coffee, cotton, rice, tobacco, tin and wheat are among the attractions. Cattle and sheep flourish in unbounded and unbroken pasturage. But only four of thirty mines once wrought in Tamaulipas are wrought now. The more numerous and productive mines of Sonora are beginning to be cautiously reopened by American immigration; and so in other States. They have the known resources of California, New Mexico and Nevada, each of which was worked by the early Spanish immigrants, and chiefly with Indian slaves. They are neglected and abandoned, as California and New Mexico were before their annexation to the Union, and for the same cause.

This neglect cannot continue. American immigration is pouring in in a growing volume in spite of danger, owing to great inducements. Mining for gold and silver was prosecuted along the Pacific Coast by Americans since 1849. The average annual product of both has been about \$67,000,000, amounting to \$1,985,527,939 in bullion produced west of the Missouri since that date. About \$1,581,143,693 of this was gold, and \$405,094,346 silver. The Atlantic States have furnished \$30,000,000, and Sonora and Chihuahua have given us \$9,000,000, and British Columbia \$33,000,000—\$2,857,527,939 in all: and all but \$24,000,000 came from our own mines. Here is an aggregate of almost \$3,000,000,000,

being increased at the rate of \$125,000,000 annually. More than seven-eighths of the whole was taken from territory gained of Mexico in the eight and twenty years following the annexation! and the intelligent energy given to this inferior region caused it to yield twice as much gold and silver as the land retained by Mexico. Four



FROM THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

years ago Arizona had produced \$7,962,000; New Mexico, \$6,075,000; Utah, \$17,472,773; Nevada, \$293,233,910, and California, \$1,064,628,502; while all Mexico produced in the same term only \$702,000,000. It is not in human nature to overlook such facts, certainly not in American nature; nor, once recognized, are they likely to be used in any but one manner.

The rapid advance of railway construction is to be considered even in the most general and imperfect survey. For many years, and until re-

cently, railroads were hardly known south and west of Arkansas, except in the Northern States and on the line of the Union Pacific. Now one road is progressing westward from New Orleans through Southern Texas to the Rio Grande, while another is advancing from Vicksburg through Shreveport and Dallas to Fort Bliss on the southern boundary of New Mexico—the Texas Pacific, that is to enter San Diego; the St. Louis and Southern Road is crossing there at Longview, Austin, San Antonio and Laredo, where it enters Mexico; the Los Angeles and Arizona Road is reaching towards El Paso, whence a survey has been made to Guaymas on the Gulf of California, and the road from the City of Mexico tends toward the Rio Grande. These roads, commenced and projected, accommodate every one of the Northern States of Mexico, and unite them with the American system. There are American steamships running to Vera Cruz and Tampico on the Gulf, and touching at Mazatlan and other Pacific ports, by which they are brought into correspondence with the Pacific lines of mail steamers. This maritime activity must expand very rapidly so soon as work begins upon the inter-oceanic canal, and with it every other form of activity must move; immigration will increase, and the Southwest feel an unprecedented life.

It is not probable that the visit of the ex-President and his review of the scenes of exploits now dimmed by the lapse of almost thirty years will have any open and direct bearing upon the solution of a problem that is of far greater political moment to this country than the election of any candidate or the triumph of any party. He is clothed with no greater powers than any of the merchants and manufacturers who, a few years since, attended the great Fair at the Aztec capital. He has no inducements to awaken an agitation he cannot direct, and that is sure of some opposition notwithstanding the abolition of slavery, which enlisted hostility to previous annexation. He must apprehend what all other thoughtful men recognize, that there is another side to this alluring picture.

The government of the Union, by which all of its interests are promoted or retarded, proceeds from and is regulated by the governed. In proportion as the people of any State are more enlightened and enterprising, that State excels other States in power, wealth and influence;

and in the very ratio in which all of the population are educated and intelligently active and moral, the whole country advances. The rate of advance has been checked; the direction of the advance has been changed; the stability of those institutions, upon which everything rests, has been jeopardized by the recent admission of a vast number of uneducated voters, who, without an instant's preparation, were changed from slaves to freedmen and citizens, with as great power in the decision of public questions as the capitalists, scholars, lawyers, judges and educated bulk of our population. Immigration has caused added political disadvantage as well as material profit, and the influx of Chinese is a cumulative evil. The evil has not only been seen, but felt. The admission of more than a million souls, poor, untaught in the very rudiments of knowledge, accustomed to being directed, and ignorant of the principles of republicanism, could not fail to augment this evil and postpone its cure. The same was true, however, when Florida was bought, when the vast Louisiana purchase was made, when Texas was annexed and when New Mexico and California were received. In spite of these hindrances, the aggregate movement of the republic continues onward and upward. Freedom has been made coterminous with all our boundaries, though the Fathers who founded the nation did not dare the essay. Education has been rendered more general as well as higher and more perfect. Sectional sentiment has been merged in a heartier nationality, and rebellion has been absolutely crushed. The industries of the country have increased in variety and in volume, and in excellence as in amount. The precedent which Patrick Henry invoked is not therefore opposed to the action which many desire immediately, and all expect in a near future. The objections to an extension of the Republic southward do not outweigh the certain arguments in its favor, nor dissipate the promises with which it is commended.

There is another view to be entertained. So long as any nation is strong and vital it seeks to enlarge its area and increase its population. All history is full of demonstration; and at this instant Great Britain, with her unprecedented sway on each continent, is adding islands to Australia; adding Afghanistan to India; adding Zululand and the Free State to Cape Colony and seizing territory on Lake Tanganyika. Russia, holding a



AN EVANGELISTA.

sixth part of all Asia, is enlarging its possessions in Turkestan. Germany has seized the fairest portion of Denmark and the richest of France. On the other hand, the decadence of Turkey is attested by her losses of Egypt and Roumania, and the decrease of Spanish power is measured by the shrinkage of an empire which under Charles and Philip dominated Germany and Italy, dominated the fairest portions of North, South, and Central America, and had African, Asiatic and insular dominion. The proof goes to the remotest annals, and exists in every age. Under such demonstration the Union must reach unattained limits, and swell to unexpected proportions. The growth of republican sentiment in British North America, illy tranquillized by conceding a self-government that is nominal and already unsatisfactory; the fierce struggle so long maintained by

Cuba, and the expressed desire of many Mexicans for the power and consideration enjoyed here, indicate that the judgment of contiguous States is shaping itself in harmony with the philosophy of all history and in accordance with those principles which define the future of the American Republic, if that Union is to continue and become what its members believe—continental in its embrace and controlling in its character.

The particular reason which directs attention to Northern Mexico now is the very one which gave it European population and esteem—its marvelous mineral resources, agricultural wealth, and enormous coast line. Baron Humboldt computed the coinage of Mexico and New Spain at \$1,767,952,000 between 1521 and 1804, and carried the aggregate wealth to \$2,027,952,000 in that period, by including the unminted products.

Mr. Danson estimates the product of gold and silver from 1804 to 1848 at \$768,188,420, of which \$685,418,247 was silver. Mexico alone is credited

and quicksilver and tropical fruits, may be derived there in exchange for textiles, machinery and various manufactures now largely derived from



INDIANS ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

with \$208,000,000 of silver and \$24,000,000 of gold additional up to 1876, while California yielded \$1,064,628,502; Nevada, \$293,233,910; Arizona, \$7,962,000; New Mexico, 6,075,000; Colorado, \$5,362,383, and Utah, \$17,472,773. The aggregate reaches \$4,887,512,605, and a little more than 70 per cent. was silver. Thus about seven-eighths of the American gold and silver product since 1848 has been drawn from territory obtained of Mexico. It is generally believed that Chihuahua, Durango, Sinaloa and Sonora are richer in the metals than the States annexed to this country. They lack transportation, and law, and peace and industry, and therefore their products diminish when they should increase. But this mineral wealth is not sole. Just as California has surpassed Illinois in its crop of wheat and barley and clip of wool, and made its yield of wheat more valuable than that of gold, and just as Texas has raised cotton of greater annual value than the California yield of gold, so Mexico can grow cotton as before the conquest, and vie with Texas. More than our whole consumption of coffee and sugar, and cochineal and silk cocoons,

Europe. As it is, Mexico imports more from and exports more to Great Britain than this country, despite the distance. Our average exports thither are scarcely what they were in 1825, though our imports thence have tripled. A potent reason why this trade has not grown as it should have done is found in the want of railway service. Heavily subsidized European steamship lines have supplied and continue to supply the Atlantic as well as the Pacific shores of that country. But recently, stimulated by the general desire for more trade and particularly for American trade, and by a demand for trans-Mississippi communication, the Union Pacific Railroad has rearranged its connections with the Kansas Pacific; the Denver (or Cheyenne) and Rio Grande Railroad has revived its progress south, and a branch is proposed from the crossing of the Pacific Southern running to Tucson, Arizona, that shall cross the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte, and be continued to the City of Mexico. The Santa Fé, Atchison and Topeka Railroad, now at Santa Fé, expects to reach Tucson this year, and there join the other roads running into Mexico, and has issued

contracts between Los Alamos and Conejos. The Texas Pacific is also advancing toward San Diego on the Pacific, crossing or connecting with the others, and giving eastern facilities to those new western regions. The Texas International is also advancing.

These great enterprises, involving hundreds of millions of dollars in capital, are sustained by such men as Presidents Scott and Fulton, and Senator Cameron, and others like them in Pennsylvania, and by equal foresight and capital in New York and Boston, and by Western wealth. They have been retarded in the southern march by fears growing out of the instability of Mexican government; but while their crossing into Mexico is delayed, they are stimulating such other American roads as the Sabine Pass, Palestine and Waco in Texas, and various accessory routes, which will soon thread all of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona. The Leadville mines have stimulated railroads through the whole adjacent country; and the belief that richer deposits lie beyond in Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango and contiguous provinces is directing and controlling.

This belief has a solid foundation. The returns

than in 1878. This is apportioned as follows: Nevada, \$29,997,714; California, \$18,190,973; Colorado, \$14,413,515; Utah, \$5,468,879; Montana, \$3,629,020; Dakota, \$3,208,987; Idaho, \$2,091,500; Arizona, \$1,942,403; Oregon, \$1,037,961, and New Mexico, \$622,800; to which the western coast of Mexico added \$1,683,871, and British Columbia \$976,742. This aggregate includes \$38,623,812 of silver, \$32,539,920 of gold, and \$4,185,769 of lead. The product of California, Nevada and Utah declined; but that of Colorado and Dakota increased, although production is just beginning, and transportation is wanting. This current increase where inexhaustible resources are known to lie—resources of gold and silver and lead that stretch uninterruptedly along the Rocky Mountain chain from Alaska, through British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, and the States below; through the whole northern division of Mexico; through parts of Central America, and accompany the Andes far down in Chili, Bolivia and Peru in South America; this increase is fast pouring population into its own vicinity, and providing the transportation as well as the attraction for more to the same point. An



THE MEXICAN INDIAN AT MARKET.

made by Wells, Fargo and Co., of the mineral product west of the Mississippi last year, place the aggregate at \$75,349,504, or \$5,805,111 less

English line of steamships has been organized to run to Sabine Pass in connection with the railroad, thence to Palestine and Waco. The Ameri

can roads are working to the same end. The crop failures in Europe and business stagnation in the East both foster these enterprises. They are fostered, too, by the prospective removal of the Mormons from Utah into Mexico, where Brigham Young's successor is even now prospecting for a new Deseret before the disfranchisement of polygamists has been accomplished.

All of this Southwestern activity has direct connection with our relations to Mexico. However much any one may deplore or condemn that greed for territorial expansion which is an unfailing incident of national vigor, it must be thoughtfully considered and wisely determined when events bring it into discussion. The varied wealth of our Southwestern territories; the large and swelling influx of population thither; the certain continuation of that flux; the enormous additions made to the national wealth by previous incorporations; the danger occasioned by a weak adjoining government; the feasibility of incorporating, administering and profiting from acquisitions in this direction; the desirability of developing a country equal to any in every respect and superior to most in fertility and in agricultural and pastoral resources; the importance of repressing border troubles and Indian raids,—all of these things are rendered more potent now by the promise of a ship canal across the Isthmus at an early day, which will pass the bulk of the world's commerce near our own limits. It is not probable that Mexico would yield any part of her area willingly; but Mexico is heavily indebted to this country for former lawlessness. She is not progressive in any direction, and her stagnation is a general and grievous injury to herself, as to us and the world. Her system of taxation is bad. Her laws, which allow the agent or superintendent to sell corporate property for debts contracted by him, and furnish no redress for fraud, are detrimental to American proprietors. Her preponderance of trade with Europe is a wanton injury to our commerce and business activity. The imminent likelihood that the Mormons will remove into Northern Mexico and there renew the despotism and misconduct for which they are being forced to leave Utah, and consolidating Mexican antipathy to this country, erect a barrier to our Southern welfare, is urging the solution of a question which cannot be averted, and is not helped by postponement.

The Mexican visit of General Grant vitalizes these considerations. It is certain that he has no authority to enter into any negotiations. It is as certain that his recommendations, should he make any, would carry weight here and there. It may be accepted that no European power would stand in the way of American action—France, Spain, England and every other trans-Atlantic nation having at one time or another, in one or another way, suffered from Mexican action; and every one seeing the advantages to be gathered in commerce and trade from such a rule as has rendered California as opulent as Ormus and every adjoining State wondrously rich in its very infancy, the opposition to a measure that would carry our southern boundary through or below Durango and continue the progress by which the Gulf is fast becoming an inland water of the Union, will be mainly domestic. It will be represented that we have a vast unoccupied area now; that we have no right to fulfill our "manifest destiny" against the consent of our neighbor; that the population to be added by such an annexation would be foreign to us in race, in religion, in government, in habits, and ignorant, and hostile and unfitted for the duties of citizenship. All of which was equally true of Texas, of California, Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, and Alaska. Yet each of these annexations has been advantageous; so that no one now would consent to the surrender of any part of all that whose acquisition was furiously opposed by many.

It is not necessary to outline the means by which the territory indicated is to be incorporated in the Union, or forecast the date of the change, or settle the attendant evils, or measure the profits resulting from it. It suffices to have shown the historical precedents, to have pointed out the inducements and remarked the tendency. There is probably no American who, whether he approves or condemns this national enlargement, does not anticipate the day when this country will include all of Mexico and all of Central America, and many of the islands in the Gulf. This expectancy is as firmly rooted as any item of political faith. The consequences of the rebellion have strengthened it. European intervention in Mexico has stimulated it. The abolition of slavery has removed one great objection to it. The constitution of the Dominion, north, has provided it with another argument. The univer-

sal and growing demand for more business and a quicker accumulation of wealth coöperates. The augmentation of our South American, Australian and Asiatic commerce gives it more consistency. The unsettled and critical condition of European politics marches in the same line; and these many reasons for are not offset by equivalent reasons in opposition. It is indeed advanced that we have a vast and productive territory scantily populated,

and approached by the people of California, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. But their desires and beliefs have the sympathy of all the Southwest, and the support of influential thousands in every



A SALTEADOR IN TOWN.

and that we need to reclaim, till and develop that before adding other regions, and to confirm our political institutions and tranquillize and employ our present population before gaining other areas and races which would render the work more difficult. But it is seen by many that these ends are more directly and hopefully sought by a brave and comprehensive policy than by irresolution and content; and it is felt that we must control and develop a semi-civilized section impinging upon our richest area, in order to make the progress we desire, and must dominate that before the commerce of Europe and Asia passes out doors and draws in that of South America, now swelling with European immigration and intelligence and capital, or see it pass under other and more energetic control. These considerations are sufficient for the result contemplated. General Grant's visit can, of course, produce no instant and palpable result. He can only provoke general attention to what is particularly considered



A DEVOUT NATIVE.

part of the country. Occasion may formulate these wishes into deeds, and translate these expectations into performance as suddenly as when California became ours. In any event, this survey and these suggestions are relevant to an instant when the precious metals have attained fresh consideration from their long disuse for money here and in parts of Europe; when our commerce is attempting to restore itself in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic; when our railway construction is chiefly placed beyond the Mississippi and apprehends its crowning performance in a road which will penetrate the whole length of Mexico and Central America, and diverging eastward from

Columbia by one route, will bring Venezuela and Guiana and the mouths of the Amazons quickly into a correspondence in that way, while the trade of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, the Confederation, Paraguay and Uruguay is detached from Europe and wholly Americanized. It is relevant to the universal commerce expected to pass the Panama Canal at no remote hour.

It is relevant to all of our manufactures, vast and growing in their amount and inestimable in their values. It is relevant to the purposes of the country, among which are those that hold one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in New York alone ready for investment in Mexican mines so soon as that can be assured and protected. And it is relevant to political plans which, if not fully formulated and declared, still cross the Rio Grande and contemplate new States as rich as Nevada and as productive as California, set in the national galaxy from territory not yet ours. All of our history, excepting only the Alaskan episode, has the direction now viewed. We have constantly advanced to the Southwest. We have always gained by the movement. Popular sentiment favors further progress. Mexico would be benefited by an exchange from turbulence to peace; from idleness to industry; from ignorance to education; from poverty to wealth; and if a strange population and different laws and customs interpose some impediments, the advantages extended are greater and their need is recognized. War is not the agent for this advance. It can be procured peaceably and advantageously when needed. General Grant's visit may have no potent effects of instant significance. It will, however, direct American attention to Mexico anew, and Mexican to the Union; and in the possible contingency of a "Third Term," it may be found that the outline now drawn will require to be filled and finished. It will attain more completeness, in any event, through the stress of business endeavors, and before the century has closed all of these considerations must be vital factors in American life.

The City of Mexico occupies the very site of the old Aztec capital, that was perhaps built on the ruins of the earlier Toltec. It is in an elevated valley—6000 feet above the sea—and has crowded Lake Texcoco and some others into narrower limits. The surface is level. Numerous recent ca-

nals have cured the overflows once frequent and formidable. The Plaza de Armas is the principal feature. It is a great square, 810x600 feet, having the Cathedral—500x420 feet—against its northern limit; the City Hall opposite; the government house or palace, with the botanical and other collections, on the east, and various edifices on the west. It is paved with flat stone, but is only a single inch higher than the mean level of Lake Tezcoco. The official residence of the Executive is in the palace, in which are the offices of many of the bureaux of the nation, the post-office, museum, etc. The palace covers 500x350 feet, is three stories high; but though on the site of Montezuma's palace, it looks more like a corpulent cotton factory or gorged and torpid woolen mill than a palace. The plaza is only one of ninety of varying sizes in the city. It is populous in the evenings when some military band plays for a while. The senors, senoras and senoritas—Carmen, Dulce and Pepita—meet their friends and enjoy an ice, a lemonade, a cigarita, and the pleasure of conversation, where, since Maximilian's day, the laborers and Indians are privileged to appear, but rarely do. There are few fountains in any part of the city, and therefore the few there are as welcome as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The plaza Santo Domingo, facing the old Inquisition, is a fine one.

The Mexican population is singularly mixed. First, in point of numbers, is the Indian. If pure, this would signify a combination of the Toltec, Chichimec and Aztec races, each of which has an unknown antiquity and history. But there has been no such purity. The Spaniards intermarried with all of them, and all admitted the red Indian to relationship. Every European nationality also has its representatives in Mexico, and the Africans are numerous. The result has been a very curious fusion of blood. The Indian race, of which President Juarez was a pure descendant, is the most numerous, the most listless and uneducated. It is found everywhere, and it has been questioned whether Mexico would be restored from that root or another. The Spanish blood arrogates the first place in state and society, and has always been highly esteemed, though always opposed. The English have many agents, but they are not so well liked as the Germans, or even the Americans. Those who call themselves Mexicans are of Spanish or Indian descent, or a cross of both usually.

Both, however, exist independently. As a rule, the Indian communities are separate from the Mexican, and have separate laws and customs.

The northern provinces are dominated by Indian tribes affiliated to some in the United States. Lerdo de Tejada, the oldest living Mexican, has Indian blood.

The Christianized or civilized Indians affiliate more closely with the Caucasian race than with their own. No one statement will describe their physical and intellectual differences. They are constitutionally pacific and listless, yet make good soldiers; improvident, but succeed in trade, agriculture, commerce and finance; ignorant, and yet acquire true erudition easily. They are in favor of free government, and of the Roman Catholic Church. They are careless about education, but fond of flowers, music, dancing, swimming, horse-racing, gay clothing and festivals and aguardiente and pulque. In the neighborhood of the capital they

cultivate the chinampas, or shaking bogs, or prairies tremblantes, which are found in and adjacent to every canal in the valley. The youth of both sexes are well formed, bright-eyed, lithe and

courteous. The adults are under-sized, shriveled, strong, suspicious and ignorant, and just beginning to have true power in the state. The mes-



A HERMIT MONK.

tiza are domestics, muleteers and water-carriers—aquadores—at the capital. The latter are both male and female. They usually have one large stone jug, held to the back by a strap passing

around the forehead. The epilation is preserved by rubbing a similar more jag in front, with a strip around the back of the head. The water is obtained at a distance to secure greater purity, and the jags are not glazed. Evaporation thus reduces the temperature of the water and keeps it cold. It is sold by regular and occasional

men waste much of their wages in pulque and gambling. Formerly they were selected from retired soldiers. They make their rounds regularly, call the boys, and sometimes cry combats aloud, as in the army. There are water policemen in many cities.

The Roman Catholic religion was the only one



CAROUSING IN THE CLOISTER.

carriers, who receive a profit proportioned to the pleasure they carry and sell. The beauty of some of the young aquadores, though it differs from, is scarcely below that of their more fortunate sisters; and they are a distinctive feature of city life.

Many Indians are employed in the police of Mexico because they can be hired more cheaply. They are honest and civil, but rather stupid and liable to assume important airs. The municipal regulations are still rather antiquated, and when enforced by such agents seem more so. These

tolerated in Mexico until within twenty-five years. It was planted and nourished by men who were earnest and sincere, and they converted whole tribes. The Church came into possession of half the soil in the country, erected costly cathedrals, churches, monasteries and other buildings, and lost some of its popularity. In 1870 the convents were abolished and their property sold, and much of that owned by the Church was nationalized and disposed of. In its best days the Catholic Church in Mexico had three archbishops and

twelve bishoprics and an enormous revenue. Now the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, and other churches are established and growing. None of these can vie with the Catholic for centuries, if ever, in grand and costly churches, rare paintings, ecclesiastical residences and revenues. The traditions of the people are Catholic, and saints days and festivals keep their traditions alive. The Church also sends its evangelists or missionaries into every quarter and none have ever been more zealous. The majority of these missionaries are illiterate. But they are themselves convinced, and exhort with faith in their own doctrines.

For some cause the literature of every country and creed and age agrees in representing monks as merry and friars as facetious, and both as the equals of Brillat Savarin in gastronomy. The early English songs accord with French chansons and Italian madrigals in this; and the Mexican example apparently harmonizes. The four drawn by our artist seem to have proceeded from the law of variation or reversion rather than that of evolution. They are types of Don Quixote's monks and those of Robin Hood. They evidently prefer ~~meat to man~~ and their brandy to their breviaries. They are true fellows to those of Peru and Chili. But though the Mexican clergy have won no higher ~~time~~ than Mexican physicians, lawyers, financiers, artists and artisans, they are not without sterling virtues and some scholarship. There are true types, but the original is not the best. They belong to the civilization of the middle ages and are evidently better judges of wine than wisdom—of grog than of godliness. Education will relieve and may cure the wrong. The law that abolished convents necessarily terminated most of the evils of which it complained and many of the uses it failed to recognize.

The native populations of Mexico are cut into many groups, and those from other lands are greatly subdivided. The gypsy, as such, is a recent introduction there and here, and though George Borrow lived with that strange people in Spain, and could read and write and speak their Romany dialect, he has left their origin almost as doubtful as he found it. A majority of the Mexican gypsies are not such, but are mere wanderers and loafers. The Zingali, however, have abounded in Spain for many centuries, and have been tolerated much of the time. It was easy for them to reach Mexico. They have flourished

there as they do here, and have not deteriorated—perhaps on the principle that prevents a bad egg from degenerating. They have not increased in numbers rapidly. The Indians view them as a sort of crazy and intolerable burlesque upon themselves. The negroes denounce them as trash. They are jockeys, fortune-tellers, farriers, thieves, and prove the purity of their blood by the nature and number of their offences.

The maguey, or agave American, is one of the most striking plants of Mexico. It borders all of the ditches and covers many fields. The central stem often rises thirty feet. It is a rapid grower, and its broad green leaves give it prominence and beauty. Owing to its local character Mexico has used it frequently for a national symbol. It is, however, for its practical rather than its poetical character, that it is most esteemed. The sap and juice collected in the central stem is enormous and almost incalculable. One such stem will often yield one hundred and fifty gallons, and this juice is by the simplest of processes transformed into *pulque*. Pulque may be described as a drink which equals or excels either rum or whisky in its intoxicating power. Its flavor is disagreeable to Americans and Europeans but very acceptable to Mexicans of every blood, and a taste for it is readily acquired. The maguey was exhibited at the fair in the capital a few years ago, and some expectations were shown that it might be of use as a textile. It was condemned for any other purpose than giving shade and producing pulque. The earliest records of Mexico show that the plant was highly esteemed. It is cut in the stalk to secure the juice.

The bummer is the product of no land, century, race or government in particular, but appears and flourishes, under Pharaoh and Bonaparte, in Peru or Portugal, with similar regularity and characteristics. He is as eternal as the planets, and as ubiquitous as the atmosphere, and bids fair to remain so until the Saturnian period has not only dawned, but been developed. The Mexican bummer is born and educated with great advantages. Guatemozin tolerated his antetypes, though disapproving of them, and he therefore has some official recognition. The climate is as though it were made for him, and renders houses as unnecessary for his class as they were to the gay wanderers with Robin Hood. The Church dispenses food and advice freely to all. Fruits are rank on every side.

Esculents grow wild. The waters teem with fish and the forests with game. Even among the mesquitos pulque is abundant and aguardiente never deficient. So situated, the Mexican bummer leads an easy life, liable only to be impressed into the army and obliged to fight against equal patriots, or to be condemned to the mines when they need more labor. As a rule, the Mexican wanderer resorts to this life from pure disinclination to do anything. He is rather an idler than a knave, though, like all idlers, rather liable to adopt evil habits upon slight provocation. When the laws are more certain, when government is established, and when education and industry are common, then, and not before, will this striking feature in Mexican life disappear.

Fountains are admired by every people, and enormous sums have been expended to multiply them in many lands. Mexico, owing to its uneven configuration and heavy rains, might have many at small cost. It has very few. The courts of some of the old monasteries were prettily adorned with, and several cities of the interior along the mountains enjoy them, because they required little or no cost, and were an economy as well as a pleasure. The capital has few. Water is easily obtained from the lakes, which sometimes furnish too much. Fountains cannot be created without expense. The one depicted is a fair example of all, most of which, by their situation and nature, betray the effects of Moorish taste as shown in Southern Spain. When the old edifices have been repaired, and the city has resumed its former bravery, there can be no doubt that its

fountains will splash as freely as they do in Paris. They were abundant centuries ago, and the climate and social environments call for them.

Every tropical and semi-tropical people are fond of flowers, and the taste is not confined to them. Mexico is a great natural flower-garden, and its original varieties have adorned and adorn every land. The priests who accompanied the conquest remarked the passionate admiration of the people for flowers, as well as their abundance. The birds of the country, less vocal than those found in Europe and Western Asia, are often highly colored and sometimes fine singers, and they range from the eagle and vulture, and sometimes the condor, in size down to hummingbirds as infinitesimal as those of Brazil. It is a commendation of the Indian races that they are all passionately fond of birds as well as flowers. They have a taste, too, for scenery, and their religious sensibility is marked; but, very singularly, their musical aptitudes are undeveloped, if they exist. By their own volition as well as at the instance of the cures, the Indians have erected the Cross everywhere. It was found on the almost inaccessible heights of Popocatepetl and is familiar on all the ways from the capital and chief cities. From such a combination of tastes and traits there may be derived a better hope for the future of the country than proceeds from all its past. The Indian blood, drowning out the Spanish by which it was subdued, may yet attain all that belongs to its capacity, and create in Mexico an unique and American development.

THE BIRTHPLACE AND HOME OF WHITTIER.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

It is said that when the eye of President Washington, in his memorable journey to Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1789, fell on the flashing waters of the Merrimac, he exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful! Haverhill is the pleasantest village I ever passed through."

This noble river may well challenge comparison even with the Hudson, and the delight with which it was greeted by Washington has been shared in by thousands. "The Indians speak of a beautiful

river far to the south, which they call Merrimack, and one of its sources (Lake Winnipiseogee) they called 'The Smile of the Great Spirit.' "

Almost within sound of its lisping waves still stands the weather-beaten old farm-house, in the rural east parish of Haverhill, where America's favorite poet first saw the light. He is a descendant of an old Quaker family which settled along the banks of the Merrimac when Haverhill was a frontier settlement; and though the Indian

de forays upon other families of whites around
m, and burned their houses, the colonial Whit-
ts, who refused the protection of the garrison,
re never molested.

The dwelling in which the bard of Merrimac
lley was born, December 17th, 1808, was
cted by his great-great grandfather, in the
r 1716. He was a brave old gentleman, who
ed more upon the weapons of his faith than on
se of a carnal nature in his dealings with the
tile red men who infested the neighborhood.
s said that the family used to hear the restless
origines at the windows on the still winter
hts, and occasionally would see a red face and
ce eyes at the window-pane; but they never
empted to force an entrance.

This historic old mansion is on a by-road lead-
from the main thoroughfare to Amesbury and
buryport. It is a large two-story edifice, sub-
stantially built, and faces the east. Mr. Whittier
thus described, with almost photographic ac-
acy, the scenery which surrounds it:

"The old farm-house nestling in its valley, hills
atching off to the south, and green meadows to
east; the small stream, which came noisily
wn its ravine, washing the old garden wall and
tly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of
eches and hemlocks; the oak forest, sweeping
broken to the northern horizon; the tall sentinel
oplers at the gateway; the grass-grown carriage-
ath, with its rude and crazy bridge—the dear old
andscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before
e like a daguerreotype from that picture within
hich I have borne with me in all my wander-
ngs."

How vividly do we recall the tender memories
of the "Barefoot Boy," as we read his descrip-
tion of that little stream "which came noisily
down the ravine."

Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall.

The story of youth's hardships and winter joys is
old most charmingly in his idyl, entitled, "Snow-
bound." Descriptive as it is of the scenes of his
wn boyhood, it is full of vigor of style and life-
ke earnestness of expression. Every line seems
allowed with the flame of deep poetic feeling,
aturally inspired by the home love of this eminent
urd. The reader of these beautiful lines cannot

fail to sympathize with the sentiment that dwells
upon the pleasures of the household pictured to
him.

Midway between the village and the locality
made famous by his most popular poem, lies that
"fair mirror of the woods and skies," Kenora
Lake, formerly known by the prosaic name of
Great Pond. Its present appellation, which was
given to it by the poet, signifies, "Lake of the
Pickerel."

During our residence in that pleasant old New
England town near by, we loved to visit the
shores of this quiet, secluded sheet of water;
and as we paddled by moonlight over its silvery
surface, we recalled the lines of him whose genius
has made the fair scene classic:

Kenora, o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break, or noon-cloud sail;
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

In 1840 Mr. Whittier reluctantly disposed of
the old homestead in which he had resided much
of the time for nearly thirty years, and removed
to Amesbury, that lovely little hamlet at the foot
of Powow Hill, in full sight of his much-loved
Merrimac. How often has he sung of the beau-
ties of this stream of the mountains! How often
has he contemplated the grandeur of its waters,
the loveliness of its banks, and watched the glow
of the sunrise over its smooth surface, red with
the promise of the coming day. From his study
window he has watched the sun setting, when its
last rays lingered on the hills and made golden
the valleys; aye, he has walked down to the shore,
his white locks kissed by the breeze while he toyed
with the sedges by the water edge!

Mr. Whittier has deeply regretted the necessity
which compelled him to part with the paternal
homestead, for since his removal the house and
out-buildings have become sadly dilapidated, and
are rapidly going to decay. "The entire prem-
ises," says a late visitor, "wear an aspect of
poverty and thriftlessness, although their owner is
reputed to be one of the wealthiest farmers in the
parish. The old oak forest which once covered
the small hill in the rear of the house has fallen
beneath his axe; and a magnificent and umbra-
geous elm, which stands by the roadside a few
rods distant, would have shared the same fate,
but for the urgent entreaties of the poet, backed
up by a pecuniary consideration."

Since Mr. Whittier's poetical ventures have "paid," he has expressed a determination to regain the property that should never have been allowed to pass from his hands, and perhaps ere this article is put in type the rumored negotiations may have happily terminated, and the dear old poet be again the owner of that cherished hearthstone his pen has immortalized.

One of the poet's most ardent admirers, who visited the scenes of Whittier's early home not long since, gazed upon the changed condition of the old mansion with surprise and indignation.

"The day being cold and cheerless, I gladly seated myself in a chair with a broken back, and drew nigh to the fire to warm my shivering limbs. As I sat there the forms of those who once gave life and beauty to this now squalid abode seemed to pass in review before me, and one by one to resume their old accustomed places."

It is sad to think that a place hallowed with such tender memories should be thus neglected. Who can forget that here came Aunt Mercy,

The sweetest woman ever fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home;

that at the hearthstone proverbial for its hospitality during the boyhood of the poet, sat Harriet Livermore, who

Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light,
and, sitting in the family circle with the pride
and independence of an Eastern queen, issued her
orders to John and Matthew, his younger brother!
And, sweetest of all, save that sainted mother in
her dainty frilled cap, her

. . . who held herself apart
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean. . .

We believe the famous old structure is still standing in one of the rooms of which Mr. Whittier imbibed the elements of his early erudition, under the tuition of Joshua Coffin, of Newbury. Passing by the majestic elm before alluded to, and taking a road leading to the New Hampshire line, a walk of a few minutes will bring one to this old, weather-stained building, which has long been utterly destitute of clapboards or paint. It has stood in defiance of storm and the rough touch of time for more than seventy years. In the lines, "To My Old Schoolmaster," the poet alludes to the "smoked and dingy room" in which the dis-

trict school was kept during a part of the winter. This room is about ten feet square, with a low ceiling, the north side being occupied by an enormous fireplace. We are told that on windy days the smoke came down the chimney in clouds, blinding the eyes of teacher and pupils, and rendering a dismissal of the school an absolute necessity; at other times, the youthful pedagogue and his pupils were not only disturbed, but absolutely frightened by domestic squalls in the adjoining room, which were occasionally so violent that they were obliged to quit the premises and hurry to their homes. As may be surmised at once, the landlord was a man of intemperate habits, and, when intoxicated, poured out the full vials of his wrath upon the head of his patient and long-suffering spouse, who, not being able to "stand everything," would sometimes burst into a flame of indignation that was kindled at the end of her tongue to fervid heat, and she would close the wordy harangue by asserting her unalienable rights in terms and tones more emphatic and sonorous than elegant and sweet. For many years she has been a widow, and, if we mistake not, still occupies the home of her youth. She often speaks to visitors of John as "an amiable and quiet boy;" and of his younger brother, Matthew, as "a roguish little chap, up to all sorts of fun!"

On a by-way which intersects the main road to the village stands the little schoolhouse in which the poet completed his primary training, previous to entering the Haverhill Academy, for the dedication of which he is said to have written an ode. This edifice closely resembles one of those shoemakers' shops, numbers of which may be seen on the roadside in almost every village in the eastern section of New England, and will comfortably seat about twenty scholars. The Quaker poet feelingly alludes to the pleasant hours he passed beneath its roof in several of his poems, notably in the one entitled, "In School Days;" and in "Snow-Bound," that inevitable figure in a picture of New England life in the more primitive days, the village schoolmaster, is drawn with skill.

Brainard very truthfully says: "To every careful reader of Whittier's poetry who visits his birthplace it must be apparent that the scenery of the exquisite ballad of Maud Muller is drawn from the poet's early surroundings. Here is the 'the little spring brook falling through the wall;' and, crossing the road, a few yards beyond it, are the

'apple-trees,' in the shade of which the judge 'drew his bridle' 'to greet the maid;' and beneath them, though now choked with stones and weeds, 'the cool spring bubbled up;' while beyond all is the meadow where Maud, radiant 'with simple beauty and rustic health,' raked the fragrant new-mown hay."

And, in fact, he might have added, that Whittier's pastoral poems, by which, perhaps, he is best known to the world, are colored and rendered most charming by recollections of his early home.

Until recently, Mr. Whittier has resided in Amesbury for many years. The house which has so often been pointed out as his home is a plain, unostentatious, two-story dwelling, located in the most quiet part of the town. It has a gable roof, a long piazza running along the east side, and a neat porch in front. Graceful trees throw their shadows upon its roof, and orderly flower-plats surround it. Friend street, upon which it is located, derives its name from the little Quaker or Friends' meeting-house that stands on the border of a grove of birch and pine, near its head. Through the shrubbery that clusters near the poet's study window the open country may be seen at a little distance, and the shady road that goes winding through the light sandy soil to the hills beyond. An air of quiet simplicity rests over the scene. The church referred to is only a few steps from the poet's residence, and is a one-story building, painted yellow, and blinded. Just back of it, and seen through a clump of locusts, rolls the Merrimac.

We are told that its internal appointments are characterized by the utmost neatness, and charm all callers by the strict simplicity of a quiet taste. The few portraits that adorn the walls are those of dear friends and yet dearer relatives, and no one can look at the features of his beloved sister, Elizabeth, without feeling that the world is better for her pure and modest living. The poet's home was for many years in charge of this maiden lady, and her lovely character was like a perennial blossom whose fragrance is the delight of all. She fully sympathized with her brother in his literary work, and it is said that he was accustomed to submit to her criticism the first copies of whatever he wrote. She was the author of several very creditable poems and sketches herself. Though resigned to her death, it was a loss

from which the tender sensibilities of Whittier can never recover.

A well-tilled garden has always blossomed on the poet's grounds, and household pets love to be stroked by his tender hand. Here and there are little articles of *virtu* upon his mantels, and an occasional gift, cherished because of its sacred associations. His library is a cozy little room, brightened by a wood fire.

Though Mr. Whittier still holds his property in the town of Amesbury, and exercises his right as a voter there, he spends the larger part of his time at the present writing with relatives in Danvers, at their residence a little more than a mile northwest of the principal village. The so-called old "Boston Path," an inland road leading through historic Medford and Reading to Ipswich and the "sea-blown" city of Newburyport and the northern settlements, passed, we are told "by an alternative and scarcely secondary line, directly by the site of this residence," and this path may still be traced. If any one, therefore, wishes personally to see him, he will find the genial old poet in this delightful spot. The house itself is spacious and hospitable; modern as to comfort and convenience, and venerable enough for dignity and home-like looks. The material is wood, and the color a light-brown. There are pillars on either side, reaching to near the full height of the building. A handsome addition has recently been made toward the east, and in this wing of the mansion are apartments specially devoted to Mr. Whittier.

Within his private study, with its fire of coals in an open grate, an air of ease and refined hospitality seems to linger, and greets the caller who has yearned to take its benignant occupant by the hand for a companionable chat. As far as the aspect of the room is concerned, he might have been at home in it for many years.

We are glad to learn that within and without the situation is befitting this lover of Nature and of humanity, and of all living things. Whittier is emphatically a poet of the present time; he is American, and the dust of antiquity clings not to his garments. As a prose writer also he has but few superiors, and as good authority as A. P. Peabody says in the *North American Review*: "We are not sure but that we like Mr. Whittier's prose better than his poetry." Honored, beloved, revered, long may he live, and serene be the evening of his days!

THE ROD-MAN OF THE MUSKINGUM.

BY CAPTAIN HARVEY BIRCH.

THE Muskingum Valley, in the State of Ohio, is one of the most historic and beautiful, fertile and wealthy, of that grand commonwealth. Its early settlers were among the best people of America. The river, which gives the name it bears so honorably, is among the most picturesque streams of its class in our country. The aborigines of that splendid region, with their usual good judgment in the matter of natural scenery, selected the banks of the Muskingum and its rural landscape immediately adjacent as a favorite camping-ground. The smoke of their wigwams and the light of their council-fires ascended over all that pleasant land, and shone upon all those placid waters. In this quiet retreat tribe after tribe made their nomadic homes. The birchen canoe dipped its graceful prow in the peaceful streams and lakes; and the wild woods and untrampled fields were melodious with the rude warblings of unmolested birds.

As the frontiersmen of the West moved upon the scene the red men slowly retired. The Muskingum Valley began to develop new and vast resources. Now came the early settlers, with all the varied wants and interests of civilized society. Foremost and prominent among these were families of emigrants from the New England States; bringing with them not only the force of their education, their moral habits, their industry and economy, but their quick and keen perceptions of the natural advantages of the new country, and their adaptability to the practical purposes of business.

With one of these families came that of a man whose ancestors had long been identified with the best cultivation of the soil, the foundation of good society, and the just administration of the laws. The paternal head of this ancient and honorable household was chosen a judge by his fellow-citizens, who reposed entire confidence in his personal integrity, judicial knowledge and business habits. His subsequent career abundantly proved how well this confidence of his peers was deserved. His decisions on the bench of the court, his domestic relations at home, his daily walk and conversation

in the circles of society in which he moved with dignity and grace, all tended to substantiate the good opinions of the people.

Alas! in the very midst of his distinguished and useful career, while in the prime of his days and in the full discharge of all his duties, this upright judge was suddenly stricken down by the relentless hand of Death. It was a blow that will long be remembered by the circle of friends that immediately surrounded him,—more especially by the bereaved ones of his happy home. The surviving family consisted of the widow and eleven comparatively young children. The eighth of these was a promising boy, who heard of the death of his father while in the common school. The lad had been making good progress in his daily studies of the practical knowledge of his times. In the spirit of his industrious and close-thinking ancestors, he furnished his mind with the elements of a sound common-school education, preparatory to obtaining those higher branches of useful learning, that he might adequately fit himself for a thorough course in college, and be the better prepared for the future responsibilities of professional life.

The unexpected demise of his honored father completely changed this portion of his plans. The dutiful boy must now return home, and to the side of his bereaved mother. All his cherished purposes of literary labor and legal preferment were at once to be banished from his youthful mind. He was immediately to proceed to do his full part for the promotion of the comfort of the family of his dead father.

The State of Ohio had passed a law at that time authorizing certain officials to proceed with the work of improving the Valley of the Muskingum and the rich country contiguous. These officials consisted of engineers and surveyors, with a class of assistants known as "Rod-men," whose especial duty it was to bear the rods of surveying and engineering in the field, draw lines, lay out levels, and make computation of distances. These officials had established their camp in the valley, and were proceeding with their patriotic work.

It was, in some respects, a sad day when the

young Rod-man of the Muskingum left his home for the Improvement Camp. Yet it was also a day of pluck. No little mental fortitude and physical stamina were required by that fond mother to bid farewell to that well-beloved son. Well she knew that he would be exposed, in camp and field, to many dangers and privations. She also knew, however, that she had instilled into his plastic mind the sound and enduring principles of truthfulness, honesty and obedience, handed down to her and to him from generation to generation. She knew, furthermore, how industrious, prudent and competent her son had been proved to be; how devoted to his preparation for any duty to which he might be called; how certain he was to succeed as a Rod-man, a surveyor and engineer; how modest were his manners; how temperate were his habits. She feared not, therefore, to trust her dear boy away from home, assisting to improve the newly-opening lands and waters of that part of the Western Reserve of Ohio.

As for the boy Rod-man himself, with what varied emotions of heart he undertook that memorable journey! With a throbbing bosom and a tearful eye he went forth on that lonely path of duty. But his step was firm, and his will was strong.

"All the world before him, and Providence his guide."

That youthful Rod-man alone, and that Divine guide only will ever know the hidden thoughts that then and there passed rapidly through his mind. What visions of acquired learning, what plans of a chosen calling, what renewed devotion to home and kindred, country and mankind flashed through the portals of his memory, and over the dawning horizon of the future! Under an inspiration never to be forgotten, he steadily journeyed his onward way with a single travelling companion by his side until the surveyor's camp was reached.

What should be the Rod-man's greeting? Welcome, or unwelcome? We shall see. He came to the gentleman in charge not as a stranger. The superintendent of the corps knew the ancestors of the boy, and by them he wisely judged the boy himself. His character for truthfulness, honesty, industry and sobriety had preceded him. He was soon found to be competent, and therefore a valuable accession. Hardy, intelligent, apt, quick of perception, industrious and persevering, he won his way to the confidence of his employers, and secured many expressions of their good will. He became the special favorite of the

accomplished and popular chief-engineer, who had the skill to forecast something of the future of the lad; and who, on retiring from that post, gave him an unsolicited testimonial of merit, which the Rod-man has preserved to this day.

The pursuits of this improvement corps were of necessity quite nomadic. Their tents were pitched in the tangled forests, or on the desolate prairie, or along the brushy banks of the devious river, or among the dark gullies, or on the overhanging cliffs of the then primeval boundary lines. But all this was a splendid opportunity for disciplining the mind and maturing the muscle of the young Rod-man. It taught him most effectually the great practical lessons of everyday life—lessons he has since repeatedly studied in other fields of active duty, taught to others, and never once forgotten—the lessons of true INDEPENDENCE, PERSEVERANCE and SUCCESS.

Time passes on. The survey of the Muskingum is finished. The Rod-man returns home, and resumes his higher class of studies. As he does so, a vast and fruitful region of his country is opened up to the advancing march of civilization. New settlements spring into being. Towns and cities follow in their train. The sequestered route of the young Rod-man, with the engineer corps, becomes the arena for the broad thoroughfares of agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the arts. The silent everglade he once travelled, rod in hand, have become dotted with the spires of religion, the domes of learning, the towers of industry, and the homes of plenty, contentment and happiness.

The Rod-man still continues his classical and other studies. With native force of character, he pursues them with unrelenting assiduity. The inspiration he had derived from his experience in the field as an assistant-engineer and surveyor now stood him well in hand. He had not only aided to contribute to the home he loved so well, but he had a valuable contribution to his practical knowledge. His attention was again turned to the law. He soon became a successful practitioner in the Justices' Courts of his native county, where his character for close application to each case, his researches into the precedents, his analysis of opinions, won him the respect of all his associates. On the very day of his obtaining his majority, he was admitted to the bar of the State and County Courts, on motion of one of its most distinguished

members—a bar that from that day to this has always contained some of the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of the West.

Here began the legal career of the Rod-man of the Muskingum. His practice as a lawyer soon became large and profitable, and always of the most practical business character. It involved not only questions of law and equity, requiring the application of experience in matters of finance, the principles of common sense in every day matters of public concern, but especially the transactions of practical life between man and man—economy, foresight and prudence.

In this practice he continued successfully for several years. With honest industry, in an honorable calling, he obtained a competence. Among the people who had known him from the time he lived and worked among them as a Rod-man, he was offered the candidacy for a seat in the United States House of Representatives, and elected by a handsome majority; this, too, in a district where the political opinions of most of the voters were strongly adverse to his own. From this same district he was repeatedly returned by constantly increasing majorities.

Here, in the broad arena of national influence and power, the ROD-MAN OF THE MUSKINGUM rose to the display of the fine attributes of his character. He at once showed the practical results of the good training of his childhood, the discipline of his youth, and the experience of his manhood. His was no cushioned congressional seat of indolence and ease. His were no silk-glove-covered hands; no touch, with jeweled and dainty fingers, the documents sent to him by his constituents. He felt that he was elected to sit in that high place to legislate by and for the people. He worked as a congressman as he had worked as a Rod-man. His plans of labor were for the best good of all concerned; laid out by the compass of integrity, the level of justice and the square of truth. Difficulties did not discourage him; dangers did not appal. He drove down his stakes in the soil so that he should correctly survey it. His rods and chains, his quadrants and field-glasses were adjusted to all the land, north and south, east and west, hill and dale, mountain and meadow, that every part might be surveyed, protected and improved accordingly. No human right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness was so lowly and so humble that he overlooked

it. No claim to preëminence and power was so high that he failed to see through and through its real merit.

Behold the Rod-man in a new and still higher sphere—on the floor of the Senate of the United States, as a Senator from his own Ohio. In this appropriate post he steadily rises to distinction. The same careful, industrious, painstaking purpose of other years, the years of the farm and the tent, now come with him to the Senate chamber. His experience at the bar, on the floor of the House of Representatives, as a traveller through his own country and in foreign lands, now prove of great value in his arduous senatorial labors. The caution and energy, the firmness and assiduity of experience, stand by his side. He is the same upright, skillful, faithful Rod-man still.

But yet higher honors await him. Without solicitation on his part, almost without expectation, he is called to the commanding post of SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES. In this exalted and powerful position he has a most fitting opportunity for the exercise of his high and noble qualities. He comes from beside the plow on the farm. He comes from the tent of the surveyor in the field. He comes from the arena of the forum. He comes from a seat in the House of Representatives, and from a still higher seat in the Senate. He comes to bring the results of a rich and rare experience, the study, learning and travel of a well-spent, sober and industrious life to the conduct of the public finances of a nation of forty millions of people.

Called to the portfolio of the Treasury at a time of fearful financial disturbance,—a time when not only the exchequer of the nation, but the Ship of State was in imminent peril,—the now thoroughly-experienced, well-balanced and upright Rod-man is proved to be every way equal to the tremendous emergency. It is now and here that his firmness, precision, caution, care and study come nobly and grandly to the rescue. For the endangered nation's sake he redeems the nation's currency. He places it on the firm foundations of the Constitution and the laws. He gives to every worthy citizen dollar for dollar. He rescues us from disaster by his financial skill. By his integrity he saves our national currency from dishonor.

All honor, then, to THE ROD-MAN OF THE MUSKINGUM!

LEON MANOR; OR, THE RESOLUTE GHOSTS.

A STORY OF MARYLAND IN 1725.

By JAMES HUNGERFORD.

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CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Burton, "losing my senses?"

The next moment, while he still stood spell-bound as it were in the doorway, the mysterious figure again flew across the room, formed the words "MISERABLE STEWARD," and immediately disappeared. A third time the light appeared and upon the wall, "RESTORE THE RIGHT!" and in a moment instantly vanished. At the same time, seemingly from some soft wind instrument, upon the air; they breathed a low, wailing sound as of some spirit weakened by the continuous pain of a hopeless remorse. Such at least was the expression of the music to the amazed, almost astounded, master of Faywood.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried, at length recovering speech, "what have I done to be thus punished?"

"You have deceived the master who entirely trusted you," answered a soft and musical voice, "and expressed more of grief than of anger. You have robbed his orphan heir of his rights." "I deny the charge," replied Burton. "I have nothing dishonest. What I possess has been gained by the labor of my own thought."

"Alas! it is all false," said the strange voice, softly and mournfully. "Miserable man, turn into your own soul, and there you will see truth recorded that you made use of the position which you were placed by Mr. Leon's confidence in your integrity, to work for your own ends, and not for his good—his good! which was the duty of your office to attend to alone!"

"I am willing to be tried by any court in the world," answered Burton, now becoming accusatory to his singular situation, and feeling indignant at the charges brought against him. "My claims have been legally proved and substantiated, and my title to the estate is unimpeachable."

"The facts which you mention," said the same sad voice in reply, "only prove your craftiness, not your integrity. Wretched man, do you

suppose that the poor technical ingenuity which may still be the voice of your lawyer-like conscience will answer the charges which high Heaven has recorded against you? That you may see illustrated how you have stained the holy truth by the evil devices of your own selfish heart, come to the table in this room, and fill a glass from the pitcher of water which stands beside your book."

Mechanically obeying the mandate, Mr. Burton entered the library, at the door of which he continued to stand during the whole of this strange colloquy. Putting down upon the table the lamp which he had carried in his hand, he poured into the goblet water from the pitcher. The glass vessel was filled with a red fluid. Amazed, he held the pitcher under the light of the lamp; the water which it contained was transparent and to all appearance pure. Dreadfully alarmed at this, as it seemed to him, evident miracle, he dropped the pitcher upon the table, ran to the door leading into the hall and, throwing it wide open, called repeatedly at the extent of his voice for Mr. Fortescue. The secretary at length answered his urgent calls, and in a few minutes afterward made his appearance on the broad staircase leading down into the hall. He was without his coat and in his "stocking feet."

"What in the name of Heaven is the matter, Mr. Burton?" he asked, as he approached the owner of Faywood. "Why is this loud and startling alarm at so late an hour?"

"O, Mr. Fortescue," replied the terrified Burton, "I have seen such sights, I have heard such sounds!"

"What! are you too seized with the mania of ghost-seeing?" asked the secretary; "I had thought that your nerves were too firm for that."

"O, my friend," replied the ex-lawyer, whose cheeks were deadly pale, and whose eyes were bright with terror in the light of the candle in the secretary's hand, "I cannot doubt the evidence of my own senses. I will tell you all, and you shall judge for yourself. After that I shall want your advice as to the course which I shall pursue."

Mr. Burton then related in detail all that had happened, warmly defending himself afterwards from the charges brought against him by his unseen interlocutor.

"My dear sir," remarked the secretary, when the narrative was concluded, "I have now no doubt that all these startling occurrences are the devices of some one person or more, thus seeking amusement at our expense."

"That cannot be the case," replied Burton. "The music and the voice may be perhaps thus accounted for, and yet even that is almost incredible, for where could the person or persons who caused them be hidden? but the illuminated letters and the change in the color of the water cannot be explained on any natural grounds."

"As to the change in the color of the water," answered Albert Fortescue, "that was no doubt caused by red powders placed in the bottom of the glass."

"That could not have been the case," was the retort; "for I had just taken a drink of water from the goblet an instant before the first manifestation of the strange light."

The secretary examined the contents of the pitcher and the goblet, and then emptied them both into the hearth.

"We will talk upon the matter further to-morrow, when you will be more composed," he said calmly, in answer to Mr. Burton's last remark. "For the present, let us go to bed, after appealing to Heaven for protection against all evil influences."

"How can you listen to the relation of such supernatural events so apparently unmoved?" asked Mr. Burton.

"If the conscience is clear and void of offence," was the answer, "we need fear neither man nor spirit. But come, let us to bed."

On their way up stairs it was agreed between the two gentlemen that nothing should be said to any other member of the household of the remarkable events which had occurred to its master during the night. So shaken were the nerves of Mr. Burton by the fearful manifestations which he had witnessed that he insisted upon passing the night in the room of the secretary, which was furnished with two beds. He did not obtain much sleep during the remainder of the night. And there were many other wakeful eyes in Faywood; for several others had been roused from fitful and

uneasy slumbers by Mr. Burton's loud and startling cries for the secretary; and to all such the inability to account for those cries made sleep no longer possible.

CHAPTER VII. AN OFFER—INTENDED TO BRIBE THE GHOSTS.

The next morning the family at Faywood met at the breakfast-table at the usual hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton and the two elder children were very pale and had a worn-out look. The two younger children and the page seemed to have received some benefit from sleep in the past night. The servants who waited on the table looked weary and sleepless. There was a certain expression of gloom on the countenances of all of these; even the page, usually so cheerful and brave, seemed troubled and uneasy. The secretary was calm and self-possessed as usual; but even he exhibited on his face occasionally an expression of abstract thought.

When all were seated at the table, and the opening ceremonies requisite to supplying each one with food were complied with, Mrs. Burton was the first to break the general silence.

"My dear," she said, addressing her husband, "what was the matter last night that made you call so loudly upon Mr. Fortescue?"

"Why," answered Mr. Burton, slowly and hesitatingly, and casting at the secretary a deprecating glance, a look very unusual with him, "I wished to consult Mr. Fortescue on some very important business."

"But you called loudly enough to wake the whole house," remarked the lady.

"I called loudly that he might hear me," said the master of Faywood with a forced smile; "but I am sorry if I disturbed anybody's slumbers."

"I can't say that you disturbed me exactly in that manner," said the wife, "for I think that I was already awake; it is a difficult thing to sleep in this house of late. But why didn't you pass the night in your own room?"

"I had so much to say to Mr. Fortescue," answered the husband, "that I occupied a bed in his room. We could thus talk and rest at the same time."

"I don't want to annoy you, my dear," said Mrs. Burton, seeing that her husband was beginning to show vexation at her questions; "but when you called Mr. Fortescue last night, you

voice sounded as if you were very much scared. And it is so unusual for you to be scared that the thought alarmed me so much that I was nervous and shaky all the rest of the night, and I haven't slept a wink since."

"Allow me to say to you, Mrs. Burton," said the husband in tones of rather sharp rebuke, yet with an expression of face which exhibited to the secretary—who of course understood "the position"—a singular mingling of shame and anger, "that you give way too much to your imagination, madam; and, because you are readily scared at nothing, you think that every one else can be as easily alarmed."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said the wife; "I meant no harm; I only said what I thought."

The looks of the page, the two elder children, and the servants, showed, in spite of their efforts to conceal the fact, that they fully agreed with Mrs. Burton. Mr. Burton affected not to notice this expression.

"My business with Mr. Fortescue, madam," he resumed, "is not yet concluded. I wish to have a further consultation with him. Mr. Fortescue," he added, turning toward the secretary, "will you be at leisure to accompany me into the library after breakfast?"

"Certainly, sir," was the ready and calm answer.

The rest of the morning meal was discussed without a word being said that was not absolutely necessary to the economy of the table.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Burton and his secretary retired to the library. The housemaid, whose duty it was to attend to arranging this room, had evidently not yet visited it. The pitcher and drinking-glass still stood upon the table where the secretary had last placed them. The scene brought vividly to Mr. Burton's mind the mysterious and awful visitation of the past night. His face expressed again something of the terror which he had then felt; but he bore himself manfully.

"As the room is not cleaned, Mr. Fortescue," he said, "suppose we take a walk out-of-doors. I confess, too, that I feel that I cannot think clearly here at present; but no doubt I shall get over this feeling by-and-by."

The two gentlemen were soon stepping to and fro upon the soft green sward of the front yard. The morning sun shone brightly, the birds sang gayly in the trees which cast their long shadows

over the path of the promenaders, and the air was pure, soft and elastic, and made sweet by the fragrance of the early flowers which bordered the yard. Toward the south spread wide fields, green with the multitudinous leaves of the young wheat, while here and there clusters of trees diversified the scene. Toward the west, through the trees that bordered the edge of the upland plain where the land rapidly descended toward the river, were caught, a mile or more away, occasional bright glimpses of the broad Patuxent.

"What a cheering influence there is in such a scene as this!" remarked Mr. Burton. "I can feel fully alive again, and can say to you with some clearness what I have to say."

"I am all attention," said the secretary, with the polite gravity of manner which seemed natural to him.

"Tell me candidly, Mr. Fortescue," said the owner of Faywood, "what you think of my visitation last night."

"I gave you my opinion last night, you will remember," replied the secretary; "and I see no reason yet, after reflection, to change it."

"You do not think, then, that it was a spiritual visitation?" asked Mr. Burton.

"I will not say absolutely that it was not," answered Mr. Fortescue; "but I will say this much, that it may be possible for natural science, for aught we know to the contrary, to have produced all that you saw and heard."

"That cannot be possible," returned the ex-lawyer. "But even supposing it possible, who was there present to have produced such marvelous effects?"

"I grant you," said the secretary, "that the incidents were wonderful; nor will I undertake to say that they were not wrought by supernatural agency. But it appears to me that if there is no fault, as you seem to think, to be found with your conduct towards either Charles Leon or his father, Heaven would not have allowed any ghostly visitation in such a case. As you are convinced that you have done no wrong in the matter, the strange occurrences therefore cannot be attributed to any but natural agencies. Pardon me if I am taking a liberty in thus referring to your action in whatever business there may have been between you and the deceased Mr. Leon; but you have asked my opinion, and it is my duty to speak plainly."

"You are taking no liberty at all, Mr. Fortes-

cue," replied Mr. Burton; "and I thank you for your candor. It is possible that I may have done some unintentional wrong toward this young Leon. In fact, it must be so; for your theory of spiritual visitations is certainly correct, and I am also assured that what I witnessed last night was more than natural. I was thinking on the subject after I went to bed, for I could not sleep, and a plan of action has occurred to me concerning which I wish to have your advice. I think of offering to this young man a present of—say one or even two thousand pounds. I have still left, after purchasing this estate, a considerable sum which is invested in European stocks."

"Such an offer," said the secretary, "if it be accepted by the young Leon, may possibly 'lay' the spirits, if there be any spirits concerned."

"Of course he will accept it," replied the ex-lawyer. "He is living upon a mere clerkship; and I think, moreover, that he has another reason for accepting it: it is reported that he is engaged to the daughter of Mr. Sumter, his employer; and such a sum would enable him to marry sooner. What would you advise me to do? Shall I make him the offer?"

"By all means," answered the secretary, who had begun to think that Mr. Burton's conscience was commencing to rebuke him for wrong done.

"Will you do me the kindness to make the offer to him for me, Mr. Fortescue?" asked the ex-lawyer.

"It is my duty to do so," answered the secretary, "if you require me. Allow me to suggest, however, that if you earnestly desire, as I suppose you do, of course, that the young man may accept your offer, it would be more soothing to his pride, if he has any—and these aristocrats by birth are always likely to be influenced by such a feeling, or to act as if they were, which amounts to the same result in such a case as this—that you should make the offer in person; and he would, therefore, be more likely to accept it."

"But would I not be placing myself in an undignified position, and one unbecoming the owner of such an estate as Faywood, by doing so?" asked Mr. Burton. "You see, Mr. Fortescue, that I treat you as a friend, and reserve from you none of my feelings."

"I appreciate your confidence," said the secretary. "But, according to my ideas of dignity, there is certainly nothing undignified in offering to do an act of kindness."

"I will ride down to Patuxent Town at once and attend to the matter," said the owner of Faywood.

In fact Mr. Burton was fearful lest another night should come and find nothing done to prevent the recurrence of the awful visitation of the previous night.

The two gentlemen returned to the house, where orders were immediately given that two horses should be saddled and bridled and brought to the front of the mansion; and in half an hour after the conclusion of the conversation in the yard, Mr. Burton was mounted, and, followed by a negro groom also on horseback, was pursuing the road leading to Patuxent Town.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. BURTON VISITS CHARLES LEON.

It required a ride of but ten or fifteen minutes to bring Mr. Burton to the village. His passage through the streets attracted considerable attention, for the wealthy Mr. Burton seldom made his appearance there. When he had business with Mr. Sumter, or any one else in the little town, it was almost invariably settled at Faywood.

On arriving in front of Mr. Sumter's warehouse, the owner of Faywood dismounted from his horse, handed the bridle rein to his groom, and entered the "store." He found both the merchant and his book-keeper in the front sales-room.

When Mr. Burton had last seen Charles Leon the latter was but little more than a boy. All business in reference to the estate of the late Mr. Leon had been settled by Mr. Burton with Mr. Evelyn, the brother-in-law of Charles. Indeed, the ex-lawyer had been kept away from Patuxent Town—yet he did not acknowledge this even to himself—mainly by a desire to avoid seeing the person whom, although he denied the fact in his outer consciousness, yet he felt in his inmost heart that he had deeply injured. Nothing indeed but the fear of a return of the dreadful events of the past night enabled him now to face the son of the man who had opened to him a road to fortune. When, therefore, on inquiring of Mr. Sumter for the person whom he had called to see, Charles Leon was pointed out to him, Mr. Burton was quite unprepared for the effect produced upon himself by the dignified and impressive personal appearance of the young man. It was with somewhat bated breath that he asked for a private interview with the son of his late patron.

Charles Leon led the owner of Faywood into the counting-room, where no third party could overhear their conversation.

"This is Mr. Burton, I believe," said the young man, when the two had seated themselves.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

Mr. Burton was at first, in truth, in want of words, and was obliged to leave to Charles Leon the opening of the interview. His object—adopted, it must be confessed, in some confusion of thought caused by the dignified and high-toned bearing of the young man, who seemed to be as unlike as possible to an object of charity—was to gain time to arrange his ideas and to frame them into proper language.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" asked the book-keeper.

"You are aware," said Mr. Burton, in reply, "that your father was my kind and worthy patron."

"I remember," answered Charles, "that my father had great confidence in you, and that the management of all his business was in your hands."

"I hope," said the ex-lawyer, "that his confidence was not misplaced."

"The very fact, Mr. Burton, that my father trusted you," remarked young Leon, "is evidence to me that you were worthy of his trust. In addition to this testimony in your favor, Mr. Evelyn has assured me that no legal flaw can be discovered in your accounts."

"I thank you, Mr. Leon," said the owner of Faywood, to whom the frank and kind manner of Charles Leon had given more confidence, and therefore more self-possession, "for your good opinion. You are not aware, however, at least I think that you are not, that all the good fortune which has crowned my labors in my profession is due to your father, who gave me my first law business. As a matter of course, I cannot avoid feeling much interest in the son of my first and always most important patron."

Charles Leon bowed in acknowledgment, but did not speak. Nor was he, in the silence of his heart, very enthusiastic in his thanks; there was something in the manner of the ex-lawyer which prevented him from placing implicit trust in that individual's sincerity. It will be evident to the discriminating reader that the young book-keeper's perceptions of character were clearer than those of his father had been.

"Feeling this interest in you, Mr. Leon, as the son of my deceased patron," resumed the owner of Faywood, "it has seemed to me but just that you should partake of the good fortune which your father's kindness bestowed upon me. All my prosperity, as I said before, originated in him. Under these circumstances I hope that I am not presumptuous in considering myself as being to some extent *in loco parentis* toward you; and I have come here for the purpose of offering to you, in the sacred name of gratitude, the sum of two thousand pounds, and further assistance, should you need it."

Mr. Burton desired and attempted to look dignified and benevolent, but really looked humble in making this offer, which he had previously forced himself to consider a great and praiseworthy self-sacrifice on his part.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Burton," said the young book-keeper, "for your kind intentions. Allow me to express to you fully my views upon the question which you have presented to me. Whatever property had come to me by descent I should, of course, have taken possession of willingly and thankfully. Nobody's superior claims would, in such a case, have been interfered with. Yet I should have considered it as a sacred trust to be taken care of for my descendants, using its income, in the meanwhile, for my own necessary purposes, and the surplus for good toward those in need. Whatever property I may be so fortunate as to make by my own efforts I shall hold it to be my duty to use in the same manner. But, while I have health, strength, and intellect to make my own way in the world, I differ with you in the opinion that I am an object of charity."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Burton, earnestly, thinking of the ghostly visitation and fearing its return, "do not, I beseech of you, so dreadfully misunderstand me. So far from treating you as an object of charity, I am not even offering you a gift; I am only asking permission to pay you a debt."

"I see that my father's confidence was not misplaced," said Charles, kindly and warmly, being affected by the evident sincerity of Mr. Burton. "As I said before, I thank you much indeed for your generous intentions toward me. But the subject presents itself to each of us in a different light. You are acting under the im-

pulses of a feeling of gratitude; but I cannot look upon your offer as anything but a gift presented at the dictation of this noble feeling. Therefore I cannot and will not, Mr. Burton, take advantage of your liberality. Justice to yourself, and to your family as well, allow me to add, as a regard to my own manhood, will not permit me to make any other decision in the matter: You have made your fortune by your own integrity, ability and industry. My father would not have employed you had he not known you to be worthy of his confidence; and thus to yourself alone is due even the opening which you made, through his need of your services, to the road to fortune."

"But, my dear Mr. Leon, my dear Charles, if you will allow me to address you so familiarly," said Mr. Burton, eagerly, gratified by the confidence and good feeling which the young man was showing toward him, but doubtful whether the logical ghost or ghosts that haunted Faywood would be so liberal in their sentiments toward him, and beginning to be awfully alarmed at the thought of the coming night, "permit me to suggest that you do not seem to me to realize my position in this matter. I feel that I owe a debt; and I, of course, wish to pay this debt. You are your father's natural representative. If you will not accept payment, what am I to do? How shall I get rid of this weight of obligation which presses upon me?"

As he asked this question Mr. Burton placed his hand upon his heart.

"I might tell you," replied Charles Leon, "to try Mrs. Evelyn; but I know that her answer will be the same as my own. I cannot, therefore, promise you any relief in that direction. Let me suggest to you, however, if what I have said to you has not satisfied you that you are fully and justly entitled to all which you have earned, that you bestow what you have offered to me on some public charity. The people of Patuxent Town have lost much by the cattle disease; and the poorer among them are in some distress on that account. Among these I can show you at once many objects of charity."

"There is a maxim, Mr. Leon, which says, 'Be just before you are generous,'" replied Burton. "I wish to pay my debts first; if I can afford to be so, I will be generous afterwards. Perhaps you despise my offer, because you think it too small. I have even five thousand pounds

at your service, if you will honor me by accepting that sum."

Mr. Burton was very much afraid of the ghosts, but had no idea yet of giving up Leon Manor to satisfy even them; yet he was very anxious indeed to propitiate them by a compromise.

"I see, Mr. Burton," said Charles Leon, in very decided tones, "that you totally misunderstand me. I look at the principle involved in the question; and were you to offer me a million of pounds, such an offer would make no difference in my decision. Let us return to Mr. Sumter; for this interview can lead, it appears to me, to no useful result."

"Listen to me, Mr. Leon, I beseech you," urged the owner of Faywood.

"Pardon me, Mr. Burton," replied Charles, "for reminding you that I am in the employment of Mr. Sumter, and that my time therefore is not my own."

Being convinced that further entreaty would be unavailing, Mr. Burton very reluctantly yielded the point, and left the counting-room and the village sad and dispirited, and anticipating with awful sensations the probable terrors of the coming night.

As soon as the owner of Faywood left the "store," Charles Leon communicated to Mr. Sumter the substance of the interview just closed.

"I wonder," remarked the merchant, "if this unexpected interview has anything to do with the story which we have heard about ghosts at Faywood? Certain it is, Charles, that the offer which Mr. Burton made to you is totally at odds with his general character."

"I will do him the justice to say," answered the young man, "that I feel sure that he was governed in making it by kind and good motives only."

Mr. Sumter made no further remark. He admired and did not wish to lessen the beautiful simplicity and truthfulness of the young man's character; but his construction of the motives of the ex-lawyer was much more severe than was that of Charles Leon.

CHAPTER IX. FRIGHT THE THIRD.—A TRUCE MADE WITH THE GHOSTS.

WHEN Mr. Burton returned to Faywood, he at once sought the company of the secretary. There was a calmness and self-possession in the bearing

of Albert Fortescue which caused his employer to feel at ease while in his company. The expression used by the secretary previously to his patron's unsuccessful visit to Charles Leon, which had intimated some doubt as to whether the young book-keeper would consent to the proposition about to be made to him, had added in the result to the confidence which Mr. Burton had in his employé, and made that confidence, for the while at least, implicit.

The language of the secretary in his interview with Mr. Burton after the latter's return from Patuxent Town, was to make that gentleman more calm in his mind and more composed in his action. Especially was he soothed by having arranged with Albert Fortescue that he should pass the following night in the sleeping apartment of the latter, where he felt assured that the ghosts would not dare to trouble him.

The quiet manner of the secretary, and of Mr. Burton under the influence of the former, tranquilized to some extent the rest of the family. Thus it was that the day passed without anything worthy of special mention occurring, and that when ten o'clock at night came, the family, white and black, retired to their sleeping-rooms with good hopes of an undisturbed night's rest. They had all reflected that their own fears, rather than any just cause, had kept them awake the previous night, since the only disturbance then had been Mr. Burton's loud calls; and though his explanation of these had not at first been satisfactory, yet his subsequent self-possession under the soothing influence of the secretary's logic, had convinced not only Mrs. Burton, but all others, that his explanation had been correct; and when he expressed, as he did at the supper-table, his intention of passing the night in Mr. Fortescue's room, so far from supposing that this intention exhibited any fear on his part, it was taken as a confirmation of his statement that he had still important business to talk over with the secretary, with whom he had been in consultation during the greater part of the day. It was also supposed by the family generally that this visit to the neighboring village had been connected with this business. For these reasons it was that when the family went to bed, the most of them, and apparently all, having of late lost so much of their naturally needed rest, were soon soundly asleep.

Among those who had at once plunged into

deep slumber was Mr. Burton himself. The reader will remember that he had not slept at all the night before; he was moreover satisfied from the experience of that night that the ghosts would not dare to disturb him in Mr. Fortescue's chamber. Nevertheless, an hour after midnight, the owner of Faywood was aroused by a voice which whispered distinctly in his ears the words, "Awake! listen!"

The very instant afterwards the tall old clock which stood in the hall of the mansion struck one, with a sound which seemed to reverberate loud and long in the silence.

The room was very dark when Mr. Burton, with a sudden start, opened his eyes; for though the night was cloudless and bright out-of-doors, yet the closed shutters of the room made all dark within it. The suddenly-aroused gentleman was not certain whether he had really heard the words which had been whispered into his ear or had only dreamed them; but he had distinctly heard the clock strike.

"Did you speak, Mr. Fortescue?" he exclaimed, in an eager voice.

The secretary made no answer.

"It is in vain that you call upon Albert Fortescue," said the same soft and musical voice which Mr. Burton had heard the night before; but now it sounded directly at the ear of the listener. "He is sound asleep; and no earthly noise can awaken him until this interview is ended. You must hear what I have to say before any other ears but mine shall hearken to your voice. That you may know that what I say is true, and judge thence that I have power not only to make you listen to me, but also to obey my words, look directly before you, and note what you shall see."

The owner of Faywood lay spell-bound; but mechanically he obeyed the voice and turned his eyes in the direction indicated. Almost immediately afterward, pale, lambent flames of different hues flashed against the wall directly in front of him. They seemed to dart in sportiveness here and there for a while, and then suddenly vanished. The part of the wall where they were exhibited was directly over the head-board of the secretary's bed; and while they were visible, they, very dimly indeed, showed his face up-turned in sleep.

"Mr. Fortescue! Mr. Fortescue!" exclaimed Burton; "don't you hear? Awake! awake!"

But no answer came; and in the perfect stillness which followed the calls of the ex-lawyer, he plainly heard the soft breathings of the secretary in slumber.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came a low and mocking laugh from the soft, musical and mysterious voice. Then the laugh slowly died away into silence, and the voice again spoke.

"So I shall have to give you another and a stronger evidence of my power," it said. "After this, however, you must listen and obey."

In an instant or two afterward, against the same wall shone what seemed a burning star, which evidently whirled upon its axis, shining with a brilliant lustre which illuminated the whole room, and throwing out at the same time vivid scintillations of light which vanished as fast as they came. Even while enthralled by this wonderful exhibition, Mr. Burton saw clearly the pale face of the secretary, evidently in profound sleep.

"Speak, mysterious being," said Burton at length, addressing the unseen presence. "Whoever you are, I listen to you; and I listen but to obey, if you charge me to do only what is right."

"What mean you by that last remark?" asked the unseen. "Do you dare to intimate that I would require you to do aught that is wrong? Know, foolish and wicked man—more wicked because you will not allow yourself to see the truth—that though in your profound hypocrisy you seek to deceive your very self, you cannot deceive me. Poor and miserable wretch! You to say that I must not require you to do wrong! you that for many years were weaving your meshes around your trusting benefactor that you might rob his heir. Pah!"

The last exclamation, so expressive of mingled contempt and disgust, could not have been spoken with more vehemence had it been uttered by a mortal.

Mr. Burton, dreadfully amazed and terrified, lay in bed shivering and silent.

"Speak!" commanded the unseen.

"Why should I speak?" said the trembling man. "You are so harsh in your judgment of me that you will not believe anything that I say."

"How harsh?" asked the voice. "Call you me harsh for not believing that which I know to be untrue?"

"I managed Mr. Leon's property to the best of

my ability," answered Burton. "It was not my fault if he spent his estate."

"He did not spend all of his estate," answered the voice, "nor even the most of it. That you know; and you also know what became of that which he did not spend."

"Mr. Leon lived in a very costly style," answered Burton; "and always beyond his income."

"How comes it," asked the voice, as if willing to argue the matter, "that you, the mere manager of his estate, grew rich out of it, while he, the owner of it, grew poor?"

In argument Mr. Burton was "at home," and therefore on his guard. As soon as the conversation took that turn, then he became much more composed, and lost a great part of his terror.

"The reason is very plain," he answered. "Mr. Leon spent his money, while I saved mine."

"Is it possible," again questioned the unseen, "that you grew rich enough upon your mere perquisites as agent of his estate to become purchaser of the estate itself? Even mortal man cannot be made to believe anything so absurd as the affirmative of that proposition."

"I had other business and other means of making money besides my agency of Mr. Leon's estate," replied Mr. Burton.

"I see that your lawyer-like logic is too sharp for a simple-minded spirit like me," retorted the voice. "I fear me, alas! that it is too sharp for your own soul's good. I must send to you one who will better know how to deal with you."

The voice, during the utterance of the last sentence, sounded like that of a person gradually retiring.

Profound silence reigned for more than a minute. Then Mr. Burton thought that he heard a slight stir in the secretary's bed.

"Mr. Fortescue!" he cried, "Mr. Fortescue! for God's sake awake! Speak to me!"

No answer came; and all was again profoundly still. After the lapse of a moment or so, during which the owner of Faywood lay in a cold perspiration and shivering with fear and awe combined, the silence was broken by a voice as soft and musical as the one which had last addressed him. The two voices were very much alike; but Mr. Burton observed that the difference between them, though slight, was very perceptible. He felt assured that this, and not, as he had supposed, the other

endowments, struggles and achievements; something more than a bald catalogue of what they have done in various departments of art. It is a transcript of the potential causes which have aided where they have not created the singular advance of this country, until it exports works of art as well as industrial machinery and the products of that machinery; and therein gives employment to more labor at more remunerative wages; swells its population and wealth; inhabits new territories; overcomes foreign competition in every branch of fabrication, and reaches toward the condition of the perfect state for which Lycurgus legislated and Pericles and Bacon and Franklin labored. It is part of the sum of education, of morals, of law, industry, wealth and happiness; and it would not be an uninteresting nor an unprofitable parallel which should show how those gains in which we have the most pride, and from which we derive the most advantage, are attached to and in a great degree consequent upon various gains in the fine as well as in the useful arts. It would at least cause those who still condemn the æsthetic for want of utility, to reconsider their opinion, and probably to retract it.

In a previous paper we have summarily outlined the course of American art from Benjamin West's day down. It will not be without use if we retrace some part of that record, and speak more definitely of the men and their deeds. That was the foundation of the present, and must color if it does not control the future. West himself was the very spring and source of later gains; and his influence is not only seen in the long list of his immediate pupils—in Pratt and Stuart, and Trumbull and Malbone, and Leslie and Sully, and both Peales, and Allston and Fulton, and Dunlap and others of this country; but it is recognizable in the foreign estimate of American art and in the tendencies of that art to this hour. He was also always a Pennsylvanian as well as an American: and though an academician of Parma, of Florence, of Bologna as well as of London, and though he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy in Great Britain, and hung the walls of Windsor Castle with his works, he was always mindful of the surroundings of his early home, of the needs of the infant country and its vast possibilities. It was a wonderful chasm he crossed—from painting a portrait of Socrates for a Philadelphia gunsmith, to painting

the royal family and nobility of England; from preparing his own colors and delineating the features of his infant sister to producing the "Christ Rejected" and "Death of Sir Philip Sidney" which hang in Mr. Harrison's gallery; "The Death on a Pale Horse" that is owned by the Philadelphia Academy, and the "Christ Healing the Sick," which fitly ornaments the Pennsylvania Hospital. He however, took it; and the city in which he won the rudiments of knowledge by Provost Smith's kindness, also contains his portraits of Gen. James Hamilton, of Prof. and Mrs. Robert Hare, of Rev. Dr. Preston and others. He was earnest and conscientious in all he did. Not content to accept what was taught and held, for that reason alone, he looked into eternal principles; and looking wisely and acting wisely, he revolutionized venerable ideas, and impressed himself upon the very substance of art itself. He was utterly exempt from mean jealousies. What he knew he was ready to communicate. What he either heard or suspected, he was willing to discuss. His life was pure. In an age of skepticism, he not only adhered to the pure and simple tenets of Christianity, but his most finished and masterly canvases are as truly sermons, enforcing the cardinal tenets of the New Testament, as any discourses preached in the great abbey by the greatest divines. His artistic fame is buttressed by his personal character; and so long as our art grows, it will look proudly back to its germs in the career of a man who rose from the greatest obscurity to the greatest renown by his own noble endeavors and characteristics. It is not perhaps generally known that West was a relative of the genial essayist, Leigh Hunt; nor that some of his descendants are now living in Philadelphia.

John Singleton Copley, too, deserves more than a mere mention. Born in Boston in 1737, only a year earlier than West, he was West's contemporary here and in Europe. He, too, was self-educated, and did not adopt art as a profession until the picture he sent to London in 1754 had astonished artists as well as connoisseurs there. He visited Italy in 1774, and there admired and studied the imperishable masterpieces of Correggio and Titian, and gained so much that their skill is reflected in that of their disciple. In drawing, the very foundation of artistic success, he was a master. Although he excelled in portraiture, his taste was for historical composition. He

was patrician in his sentiments and feelings, as befitted the progenitor of Lord Lyndhurst; and yet he married democratically in 1769, and the Clarkes of Boston are as proud of their alliance as any Philadelphians of having Stuart's blood. With barely a year of Italian life, Copley followed West to London, and there followed his unique success, and was elected to the Royal Academy in 1783. He, too, had the king and the royal family for sitters; and it is not a little singular that two American artists should have best preserved the lineaments of that monarch from and under whom their countrymen revolted. Copley, however, painted a picture of Lord Chatham's death, stricken down while denouncing the war against the colonies, that is familiar by engravings here, in which perhaps his patriotism found a welcome expression. He was commissioned, too, by the city of London in 1790 to paint the Siege of Gibraltar, which now hangs in the Guildhall; and in the execution of this order visited the continent to obtain material for German types. And he delineated many other events in British history. Among the examples of his work in this country is a portrait of Judge Jared Ingersoll, and there are others of the Misses Plumsteads, owned in Philadelphia. He lacked ease in his execution, and was not so productive as West. An anecdote of his dilatoriness perhaps explains more than it covers. Having engaged to depict a man and his wife, he progressed so slowly that the wife died and the husband remarried before the canvas was complete. Undaunted by this circumstance, Copley transformed the first wife into an angel and gave the second her proper prominence. He died in London in 1815.

Charles W. Peale, born in Maryland in 1741, was another contemporary of West's and pupil of his and of Copley. His genius was versatile. He had attempted a dozen pursuits before he came to Philadelphia and placed himself under Copley's tuition. He was a captain at Germantown and Trenton. He visited England and studied with West; and returning, founded a national portrait gallery that, if it had been completed and preserved, would have vindicated all of his hopes. He was one of the originators, too, of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His military service introduced him to Washington's acquaintance, and enabled him take the portrait of 1772—the first of a long line; and another

in 1778, painted at Princeton, of which a copy sent to Lafayette has been brought back to the companionship of many more painted by Peale. There is an unusually complete collection of Peale's portraits in Independence Hall, comprising a Washington, Franklin, Robert Morris, John Hancock, Generals Reed, Greene, Gates, Dr. Rush, and others. Mr. Joseph Harrison had a Washington and Franklin from his easel, and D. P. McKean, Esq., owns Peale's portraits of Governor McKean and son. He lectured as well as painted, and founded a museum. His son, Rembrandt, born in Bucks County in 1778, saved the countenances of numerous Southern celebrities while residing in Charleston in 1796; studied with West in London from 1801 to 1804; then remained in Paris until 1809, when he returned. After his return he produced the "Court of Death," a very evident suggestion from West's ideas; a "Roman Daughter," and numerous portraits. He also published three books. The Philadelphia Academy holds two examples of his, a Houdon and Denin, and there are others in Philadelphia and in New York. He died in 1860.

Colonel John Trumbull, of Connecticut, is another member of this illustrious company. Born in 1756, and the grandson of that famous "Uncle Jonathan" whose wisdom is said to have transferred his familiar address to the country, he was graduated from Harvard, studied painting in Boston, served as an aide to Washington, and attained a colonelcy that he resigned in 1779, and spent the ensuing ten years in France and England, enjoying West's counsel. He was obliged to leave England once during this period from political reasons; but returned as a commissioner under the treaty of peace, and remained until 1815. He painted four of the large works in the national rotunda: the "Declaration of Independence," invaluable for its portraits; the "Surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis," and the "Resignation of Washington," for which he was paid \$32,000. He also painted battle-pieces—Bunker Hill, Princeton, Trenton, and Niagara; two portraits of Washington, one of which was taken in Philadelphia in 1792; the "Death of Montgomery," and left a sketch of Major André. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Talleyrand, David, Mme. de Staël, Lafayette, Sheridan, and Sir Joshua, in Europe, and left interesting recol-

lections of them in his autobiography. He gave fifty of his works to the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College for an annuity; was President of the New York Academy from 1813 to 1825, and died in 1843. He was deficient in drawing, and his pieces are crowded with details. They have nevertheless that breadth and harmony which prove him a true artist, notwithstanding his application to politics, trade and war.

Robert Fulton, more renowned in science than in art, still deserves notice. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765; studied art in Philadelphia, and painted miniatures in New York before transferring his allegiance to science. The Plumstead family in Philadelphia have one of his productions, of no mean merit.

W. Dunlap, of New Jersey, 1766-1839, painted a portrait of Washington.

John Vanderlyn, of New York, 1776-1852, was discovered and patronized by Burr; studied with Stuart; spent five years in Europe, and a portion of that time with Allston, and while there won the great Napoleon's notice by his "Marius," which was medaled, and is now owned in San Francisco. His "Ariadne" was bought by Joseph Harrison for \$5,000. Returning, Vanderlyn painted all of the Presidents to Taylor, Calhoun and Clinton; executed the "Landing of Columbus" for the Washington rotunda, and exhibited a panorama of the French Kings.

E. G. Malbone, very lately revived in a fiction, was born in Rhode Island in 1777; studied in Boston after 1796; went to Charleston and thence to Europe, where he too was received by West. Some of his portraits have singular strength and character, as may be seen in those owned by the Bingham and Peters families of Philadelphia. His chief work is the "Hours," highly imaginative and yet forcible. It has happened to him since his death in 1807 to be commemorated in Hawthorne's "Seven Gables," as well as in the later tale bearing his name.

Charles Fraser, of South Carolina, 1782-1860, was prolific. An exhibition of his works at Charleston in 1857, contained four hundred and fifty-two pieces. His chief claim to notice is that he preserved many valuable portraits of Carolina families, and also one of Lafayette, painted in 1825.

J. W. Jarvis, born in 1780, could have attained eminence. He painted portraits along an incessant

journey, and among them those of John Randolph, Robert Morris, Commodores Bainbridge, Hull, McDonough and Perry, and was assisted by Dr. Rush and Malbone. There are a few of his works in Philadelphia. His highest art was that of a *raconteur*; and he enjoyed it.

Charles Gilbert Stuart, born in Rhode Island in 1756, died in Boston in 1828. He was unquestionably the nearest approach to West in point of power and reputation of all the artists named. He too visited England and studied with West, and painted a Washington, which is the crown of his efforts. He was in Edinburgh in 1774; in London from 1778 to 1793, and after having received aid from West until 1781, then struck out boldly for himself, and soon vied with Reynolds in popularity. This popularity went with him to Dublin and to Paris. After reaching Philadelphia in 1793, he produced his portrait of Washington, that is one of the finest extant, and a head of Mrs. Washington. Stuart lived in Washington several years, but after 1806 resided in Boston. There are many of Stuart's portraits in Philadelphia: among them those of Horace Binney, Bishop White, Alexander Dallas, the Clymer, Jackson, McKean, Peters, Plumstead, Spring and Willing families; Lord and Lady Ashburton, General Mifflin, Mrs. Greenleaf—admired by Thackeray; Mrs. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, Rev. W. Smith—and they are all exceedingly good. A free and strong touch and notable flesh tints are the inseparable accompaniments of Stuart's work. Wherever he went he was immediately on terms with the best, and yet maintained his personality always, as when, questioned by Sam. Johnson where he got the language he used, he replied, "Not from your dictionary." He was eminently practical in all his tendencies, yet vies with Copley for superiority in portraiture. A striking proof of his intellectual perception is afforded by his portrait of General Phipps. The portrait indicates insanity, and yet that disorder was not revealed or even suspected until long after the portrait was finished. The appreciation he had abroad is attested by the fact that when he could not paint the Dublin gentry in 1788 because he was in the debtors' prison, the gentry visited him there to employ his skill. The John Quincy Adams he was engaged upon when he died was finished by Sully. Stuart's education was imperfect, but he could paint heads almost as well as

he could make puns, and when at his arrival in London he could not earn enough with his brush, he supplied the deficiency as an organist.

Washington Allston is another *nomen praclarum* in art. Born in South Carolina in 1779, he went to Rhode Island for his health in 1786; was graduated from Harvard in 1800; went to London the next year, and studied with West till 1804; then studied colors in Rome, returned to Boston and married Miss Channing, and went back to London with a full supply of beauty and harmony. He knew Malbone in college, and was befriended in London by that unfailing providence for young American artists, Benjamin West. He visited Paris, and was intimate with Thorwaldsen and Coleridge in Rome. He painted the poet; and Wordsworth, describing the portrait to Professor Henry Reed of Philadelphia, pronounced it unsurpassed. His "Dead Man Restored" was medaled by the Royal Academy before the Pennsylvania Academy bought it. A "Madonna" from his easel is owned by Mr. McMurtrie of Philadelphia. His "Uriel in the Sun" is Milonic in power and beauty, and has shared the praise given the Elijah. In 1818 he returned to Boston, and labored to his death in 1843 to complete a previously commenced picture of "Belshazzar's Feast." The subject is so immense and so difficult that it is not singular its representation should remain unfinished. Allston painted marines, landscapes and ideals, industriously and well. His own requirements were, however, very high, and somewhat changeable, and he failed to meet them to his own satisfaction, partly because of his own sensitiveness to the grand or awful caused him to select themes Salvator would have rejected and Michael Angelo pondered or refused. He lacked the spirit of the old masters without their force. His pictures were exhibited in London in 1839. He published a poem called the "Sylphs of the Season;" "Monaldi"—a novel; "The Two Painters," "The Paint King," "Rosalie," and several lectures. His life was quiet. Washington Irving was his intimate friend in Europe and America; "Palmyra" Ware was another, and so was Dr. Channing; but he had friends everywhere. He died peacefully in his sixty-fourth year, and now has the fame he desired then.

Thomas Sully succeeds Allston; the son of English actors, and himself born in England in 1783, and brought to Richmond, Virginia, in

1792, his art knowledge was inspired there and in Charleston, South Carolina; so that he was painting portraits in 1803, and in New York soon after. He removed to Philadelphia in 1809, and lived on Fifth street above Chestnut. Sully was amiable, intelligent and modest. He was encouraged and taught by Trumbull, by Stuart, and Leslie; and Hare Powell aided him pecuniarily when he visited Europe. Sully produced a portrait of Washington that holds a highly respectable place in the long list of Washington portraits. While in England he painted a portrait of Queen Victoria; and he had Lafayette, President Jefferson, Fanny Kemble, Commodore Decatur, and Dr. Rush among his sitters. His most ambitious work represents "Washington Crossing the Delaware." It is not without faults; but its historical character and the force of the representation place it with the most interesting and valuable of its class in the country. His Lafayette is in Independence Hall, and the St. George's Society have his Victoria. Henry C. Carey had two examples of Sully. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts has six of his portraits. His Charles Carroll of Carrollton has been engraved, as have his Washington and some other pieces. Sully died in November, 1872, leaving quite a number of works, and an enviable and enduring reputation.

S. F. B. Morse was born in 1791, graduated from Yale in 1810, studied with Allston in England from 1811 to 1815, organized the New York Academy, and revisited England in 1829. He intended to become a sculptor. While returning in 1832 on a packet ship, he conceived the idea of the electric telegraph; and his intimate connection with this valuable discovery has almost blotted his artistic career from general knowledge. He devoted his brush chiefly to portraits, and left commendable likenesses of Chancellor Kent, Thorwaldsen, Lafayette, taken in 1825, a large picture of the House of Representatives, and some others. Numerous examples of his are found in South Carolina, where he spent some time. Morse lives and will live by his electrical discoveries; but the pictures he executed show that he had more than average capacity, and could have excelled. His taste for art and patronage of it remained to the evening of his life.

Thomas Dougherty was a Philadelphian by birth, and was born in 1793. He abandoned the "Swamp" and the leather trade in New York

in 1821, and was quite successful with landscapes at home and in England and France.

Chester Harding, born in Massachusetts in 1792, began life as a peddler, and matriculated in art as a sign painter at Pittsburg. He afterward studied in Philadelphia and St. Louis and Boston. Thence he went to London, where his taste was moulded by Leslie and Lawrence, and he painted the Dukes of Hamilton, Norfolk and Sussex; the historian, Alison; and Sam Rogers, the banker-poet. Returning, he painted Daniel Webster, General Sherman, and others. His drawing was poor; but he was unpretentious and industrious, clever and manly. He died in 1865.

C. R. Leslie was born in England in 1794 of American parents. His life was as pleasing and happy as his art. He was genial, honorable and refined in his character, and his perceptions were quick and correct. He studied the principles of art carefully, and enriched that knowledge by literary study and by dramatic taste. He came to this country in youth, and was some time an apprentice in Matthew Carey's bookstore. Then he returned to England, where he associated with Allston, Coleridge, Rogers, Scott, Turner, Wilkie, and men of their mould, and corresponded with Washington Irving. His style was founded on that of Sir Joshua and West's. He excelled in depicting manners. At Sully's suggestion he painted a view of Queen Victoria's Coronation. No better or more final opinion of his merits can be given than that of Mr. Ruskin, a severe critic. He has said "there is no man who comes at all near Mr. Leslie. He is equal to Hogarth, and here and there a little lighter and more graceful." He was English in taste and feelings, the range of his powers was limited; but within it he excelled. Henry C. Carey had five very good instances of Leslie's powers, and the Pennsylvania Academy has the same number. He died in 1868; and art had a positive loss when he died.

G. S. Newton's parents were New England loyalists and refugees. He was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1795; was taken to Boston in 1803, and there taught by Gilbert Stuart, his maternal uncle. He afterward studied with Leslie in Europe, and left good portraits of Washington Irving, of John Adams, and others. He was a great humorist, a good colorist, but rather fastidious and idle, and was insane long before his

death, in 1835. His painting of a scene in the "Beggars' Opera," where Captain Macheath, having two sweethearts, sings,

How happy could I be with either,
Were 'tother dear charmer away.

has been engraved, and pleased thousands.

John Naegle, born in 1799, is a Philadelphia notability. His picture of Patrick Lyon, blacksmith, now hanging in the Pennsylvania Academy, in company with the works of West and Allston and Stuart, has lost no part of its original interest. Naegle's parents were Philadelphians. He was born in Boston in 1799, studied with Peale and Sully, worked here from 1818, visited the South and left many portraits; painted Lyon in 1825, painted the Matthew Carey that hangs in the Pennsylvania Academy, the Washington that is in Independence Hall, the Henry Clay owned by the Union League, a Commodore Barry and others. He was a great admirer of Gilbert Stuart, and the admiration may be seen in his style. For some years he was President of the Artists' Fund Society.

A. B. Durand, born in New Jersey in 1796, of Huguenot descent, is another of the last century notables. His father was a silversmith, and the son entered the fine arts by the gateway of industrial art. He engraved Trumbull's painting of the "Declaration of Independence," Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," and many portraits before he began to paint portraits and landscapes in 1835. He excelled in delineating forest foliage, and all he attempted and did shows great integrity, and is poetic and pleasing. His portrait of Bryant is remarkable, because he both painted and engraved it. He succeeded Morse as President of the National Academy of Design. His son is an art writer.

Joseph Wright, of Bordentown, perhaps should be remembered for having finished three portraits of Washington after 1783. He had Franklin's countenance while in Paris, and painted George IV. One of his Washingtons was owned by S. Powell, and one by Mrs. Willing, of Philadelphia, and Count de Solms had the third. He died in 1793.

Ingham, 1797-1863, was another artist whose life began in the last century. His efforts, however, belong to this, and he should be placed in the later companionship.

There are a few considerations flowing from

these facts which deserve notice. It is evident from such cases as that of West and others named that there always has been and is a positive and powerful æsthetic taste mingled with the eminent practical aptitudes of the American people. This taste is restricted to no latitude, limited to no race, confined by no conditions. When manifest it finds appreciation and aid from those enriched by practical affairs. It has all along been disciplined by tuition in Italy, France and England; and it has been welcomed there and placed at par with domestic skill. Generally objective in its aims, it is often subjective and always progressive. Up to the beginning of this century the homely Flemish school attracted no attention, and won no pupils. Our pupils endeavored to excel in orthodox art, and followed West and Leslie rather than the awe-inspiring themes of Salvator Rosa, or the incipient stages of what has developed into the Turner-esque and pre-Raphaelite. At the beginning of this century this country had painters of whom it is still deservedly proud, as they were proud of and loyal to it. The influence of this ancestry can be seen in its descendants. Art here

has remained orthodox and classic, and has not sought to force notice by bizarre methods or meretricious means. It has been natural rather than artificial, and its appeal has been to the purer sentiments rather than to violent passions. Wherever exaggeration is evident, its religious, patriotic or moral motive has excused and excuses what cannot be justified. The American artists, too, have always been clannish. Their nationality has controlled their personality. They have learned from others, but corrected their education by intercourse with one another, and they have always found a great and undying inspiration in national history, national scenery, tastes and conditions. As we advance from the beginning of the century and study progress in architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving, art education and decoration of various kinds, the fact will become more patent, and the practical worth of what was done at first will be clearly recognized, and fresh courage will be given those who desire an equal and harmonious development in all that makes a nation full and round and complete.

WITH MEN AND BOOKS.

By A. F. BRIDGES.

XV.

IN its nature, the scrap-book is different from all other volumes. Filled with material that struck the compiler's fancy, its table of contents does not necessarily include the best thoughts of the greatest minds; but the veriest scribbler is often given a corner, and that, too, without detracting from the interest of the collection.

Though compiled under the most ordinary circumstances and by the most ordinary individual, it is nevertheless a curiosity. Are you tired of books filled with endless detail? Do select readers fail of interest? Has the poetry of the great masters become stale? Have you thrown aside the morning paper in disgust? Then try the scrap-book which has engaged your leisure hour, or better still, borrow one of an acquaintance. If you are despondent you will find something to cheer you; if you want to laugh you will find something to laugh at; if you cannot fix your

mind on the happiest passages of your favorite author, in this intellectual medley you will find something to interest you. It is the reflex of the current literature of the day. The polished essay, the historical sketch, the choice poem, the joke, disjointed paragraphs, lectures, sermons, stories, in fact almost everything to excite interest and arouse curiosity, may here be found. In an out-of-the-way corner is a short poem, the very gem for which you have been searching. On every page there is something new, whether notes of biography or of travel; and the only wonder is how so much of interest happened to get together.

The student of human nature finds in the contents of a scrap-book at least fragments of history referring directly to the compiler. Journals and epistolary correspondence are prized by the biographer for their frankness. They were written, it would seem, for the perusal of the writer with a few of his most intimate friends perhaps, and were

never intended for public scrutiny. As we open their pages we fancy we discover secrets that give light where otherwise there would be but darkness. But this secret history, this private recital, is found to a greater extent in the scrap-book. What we write we expect to be read. We may adopt, however, the language of others, and boldly tell to the world a story but few can hear, and hearing understand. Had Johnson kept a scrap-book, an interesting chapter might have been added to that celebrated biography in which journals, letters, and conversations conspire to give a true representation of the great author and to institute Boswell the prince of his tribe. I regard the scrap-book of a friend, with whom I am not fully acquainted, as a more complete index to his mind than his outward actions. Is he melancholy? I discover it in his selections. Is he a man of taste? Is he charitable with other's faults? Is he given to retrospection? Who are his favorite authors? What are his idiosyncracies? To the same authority I turn for answer. I here study the mind of my friend, and get a key as it were to his very inner nature.

I have in my possession the scrap-book of one whom I never met, a venerable Christian lady now enjoying her reward in heaven. What a strange interest these two facts lend to the volume as it lies outspread before me! It is a sacred relic, the work of a mind now realizing immortality, and of fingers now sweeping chords of melody in the glory world. I may never know the labor of the one, I may never comprehend the nature of the other; but as I study the contents of this book, I fancy I obtain some clue to the life and character of the deceased. It is the work, I am informed, of her later years. I am also told that she lived on a farm in the Western country, and that she died at a ripe old age.

Her neighbors were Virginians, Carolinians, and French; but she was evidently a native of New England, where she spent her childhood and lived till maturity, when she married and removed to the West. Not every Western emigrant of her day could read, especially if they were Virginians or Carolinians, while she could read and had something of literary culture and education. In short, she was evidently a product of New England education. I recognize this in her literary taste. Here are poems from Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, and Lowell.

The many articles relating to that section of the country also betrays this fact. Besides, she subscribed for New England periodicals, as I detect from certain evidence that indicates the source from which many of the selections were clipped.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to see her at home in the woods of her adopted State. Her husband secured an ample farm, and erected thereon a spacious homestead. I find here a description of it, selected by her after her children had grown up and left her. It is rudely built, but of spacious apartments, with an attic story and a large porch:

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous, old stone chimneys,
And its gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are failing
As she lists to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robes of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's golden light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on her silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams once vanished
Come back in her winter time
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring's gay prime.

And looking forth from the window
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since clad in her bridal whiteness
She crossed the old door-stone.

Many happy years were spent in the homestead and around the old door-stone before the roof of the one was mossy with age and the other was worn with oft-repeated crossing. They were years of happiness, because years of labor. She may have assisted her husband in his labors in the field, as many pioneer American women have done. This accounts for the appearance of Holmes's

THE FARMER'S PLOW.

Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team—
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth—the hero of the plow.
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done.
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad furrows where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide,
Mottled and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves.
Up the steep hillside where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scorns the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way.
At every turn the loosening chains resound
And swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And weary hands unbind the panting steers.

But she did not neglect her own peculiar household duties. In the care of a large household she found work enough to do. Perhaps these stanzas were inserted for her children to read after she was no more:

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you I know would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Although busy with innumerable household cares, the compiler of this scrap-book found time to read. The scrap-book itself is proof of this.

Besides, the several selections in the collection that evince cultivated literary taste indicate this. Surely there is in this work of her hands an insight into her mind and heart that should make it a precious heirloom among her descendants.

XVI.

An old book, its leaves yellow with age, its type and binding after an antiquated pattern, is of more interest to a class, and to an extent to all of us, than one just fresh from the press, superior in every respect.

A friend recently presented me with two unique little volumes, scarcely above a half century old; and yet they represented a department of letters in which such vast progress has been made as to add seemingly a century to the figures on their title-pages. They are volumes one and two of "Miscellanies from the Public Journals," compiled by one whose name is well known in newspaper history—Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham. Of course Mr. Buckingham borrowed the idea from England; he could not have done otherwise at that early day, when nobody read an American book! In the preface to the first volume, which is dated at Boston, 1822, he says: "If this volume is received with kindness, it is my intention that it shall be annually succeeded by one similar in nature. . . . If, however, its ill-fortune should forbid all future attempts of the kind, some indemnification for pecuniary loss will have been realized in the pleasures derived from the collection and preservation of these proofs of the genius of my countrymen." The next annual is dated two years later.

The selections that compose these volumes are altogether from American journals. Intrinsically they are but scrap-books of more modern times. As a study, with the history of American literature and journalism to refer to, they are of value. In the reflex of the newspaper press, which they doubtless give, they are curiosities. The question arises instinctively—what a vast book the compiler would have to make at present if he undertook in an annual to give any adequate reflex of the current newspaper press?

At the time these volumes were compiled, Prentice had not introduced his brief, pungent paragraphs, which afterward revolutionized the American press; cable and telegraphic despatches were unknown; the itinerant newspaper reporter,

who won the palm against the mother country in the discovery of Livingstone, was a character unborn, and many leading journals now were among the things of the future. It was possible then for a small volume to represent all the papers in their essays and poems with such as were of permanent worth; but now what an undertaking it would be!

The papers from which the miscellanies were taken belong naturally to the Eastern States, although a *Charleston Courier*, of the South, and a *Missouri Intelligencer*, two Cincinnati papers, and a Vincennes *Western Sun*, the first Indiana paper, yet in existence, of the West, are represented. The first volume contains obituaries of the wife of ex-President Adams and of Queen Caroline of England; an article on the disinterment of André, of recent occurrence, and a sketch of Farmer's Brother and Red Jacket, though the latter, not yet immortalized, was living, in which the cunning, treachery and eloquence of the "red king" are exhibited in a notable instance. There are also thirty or forty pages of the comic by an amateur with the pen; a Jeremy Broadcloth, who was extremely lucky to get under cover in this volume, since it is likely he never would have done so unless at his own expense. There are four articles reviving, at least in the mind, a war of letters now ended, entitled "Literary Sparring," in which England's attitude toward American letters is written up in a commendable spirit. It remained for Irving in a similar article a few years afterward to write the only account we now care to read. The theatre is represented, and Cooke, Keene, Barns, and others, doubtless lions of the stage, are mentioned; while Charles Sprague, the poet, writes the prologue for the New York Theatre, September, 1821. The prologue, as Sprague's poetry in general, is good, at any rate. But little idea of the day's doings is conveyed except by methods indirect. The first volume contains a great variety of poetry; but nothing beside "Old Grimes," the well-known serio-comic poem, that is read at present. It is here taken from the *Providence Gazette*. A New York paper brings to light a document at the time a hundred and fifty-six years old, wherein a Ralph Hall and Mary, his wife, are indicted for witchcraft. It is represented as the last witchcraft case on record in New York, although Connecticut affords instances more modern. The parties were found guilty; but their mischief was not great,

and they were released from custody on their good behavior, three years afterward!

The second volume of the *Miscellanies* is enlarged in scope, though not in size. It is divided into five books, as follow: I. Historical and Descriptive; II. Fictitious, Moral and Sentimental; III. Humorous and Satirical; IV. Biographical; V. Promiscuous. Among the descriptive articles is a poem of a hundred royal hexameter couplets on the trees, birds, beasts and fishes of New England, written in 1629, and published in an old memorial of the Plymouth colony. Extracts from a traveller's portfolio picture Richmond and Jamestown as they then were.

In 1821 a Mr. Bennett, of Pennsylvania, memorialized the House of Representatives asking for the exclusive right of navigating the air in a machine of his recent invention. This created a breeze of excitement which called forth a number of articles, three of which are here presented. The *Charlestown Courier* said: "Men do not deserve wings. Poor, sordid, groveling creatures, they come out of the earth and their affections are built on the earth and they sink into the earth; and not one-half of them ever dream of the beautiful canopy over their heads and the unseen spirits that observe them from above. A miser once essayed to fly; but as he was nothing without his gold, his pockets were too ponderous for his flight, and he fell, amid shouts of contempt, into the mire to which he belonged. . . . Intellect and innocence are the wings of life; love is the breeze which impels them; joy is the atmosphere through which they pass, and happiness the haven to which they fly." The *Charlestown City Gazette* discusses in "The Interior of the Earth," Captain Symmes's theory of a hollow globe, then occupying a good deal of attention. A few such articles as these alone refer us to events of the day. How different would be a compilation reflecting the newspaper press of to-day! Essays, poems, and other standard literary products find their way to the public through the magazine; while papers are more especially devoted to news. Fifty years ago the newspaper was a principal medium for the publication of poems of sterling worth. Percival's "Ode to Athens" is found in this volume, the opening lines of which are as follow:

The flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon.

The gem of the collection in poetry, however,

is "The Coral Grove," from the same author, originally published in the Charlestown *Courier*. This poem is so well known that it does not need quotation to bring it to mind. It is here in its finished, classic style. It is a fact somewhat significant that it first reached the public through the newspaper.

XVII.

A newspaper is an ephemeral thing. Abundant and created to satisfy the present demand, a day's age is a dead line for its brief career. It is read, and it is not. This is its short history. In my library I have a few newspapers a half century old. This is but a brief period; but for a newspaper it is a long time. The paper is sere and yellow of age, and the quaint old type and illustrations tell me of a date long passed. They were presented to me by a man who subscribed for them in their original issue. This, it seems to me, adds a few years and no little interest to them.

The old newspapers to which I refer are copies of *The New Jersey Advocate*, published at Rahway, New Jersey. A characteristic feature is that the first page is devoted to advertisements. A cut represents a stage coach *en route*, with liveried driver, flying whip, impatient steeds and happy passengers. Below it a magnificent steamer is plowing the billows of the deep, the very ideal of speed. Nothing is said of railways, Pullman coaches, cables, telegraph wires, telephones, electric light, etc.; for a very good reason, no doubt. There is some little display of type in the advertisements, but as a general thing the space is compactly filled. Advertisements in an old paper constitute very interesting reading. Perhaps the most interesting of these papers refer to that blot on our social system now removed. Here is one headed "Stop the Runaways!" All posted in the history of American slavery understand at once what is meant. A mulatto woman, twenty-four years of age, with her mulatto child, had "run off," and a reward was offered for their arrest by their white master. "Whoever will stop said wench," so the advertisement reads, "will be liberally rewarded." On another page of the same issue is the following:

NOTICE.

The subscriber wishes to purchase a BLACK WOMAN, that can be recommended honest, industrious and sober. For such an one a liberal price will be paid.

EDGAR FREEMAN.
211f.

Woodbridge, July 21, 1826.

In connection with the foregoing the following should be inserted:

A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH!

The people of Illinois have decided against the introduction of slavery into that State by a majority of nearly 2000 votes.

A prominent feature of the *Advocate* is that while it is a home paper it is scarcely local in its news. It comes as a bird of passage with the news of every other quarter in its bill, to tell the little community that subscribes for it just what the rest of the world is doing. There is no local column. There are no brief, pungent paragraphs, and the elaborate essays do not cover the field every time in the absence of despatches. The public capacity for gossip was in a healthier condition then than at present. There was little news to be taken at once, and then there was ample leisure for digestion. Hence we find a news item, in itself short, introduced sometimes with a brief essay and followed by philosophical moralizing.

By far the most valuable issue of the *Advocate* is dated September 28th, 1824. Lafayette was then on his famous visit to this country. Two-thirds of the issue are devoted to the visitor. At Bergen the inhabitants presented him with a gold-mounted cane of the wood of an apple-tree that furnished a shade for him and General Washington in 1779. At Newark a vast assemblage met the general. Attorney-General Theodore Frelinghuysen made a speech of welcome. At Rahway, Robert Lee, Esq., delivered the address of welcome. At Woodbridge he was addressed by James Stryker, Esq. These addresses are all preserved entire. Lafayette's replies are only outlined, and not fully at that; but the somewhat imperfect annal of a great man's visit to our country forms interesting reading. Poetry as well as oratory conspires to welcome Lafayette, and the bard's numbers flow through the columns.

In the same issue of the paper is found the will of Bonaparte, which had just been published by a London house in French and English in pamphlet form. The will was dated at Longwood, St. Helena, April 15th, 1821.

In 1824 there was such a character in enlightened and free America as a prisoner for debt. In the issue of the *Advocate*, so well filled with an account of Lafayette's visit, is the following, copied from the *New York Statesman*:

"HARD IS THE FATE OF THE INFIRM AND POOR."

Messrs. Editors:—In your paper of Friday last is given an account of a twelve years' imprisonment of an old Revolutionary General, William Barton, of Providence, Rhode Island, in which an appeal is made to our country and to Lafayette for his liberation. If the old general has been suffered to lie in prison twelve years already, and the government has forgotten that he languishes there, I think it is time for those who are acquainted with the circumstances of his case to make it known to the nation in order that measures might be taken as soon as practicable to effect his enlargement. If he is a rogue, let justice bind him; but if he is an honest man, let mercy be shown him. Now is the time, when we are all on tip-toe to render all possible honors to General Lafayette, that we ought to lend a helping hand to the distressed General Barton.

"I have yet to learn by what authority he is confined—whether by the State of Vermont, or by the general government. I do hope that those who know, will be so obliging as to make it public; and that if poverty is his only crime, he may be restored to his family and friends without any unnecessary delay. We think that honor conferred for noble actions is a laudable stimulus to aspiring youths; if so, we must naturally suppose on the other hand that the

sufferings and deprivations of General Barton, yet unpitied and unredressed, may prove of blighting consequence to the emulation and enterprise of the rising generation.

"AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

Still another reference is made to the prisoner for debt in 1826. Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," appears in a small volume against the law. It remained for Whittier to fasten public condemnation to the nefarious law by his poem. By the way, was General Barton the subject of Whittier's lines?

But changes have taken place since 1824-26. These changes have affected not only mechanical appearance and editorial management of newspapers, but they have affected the world. It seems strange that this is the same country, as we look back at these old newspapers with their records of almost barbarism.

MRS. JAMESON.

BY M. FOCER.

THE earnest stand taken by many of the leading representative women of both America and England, aiming to give woman her proper place in this work-a-day-world, recalls the brave and faithful championship of a few noble women who a half century ago did good and loyal services in the same cause. Among those no name shines forth with brighter and more untarnished lustre than that of the late Mrs. Jameson, an excellent likeness of whose kind and noble face is contained in this number of the MONTHLY.

Mr. Fields, in his charming article on Barry Cornwall and his friends, says: "During many years of her later life Mrs. Jameson stood in the relation of counsellor to her sex in England."

Women in mental anguish needing consolation and counsel fled to her as to a convent for protection and guidance. Her published writings established such a claim upon her sympathy in the hearts of her readers that much of her time for twenty years before she died was spent in helping others, by correspondence and personal contact, to submit to the sorrows God had cast upon them. She believed, with Milton, that it is miserable enough to be blind, but still more miserable not to be able to bear blindness. Her own earlier life had been darkened by grief, and she knew

from a deep experience what it was to enter the cloud and stand waiting and hoping in the shadows.

Eminently domestic and womanly, the story of her life is full of sadness. And as is often the case with women whom fate has debarred from the duties for which they are most peculiarly fitted, that of wife and motherhood, she took into her kindly heart the woes and wants of others, especially those of her sister women; showing ever the largest intelligence on the subject of woman's needs, and a brave desire to do the best and say the best for the cause of woman's advancement.

She was the daughter of Murphy, painter-in-ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, and was born about the year 1795. In her girlhood and early womanhood she was governess in three different families of rank. Of her pupils in every case she always spoke with the greatest affection, as they of her.

The great mistake of her life was her marriage with Mr. Robert Jameson, Vice-Chancellor of Canada. Although a man of talent and fine artistic taste, they were so utterly unsuited to each other in every respect that after vainly striving, after repeated trials and patient efforts, to assimilate her

self to his most peculiar nature, they separated; and henceforth, putting aside any idea of a home life, she threw herself into a literary career, and lived for the public weal more than for her own private aims.

Her first literary effort, "The Diary of an Ennuyée," was published to relieve the embarrassments of her newly-married husband, who was constantly involved in financial difficulties. It met with the most remarkable success, although she was always ashamed of it, it is said. From this time she seems to have been fairly launched upon the great flood of literature, and never to have given up her life and interest in it.

Her literary life may be said to divide itself into three epochs. The first including works of foreign travel, full of social and art criticisms, volumes of critical essays. "Winter Studies, and Summer Rambles in Canada," is one of the most remarkable of this series; and she always spoke of it as containing some of her best thoughts and truest impulses. The "Characteristics of Women," a book full of well-digested criticism and acute judgment of the prominent females in Shakespeare, as well as her "Lives of Female Sovereigns," established her right to a front rank among the writers of her day.

To the second series of her writings belong her more elaborated works on art-proper, beginning in 1842, when she issued, "A Hand-book to the Public Galleries of Art in London," and continuing to the large and copiously illustrated volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Legends of the Monastical Orders," and "Legends of the Madonna." These charming volumes, full of true historic and legendary lore, are enriched with etchings of famous pictures, and are filled

with vitality, warmth and poetic strains. At her death she was engaged in the last of the series, "The History of the Life of Our Lord," which has since her death been completed by Lady Estlack.

Her accurate judgment and subtle perception of the points of a painting, together with her vast and patient research, make her art books of most peculiar value. She used to declare, "A picture is like plain writing to me;" and she seemed to

see, the instant she looked at it, for what purpose it had been wrought. The strange, mystical symbolism of the earlier mosaics was a familiar language to her. She would stand upon the polished marble of the Lateran, or beneath the shadowy splendors of the Basilica of Sta Maria Maggiore, and read the meaning and expound the thoughts and intentions of a thousand years before.

The third group of Mrs. Jameson's writings includes her works on the subject of "Woman and Her Work." In all her writings of this class are found large-hearted reflections, showing how keenly she

felt all the necessities of a change in the morale of woman's career. During all the later years of her life she gave expression on all public occasions to her ideas on the education, position, and training of women.

Belonging to no clique, she ever threw the great influence of her name, her high social position, her well-balanced mind and clear judgment in favor of every measure which had for its aim the advancement of women. When the bill passed through Parliament securing to married women their own earnings, her name headed every petition. She read her two lectures, "Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad" and the "Com-



MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

munion of Labor" to large audiences in drawing-rooms. Her letter to Lord John Russel, prefixed to the last edition of these lectures, in which she speaks from the calm heights of old age, displays the generous sympathy her heart ever gave to the cause.

Irish in her temperament, full of vivid impulses and brilliant flashes, she was the light of every circle she frequented, and gave impetus to every cause she espoused. Suddenly cut off in the midst of all her work, her loss was irreparable.

She went up to London from Brighton one March day to examine at the British Museum some points for her "Life of Our Lord," and catching cold, neglected it, which her sixty years made hazardous indeed; for inflammation of the lungs ensued, and in eight days after her arrival she died, at sixty-five years of age.

Her high distinction in literature, her great and excellent social influence for good, was unbounded. A friend to art, and a contributor to it, and given to accurate research in philosophical thought, she was well prepared upon all subjects which she treated. Many households in Rome, Florence, Vienna, Dresden and Paris, besides those in her native land, regretted the brilliant talker, the loving friend, the energetic woman, who kindled into enthusiasm over all natural beauty as well as that of the antique memorials of Italian art. Not a cypress on Roman hills, or garden of the sweet South land, a picture or statue in the palaces, churches, or catacombs, which did not kindle flashes of eager delightful talk from her. She lived a busy, brilliant, helpful life, and dying left a legacy of high thoughts and purposes to her sister women.

FEVER'S VISIONS.

By A. E. L.

AN attack of pleuro-pneumonia had suddenly prostrated me; the acute suffering had been relieved, but following it were some of the strangest experiences of mind and imagination. The visions were so lifelike and real; the dreams so vivid, so indelibly impressed upon my memory that while life lasts I shall never lose them; and wish, if possible, to convey an idea of them to others.

To myself, at the time, they were not dreams or visions, but realities, awful experiences. I was out of the body, or rather was perfectly conscious of a dual existence. Physicians will explain it as being a state peculiar to that disease. I have since imagined it might be similar to the sensations of the opium eater. Whatever the cause of them, or the truth concerning them, they form a chapter of my life invested with a deep mystery.

The first of these visions I have always called my fishing one. It was late in the evening; my faithful nurse had made preparations for the night, the house was still, and after the most intense suffering, which had prevented rest of any kind, I had found relief, and the indications were that I would sleep. I did for a few moments; but was awakened, as I thought, by the voice of some one

close by my pillow. I turned to answer; there was no one there; my nurse assured me I had not been spoken to. Again I closed my eyes; immediately I heard the voice, and felt the presence close by my head. Arousing myself again, I was told I was dreaming. Over and over again was this repeated, and I, unconvinced, gave myself up to the influence of my familiar, as I called this invisible presence. Often by stealth or stratagem I would endeavor to get a sight of this strange being that I knew was close by my pillow; but it always left the instant I opened my eyes; but no sooner were they closed than the conversation commenced.

After long parleying I was induced to consent to go with it in a boat; it was a long, gondola-shaped craft, and manned by invisible hands. My seat was out on the prow of the boat, and I held a short rod, with line attached, which was constantly being pulled by some invisible monster. Repeatedly I seemed to draw it near the surface of the water, being all of the time cheered on in my wearisome efforts by my familiar; but as often as I thought I was about to succeed, it would escape me; but finally, after a long night of struggle, just at dawn, I drew the huge creature

into the boat, and lo! it was that fearful devil's fish of Victor Hugo's creation. But to me it was harmless, for it, with my familiar, was spirited away as the first faint streak of light came through the closed shutters, and I lay faint and pallid, conscious of my sufferings.

Again, as night drew on, a similar experience was undergone with my familiar as on the preceding, except that I was personally changed. I was an immense bale of cotton-batting, and was so fluffy and light that I constantly floated in the upper air; and yet I was seated as on a throne, and had attendants and messengers without number, who were constantly coming and going at my command; but all my actions were controlled by my familiar, whose whisperings were unceasingly in my ear. I sent out to all the ends of the earth messengers asking reports of women's strife, and of her efforts to free herself from the bondage which is the relic of barbarism. And I sat, or floated rather, on this cloudlike throne, awaiting replies which were to reach me before midnight. With me, the hours passed in a fearful, wearing struggle to retain my power and hold upon my throne until these reports should reach me; for some enemy was grasping after me, pulling and tugging at the strong cords that held my fleecy throne and me from being lost in the distant ether. But again I was successful; the last messenger from the most distant sphere was received just as daylight appeared.

Again night brought my familiar with its low magnetic whispers close above my head, but always beyond my reach and sight; although I felt sure I could reach it if I could have turned quickly enough.

This time all was changed; I wandered far out into a wild and desert place, ever urged on by my untiring familiar, till weary, fainting, I laid down on a mossy hillock, refusing to go farther; and then and there I saw coming toward me, far, far in the distance, an ever-lengthening procession of men, women and children; some travel-stained, dust-begrimed, and clothed in garments of every hue and shade; others clean and lovely, with happy faces and bright apparel; and far behind them all, away on the edge of the horizon, on the top of a gentle acclivity, stood one glorious and beautiful in feature and mien, his outstretched arms and flowing mantle clear and well defined against the soft mellow light of the eastern sky.

He seemed urging this vast crowd on before him; they came near and nearer, till the cloud of dust before them rose between my sight and them, and I could only hear their voices. Every language of earth, with sighs both of joy and sorrow, were mingled in the sound that became louder and louder as they reached me. And now they were passing, and for the first time I looked away from the commander of this motley army, and into the dark and gloomy pathway beyond me, which it was entering, and which I could not pierce with my straining eyes.

Oh! how dark and forbidding seemed the cavernous clouds which enveloped them all immediately they passed beyond the rays of light which streamed far out from the effulgent being whose pointing hand directed their steps. I was overwhelmed with awe at first; then there came such a sense of helplessness, of misery, that I crawled toward the crowd, groveling in the very dust, and soon was being trampled upon, torn and blinded by the surging mass. In vain I struggled and fought against them all, and was just about to give up in despair, when a gentle, loving hand grasped and lifted me up, and a sweet voice said in my ear: "Fear not, cling to me; I will lead you." Instantly I exclaimed: "Ah! but where? The path yonder is so dark I dare not go."

Again with gentle, persuasive voice and hand I was urged on, and then I lifted my almost blinded eyes and saw the lovely benignant countenance and form of the commander, and instantly yielded up all will and struggle of my own; for I knew I had nothing more to fear, and at this moment daylight came to chase away both visions and familiar spirits.

But with returning night and closing eyes came again and again this last vision; always the same weary wandering, the same struggles, fear and despair, and as surely the same happy relief by gentle voice and magnetic touch of hand.

This was so often repeated that I longed for it, waited for it with closed eyes and quiet body, many times when it was supposed I was asleep.

This last vision seemed so true, so sacred, so prophetic, that I kept it as a treasured precious memory. With returning health and strength I lost my familiar's nightly visits, and years have since passed without dimming my recollection of them and their weird and strange associations.



"TRUST LOVE DIVINE."

HEART OF MINE.

BY WILL. E. BAKER.

O, HEART of mine, the longest night
 Has somewhere in its pulseless breast
 A ray of love divine, of light
 That lights the way to future rest!
 I know that night is full of fear,
 And goblin shapes, that awesome rise;
 But know, O, heart, that dawn is near,
 When vanquished doubt and terror flies!
 Be still, be still, O, heart of mine,
 Trust love divine!

O, heart of doubt, why flutter so;
 In safety passed thou yesterday.
 Can'st thou not see the beacon glow
 Of sunset in the west away?
 The longest day must have a close,

A sweet dim twilight full of peace,
 That o'er the languid spirit throws
 The mantle of a sweet surcease.
 Be calm, be calm, O, heart of doubt,
 Trust love without!

I know glad Earth, O, heart of mine,
 Is hidden under winter snow.
 I know the icy hand like Death,
 Has stilled the tuneful brooklet's flow;
 But summer, with the soft south breeze,
 And zephyrs like a sweetheart's breath,
 Will sway the orchard's blossomed trees,
 Till Earth will smile, O, heart of faith!
 Be patient still, O, heart of mine,
 Trust love divine!

AMERICA'S SONG COMPOSERS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

XII.—A. H. ROSEWIG.

THIS well-known composer, though his compositions, vocal and instrumental, number already nearly a thousand, is still quite a young man, having been born in Hanover, Germany, April 19th, 1846.

His family came over to this country in 1851, and settled in Baltimore, Maryland—Albert, the subject of this brief sketch, being at the time but five years old. So, although not a native-born American, he comes so near to it—having no recollection of any other home, and taking a patriotic pride in our country—that, as a composer to whom we may well do honor, Mr. Rosewig certainly deserves a place in this series.

From his very earliest years, Albert evinced a talent for music, and this his parents saw early, and encouraged by every means in their power. At seven years of age he was put under the instruction of Miss Anna May of Baltimore, his first teacher in music, and made imme-

diately and rapid progress. A few years later the family removed to Philadelphia, in which city they have ever since resided. Here young Albert was given the benefit of a thorough musical education from those experienced masters, Professors Meignen, Thunder and Barili; but to the first mentioned, the late Professor Leopold Meignen, is he mostly indebted for his knowledge of composition, counterpoint, harmony and orchestration. Naturally his ambition soon turned to composition, and in course of time, when he was but twelve years of age, he had the satisfaction of seeing his first song in print. This was a quartette, "Good-night, Sweet Love," and was meritorious enough to have had a considerable sale.

It is related of him that when, such a mere youngster, he first heard this song in public, he was so overjoyed that he could not restrain himself; but turning to those nearest him in the audience, he exclaimed, "I wrote that song; its

my own!" But he was only laughed at on this announcement, as they could not believe it to be anything other than a mere boast of the boy. Some time afterward he published "Maid of Athens" to Byron's beautiful words. Many composers have written to this celebrated poem; but this is without doubt the most popular version of them all. Its sales were enormous, and the song had the effect of bringing our youthful composer into prominent notice; besides, what was quite as satisfactory to him, creating a demand for his productions from the various music publishers throughout the country.

Compositions of every description now followed in quick succession from Mr. Rosewig's fertile pen; songs, dance music, salon pieces, church music, etc. His first orchestral work, "A Summer Evening Reverie, Op. 39," was first performed in Philadelphia in 1870, and was highly commended by all who heard it. His operetta, "Matrimonial Sweets," was first given in Baltimore in 1874, being well received.

Another of Mr. Rosewig's most popular songs is "The Diver," written for Mr. George Conly the great basso, ranking in popularity next to his "Maid of Athens." Following closely after these are the familiar songs, "A Mother's Vigil," "Different Pathways," "Never Old are Words of Welcome" (Duet), "Evening Hymn to the Sacred Heart," "Sad Mourner," "Old at Last," "My Mother's Bible," "Till we Die" (written for Mr. George Ford, Philadelphia's popular basso), "I do Love John," sung by Lotta, "In Future Years," "Speak as of Old," "The Flag that bears the Stripes and Stars" (composed by order of Post 2, G. A. R.), "Loved and Lost," "Safely Over," "All is Quiet," "All Alone," "One Angel more in Heaven," "'Tis so Hard to Forget," "Smile Again, my Bonnie Lassie," "The Last Good-by," "I'd Love to be a Twinkling Star," "O, Lead me to the Rock," and very many others.

Mr. Rosewig never writes to his own words, as many composers have the custom of doing, but prefers to make judicious selections for this purpose. He says he has tried it, and knows just how it is; for somehow or other music won't go to his words.

In piano music our composer has not been at all backward. Among his most popular pieces of this description might be enumerated: "Joyous

Chimes," "Forest Echoes," "Rapid Transit," "Kenwood Schottische," "St. Alban's Grand March," "Mt. St. Joseph's Grand March," "First Dip Schottische," "Through by Rail Galop," "Idle-Wild Waltzes," "Little Queen Redowa," "Sweet Rest," etc.

Recently Mr. Rosewig issued his "National Nursery Songs and Games," a music book, illustrated, especially adapted to the requirements of the little ones. During the holiday season just past, it formed an attractive gift-book for the young.

Of course, like other composers, Mr. Rosewig has written much under other names than his own, and frequently some of these would be so well received as to cause him almost to regret not having used his own name rather than a *nom de plume*.

As a thorough musician Mr. Rosewig is a performer on almost every instrument, but the church organ has always been his favorite, and that instrument he has made his specialty.

For a number of years he has been connected with the most prominent church choirs in Philadelphia as choir leader or organist. He was first associated for five years with Professor H. G. 'Thunder, as a member of St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church choir, where, from that excellent musician, he received much useful information, more particularly as to church organs. Subsequently he went to St. Philip Neri's Roman Catholic Church, where for seven years he had sole charge of the choir, which, under his administration attained an excellence equal to that of any in Philadelphia. Here, following in the footsteps of Mr. Thunder, whom he had succeeded, he successfully produced the glorious masses and other compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Gounod and other celebrated masters, the pastor of the church, Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, evincing a great interest in his efforts, and aiding him in their achievement to the best of his power.

In 1876 he voluntarily severed his connection with St. Philip's choir, having been invited to take charge of the music at the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, in which position he remains at the present time. The Rev. Dr. Willits, an eminent divine, pastor of the church, takes a great interest in the music; and, all working in sympathy, the choir to-day, consisting of some twenty voices, is considered as one of the best of which Philadelphia can boast.

land to Bassora, and you will have seen the home of our first parents. There are the united streams of the Tigris and Euphrates, called by the Arabs

tioned by Moses, going out of Eden, and which divides into four heads or different branches, and makes the four rivers described by the ancient

historian. The two branches of the Shat are the Pison and Gihon, and the two above, the Euphrates and Tigris, the latter being sometimes called the Dislat by the Arabs, and now allowed to be the Heddekel of Moses. The western branch of the Shat was old Pison, and the Persian Gulf country Moses's Havilah. The eastern branch of Shat was Gihon, and encompassed the country of Cush or Chuzestan, as it is still called by the Persians. Heidegger, La Clerc, Pere Abraham and Pere Hardouin place Paradise near Damascus in Syria about the Springs of Jordan; but that cannot be if Moses described it as correctly as he did Mount Ararat where the ark rested, or the Plains of Shinar, to which the sons of Noah went out. Sanson, Reland, and Calmet, as well as Tournefort, who is the best authority of them all, located Eden in Armenia between the Tigris, Euphrates and Araxes; but a river is still wanting if we take Moses's word, and besides the Phasis does not flow from south to north, but from north to south. Huet, Bishop of Soissons and Arranches, Stephanus Morinus, Bochart, and many others believed the Paradise of Adam was located between the channels of the Tigris and Euphrates, where



A TYPE OF THE LOWER YELLOWSTONE.

Shat-al Arab, or the River of Arabs. It rises only two days' journey from Bassora, and divides again into two channels five leagues below. These channels empty themselves in the Persian Gulf. The Shat-al-Arab is undoubtedly the river men-

I have put it; and certainly the geography of the country and neighboring lands of Mesopotamia and Chaldea go far to prove their views were correct. But I have already written more on this point than I had intended; and considering the

manner in which our first parents behaved themselves, it does not matter much to us at this day where they dwelt; certainly they had nothing to do with the origin of the North American Indians, except in a very general and remote way. The posterity of Cain improved the arts taught them by Jubal, built and grew luxurious and extravagant. The children of Seth contemplated the heavenly bodies, and laid the foundation of the science of astronomy. The sons of Seth married the daughters of Cain, and lived unhappily with them. It was now the general corruption of man began, and "the wickedness of the people was very great on the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts was only evil continually," until of all the inhabitants of the earth Noah only was found perfect in the sight of God.

Then came the deluge, and every living human being perished save Noah, and those who were with him in the Ark.

After the flood Noah got drunk, and lay uncovered in his tent. While in this condition his youngest son, Ham, saw him, and called his brethren, Japhet and Shem, that they might see his drunkenness. But they, mindful of their duty, and the respect due their father, instead of ridiculing his nakedness, as did Ham, took a garment between them, and walking in backward covered up Noah. When Noah got sober, and learned of what had occurred, he pronounced the fearful sentence: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be His servant. God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." The extirpation

of the Canaanites, the subjugation of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the slavery of the African negroes, is the fulfillment of this curse



A CHEYENNE.

pronounced on Ham and his son, Canaan. Japhet was, through his son Gomer, the progenitor of almost one-half of the human race. From Gomer sprang the inhabitants of Lesser Asia, or Asia Minor, "the Isles of the Gentiles," and the vast regions of Scythia. Greece poured its people into the western part of Asia Minor, and founded

the kingdoms of Elolia and Ionia; then followed the kingdom of Troy, and all three now form a part of Turkey in Asia. Japhet and Gomer's people settled the northern parts of Europe, spread themselves over the "Isles of the Gentiles," by which is meant Lesser Asia, Greece, Italy, Spain, Gaul, the islands of the *Ægean Sea*, the Mediterranean Sea, and those countries to which the Hebrews were obliged to go by sea. In process of time their descendants became known as Cimbri, Sacasteni, Titans, Celto-Scythians, Iberians, Galatians, Gauls, Celts, and lastly, Irish and Britons. The Irish and Scots who speak the Celtic language are undoubtedly the pure remnants of the descendants of Gomer.

Magog was the second son of Japhet, and he founded the Tartars, Moguls, Siberians, and northern hordes of Scythians. The Arabs call Magog Majug, and locate him at the farther end of Tartary toward the north and northeast. The Scythians broke down the monarchies of the south, and for thirty years were the lords also of Western Asia. It was at the time when the Assyrian Empire was at the highest pitch of its power and greatness, the destroyers advanced through the kingdoms of the south. Luxury, however, accomplished what the valor of their enemies could not do; and the Scythians, enervated and wasted by disunion, at last dropped from their nerveless hands the reins of power, and retired to the desolate plains of the north and northeast. All Northern Asia was colonized by the Scythians, and from these bleak regions came the Red Indians of America. Cabolski, who was for seven years in Siberia inquiring into the origin of nations, says: "All those who are acquainted with ancient history may know that the Scythians, both within and without the mountains of Imaus, inhabited those countries which are now called North Siberia and Kamtchatka; for so we may understand, because the name of Magog is still preserved in many families, towns, and fortifications."

Cabolski wrote a treatise in the Latin tongue on the origin of the Tartars and other northern tribes, and in a manuscript copy still preserved, this learned man says, "After Magog came Gomer, the father of all the Scythians in the north, and from whom are sprung the Red Men of America, who passed over into that country from the north-eastern part of Asia."

Monsieur Pison, a French traveller who visited Siberia under the patronage of the Russian government to inquire into the origin of the northern tribes, says: "As I have already endeavored to point out the different modes in which the nations of the North resemble each other, every one can make his own conclusions. If a person pays attention to the striking circumstance that names of mountains, towns and rivers, can be discovered in Tartary and in Siberia, which indicate their antiquity and origin from those whom the Greeks called Scythians, it appears to me just that no one should any longer doubt the genealogy of this people."

McIntosh, an eminent authority on Indian subjects, says, "From all I can gather I am convinced the people of Tartary and Siberia were originally colonized or peopled by the Scythians, the posterity of Magog; and that Kamtchatka and the north of Siberia being the nearest point of Asia to America whence migrations could easily take place, the Indians of North America can undoubtedly claim the Scythians as their progenitors, and consequently Magog as the founder of their nation."

But the Red Men were not the original inhabitants of America; for previous to their occupancy of this country there dwelt in it a race of men much more populous and much further advanced in civilization. The traces of this ancient people are found in nearly every part of America; but principally along the Onondaga River, the Genesee, Ohio, Lake Erie, and the Valley of the Mississippi. They were skilled in agriculture; they understood the art of weaving; could write in hieroglyphics; knew something of music; could make pottery, and construct materials of various kinds; they dug gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, and made these metals minister to their wants and conveniences; they sculptured in stone, and understood the principles of the arch; they built cities, made salt, brick and cloth; they manufactured chemicals and arms of various kinds; they carved in wood, and had a knowledge of astronomy; they had a regular form of government and an established religion; their priests acknowledged an overruling Providence, and practiced the laying on of hands.

There are many interesting facts connected with this lost race and their arts, only a few of which can be here mentioned. The most notable

jecture that Yucatan, Jucktan, or Juckatan is a name derived from Joktan. But while there is no doubt the North and South American Indians are of different origin, it is only a matter of conjecture where the latter came from.

Of the Red Men we know more, and can show how they got to America and subsequently spread themselves over the continent.

Brerewood, a very learned man, who lived as early as the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote:

"I think it very likely America received her first inhabitants from the east border of Asia; so it is altogether unlike that it received them from any other part of all that border, save from Tartary. This opinion of mine touching the Americans descending from the Tartars rather than from any other nation is based on the fact that the border of Asia is in the near vicinity of America.

"It is certain that the northeast part of Asia possessed by Tartars is if not continent with the west side of America (which yet remains in doubt) certainly and without all doubt is the least disjointed by the sea of all the coast of Asia. Those parts of Asia and America are continent the one with the other, or at most disjointed but by a narrow channel of the ocean."

I am quite of the opinion that long ago Asia and America were connected by land. The two countries are divided by only thirty-nine miles of water and islands. The Straits, as they are called, are situated at the sixtieth degree of north latitude, and in winter are frozen over solid, so that both men and animals can cross on the ice from Kamtchatka to Alaska. But it was not necessary that the people of Asia should have crossed the Straits in winter in order to get to America, for the Aleutian Islands form almost a continuous chain beginning with Behring Island, and extending from opposite to Kamtchatka to Alaska, so that in the rudest canoe an Indian could pass from the eastern extremity of Asia over

to the American shore. An intelligent army officer, who is a good geologist, assured me that the Behring Straits and Aleutian Islands are of comparatively recent origin, and that it is probable, long after the peopling of America began, the old and new continents were connected by land.

Perhaps the strongest proof that our Indians are from Asia is in the fact that the nomadic tribes of Alaska are related to the Kamtchatkans, and even now pass and repass Behring Straits. A tribe has lately been found in Alaska speaking the same language that is spoken in Kamtchatka; and still further, as if to remove all obstacles to the belief that the North American Indian is from Asia, I am assured many tribes on both sides of the Straits are identical in manners, habits and customs. While the geography of the western hemisphere was unknown, the origin of our Indians could not be otherwise than a matter of conjecture; but now that the locality of tribes and the characteristics of our country are known, we can with almost certainty establish the nativity of the Red Man.

It is not within the scope of this article to enter into further particulars concerning this interesting subject, but I will remark that sixty-nine authorities examined all point to the same conclusion, and it can be satisfactorily proved our Indians are Asiatics: 1st. By their similarity of features and complexions. 2d. By similarity of languages. 3d. By similarity of religion. 4th. By similarity of dress and ornaments. 5th. By similarity of marriages. 6th. By similarity of methods in making war. 7th. By similarity of dances. 8th. By similarity of sacrifices. 9th. By similarity of funeral rites. 10th. By similarity of festivals and beliefs concerning dreams. 11th. By similarity of games. 12th. By similarity of practice in naming children. 13th. By similarity of dwellings. 14th. By similarity in forms of government.

GIVE a little to those who ask, even though you suspect them to be impostors. It may not do good to them, but it will to you.

INSULT not misery, neither deride infirmity, nor ridicule deformity; the first is inhuman, the second shows folly, and the third pride.

IN the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never lasting; the tree forced to unnatural luxuriance of bloom bears it, and dies.

BAD habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

TWO OF A NAME.

BY HARRIET N. SMITH.

I.

THE light of a summer evening was fast fading as lower and lower bent the head of a young lady over a letter she held in her hand, and the flush deepened on her cheek as sentence after sentence was devoured, until at the last word, made out in the fast-gathering twilight, these bitter words escaped her:

"So, *that's* the reason James Hovey ceased his attentions so suddenly! We'll see, Grace Bradley."

"Yes, I'm coming," she called, in reply to the voice of her brother at the foot of the stairs; and thrusting the letter into her bosom, she hastened to array herself for a ride her brother and four of their young friends had planned to the Allston's, a pleasant farm-house in the suburbs of the city of P—.

Seated in the carriage, amid the lively chat and pleasant anticipations of the gay party, she tried to forget the sinful purpose she had formed after reading that letter.

That letter was addressed to a young school-teacher, who had a month ago taken a situation in one of the public schools of P—, and been handed her by the postman that morning. The teacher's name was Grace B. Bradley; hers simply Grace Bradley. This the postman failing to notice, and the fact that Grace B. had received no letters since her arrival in the city, led to the mistake.

As she took the letter from the man she saw it was not for her; but detecting the handwriting of James Hovey, the principal of the high-school of P—, and who had paid her some attention on his first acquaintance, she resolved to keep it, and ascertain why he was writing to the new teacher. This was what she had read in the letter:

"MY FRIEND: I can no longer keep silence; and at the risk of seeming presumptuous, I must express to you the admiration, nay love, that has sprung up in my heart for you during this last month in which I have been favored with your acquaintance.

"I was attracted to you at once upon our introduction, and as I learned more of your tastes and character, have become convinced no other can be to me what you can, *if returning my love.*

"I have taken courage at last to say this because of that smile and word you gave me last evening. I have just accepted the situation offered me at C—, of which I told you then, and as the salary is such an advance on that I am now getting, I feel justified in proposing marriage so soon as you would consent. I hope I shall not alarm my charming friend with unseemly haste; but as I must leave here for my duties at the West on Monday morning, I have stated thus plainly my desires, and beg you will answer this as soon as possible, that is, if you return my affection; if otherwise, let your silence alone inform me, as I think I could not bear to read the words, 'I love you not.'

"I should have told you all this in the call I purposed this evening, but the sudden illness of my room-mate keeps me at his side. With sincerest affection I am, yours ever,

"JAMES HOVEY."

In his hurry to attend the call of the doctor, who at that moment appeared at the door, he neglected to put the number of Grace's boarding-place on the letter, making the mistake of the postman the more excusable.

When James Hovey took the school at P—, of which he was principal, Grace Bradley was a pupil, nearly ready to graduate. She was a bright, attractive girl, and in his loneliness in a new position he had responded to the cordiality of her invitation to call at their house. Her mother had died when she was quite young, and herself and only brother had been brought up by a kind but too indulgent father, who had not suffered Grace, his only daughter, to feel any restraint to her pride; so, though James had paid her considerable attention, he from the first had seen that she could never be aught to him than a pleasant friend. She saw that this was all she was to him, but yet hoped in time to win him to love her as she, all unasked, had learned to love him. Now that she had discovered what she had suspected, his love for the other Grace, she resolved he should never marry her, could she prevent it.

All through that gay evening at the Allston's

her abstraction was noticed, and at an early hour she persuaded her brother, who was to start early on the morrow for the South to settle in business there, to return home.

She hardly waited to say good-night to her father, but hastened to her room, again to peruse with tears of disappointed affection the letter. What should she do with it? Anything his hand had touched was dear to her, and so laying it tenderly in a private drawer she locked it, and retired to toss restlessly until near dawn, when she was awakened by her brother's voice at the door, to say good-by. She threw on a wrapper, kissed him with tears, saw him from her window driven away to the cars, and fell into a sleep of exhaustion, from which in an hour she was roused by the call of her servant to hurry down, for her father was very sick.

Hastening down she found him unconscious, and breathing heavily. A doctor was at once summoned, and to his question of "where is your brother?" she said, "many miles away, by this time." To her anxious inquiries about her father, he, the doctor, said: "He is in a fit, I fear of apoplexy. We will use active remedies, but it is my duty to inform you to be prepared for the worst." She saw it all, that she should soon be alone; her brother could not be recalled, as they knew not where to direct a telegram at present.

The physician at last succeeded in bringing him to seeming consciousness; his eyes sought his daughter's face, and to her clasp of his hand he returned a faint pressure, but relapsed almost immediately into unconsciousness, from which he could not be roused, and as night fell breathed his last, leaving his misguided daughter to pursue a course of life that would lead her—where?

Friends and neighbors had kindly come to her assistance, and at her request telegraphed to an aunt of hers, who lived in the suburbs of C—, the city at the West where James Hovey was.

She arrived in time to assist her niece in the packing up and removing, for Grace had asked could she make her home with her? she could not stay in P— now.

Yes, her aunt was quite willing to take the orphan to her home, made now quite desolate by the marriage and departure of an only daughter, and so vigorously was the packing carried forward that at the close of two weeks the house was sold to a new doctor who had just settled in P—, and

Grace and her aunt were on their way to their Western home.

James's letter to Grace B. Bradley had been written the Thursday of the week of the death of Mr. Bradley. He waited anxiously for a reply, and at last saw the Sabbath pass without one. No hope, he sadly thought; I will trouble her no more. His trunk was already packed for an early start on the morning train. At seven it bore him to his distant home, and the woman he loved and who loved him wondered and wept in silence over his departure, while the guilty cause of this suffering hugged her secret, and prepared to act on the knowledge gained.

Her father had left the house and a few thousands in the bank, that at his death was divided between his children, and for the present she was free from care; and though so alone in the world, was she not being borne every moment nearer to him who was all the world to her?

James had settled in his new position, found it a pleasant one, and would have been more than content had not his heart received a wound that time and distance failed to heal.

He was greatly surprised to read in a paper sent him from P— the death of Mr. Bradley, and still more surprised to meet, some three months after her arrival at B—, the suburb where was the home of her aunt, Grace, his daughter.

She had long ere this found out his school, and from the window of a hotel where she stopped on her visits to the city furtively watched him on his way thither.

As they now shook hands and walked slowly down the street, she informed him she was in pursuit of a situation as assistant in some of the schools of the city. She noticed his look of surprise, and added: "Poor father left me a competence that with frugality I might make suffice, but you recollect the ambitions of my school days. I think I should be far happier in some daily employment where I could be useful also."

"Certainly," he replied; "there is no better cure for sorrow, too, than active employment;" adding, with a sigh, "I could hardly live without it."

She knew the cause of that sigh, she pitied him; she said to herself, "I will make him forget; I will win him to happiness," but in reply said, with a flash of her brilliant eyes from under her mourning veil:

"Do you need a medicine for sorrow?"

"Few of us at our years but have tasted somewhat of life's bitter springs; don't you think so?"

"Probably; but really I must return to business. Can you inform me if there are any vacancies now in any of the schools?"

"No, I think of none now; but my assistant is to leave at the end of the month, and, though there are three others anxiously waiting examination as substitutes for the few months she will be gone, I will try, if you wish it, to obtain the situation for you; and at the end of the term some other vacancy may occur that may be permanent for you."

"Oh, thank you; it will seem like old times to be in school with you;" and then dropping her eyes, her voice choked with emotion, she added, "I am so alone now; I dread to go among strangers."

James Hovey, though a high-minded Christian gentleman, was nevertheless but a man, and though far from being in love with Grace, his heart was full of sympathy for the orphan girl at his side. He appreciated, too, her desire to be associated with him, and so he uttered words of warm sympathy, and returned her compliment by adding, "And I shall be glad to have for assistant my bright pupil of old." How could he guess the thrill of joy that filled the heart of the scheming, loving girl at his side?

"Then I must hasten home," she said, as she wiped her tears away, and gave him a grateful smile. "If you will let me know the decision of the committee, and if I may come out for examination, I will say good-by, as the cars start soon, you know."

"Yes," he replied, as he escorted her to the station, and saw her seated in the cars, "I will write you at once." She gave him her address, and an invitation to call at her aunt's, and as the bell rung for starting, he bade her good-by. She, in a flutter of delight to think over his manifest pleasure at meeting her, his kindness in trying to secure her a place in his school; and he feeling a happiness in meeting an old pupil and friend and being able to assist her in her search for a situation. As for love, that was very far from his thoughts; but an old adage says, "hearts are caught in the rebound," and with all her arts and personal attractions brought to bear upon him in

his despondency, the proverb will be likely to prove true.

He informed the committee the next day that an old pupil of his at P—, who had graduated with honor, being left an orphan, desired the situation; would they allow her an examination?

Yes, they would as a favor to him, though it had been expected one of the candidates in waiting would have it of course.

So he wrote her to be at his school-house on the next Saturday afternoon at two o'clock for examination.

She was there promptly, and was so happy as to obtain the place. How far her mourning garb, her pale, young beauty, her fascinations of manner won over the hearts of that rough Western committee, is not for me to say. Scholarship does not always tell in these examinations, I believe.

And now that it was decided, and she remained alive after the black looks of the three unsuccessful aspirants as they passed her on their departure from the school-room, James said to her:

"You will step over to this restaurant opposite, will you not, and have refreshment? for you look quite wearied out."

With a bright smile she accepted; and after partaking of coffee and cake, he escorted her to the cars once more, this time, to her joy, taking a seat beside her, saying, "I believe it will do me good to get a sight of the country, if you will allow me to accompany you home."

"Certainly; aunt I know will be delighted to welcome you; and you will stop to tea, will you not?"

"Thank you," he replied; and chatting of old times, they arrived at the station of B—.

It was a pleasant exchange for James from his boarding-house, with its stereotyped dishes, to this airy cottage, all neatness and coolness. The vine-wreathed piazza, the well-ordered table, with its delicacies, fruits and flowers; and then the sweet deference of Grace to her old teacher! Never obtrusive, careful not to show him at once all her preference, yet always thoughtful for his comfort and happiness, was it strange the cloud lifted from his brow; that the other and far sweeter Grace of the past became less the subject of his thoughts?

As he rode home thinking over his invitation to spend, as often as he wished, his Sabbaths with

them, he certainly was not sorry he had met Grace once more.

If he had lost the loved one, was there not here another who might in time become a solace at least to his empty heart? He forgot for the time all the faults that had led to a former decision.

At any rate, a fortnight from that Saturday he accompanied Grace—who had assumed her school duties on the Monday morning after his visit—home to spend the Sabbath.

How delightful they were. Walking through the green lanes with this beautiful girl at his side, and in church singing from the same book. The quiet tea, and after, the favorite hymns together, Grace, who was a fine player, accompanying them on the piano.

He wondered if he could not love this Grace. Certainly she was far more brilliant and intellectual than the other; but here there suddenly came to him the soft beautiful eyes, the winsome, appealing manner of the lost one, and his voice ceased so suddenly that Grace looked up, and he stammeringly said:

"I believe I am not in tune to-night."

How this girl wondered over the cause of his agitation; how she watched him the remainder of the evening, while he still pondered the question could he love again!

This girl won golden opinions from all visitors at the school; his male friends had told him they envied him her friendship; he thought, though she is so shy and unresponsive to all other men, how she seems to cling to me and defer to all my opinions! But then he thought, too, of a certain secretiveness of manner, a kind of guiltiness, that he had particularly observed when their conversation had turned on the old times and acquaintance of P—.

Once when he had asked her had she become at all acquainted with the new school-teacher bearing her name before leaving, she had flashed on him such a wild, startled look of inquiry as to cause him surprise; and the tremor of her voice as she replied, "Not at all," had cost him a good deal of thought.

He was singularly open and truthful, and could never bring himself to associate with persons who dealt in secrets, or worked in the dark. It had been the discovery of this trait in her as a pupil that had effectually kept him from losing his heart.

But had he not been unjust? She had early

been left motherless, and perhaps had grown uncommunicative from having no one to truly sympathize with her. Poor girl! he thought, she shall be judged charitably at least by me, to whom she has brought so much brightness and pleasure.

These thoughts passed through James's mind as they sat side by side on the sofa one Sabbath evening about six months after his removal to the West. The clock struck nine, ten, ere he could summon resolution to tear himself from the fascinations of her conversation, her bewildering smiles. I do believe she loves me, he thought; and he was almost tempted to ask the question, and declare how much he had become interested in her, but something seemed telling him to wait. But as he rose early Monday morning, after an unusually tender smile from her and returned pressure of his hand at parting, he resolved another Sabbath night should settle the question; for he would not trifle with any one's affections.

Another Sunday night, ah! what can happen before then?

On entering his boarding-house that Monday morning, who should he meet but an old friend of his who was in business at P—, and going westward on a visit to friends, had stopped over a train to see him.

James took him to his room for a few moments, as his school would soon claim him, and together they ran over the news of P—.

"Oh, by the way," said his friend Hoyt, "you recollect that pretty new school-mistress who had been there about a month, and who Williams said he thought at one time you had a fancy for; she's to be married soon to Doctor Day, the new doctor, you know, that bought old Bradley's house, and rushed right into practice, and of course has all the old M.D.'s down on him. He's a bachelor of thirty or thereabouts, and though they say he had hard work to get her, that some younger chap had got into her heart before, yet he was so kind to the little thing in a sickness she had soon after you left, that at last she consented, and he's having the old place all made over, with bay window and what not for the bride."

With a blanched face James had listened while his companion rattled on, until now never suspecting how deep had been his affection for this girl, or how she was enshrined in his heart until knowing she was to become another's.

Not getting a reply, Hoyt looked up and asked:
"Sick, Jim? you look like a ghost."

"No," he said, recovering himself with an effort; "but really, Hoyt, it wants ten minutes to nine, and you must come along with me to school. You will stop to dinner?"

"No, no; impossible. My train leaves at nine; so good-by and come and see us. I say us, for you'll find Annie and I at housekeeping then."

"Ah! Fred, you've won her then?"

"Yes; and, old boy, I may as well tell you I was a little jealous of you while she was in school."

"Me? Why, I should as soon thought of wooing a fire-fly as that dancing sprite!"

"Ha! ha! she can dance still, I tell you; but be sure and come. Good-by!"

"Good-by;" and the friends separated at the hotel door, and Hoyt was soon after on his way westward. But he left behind what made the heart of James like lead in his bosom.

He became conscious soon after entering the school-room that the eyes of Grace were studying his face; and trying to assume a cheerfulness he was far from feeling, he thought "I must at recess tell her the news of P—."

Accordingly, when all the scholars had left the building, he crossed to her desk and informed her of Hoyt's call, and the news he had brought. She saw how he forced himself to keep a steady tone when speaking of the other Grace, and she no longer wondered at the cloud on his brow when he entered the school-room.

And could he fail to see the exultant eyes, the whole change of manner in her as he spoke of the approaching marriage of the school-teacher at P—?

"You were not acquainted with either of these persons, I believe?" he asked, as a solution of the change in her manner.

With one swift search of his face, she replied:

"With her, no; but Doctor Day, you will recollect, bought my father's house, and I saw him a few times."

"Oh, yes, of course; but you blushed so when I mentioned his name I did not know but he was an old lover of yours."

"No, indeed," she answered.

The bell rung to recall the children, and no more was said. As usual he walked with her to the cars, saw her off with perhaps a warmer pressure of the hand than ever before, and he decided,

as he returned home, to offer himself the next Sabbath evening.

And was the other Grace to marry Doctor Day?

James Hovey's sudden departure without a word of explanation, after his words and manner of the previous evening, fell like a thunderbolt on the heart of Grace B. Bradley.

She hoped and waited a month or more that a letter might explain it, but at last sadly and indignantly came to believe he was only amusing himself in his attentions, and calling pride to her aid resolved to put his image from her heart. Poor little Grace! she bravely kept up, went to her school, performed her duties faithfully, if hopelessly, and came home to her boarding-house to shut herself in her room, throw her weary body upon her bed, and weep out her disappointment. This went on for a week. Then one Sabbath morning she failed to appear at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Grant, her kind landlady, on going to her room, found her too ill to rise. A slow fever set in, with loss of appetite and sleeplessness, and on Tuesday she was so much worse as to demand that a doctor should be called.

Doctor Day's office was on the next street, and he was summoned. He pronounced it a low nervous fever, that must have its course. Rest, quiet, he insisted upon, and leaving a prescription said he would call on the morrow.

"But, doctor, I must go to my school in a day or two; can't I?" she asked.

"No indeed; if you are there in three weeks it will be at your peril. You have exhausted a never too strong vitality, and must now recuperate."

The tears sprang to the eyes of the fatherless girl, who had taken this situation of teacher to assist in the education of a younger brother, who with herself were the only children of their widowed mother, residing in a small town fifty miles distant.

"There, there, don't be disheartened," said Doctor Day, with a most kindly smile—people said his smile did as much good as his medicines—"your school will not run away. Forget all about it for the present, and we will see how you are to-morrow."

After his departure she had a good cry, which perhaps went as far in restoring the over-tasked nerves as the doctor's prescription, which threw her into a deep sleep, in which she forgot the vexing questions of how she should make up the

loss of so much of her salary, and pay a doctor's bill, too.

The Saturday before her illness she had overheard a pupil telling another that their old teacher, Mr. Hovey, was said to be engaged to Mr. Bradley's daughter, who had gone West, and was an assistant in his school.

This was the blow that had sent Grace to a sick bed.

But hers was too pure and noble a nature to allow a man's faithlessness to overcome her sense of what she knew to be her duties to others. Slowly she convalesced, and at last was able to sit up. One of her pupils to whom she was much attached insisted on devoting herself to her through her sickness, and good Mrs. Grant racked her invention in getting up delicacies for the fastidious appetite.

In three weeks from her attack, one Saturday morning, Grace, dressed in a soft gray suit, her bright hair, innocent of all frizzes, rippling away from her broad, low brow, and knotted loosely beneath her shade hat, from which floated a blue scarf about her white throat, a bit of white lilac caught in the blue ribbon at her breast, made, coming down the steps of her boarding-house, a very pretty picture—at least so thought Doctor Day, who just then stopped his horse at the gate and asked:

"Will you take a ride? I shan't allow you to walk far yet."

Poor doctor! he had in these weeks of his visits on the lovely patient succumbed at last to the wicked little god. Hitherto he had passed unscathed through the ordeal of fascinations brought to bear upon him, as a wealthy bachelor, from the marriageable ladies, old and young, of P—.

Devoted to his widowed mother, who presided at his home, he had never, since his seventeenth year, when he supposed himself in love with a schoolmate, who jilted him for another, cared much for ladies' society.

But this brave little Grace, only eighteen, leaving home, and taking upon her the wearing duties of teacher in a public school, that her brother might be educated—this he had learned from Mrs. Grant—seemed such a self-sacrificing little thing, and was withal so refined, gentle, and thoroughly winsome, that as he saw her day after day he had begun to wonder if he could not love such a flower, could it be won to wear in his bosom.

Nearly twice her age, was it possible she would think of him? Dear child, if she would, how much he could do for her and her loved ones. Here was his nicely-appointed home. Dearly as he loved his mother, there were times when the vision of this fair girl, sitting by her side in the beautiful rooms, no longer obliged to labor in tasks too hard for her, came over him. And then that boy, he would make a doctor of him, if he wished; he needed a boy right away in his office, and the mother, she should come too, and the two old ladies should live over their youth in their children. Most persons who have arrived at adult age will smile doubtless at this idea of generous Doctor Day, of bringing two families under one roof. The thing don't always work well, at least.

He had thought this all out on his ride that morning, and as he seated her beside him had fully made up his mind to speak.

As he took the lines, he remarked:

"So now my little patient, I suppose, will be starting for school again soon?"

"I want to begin on Monday, if you think I may; and, doctor, if you will make out my bill I will settle it at the end of the month, if you will wait until then."

"Now, don't you go to talking of bills when all these spring glories are before you, young lady," he said.

"But really sir"—

"No more," he said, quickly; and smiling he pointed out the beauties of the river that then burst upon their view winding along through green banks.

A pleasant drive through the suburbs in the exhilarating air, wakened up to new life the drooping girl, whose childish exclamations of delight brought smiles to his face, when at last they turned toward home, and he abruptly asked:

"Your father is dead, I believe?"

"Yes; he died when I was five years old."

"And do you always intend to teach school?"

"I suppose so; that is if I can always get one to teach."

"No danger of that; but most young ladies of your age, and I may add your attractions, decide to marry; don't they, generally?"

"I suppose some do."

"Now, don't you think you had better, too? You will hardly be able, I fear, to stand the wear and tear of our public schools."

"Oh, I hope I shall," was almost breathlessly answered; "for"—

She paused abruptly.

"For what?" he asked.

"My mother's and Willie's sake; they depend so much upon me, and would feel so badly were they to mistrust I was at all unfit for my duties."

"Now, my child, I have a nice home, an ample fortune left me by my good father, and I want to share them with just such a little dear, unselfish child as you are. I'm almost twice your age; you could find many younger and more attractive men to love you than me; but none who would take better care of you and yours. Could you love me a little—enough to become mistress of that home as my wife?"

As he began, the astonished eyes of Grace were lifted to his face for a moment, then as he went on, began to fill with tears, the little hands clasped nervously together, and as he paused for a reply, her tongue refused to utter a word.

At last he asked:

"Is there any other one who claims this little girl, any other she loves?"

"No," she at last said, lifting her clear eyes to his face, "no one has any *claim* upon me; but there is one I fear I love, even now."

"Ah!" and a shadow fell upon the face of Doctor Day.

"You have been so kind, have so honored me with this offer of yourself and home, that I must tell you all. There was one, I don't know he loved me, but his eyes said so, and all his actions expressed it; but he is to marry another, I suppose now soon, and I must forget him," and here, though she struggled bravely to keep calm, her head went down into her hands, and her form shook with suppressed sobs.

"This will never do; never," he said, trying to take her hands. "As your physician, I must tell you you will bring on a relapse; and think of the school," he adroitly said, knowing this would soonest bring her to calmness. At last she dried her tears, and he said, "I feared that something preyed upon your mind; that your illness was the result of mental distress as well as physical weakness. Now, think no more of a dastard who could cause such a heart as yours a grief; you will outgrow this sorrow, I think, as I did a similar one in my youth. And you will think of what I have said to you, little Grace?" and his voice fell to

tenderness, and he longed to take the grieving girl in his arms and comfort her as a child should be; but, as a wise physician, he allowed the storm of tears to relieve the burdened heart.

At last she wiped them away, and said, with a grateful smile, a little sad, but tender still:

"Yes, I will think of your proposal. You are most kind; I am very grateful, do believe;" and as they had now gained the street she boarded on, with a "thank you, dear child," he handed her out; and with a command to Mrs. Grant not to allow her to take her school on Monday, he drove home.

After dinner he told his mother all about it. Ridiculous as it may seem to this advanced age, this mother and son had few secrets from each other, and this had kept this noble fellow pure through his youth and college days. He had brought all his griefs to her, believed her his best friend; and though the rakes at college named him "spoony," he cared little for their contempt so his mother approved him.

Now, as with his enthusiastic manner, he unfolded his matrimonial plans, he felt greatly relieved that her first words were these:

"Poor little thing; so delicate, and alone in the city!"

"But she's not going to be alone a month longer, mother, if I can prevail on her to marry me."

"Why, Alfred," and the astonished eyes were lifted through her glasses, "you quite take away my breath. Think of the preparations for a bride we shall have to make."

"Nonsense, mother; here we are all right and settled, this side the house, at least."

"But the child herself; think how much she will have to do. And of course her mother will wish her to come home at once, if she consents to the wedding."

"Don't you fear, mother; I'm going to try and settle all that without that child having to go through, in her weak state, with all that nonsense of bridal trousseau, etc."

"But, Alfred"—

"Not another objection, mother, if you please; just take to your sofa and nap, and I'll to my office for mine, for last night's watching has done me over."

But before Doctor Day dropped off in that nap he thought over a little sadly that other lover

of Grace's, and decided he was glad he was not a patient of his, else he might be obliged to keep putting up the petition, "lead us not into temptation."

And Grace, poor Grace! she had thought over that question of the doctor's, had with a few pitying tears laid away that first love, and half resolved to reward the kindness and delicate attentions of Doctor Day by becoming his wife. Not to escape care and labor; no, brave little Grace did not shrink from these, and would have scorned herself could she have married from mere mercenary motives. There was something in the frank, fatherly manner of the doctor that greatly won upon the fatherless girl, and in a letter she posted to her mother the morning after the ride, telling her all, not withholding even the other love, and that she thought she had buried it deep away, she closed with these words: "I do believe I could love him enough to become his wife from gratitude alone."

Her mother's reply had been favorable to the doctor, but closed with the strong desire to see him or his picture before she gave a final answer.

This request of her mother's Grace confided to him on their next drive, which took place the day after the conversation with his mother.

"Quite a natural desire, I'm sure, and I've a picture here in my pocket at this moment," and he handed one no man need be ashamed to own as his likeness. "And now, Gracie," he said, "I would just like to take you right home to your mother and ask consent before what I'm going to say; but all these patients of mine—don't you suppose they'd protest against their doctor leaving them a day or two? Have you settled that question yet? I am a very impatient man, I assure you."

"I would like mother to see your picture first, I think."

"Right, I had forgotten; please hold the lines a moment," and he stopped at an express office, was out, had the picture enclosed and sent with a laconic letter, in these words:

"Please be favorable.

"ALFRED DAY, M.D."

Was out again, took the reins, told her of his letter, and added:

"Now, as soon as I get a reply to that letter, I shall expect one to my question. Will you promise?"

"Yes," she whispered, and after a pleasant drive of an hour he set her down at Mrs. Grant's.

Two days from this he overtook her returning from her school, where she had again assumed her place, and after seating her in the carriage handed her a letter he had just taken from the office, containing these words:

"DOCTOR DAY—*Dear Sir*: I can but trust my dearest earthly treasure in the keeping of a man who carries this face. M. BRADLY."

"And now for the reply to my question, little one," and he gently drew her to his side.

A moment of silence, the doctor took one of the trembling hands, saying, "Your promise, you recollect."

Then Grace lifted her clear, truthful eyes to his face, saying:

"If you will take such a poor little love as I can offer, in return for your generous one; if you will believe that other one is being buried every day out of sight, and that in time I shall reward your kindness with a truer, nobler one, why"—and the other hand stole into his, the face was hidden on his breast, and the doctor, dropping the lines, allowed old Bill to take his own gait up the long hill, as he clasped her close, whispering:

"All I ask, my dear little conscientious darling; I am content to wait for the rest. And now," he added, as they gained the top of the hill, and Grace raised her head and adjusted her hat, that somehow had got considerably crushed, "I'm going to drive right to my home and introduce you to my mother."

After a little pretty protesting about her school dress and hat she gave a blushing assent, and they were soon at the door, and Grace introduced to motherly Mrs. Day, who from her portly dignity beamed on the shrinking little thing as a great friendly swan might upon a cygnet.

After chatting a while, the doctor said:

"Now, mother, I'm going to get a few ideas about the bay window we're having thrown out, from this young lady, if she will give them; we will be back soon," and he drew her away to the other side of the house, where the workmen had nearly got an opening made, and just as they came in sight the boards fell, the plastering and debris were battered down, and after the cloud of dust raised had settled they advanced to the spot, which was just under the window of a large bedroom that had belonged to the other Grace.

Taking a plan of the window from his pocket he unfolded it before her, stooping as he did so to describe its dimensions on the ground, and as she dropped her eyes they fell upon a letter at her feet; she picked it up, saying:

"Here's a letter; I wonder who it belongs to," and turning it over she read her own name in James Hovey's handwriting.

She turned so pale that the doctor came to her side, glanced at the address, and said:

"Your own; are you going to faint? Take this seat," placing a garden chair at a little distance. "Do you recognize the hand?" he said, as she sank trembling into it.

"Yes, it is his; leave me, please, a moment," and he walked away to his workmen, while she tore open the letter and read the words James had written, offering heart and hand just eight months ago.

THE WOES OF THE INARTISTIC.

BY LEIGH S. NORTH.

My sister Bab is a genius; I record the fact with a sigh, but without any mental reservation. It has been at times the pleasure, more frequently the pain, of my life. We were little girls, living with our grandmother since the death of our parents, when the idea first dawned upon my mind, and youthful and inexperienced as I was, it sent a chill of foreboding to my heart. Who else but a genius could model her mud pies into such varied shapes and designs? Who could draw such figures on the sand, or chalk such sketches on the barn-door or the side of the house? Even at the table the subject was still pursued, and she cut her bread into figures, and sketched on the butter-pot, at least when grandma's back was turned.

This was the day of pencils; but when the crayons came and the paints, my cup was full. An artist strayed into our neighborhood, and in one of her daily rambles Barbara crossed his path; her fate was sealed from that hour. The very sight of his appliances for work seemed to fascinate her; and to be near him and watch his labors was her perfect delight.

"Where's Barbara?" my grandmother would say to me, finding me curled up in some out-of-the-way corner with a book. "I don't know, ma'am;" and then a search would be instituted, and the run-away would be found in some adjacent meadow under Mr. Knight's large shade umbrella, which he used when painting; or she would come running in flushed and heated, from some more remote point at which Mr. Knight had

been sketching, just as the search was at its height, and grandma beginning to be worried and a little cross. That summer, to Barbara's intense regret and to my grandmother's and my relief, came to an end, and the artist departed. But he left behind him a little sting in the shape of a box of colors, which became Barbara's most cherished treasure. She rose at dawn to use them, and could be discovered in the shades of evening still bending over and trying to continue her work. "The child will put out her eyes," my grandmother remarked, testily; and I began to fear so too. But Barbara worked serenely on, unmindful of and imperious to all opposition expressed or understood. My grandmother was in despair; but it would have broken the child's heart to deprive her of her treasure; so she unwillingly submitted.

Years passed on, and alone and unaided Barbara had made real progress; she had converted a little corner of the garret into a studio, and as my grandmother had laid an embargo on the paints being transported through the house, we were free from any damage therefrom, Barbara's face, fingers, and dress alone testifying to their unornamental powers. But those quiet days and the home labors came to an end; the dear old grandmother that had watched over our childhood was taken away from us, and Barbara and I stood alone. "We must go to the city where I can study," she said, with unusual decision; and I, whose heart ached so sadly, and who had no engrossing pursuit like my sister, yielded. It mattered little to me where I went, so that we

were together, and the old home was full of melancholy recollection; yet I dreaded, too, this plunge into a new and strange life, and had not her serene conviction that all would be well with us. It was a good deal of an undertaking for two young girls with scarcely an acquaintance in that great Babel, and whose common purse was none of the largest; but "where there is a will there is a way" they say, and the old adage proved true with us. We were going to set up "light house-keeping," and the search for rooms that were in a proper situation and came within our limited means was a long one; but we found something at last that we thought might answer, Barbara was entered as a pupil at the academy, and we were fairly launched on our venture.

We slept that first night in a perfect chaos of trunks, furniture, etc., cooked breakfast as we could over a candle, and then Barbara kissed me and went smiling away, leaving me to wrestle with the problem of our domestic life. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; but felt profoundly thankful, as I heard her receding footsteps, that I too was not a genius. Pretty Barbara! How winsome she looked with that halo of golden hair which she was always hopelessly trying to smooth down; but which would ripple and riot all over her head. That creamy, rose-tinted skin, with the sea-shell pink in her cheeks, the full, rosy lips, and the large hazel eyes, which somehow surprised you always that they were not blue, set off as it all was by her plain little black bonnet and dress. If she was a genius she was a beauty, too, I thought, half proudly and yet half fearful of the consequences of both.

But I must rouse myself and go to work. The little room with the north light must be used for a studio when it was needed for that purpose; but it must also serve for a depository for trunks and various other things that were not daily in demand. The large room in the centre must be parlor, dining-room and bed-room, and the little dark cupboard beyond, which was only lighted from the open door, must contain the cooking stove and serve as a kitchen. I could not have that department always before my eyes, and wanted some place that I could shut it away. It was useless to consult Barbara in the arrangements; "I don't care; just as you please, Nell," was her usual answer. She came back for the little lunch I had prepared, noted with pleasure the greater

capacity which the room afforded for locomotion since I had moved some of the trunks and other obstructions, and went back to the academy for the afternoon class.

She was to do the studying now and the money-making in the future, and I was to take charge of the domestic affairs; so we divided the labors. Barbara put me in mind of the "lilies of the field" sometimes, she took so little thought for anything. I looked out over the roofs (we were high up in the world) tired, but tolerably well satisfied with the result when my day's work was done. But it was many days before I felt settled in our new home; before I had curtained off our bed in the corner, hung up the pictures, and made our living room as dainty and pretty as I could, and there were constantly new touches to be added, and new improvements to be made, Barbara saw and appreciated and occasionally in the evening lent a helping hand. That was the useful side of her; but these were melancholy days for me when her belongings were scattered more than usually far and wide, when "dear Nell" felt obliged to sew up various rents and tears lest they should never be repaired, and when the last tube of paint, or the bottle of oil distributed its unwelcome contents over the table-cover, or her dress, or any other place that it was not wanted, and necessitated a frightful amount of work to restore things to their normal condition. Barbara was very sweet, very penitent, and very willing to try and repair damages; but after she had burnt the front of her dress with a hot iron trying to take out a stain, I preferred endeavoring to repair things myself.

So, gradually, we became domesticated; our few acquaintances in the city found us out, and the new life began to seem like an old story. Barbara worked ceaselessly, and I fancied sometimes, with a troubled feeling, that her cheeks were losing a little of their roundness, and that some shade of the old color was wanting; but she was eager and interested, and would not listen to any word of remonstrance, disclaiming the idea that anything she was doing could or would hurt her. Neither did the days pass idly for me; besides the necessary work a thousand little things that had to be done and yet were not calculated for beforehand seemed to take up my time, and left me little leisure for the reading which was my chief delight.

One day we had a visitor from the country, an old man who had been half a friend, half a dependent, of my grandmother's.

"I thought I'd come down and see how you were getting along," he said, and we could not but be glad to see him. He caught Barbara on one of her little "home-runs," as she called them, and with a sigh she concluded that she would have to relinquish going back to the academy, for he had made quite an effort to come and see us. So we sat and talked together of the old times till it suddenly dawned upon me that we had had no lunch or dinner, and that doubtless our old friend expected to be asked to share that repast with us. Here was rather a serious difficulty; we had never had a guest before; I did not relish the idea of doing my cooking and going through the usual routine of work before him. On the other hand, if I shut myself up in my little cupboard kitchen I was in total darkness, and to leave the door open as I usually did was simply to invite inspection. I was totally unprovided with candles or lamps, as I obtained my light by night from the large room, where we had gas. What *was* I to do? To don my bonnet and go out to purchase a candle seemed to me like suggesting to him to leave, and I called myself all sorts of hard names for being caught thus unprovided. So I left him with Barbara, shut myself in, and by the joint aid of a sort of flambeau, composed sometimes of paper and sometimes of a splinter of wood, and the firelight, managed to make the necessary preparations. I gave myself a fine color, and do not know that I should ever dare to undertake the like again, as it was an enterprise fraught with peril. But I did not set myself or anything else on fire, and I experienced the sensation of satisfaction which comes after one has conquered difficulties, as we at last sat down to our meal. The next day I bought a tin candlestick and some candles.

One day Barbara came rushing up the stairs with more than her usual impetuosity. I could detect a meaning in her footsteps even before she reached me, and gasped out, "Oh, Nell!" unable to proceed further.

"Bab, you must not run up stairs so; don't you know its very bad for you," I began, but my lecture was ruthlessly interrupted.

"Nell, there is a prize offered at the academy for an original picture, and I am going to try for

it, and—and you had better make up your mind to stand as a model. I don't know what my picture will be yet, but I shall be likely to want you to stand, at any rate."

"I'll do what I can," I said, with assumed cheerfulness, but my heart sank a little. I had tried being her model before, and it had palled upon me frightfully. "Barbara, dear, you must not set your heart on this thing too much; you know you might be disappointed, and some one else get it."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said, half impatiently, "but I will try; and at least it will not be lost time even if I do not win the prize. Hunt up Tennyson, the 'Idyls of the King,' for me; I shall want to look over them this evening. I think I shall take my picture from that," and with a few more words on the subject she went back to her class. So her evening was spent in searching through various volumes of poetry, and she selected the scene in Elaine where Launcelot pins her favor in his helmet. After that all her spare time at home was devoted to making sketches for her intended picture, during which I was remorselessly ordered away at intervals from my occupation, whatever it might be, and required to pose for Elaine, Launcelot, and even for the horse which she had decided to introduce in her picture.

"But, Bab," I remonstrated, "I don't see how you can manage the horse; you certainly cannot use me throughout, and where can you get one?"

"You will see," was her serene and confident reply.

One afternoon I heard her coming up the stairs, but there were other footsteps accompanying hers, and I laid down my book to listen. In a moment more what was my dismay when a tall young man was ushered into the room. "Mr. Ruthven, my sister." He was rather good-looking, I noted, but he seemed as little prepared for encountering me as I had been to meet him. "Barbara!" I said, in a slightly reproachful tone.

"He is good enough to be my model for Launcelot," she said, by way of explanation, as she went forward to the room she called the studio, motioning him to follow. I stood at the door and watched them for a few minutes, wondering whether my duties as duenna required that I should take up my station in the room; but it was small and crowded, and there really seemed no place for me. She said very little, and he almost

morning, but he evidently posed to her satisfaction, and she went to work.

"Barbara, where did you pick that up, and who is he?" I said, when he at last departed.

"I don't think it was exactly the thing for you to bring him here, especially without telling me."

"He is a friend of one of the students, and knows art, though he does not paint himself, and his face suited the character. Don't you think it does?" so I asked him to come, and he came. I was repelled, unconcerned, I gave a glance, and picked up my discarded volume. What was to be done with a lover of mine?

Day after day passed, and day after day the faithful lover of art took his stand as model. I was a little skeptical. Did he really love art so much, or did he adore Barbara? My sister scented the faint suggestion of the latter idea, and, truth to tell, I rather kept my cogitations on the subject to myself. But I had little to hold my surmises upon; she always spoke of him in professional terms, and he seemed to me, spoke not at all. I was certain he had never addressed five consecutive words to me, and though occasionally, when I was in the outer room, I heard a faint murmur of voices, when I was actually present he was almost, if not absolutely silent. I wondered if she thought he was entertaining, but did not venture to ask. The next advance was when they went off into the country to take sketches of and study horses. Whether he caught them and persuaded them to remain quiet, or whether she, so to speak, took them on the fly, I never knew, for I did not join these expeditions. Sometimes I stood for the Elaine, sometimes a hired model was introduced. When I stood I generally retired decorated in some part of my raiment with a touch of paint from the tip of one of Barbara's brushes, which she would occasionally use thoughtlessly, to indicate a position she wished me to take. Meanwhile the picture grew apace, and I felt sure that it was not mere sisterly vanity which told me it was a beautiful piece of work, both in design and execution. The girl's face was very fair, and her figure very graceful as she stood out against the shadowy background. Lancelot seemed indeed the noble knight, and the horse, even as he stood quietly beside his master, was full of spirit. There was just a suggestion of the models that had stood for Barbara, but she had idealized them wonderfully.

It is not the day time that it was actually finished and sent to the committee who were to decide upon the respective merits of the pictures submitted to them. Then, in the time of waiting and suspense passed, but it seemed to me as if Barbara's large, bright eyes grew larger, and her face more and pale with anxiety. I was alone the afternoon, looking for her return from the academy—her return, perhaps, with the verdict, and I felt restless and anxious, and could not fix my mind on the book in my hand. Presently I heard footsteps, and Mr. Rutledge's tall form filled up the doorway.

"Your sister told me the great question was probably to be decided to-day, so I thought I would come and learn the news." He spoke very quietly, but there was a look in his eyes that made me feel as if he too regarded it as a matter of some importance. Then he took a seat beside me and talked, actually talked, to me for nearly half an hour. I had not thought that he could talk so much or so well, and he spoke with so much appreciation of Barbara, of her talents, her beauty and her sweetness that my heart for the first time quite warmed toward him. Then the quick, impetuous footsteps sounded on the stair, and she came almost flying into the room. It needed no word to tell me that she had won the prize. Then a sudden pallor came over her face, and she would have fallen. But it was other arms than mine that caught her, and another voice that cried, "My darling!"

So she won the prize, and he won Barbara. I loved art, I think he loved the artist more; but he was very proud of her talent, and laid no obstacles in her path. At first I yielded her up very unwillingly; she had been all mine for so long. It seemed to me that I could not readily agree to share her with another; but as I learned to know him and appreciate him, as I did in time, the sacrifice became easier. We all went to Europe when they were married, where she had an opportunity both to study and see some of the finest paintings; an opportunity which she both enjoyed and profited by. Only one thing I observe, and it gives me a little wicked satisfaction sometimes, that my brother-in-law frequently has paint on his previously immaculate cuffs, and other portions of his garments also occasionally suffer; but it never seems to disturb him.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

I find the following from Dr. Draper, which goes far to redeem the memory of those old precursors of science, the alchemists, from the contempt hitherto heaped upon them. I have always regarded with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, the patient toil, the courage and religious devotion of these men who endeavored to penetrate the arcana of Nature, despite of the persecutions to which they were exposed by an ignorant priesthood. The Church from the earliest ages confounded the labors of the alchemists with a diabolic association with the powers of evil, hence arose a belief in sorcery and witchcraft, brought down from the Mosaic dispensation, and intensified as the ecclesiastical power gained the ascendancy, in all subsequent ages.

Science took her keynote from alchemy, and it is well in her to help redeem the memory of those who made way for her. In our day scientific laborers are honored even at the expense of the more spiritual seekers after ideas of truth; but the time has been when the fires of the chemist were concealed with watchful vigilance, and the results and combinations hidden from sight at the risk of the life of the discoverer. Secluding themselves in high towers or deep caves, the old alchemist lived a life of danger, dread and persecution, and was in turn an object of dread and abhorrence to his ignorant contemporaries.

It will be remembered that the great Kepler, in the stress of his own devotion to science, for seven long years was barely able to preserve his honored mother from the flames on a charge of witchcraft. A superior woman was regarded with suspicion by the weak and uninformed, and very likely to fall under the ban of the Church, which punished with torture, fire and sword, all who failed to submit to her dogmas.

It is doubtful if Montaigne, whose essays were exposed to the expurgation of the Holy See, would have escaped severe punishment but for the fact that he had been secretary to that monster in the shape of woman, Catharine de Medici, the devoted servant of Rome.

No one can fail to honor Dr. Draper for the candor of his admissions. Should the time arrive when metals will be transmuted into each other, and the dreams of alchemy become the facts of science, the greed for gold will cease to be the ignoble passion it seems even to us; for it will be not only base, but useless and foolish. But here is the extract:

"It has long been the custom of literary men, who are commonly profoundly ignorant of anything like exact science, to

hold up the maxims of alchemy to popular derision. But we have seen much more unlikely expectations realized, and unquestionably the present tendency of chemistry lends support to its views. Of sixty elementary substances more than forty are metals, and many of them are so nearly alike that expert chemists are often puzzled to tell the difference between them. Does any man who has a proper appreciation of the universal simplicity of nature suppose that God has made so many elements that are indistinguishable? Is there anything laughable or unphilosophical in supposing that they are either modifications of one another, or perhaps all compounds of two or three more primitive forms? It requires some little degree of moral courage to present the facts as they actually are, and stem the derision of the conceited and ignorant; but the metals will one day be transmuted into one another, and the dreams of the alchemists all realized."

Patchogue, N. Y.

E. O. S.

I have often heard of a famous philosophical puzzle called the *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, but have never seen it stated. Could you kindly give it, you would probably oblige others beside

New Haven, Conn.

STUDENT.

The ancient problem, the *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, is framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in its construction being remarkable. It may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it to her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother rashly asserted, "You will not give it back!" The crocodile answered to this, "If you have spoken truly I cannot give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement, therefore I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The mother then retorted thus, "If I have spoken truly you must give back the child by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Has it yet been definitely established who it was that acted the part of executioner of Charles I.?

HISTORICUS.

San Francisco, Cal.

His identity has, we believe, never been thoroughly established. In his History of his Life and Times, Lilly, the famous English astrologer of the seventeenth century, when examined before the first Parliament of Charles II. as to the

visored executioner of Charles I., said that the next Sunday but one after Charles I. was beheaded, Robert Spavin, Cromwell's secretary, and others dined with him, when the chief subject of conversation was who had beheaded the king. One said it was the common hangman, others Hugh Peters, but no one spoke with certainty. After dinner, however, Spavin privately confessed to Lilly that the executioner was Colonel Joyce. "I was in the room," he said, "when he fitted himself for the work; stood behind him when he did it; when done went in with him again. There is no man knows this but my master (Cromwell)." On the other hand, William Hulett, *alias* Howlett, was tried and convicted of having struck the fatal blow. But there was very strong evidence that he was not the man, and ground for belief that his conviction mainly arose out of a determination to fasten the guilt somewhere. One of the witnesses for his defence said, "When my Lord Capell, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland were beheaded in the palace yard, Westminster, my Lord Capell asked the common hangman, 'Did you cut off my master's head?' 'Yes,' saith he. 'Where is the instrument that did it?' He then brought the axe. 'Is this the same axe, are you sure?' said my lord. 'Yes, my lord,' said the hangman, 'I am very sure it is the same.' My Lord Capell took the axe and kissed it, and gave him five pieces of gold. I heard him say, 'Sirrah, wert thou not afraid?' Saith the hangman, 'They made me cut it off, and I had £30 for my pains.'" One Walker, who died as late as 1700, also labored under a suspicion of having done the deed, and also one Henry Porter; but the real identity seems likely to remain forever a mystery.

In answer to your correspondent, "Curious," in March Number of your MONTHLY, I would inform him that the expression "fat as grease," is to be found in the Bible, Ps. cxix. 70. And now I would like to ask where in the Bible can be found the expression "escaped with the skin of my teeth?"

DORR.

Passaic, N. J.

You will find it in Job xix. 20: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

"J. H. H., New York City."—The cryptogram was received and referred to a gentleman who is an expert in solving cryptograms. He returns us the following solution: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Please inform me as to what is the true signification of the word *levee*, and whether it is properly used, as is generally the case, to signify an evening party?

R. R. R.

Stratford, Conn.

This word has always been greatly misused among us. Unless the party holding a *levee* gets out of bed in the evening, in the midst of his company, it is improperly used. The word is derived from the Court of France, at which it was the duty of certain noblemen to attend the king at his

getting up, and hand him his clothes, one presenting his stockings, another his shirt, etc. The name *levee* was given to these assemblages, from the verb *lever*, to get up. In the evening they again attended to assist him to undress. These gatherings were called *couchée*, from *coucher*, to go to bed. The President might with more propriety invite to his *couchées* than to his *levees*.

What Vice-President of the United States, if any, having failed to receive a majority of the electoral votes, was elected to the position by the United States Senate, the candidate for President at the same election being elected by the electoral vote?

QUINTUS.

Clearfield, Pa.

In 1836 none of the candidates for Vice-President having received a majority of the votes of the electoral college, the Senate elected Richard M. Johnson by a vote of thirty-three to sixteen in favor of his opponent, Francis Granger. President Van Buren, however, was elected by the vote of the college.

Benjamin Rush.—In a late examination of the records of the Town Council of Edinburgh, there was found the following interesting entry: "4th March, 1767. The Council admit and receive Richard Stockton, Esquire, of New Jersey, Councillour at Law, and Benjamin Rush, Esquire, of Philadelphia, to be burgesses and gild brethren of this city in the most ample form."

C. G. J. wishes information as to the present ownership of the Great Eastern steamship, to what use she is now put, her dimensions, and what year she came to the United States.

The Great Eastern was designed by Mr. J. K. Brunel, and built by Messrs. Scott, Russell & Co., at Millwall, on the Thames. She is 692 feet long, 83 feet beam, and has paddle engines of 1,000 and screw of 1,600 horse power. She was commenced May 1st, 1854, and launched January 31st, 1858. Displacement, 680 by 86; tonnage, 22,500. Her present owners are the International Telegram Construction and Maintenance Company, who are, it is said, refitting her with a view to transporting in her immense cargoes of beef or cattle from Texas to the English market. Several mints of money have been consumed in constructing and maintaining this marine elephant. An English paper says that "between 1853 and 1869 one million sterling has been lost upon her." She made her first trip to this country in 1859.

"W. N. R., HONESDALE, PA."—The "dark day" you refer to occurred on the 19th day of May, 1780, and is so called on account of a remarkable darkness that then overspread all New England. In some places persons could not see to read common print in the open air for several hours together. Birds sang their evening song, disappeared and became silent; fowls went to roost, cattle sought the barnyard, and candles were lighted. The osculation began about ten o'clock in the morning, and continued until the middle of the next night. The true cause of the remarkable phenomenon is unknown.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Beauty and Defilement—The sense of the beautiful is not a holiday sense; it must be carried into common things, and give a grace to little things. It is for the girl at the washtub as well as for the lady in silken attire. It is to be cultivated with all care; for it is the germ of an as yet undeveloped mental endowment. It is like the lump of coal, a prophecy of the diamond; the lump of clay prelude of the burning sapphire.

First, on this round world with its wondrous possibilities, must we learn of the beautiful if we would be at home in that New Jerusalem of which it is said:

Her light was like unto a stone most precious,
Even unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal;
And the building of the wall of it was of jasper,
And the city was of pure gold, like unto clear glass.
The twelve gates were twelve pearls,
Every gate was of one pearl.
The streets of the city were pure gold,
As it were transparent glass.

The gorgeousness of this Oriental description is not the point to be observed; but the immaculate purity implied—the consummation of matter to its finest essence, from which all impurity is eliminated, only ideal beauty left. Thus does the Book of Books, rightly considered, suggest, not what is gross and sordid, but that which accords with our purest aspirations. We must love the pure, the perfect, if we would be denizens of that City of God which is prefigured by the best of all that we know that is free from stain.

How is it with us? We walk the streets of our cities warily; for the pave is rife with peach-stones, lemon-peel, apple-cores, dust and defilement. Do we teach our children that to cast what is offensive to a fine sense before the eyes of others is an immorality, and may endanger life and limb? Do we press home upon the growing mind the sacredness of the beautiful, the holiness of purity? To shrink from defilement is a step to the pure.

Do we lead our little ones into the great temple of Nature, and show them with tender care how she is ever on the alert to cover up and remove that which is unseemly? making the beetle, the ant, the crow, and the vulture her scavengers, and thus preserving her summer garniture fair and comely; sending down the dew to refresh that which is arid, and calling up the rain-cloud to enliven the woods and the wayside with a timely ablution; and, not content to be clean, she calls up a thousand perfumes to give a fineness and zest to all; more than this, she will not only be pure and odorous, but she will be handsome also; and she paints the rose and the lily and the citron, even the burly beet and trim carrot, with a grace that no art can imitate. She is in love with the beautiful, and doats upon the world of flowers.

They tremble on the Alpine height,
The fissured rock they press;
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

More than this; she has made the very air we breathe a medium of joy by the vibrations of music and a tint that softens the senses to content; and when she would give us a holiday, she flings a rainbow banner athwart the dome of her temple.

Once I visited Katahdin, that great solitary peak in the wilderness of Maine, and was the first to make public the rare beauty and grandeur of the scene—one of the first party that ever reached its summit in the shape of a woman.

We had passed a night upon its cold summit, and heard the infinite voices of Nature whispering all the long hours, filling the soul with a sense of its own grandeur, despite the howl of a tempest that threatened to scatter our mortal atoms to the four winds of heaven. It was a period of sublime emotion, a Promethean experience that the wreck of worlds cannot obliterate from the mind.

With the first dawn of light we descended Avalanche Brook, and made our way to the lovely Lake Katahdin, pure as a bowl of crystal. Saturday morning found us on the banks of a stream issuing from the mountain to swell the waters of the Penobscot River. We looked back upon Katahdin, vast, solitary in the distance. We saw the track of many a wild beast; we heard the cry of the heron quivering through the still air; and the voice of the moose, answered by its mate in the old primeval forest, had a preternatural loudness and solemnity.

After the fatigue we had endured our party was soon wrapt in a profound slumber; not so with me—the moon was at her full, and the stars' white vestals in her pathway seemed to beckon me forth to commune alone with the soul of things—to be alone with God there in the wilderness.

Silently leaving our bed of hemlock boughs deliciously pure and odorous, I went down to the river and looked up under the great primeval trees to the deep sky and young stars, more ancient than the Magi, but young to the young in heart, and the needful homily was uttered by myriads of voices. The storm had been turbulent in the mountain, and the cataract roared loudly. Great rocks boomed from steep to steep, and plunged over the falls at my feet. Moses was said to be alone in the mount with God. It is a sublime idea. Daily and hourly should we sing praises to God for the mountains. That night in the wilderness, amid the everlasting hills, answered audibly many questionings of the spirit. It ushered in a Sabbath unutterably beautiful—so calm, so pure, nothing to defile.

There were no singing birds in that dim solitude—the bird loves human companionship; there were no bees and buttercups and gay hummingbirds coquetting with the dainty flowers. These follow human culture; but Nature was very serene here in her vast solemn temple, and it was worth a life to listen to her without the instrumentalities of art. We dreamed away the day all of us in almost total silence; truly a Sabbath which is rest.

In the morning we were to leave our sylvan retreat; we had garnished it with hemlock and repaired the roof, for it had been built by a surveying party, who had carved their

names upon the trees. We had spread fresh branches upon the floor, and here and there stuck in a tuft of white amaranths (life everlasting), which would look fair long after we were gone, to return no more. We placed birchen cups and forks of wood in a recess for the comfort of those who might come after us, and then went sorrowfully forth.

Turning back to take a last lingering look at our little Paradise, I observed that a branch had slipped from the roof and hung unseemly-wise within, marring the beauty of our bower. I turned back and replaced it with tender reverence, and seeing scraps of paper upon the floor gathered them up and hid them under green mosses, as also the bone of a partridge, and thus Pan and the Wood-Nymphs would find no unsightliness to tell of irreverent vagrants having desecrated their sweet solitudes.

Thus it will forever remain in my mind's eye, fair and pure and beautiful, haunted by lovely spirits, "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

I love to remember how sacredly unprofane it looked there in the forest, and to be conscious that the reverence in our hearts was akin to the sweetness, purity, and unflinching conservation of Nature.

E. O. S.

Woman's Loquacity.—That Nature does nothing in vain is a very ancient adage. To woman she has given the talent of talking more frequently as well as more fluently than man; she has likewise endowed her with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called animal spirits. Now, why has Nature so eminently distinguished women from men in this respect? For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers; hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them; these qualities are numerous—a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute but useful attentions, joined to an almost incessant speaking.

We will confine our remarks to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be occupied with laborious offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted to men. These causes, besides their comparative natural taciturnity, totally incapacitate them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to speak. But employments of women are of a more domestic kind; household affairs, and particularly the nursing and training of children, are sufficient to engross their attention, and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers. The loquacity of women is too often considered by poets, historians, unthinking men and others, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for much speaking they blame Nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women speak much—they ought to speak much—Nature compels them to speak much, and when they do so they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws.

New Ideas of Marriage.—It is indubitable that the girl's ideal of marriage has of late years greatly changed; and the change has been produced in part by what she sees, and in part by what she reads. We entertain no doubt that the

female novelists who have followed in the wake of the late George Laurence have materially modified the ideal of a snitable lover as entertained by many of their sex. "Ouida," Miss Broughton, Miss Annie Thomas, and others, have accustomed them to ferocious lovers—but we will not waste our time in repeating a description of physical peculiarities of the Adonis of the Period according to the standard of the female three-volume novel. Everybody knows the sort of Hero, half Ajax, half Paris, of their monotonous pages. Grown-up people may smile at such absurdities, but girls are very impressionable, and when once they have adopted such an ideal, it is not easy to expel it from their minds. The person hardly exists in real life; the nearest approach to it being any or every unprincipled man who is prepared to make "fierce love" to any fool he meets. Obviously this is not a condition of things favorable to marriage; for while it makes girls more prompt, and indeed eager, to flirt, it indisposes them to appreciate attentions of a more delicate, but more practical kind. So much for the change produced in the ideals of women by what they read. The transformation is completed by what they see. While silly novels tell them that a lover, to be worth anything, must rail against heaven and bite the grass with his teeth, the whole arrangements of society keep daily telling them that a husband is no good at all unless he has a great deal of money.

Reaction of the Sexes.—The kitchen is woman's kingdom. Here she works her will—baking, boiling, stewing, frying, mopping, washing, ironing; emphatically ruling the roast. For ages she has reigned and wrought unassisted and unquestioned, save by some meddling Soyer, or cadaverous, bran-and-water-eating Graham. Naturally hating innovation, she has been content to do everything just as her mother used to. It is only within a generation or two that science and invention have secured a place on the hearth-stone; but no sooner there than the hearth-stone is abolished, the fireplace walled up, and the fire enclosed in an iron box. Clumsy and awkward as the boxes doubtless were at first, it would have been long before women, if left to themselves, would have ventured to improve the pattern; yet the secret history of the patent ranges, patent ovens, and the thousand-and-one neat contrivances that adorn the kitchen of to-day, would show that woman's wit, not less than man's wisdom, lies at the bottom of the change. Steam at last lends its magic fingers to aid her in her toil. Monday morning has lost half its terrors; for now, instead of the tub, the corrugated board and the bended back, the sole agencies used by our foremothers, a crank is turned, and lo! the scrubbing is finished; another crank, the clothes are wrung; while another returns them ironed. Leave the kitchen and ascend the parlor. One of its neatest pieces is the sewing-machine. The days of never-done, eyes-aching sewing, extending from mother Eve to the time of Elizabeth Howe, are over at last. A buzz of wheels, a rattle of the shuttle, and a yard of seam is done. Women probably invented sewing by hand; men taught them to sew by foot. One can easily believe that woman first learned of the angels to sing; men made the beautiful piano to accompany her. Now let us just take one glance at the other side. Visit some factory or machine-shop where women never go. Great

dirt, and disorder are the leading features. Man, however, he may be an ingenious animal, is not an over-neat one; and here his deficiency becomes patent. If men know their true interest they will open every door for the advancement of man to equal knowledge and skill with themselves, and in every department will profit by her keen instinct, as much as by their own vaunted science.

The Lawn, and What we Ought to see Upon it.—Home and society are very suggestive words. The true home is a place where we can find our very best society; and what purer sentiment is there than the love of home? Literature renders no higher service than stimulating and intensifying our devotion to the spot whereon we live; and those who love home as they love no other spot, will read with the keenest relish all suggestions that may be made about ways and means of beautifying it.

How to warm it in winter, how to keep it cool and inviting in summer, how to spread the table with appetizing dishes at a cost that shall bring them to the cottage as well as to the mansion—all such topics are alive with interest to home-loving people.

The proper arrangement and ornamentation of the grounds will always be an interesting question. The man whose mansion stands in the midst of broad acres will, of course, call in the services of a landscape gardener; but mansions are not always homes. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered if those good words,

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,

did not almost hint to some who heard them, that heaven was fitted up with special reference to the tastes and habits of those who have been accustomed to mansion life on earth. Homes, however, very far outnumber mansions on this side of the river; and the owner of a home, with its modest bit of ground, may and often does take more solid comfort in its cultivation and adornment than the owner of the brownstone front. I can remember when a lawn was comparatively unknown. There were "front door yards;" but lawn was not a current word. A thick carpet of closely-cut green grass is a more beautiful sight than the lavish splendors of the field of cloth-of-gold. You form your impression of a room, not merely from its frescoed ceilings and carved woodwork, but also from the furniture and its arrangement. The beauty of a lawn is inconceivably heightened by what we see upon it, if we see only just what ought to be there. Trees are among our dearest friends, and no lawn is complete without them. As I look out of the window from the room where I am now writing, I can see several fine specimens that my own hands have planted. There is, for instance, a fine hickory, taken from Michigan woods when not larger than a whipstalk. It is a slow grower; but its leaves are peculiarly beautiful. A richer green cannot easily be found. The black walnut is a fine shade tree. In addition to their rich luxuriant foliage, there are so many pleasant associations connected with nut-bearing trees that we ought to have them around us.

They are perpetual reminders of holiday tramps in the woods after nuts, and they not unfrequently attract the squirrels to a temporary sojourn among their branches. Then there is the cut-leaf or white birch, one of the loveliest trees

that ever graced a lawn. The trunk is pure white, and the limbs change gradually in color from white to green. The leaves are exquisitely delicate, and as the branches droop nearly to the ground, the trees look almost as if covered with lace embroidery. Of course, in a short article like this, it is impossible to do more than describe a very few of the attractive features that a lawn may be made to present, and certainly one of the most attractive features that I have ever seen is a living arbor of evergreens, and I like best of all evergreens, the Norway Spruce. They may be arranged in two ways, depending upon the size of the proposed arbor. Plant them in *threes* triangularly, the intervening spaces on the sides four and a half feet each, and that of the base four feet; or for one of larger size, in *fives* also triangularly, making the intervening spaces on the sides four feet each, and that at the base four and a half feet.

By careful, even trimming along the outside, perfect uniformity of growth can be secured. They may be allowed to grow from fifteen to twenty feet high, and should be so trimmed as to bring them nearly to an edge, like the roof of a house at the top. At the entrance, the cutting away should be after some neat pattern, and the interior should be cut away quite extensively to make room for seats around the sides. In a few years you will have an arbor that will be a thick mass of evergreen, far exceeding in beauty some elaborate pavilions that have taxed the skill of the carpenter and painter as well as the purse of the owner. Nature builds the evergreen arbor for you. She builds it slowly, but she gives you at last a finished piece of work.

E. L. B.

Intimacy.—There is a distinct boundary to all intimacy between men, transcending which we run the risk of falling into unpleasant familiarity; but it is not every one that possesses tact and delicacy enough to recognize that boundary. Even the most solid friendship has often been broken down by overstepping the subtle barrier which exists between intimacy and undue familiarity, the latter almost invariably degenerating into contempt.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes, wisely illustrates this deep principle when he gives each man a latch-key to the secret side-door of his existence, which latch-key cannot with safety be entrusted to any hand but that of the owner.

Cowper, in his "Ode to Friendship," well says:

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thump upon your back,
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one has need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

Curious Statistics of Marriage.—It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves; but, if they delay marriage until they are twenty or twenty-five years old, their spouse average a year younger than themselves; and henceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age, on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amusing to find, in the love-matches of boys, that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Oldest Inhabitant Gone.—The Hon. Joseph Potter, of Westerly, Rhode Island, died on Thursday, March 4th, 1880, at the advanced age of 93 years. Judge Potter was the oldest inhabitant, and one of the best-known citizens of Westerly, having by his energy, his integrity, his truthfulness, and religious consistency, won the universal esteem of the people with whom and among whom he lived and moved. He was born at Potter Hill (a village which took its name from his family), in the town of Westerly, on the 4th of August, 1787, and Potter Hill has been his home for the nearly ninety-three years of his life. His connection with the military, political, and general business interests of the community in which he passed his life has been an intimate and eventful one. He was captain of a company during the war of 1812, and when the British bombarded Stonington and threatened Westerly, he was stationed at Lotterville to aid in preventing the hostile forces from coming up the Pawcatuck River. He represented his native town for several years in the General Assembly of his State as well as in the Senate. He also for a time occupied the position of judge on the bench, and aided greatly in the introduction of reforms in the judiciary system of Rhode Island. He took a warm interest in whatever concerned the pecuniary, social, and religious interests of the community in which he lived, his piety being a marked feature, not only in his church and family relations, but in the walks of his daily business life.

The usual tribute of respect was paid to the deceased by a large concourse of friends and relatives, who followed his remains to their last resting-place. Thus, one by one, are toppling the oaks that have withstood the storms and blasts of four-score-and-ten.

Non-Alcoholic Stimulants.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent address before the New York Business Men's Moderation Society, commented upon the craving for stimulants experienced by all hard workers. He believed at one time, he said, in total abstinence; but now recognized the need of light stimulants for over-worked humanity. For this opinion the great divine has been severely taken to task by the total abstinence people, who maintain that our physical welfare revolts against stimulants of all kinds. This is no doubt an extreme view; there are moments of weariness and lassitude during the heated term of summer which require the use of stimulants to revive and refresh; but need the stimulant be alcoholic? Professor E. N. Horsford, late professor in Harvard University, and a chemist of eminence, has given the subject much earnest study, and, after a series of careful experiments, has produced a preparation called "Horsford's Acid Phosphate," which furnishes an answer to the above inquiry, both conclusive and of great practical benefit to the whole American people. It is designed to take the place of alcoholic stimulants for those accustomed to their use, while at the same time superseding lemonade

and other nerveless compounds as a refreshing, delicious summer drink. Based upon the well-known vital properties of the phosphate salts, it is recommended for headache, mental and physical exhaustion, prevention of sunstroke, and other ills incident to the sultry season. It is not a medicine, but a food tonic, indorsed by many of the highest medical authorities in the country. Temperance and anti-temperance druggists, grocers, and general dealers may "pool their issues" upon this preparation, combining as it does all the virtues claimed for liquors, and more than all those for the drink of teetotalers. The Rumford Chemical Works, of Providence, Rhode Island, have undertaken its manufacture upon an extensive scale, and have met with generous encouragement by the wholesale drug and grocery trade East and West in their efforts to secure the prompt introduction of this already celebrated preparation.

Executive Ability.—Very few men are blessed with the talent of doing more than one thing well. In the economy of nature our gifts, as a rule, are few. One may be able to plan but cannot execute, while his neighbor's executive ability is his strong point. The man is good at the wheel, but lacks financial ability; another one can design china and earthenware of superior style, but falls short of success as a business manager. Similar experiences are met with in every trade. Men may succeed in the routine of designing, and in other departments of potting, but when their success in any one of these encourage them to essay manufacturing, they are all at sea, simply because the latter position calls for the exercise of entirely different qualifications. Now and again we find notable exceptions to this rule. We meet occasionally with men who possess a combination of different and varied excellencies, superior wherever they are placed; but, on the whole, such instances are rare—so rare, in fact, that the exception only proves the rule. Such men are successful. They must be, for they possess every requisite in the whole range of mechanical ability. Other men, who know nothing, practically, about the details of construction and qualities of material, sometimes succeed, but they have an executive power well developed, and, supported by a clear judgment trained by experience, they master all difficulties. One class of men may not know how to draw the simplest pattern, but, on the other hand, they may possess good taste, which will enable them to decide whether a design is good or bad, and their discernment foretells its reception with the trade. Give them a basis and a plan, and they will complete the structure. On the other hand, those who have the practical routine thoroughly by heart, but lack the executive power, generally fail in their attempt to do business. What we wish to impress is the importance of executive talent. It is the all-powerful lever. It is not always a gift. In nearly every man there is a germ which, with proper cultivation, will develop this trait to a certain degree. Young men learning the business should

study it in all its bearings, and afford it every opportunity for growth. With it success is possible, even if mechanical genius and practical apprenticeship is wanting; but without it the best workman is unfitted for independent business operations. We do not urge this point to the exclusion of others, but we know its possession is imperative.

The Mind and the Stomach.—Much of our conduct depends, without doubt, upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit even to ourselves, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our idea of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which at the time disturbed his digestion. How many of our misjudgments, how many of our deliberate errors, how many of our unkindnesses, our cruelties, our acts of thoughtlessness and recklessness, may be actually owing to a cause of the same character! We eat something that deranges the condition of the system. Through the stomachic nerve that derangement immediately affects the brain. Moroseness succeeds amiability, and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibility at any other moment. Or perhaps a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in wholesome food, or a moderate indulgence in unsuitable food.

The liver is affected; in this affliction the brain profoundly sympathizes. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; prejudices are strengthened, generous impulses are subdued; selfishness, originated by physical disturbances which perpetually distract the mind's attention, becomes a chronic mental disorder; the feeling of charity dies out; we live for ourselves alone; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

The Modern Caliban.—Queen Elizabeth's reign was to England what the epoch of the French Revolution was to France, but in the one country the change was gradual and almost imperceptible; in the other all was confusion and chaos.

England in Shakspeare's time was just beginning to recognize the fact that other countries were something more than enemies. The Renaissance had brought classical learning into repute; but the discoveries of English seamen did most to give new inspiration to thought and action. Returning travellers told strange stories of the wonders they had seen in Greenland and on the coasts of Virginia, in Muscovy and in Mexico. The world was becoming larger than in the old days of King Harry. Clearly-defined ideas of the newly-found peoples and lands, however, none of the European nations then possessed; they had only vague notions of far-extending coasts, inhabited by savage tribes. Such materials afforded ample food for active imaginations, and the outcome of these imaginings we know in part. They led the adventurous to come to Virginia in search of gold and silver, and the Puritans to seek a home and freedom to worship on the bleak shores of Massachusetts. Upon the minds of the scholars and literary men the curious tales of their more enterprising fellow-countrymen produced a

feeling of amazement; they could recall nothing "in the dark backward and abysm of time" with which they were at all comparable.

Shakspeare's character of Caliban is the embodiment in poetic mould of the then-prevalent conception of the savage. Child of "the foul witch Sycorax," he is "not honored with a human form." He and his mother are the sole inhabitants of the island till Prospero and Miranda are driven by the waves upon it; then he becomes a slave, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He is malignant and treacherous, deformed in mind as well as in body. He is a shape, the expression of an idea—nothing more. The play itself is a fit setting for the character. It is full of mystery, spirits, and heathen divinities, like some old German fairy tale. Truly does Alonzo say: "These are not natural events; they strengthen from stranger to stranger."

Now the mists which then shrouded the inhabitants of foreign countries have nearly all vanished, and wrong ideas of alien peoples can find lodgment only in the understandings of the ignorant and credulous.

But another influence had its rise in the Elizabethan age, whose end is not yet; an influence which has been chiefly instrumental in dispelling illusions, in bringing about a thorough understanding of Nature and Nature's workings, and making men to see things as they are; this was the Baconian philosophy. Before the seventeenth century the mystic philosophy of the middle ages held sway in the universities of England and the continent. Mathematics were regarded as a means of mental discipline, simply; the thought of applying them to the solution of scientific questions had never been entertained. Physical science had practically no existence.

The new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles II., changed all this. Its aim was essentially practical, to ameliorate human existence, to supply man with positive knowledge, and to enable him in some sort to subject natural forces to his own uses. Science had its origin in common with the philosophy of Bacon, and science is the modern Caliban. Little could Raleigh or any one of his contemporaries have conceived that less than three centuries would see the recently-settled countries beyond the Atlantic the home of an English-speaking nation equal to their own England in wealth and power, and with twice her population, or that England would have a rich and powerful empire in the East. Nor could the followers of Bacon foresee the benefits which would accrue to mankind in the same period from the use of the newly-invented instrument for the reason. They had no farther data than the voyagers upon the ocean possessed as to what the ultimate result of their efforts would be; no human prescience could have looked into the future far enough to see the limit to scientific discovery.

How much we owe to science is perhaps too little understood. To the popular mind, science is a thing of the laboratory and museum. Science applied soon loses its bearing as science. Electricity was long the plaything of physical experimenters; its principles applied to the telegraph, it is commonly considered little else than an expeditious means of communication.

And from us of the present time the final outcome of the

mechanic arts is partially hidden; we have in the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, and the many articles for use and ornament they have given us, some insight into the possibilities of scientific achievement; but prediction is vain. This Caliban of our day is neither treacherous nor malignant, but the ready servant of the intelligent will; its powers are for good and not for evil, and in aiding its growth and progress man finds noble employment.

Inanimate Objects.—We grow attached unconsciously to the inanimate objects we see about us every day. We may not think so at the time; we may be discontented, and used to talk of their faults; but let us be on the eve of quitting them, perhaps forever, and we find that they are dearer to us than we ever dreamed. The love for the inanimate is a general feeling. True, it makes no return of affection, neither does it disappoint; its associations are from our thoughts and our emotions. We connect the fireside with the confidence which has poured forth the full soul in the dim twilight; on the wall we have watched the shadows, less fantastic than the creations in which we have indulged; beside the table we have read, worked or written; in that old arm-chair some loved one has oft reclined. Around each and all is flung the strong link of habit, and it is not to be broken without a pang.

Fortunes Left by the Presidents.—Washington left an estate worth \$800,000. John Adams died only moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that, if Congress had not given \$20,000 for his library, he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical, and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives. John Quincy Adams left about \$50,000, the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams, gained a large fortune by marriage. Jackson died only tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some \$300,000. It is said that, during his entire administration, he never drew any portion of his salary, but on leaving took the whole \$100,000 in a lump. Polk left about \$150,000. Tyler married a lady of

wealth and accomplishment, and died rich. Taylor left about \$150,000. Fillmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about \$50,000. Buchanan left about \$200,000, Lincoln about \$75,000, and Johnson about \$50,000.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.—One of the greatest engineering feats of the day is the completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel, uniting Switzerland and Italy, and making the shortest distance between the valley of the Rhine and the Mediterranean, which is destined to become one of the most important railway arteries of the continent. This will be the second time those bold mountain barriers have been pierced in the behalf of commerce and international intercourse. Italy, Switzerland and Germany have each a hand in its construction, Italy contributing 45,000,000 francs, and Germany and Switzerland each 20,000,000. The whole length of the tunnel is something over nine and a quarter miles.

The Great Italian Ironclad.—The long-anticipated trial of the great Italian ironclad, *Duilio*, the most powerful ship, without exception, in the world, has just resulted in success. As she has cost upward of four million dollars, and has a companion ship, the *Dandolo*, representing an equal outlay, the anxiety as to the result of her trial performance has been great. She was expected to make twelve and a half knots an hour, and has, in effect, made fourteen miles at six-sevenths power, thus giving a promise of fifteen miles if required. Her four 100-ton guns throw each a projectile weighing about a ton and a quarter, and she has a dozen smaller guns which, in some navies, would be considered formidable. The ship, however, is a very expensive one to keep in commission, the cost alone of firing one of her guns being \$300. Her consumption of coal, and the weight of powder and steel going to a broadside, are each enormous. She is 339 feet long and 64 feet broad; draws 26 feet, and has a displacement of 10,650 tons, and is driven by engines of 7,500 indicated horse power.

LITERATURE AND ART.

A Fool's Errand. By ONE OF THE FOOLS. *A Novel.* 362 pp., 16mo. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand through the pages of this book, which is at once a thrilling novel and a subtle and entirely unique presentation of facts, and the reasons for them. Like every faithful portraiture of human life, it is full of sunshine as well as shadow, and interwoven in the narrative is the old, yet ever new, romance of youth and love. The brave men and true women revealed in the book excite our admiration, and are a continual attraction in the tale, contrasting with the deep tragic shadows that lie across its course. It is a tale of life at the South since the late war, and is full of the racy humor of the country people, the rich and laughter-provoking characteristics of negro fun, and the pathos of negro prayer-meetings, the dashing excitement

of the hunt, the oddities of up-country mass meetings, the social lines of caste, the hot passions of politics, the dark and bloody doings of an enraged people, and their startling logic of self-justification. It is a peculiar book, and will undoubtedly stir up a variety of opinions. It will astonish readers, of whatever political faith, for it portrays with great power that which the author claims is unknown to the mass of intelligent people in either section of the land, namely the South as it is.

An officer in the federal army through the late war, a *bona fide* settler and dweller in the South for about fifteen years since the war (with wife, family and fortune all embarked in the venture), the author, a man of sturdy principle, quick intelligence, and keen perceptions, tells a story that will excite the profoundest interest. It is a faithful and

vivid picture, drawn from life. It helps the reader, be he Northern or Southern, to a new comprehension of the real and essential differences between the Northern and Southern "civilizations," their mutual relations in the immediate past, and probable reciprocal effect in the immediate future. The Native Southron, the "Poor White," the Carpet Bagger, the "Old Unioner," the Freedman, the Ku-Klux—the social, moral, and political life of the South—are all drawn with a touch as humorous and pathetic as that of Dickens, and a relentless satire as keen as Thackeray's; while the whole is full of a marvelous common sense applied to politics and "the situation."

The personal kindness and advancement received by the author at the South (for he has occupied places of trust and prominence, both politically and professionally) have made him sensitive to the generous phases of Southern character, as well as given him opportunity for inside views of Southern sentiment and reasoning, which he sets forth in an eminently fair and appreciative spirit. Whoever will yield to the swing and power of the narrative, and read the book through, will acknowledge that he has received new light on the prominent question of the day in this whole country. With personal knowledge of the evil and the good of both North and South, the author teaches each side much of the other's way of looking at things. His trenchant sword cuts two ways, and cleaves to the marrow. He strikes right and left without fear or favor. He does not spare the follies of his friends, nor fail to respect the honest prejudices of his foes. In short, "A Fool's Errand" will be found to be a live book on a live subject.

The Little Countess. By OCTAVE FEUILLET, *Author of "The Count De Camors; or, The Man of the Second Empire;" "The Amours of Philippe; or, Philippe's Love Affairs."* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is the latest, and in many respects the best, novel from the pen of Octave Feuillet. It is a graphic story of French life, and written as only one of the most brilliant of living French authors could have written it. Feuillet disdains plots, mysteries, marvels, and discards as unworthy of his dainty hands the rude machinery used by other novelists. He portrays his life-pictures in such a graceful and fascinating way, that the interest of his readers is enchained from the very outset of his narrative, and held to its conclusion.

Our Peggotties. By KEZIAH SHELTON. *No. 11 of the Satchel Series.* New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

This suggests to our mind Dickens's portraiture of the faithful Peggotty and "Barkis is willin'." These were New Englanders, and rich specimens of their class. The work indicates repression; and we are positive that the author has concealed more than she has revealed. Don't fail to read it.

Spiders and Rice Pudding. By SARAH G. BARBOUR. *No. 18 Satchel Series.* New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

It is replete with fancies that each reader according to his taste may use as a text, and evolve therefrom a profit-

able sermon. The reader will find neither spiders nor pudding, but may rejoice with us that Madge was rescued from the sisterhood by her lover, and may lament with us that after marriage they really had a tempestuous scene over a few pounds of underdone corned beef. How unpoetic! Yet that were better than becoming a "Sister" from pique or disappointment; there is much that is suggestive as well as readable in this book, and we recommend it to the married, the about-to-be-married, and the single.

Nobody's Business. By JEANNETTE HADERMANN. *No. 9 Satchel Series.* New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

"Nobody's Business" ought to be everybody's business, and we trust that it may soon become so. Not every one can find their fortune through an intimate knowledge of the 'gators; but patient bravery must win at last. Each page is a sermon to the large class that sit idle, wistfully wishing that their condition could be improved. Read "Nobody's Business," recall Hercules's advice, "Put your own shoulder to the wheel," then go to work in good earnest; the crowd will give way, and there's always room at the top. The author, Jeannette Hadermann, has earned our congratulations.

Persis. By RAMBLER. *No. 20 Satchel Series.* New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

"Persis" wins the greater share of our attention, yet she is only one among several characters that the author introduces to us by a skillful portraiture that not every author possesses. The absconding husband, who cowardly deserts wife and child; Mrs. Vandyecken, the rarest of noble women; Jim, the honest-hearted hunter; the Wainwrights, father and son; the male gossips of the "Club," and others, are brought out with the vividness of the drama. The curious can here study the phenomena of a man who marries a second wife whilst he thinks his heart is full of love for the first.

One Little Indian. By ROY MAITLAND. *No. 22 Satchel Series.* New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

This will prove acceptable to those who love a simple love story, and also to philanthropists, who prefer the idea of civilizing and Christianizing the Indian rather than using him as a target for our noble soldiery to practice upon. Those that read this book will surely become interested in the Indian Aid Missions. "Roy" has done well. Were we to find fault 'twould be that May was much more natural for a girl of fifteen when blundering in her descent from her perch in the tree than when conversing so ably upon the woes and oppressions of her race.

Camp and Cabin. By ROSSITER W. RAYMOND. *New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.*

This is a collection of six brilliant sketches, mostly of Western scenes and characters, the one exception to these ("Widow Baker") is an exception only as regards the local characteristics, it being a New England tale; in brilliancy and piquant flavor it is as rich as its companions. He renews our interest in the "Yellowstone Park," and we had

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[illegible][illegible]

^a The number of subjects who were included in each group was 10.

^b The mean age of the subjects was 67 years.

... .. Mr. J. M. Jones, who
... ..

Acknowledgments—We thank Dr. J. A. B. Brown for his comments on the manuscript.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

In the Original Tongue.—A good story is told of a minister who was a candidate in a rural district of Northern Pennsylvania. He had been advised that the display of more erudition would help him into the favor of his hearers. But his education had been neglected, and it was only by drawing upon his knowledge of the Welsh tongue, which he had been taught as a child, that he hoped to properly impress his congregation. His scheme worked nicely. At different points in his sermon he remarked that the Latin or Greek or Hebrew, as the case might be, was much more expressive than the English translation, and then he would give a few sentences of Welsh. Everything was going along smoothly, and the minister, as he approached the end of his sermon, thought he would give them just one more taste of the dead languages. "I am about to read you," said he, "another passage on this subject. But it is another of those passages that have been altered in the translation, and I will read it to you in the Chaldaic, in which it was written." He was just about to give them a little more Welsh, when, casting his eye over the congregation, he saw seated near the door a jolly-looking man, who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting with laughter. The minister took in the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick that had been played upon the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldaic version, he said again in Welsh: "For God's sake, my friend, don't say a word about this until I have a chance to talk with you." The congregation went home satisfied that they had listened to one of the most learned of sermons; the laughing man never told the story, and the minister was soon settled over the church, the people believing that a clergyman who could read the Scriptures in half a dozen languages was just the man for them.

Effectual Preventive.—There still exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during divine service, which reads as follows: "Any person drinking in any ale-house during divine service on Sunday, or other holiday, may legally depart without paying." Now, here is an idea that some of our temperance alliances might possibly profit by; as the natural result, if some such a law were followed and enforced, would be to effectually close all liquor saloons on Sundays during church hours, and voluntarily by the proprietors themselves.

If a man looks for fresh eggs every morning at this season of the year, he is on the wrong lay.—*New Orleans Picayune*. And if a man loafs on the corners every day in the year, he is on the wrong stand.—*Detroit Free Press*. You bet. And if he goes to bed on a horse railroad he will be found on the wrong track.—*New Orleans Picayune*. And if he be a schoolmaster and neglects to examine the chair,

he is liable to be on the wrong tack.—*Boston Globe*. And if, instead of a tack, he sits down on a crooked pin, he is on the wrong bent.—*Herald*, "P. I." And if he is sent out to catch a weasel asleep and finds it to be a highly-perfumed animal, he is on the wrong scent.—*Hackensack Republican*. Yes, and if he steps on a fashionable woman's dress, he is on the wrong trail; and if he castigates the partner of his bosom, he is on the wrong beat.

Frank Buckland, the celebrated English naturalist, declares it as a fact that babies swim naturally. A friend put one into warm water, and it took to it like a duck, swimming briskly. The Polynesians, it is known, find that their children can swim and enjoy the exercise at a very early age.

Fowl Conundrums.—We have seen many good hen conundrums going the rounds, and thought it worth the trouble to make a brief selection of the best:

Why is a hen immortal? Her son never sets.

Why have chickens no hope in the future? They have their next world (necks twirled) in this.

Why is a hen on a fence like a cent? Head on one side and tail on the other.

Why don't hens lay at night? Because then they are roosters.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? She is a little forward of the main hatch.

Why is a chicken just hatched like a bull's tail? Never seen before.

Why should not a chicken cross the road? It would be a fowl proceeding.

If a ship captain had no eggs, what should he do? Lay to (two).

And, to conclude, a hen is a poor economist, because for every grain she gives a peck.

A Slight Interpolation.—A well-known gentleman of Philadelphia is accustomed to entertain his friends, and they are many, every Saturday evening. Out of regard to the proprieties, he had provided a placard to hang on the walls, reading, "Come at seven; go at eleven!" At the last reunion a young editor was present, who was naturally rather opposed to winding up the festivities at so early an hour, so took the opportunity waggishly to insert in his host's notice a little word that very materially altered its object, so that it read, "Come at seven; go *it* at eleven!" and they went it.

"Is there any difference between *also* and *likewise*?" asked a lawyer of a friend. "O, certainly," he replied. "For instance, there is Charles O'Connor. He is a lawyer; you are a lawyer also, but not *likewise*."

That was a mean theatrical manager who, when a man, leaning too far over the gallery railing, fell down into one of the orchestra chairs, wanted the poor fellow to pay the extra price of the seat.

FAREWELL TO MY WATCH.

Farewell, my *watch* and *guard*, for we must part!
 You have been both to me since youth commenced;
 For no wrong thought e'er entered in my heart
 But what you firmly "set your face against."

My patent-lever, I must lean on you
 To raise me money or to raise the wind;
 To my mind you might still be mine to view
 If your "four-jewel'd holes" could but be *mined*.

Hard is my case, I own, and your *case*, too;
 Yet, in good *time*, yours will be bright at last,
 For your *good works* can intercede for you,
 But all I've done, to say the least, was "*fast*."

How oft, when *crystal* stars were in the sky,
 I've looked on your white face, mine sherry red,
 And seen your warning *hands* uplifted high,
 Pointing to midnight, saying, "Time for bed!"

Or, coming from some supper, on the reel,
 With *frivolous* look that made all things seem *pairs*,
 Your *wheels* were ever working for my *weal*,
 And, when I lost my *balance*, lent me theirs.

And yet how modest in them not to keep
 Of all their kindnesses a catalogue;
 They *worked the time* when others were asleep,
 And, when they travelled, always were *in-cog*.

Your *mainspring* steadies you; mine makes me rash,
 And tempts me oft to *spring* into the *main*;
 The mainspring of my woes is want of cash;
 Life comes so costly, that makes me *com-plain*.

I've tried professions, but professed too much;
 By trade-winds blown, I've tried each trade by jumps;
 Phenology—but there my sense of touch
 Liked *filling bumpers* more than *feeling bumps*.

So next came politics; a speech I made,
 Began quite bravely, but soon got "put out;"
 The reason's plain, you were not near to aid,
 For while I spouted, you were "up the spout."

To mimic you I went awhile on "*tick*,"
 This was the last resource I could adopt;
 My *ticket* gained me passage till the trick
 Exploded, when 'twas soon "run down and stopped."

So here I am; and, with your golden *key*,
 To *wind up* you and my affairs I'll try.
 I've kept you long, so you must now "keep" me;
 But here your buyer comes; so, friend, good-by! G. B.

A man of genius and intellect who never talks that others may profit by his knowledge, is like a book with the leaves uncut.

Two heads are better than one—especially in a barrel, for instance.

We never hear of women going into the business of the manufacture of whisky. The reason is evident, for then they would be obliged to keep *still*.

Meat for repentance—in hash and mince pie.

We have no right to consider that a lawyer must be either a horse or an ass simply because he "draws a conveyance."

"A bird in the hand, worth two," etc.—A gold eagle.

And to his idol in an idle minute,
 He wrote an idyl, nought but ideal in it.

The man who cuts himself off from the blessings of matrimony for fear of its trifling annoyances, shows more folly than he who, to secure himself against corns, had his leg amputated.

A child was lately born in Illinois with a long proboscis, similar to that of an elephant, in place of a nose. This is doubtless the first instance of a traveller from the other world journeying this way carrying with him his own trunk.

A young man, having been detected in a crime, narrowly escaped punishment through the intercession of the minister of whose church he had been a member. A gentleman, hearing these facts, remarked that it was the first time he knew what was really meant by the term, "benefit of clergy."

"Ah," said Carlos to Francesca, "you blush, fair maiden. Was it my gaze that planted those roses in thy fair cheeks? Come, let me pluck them!" "Well," answered the bashful Francesca, demurely, "it is no more than right that where you sow you should reap." And he reaped.

Making light of troubles—burning up your unpaid bills.

A report that can't be contradicted—the report of a gun.

A dead language—cold tongue.

An actor having been cut up by the newspapers, the next night was announced to appear at the same theatre in two pieces.

A wag says that a "son of a gun" must be a pistol. Is it not more properly an heir-gun?

Queer Names.—"Bearup & Carraher" is the name of a firm now doing business in Monroe street, New York. Wonder if it refers to a mother-in-law! Westminster Abbey is a wholesale grocer in the same city. The Rev. Noble Frame is a Philadelphia clergyman. Plumber & Butcher are wheelwrights and blacksmiths in Brooklyn, New York.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

To feign to have a fainting fit is not a fitting feint.

"O, what a beautiful bird!" said Clara to her adorable Charles, as they looked admiringly in the window of a bird-fancier's. And it was a beauty, a rare importation. "See how much they want for it, Charley." "One hundred dollars, sir." "O, Charley, do buy it for me! I want to have it stuffed to put on my hat."

We are asked if a husband should keep his wife informed as to his business affairs. Not the slightest necessity won't take her long before she knows three times as about it as he knows himself.

Tennyson smokes so much they begin to call him To-bacca-laureate.

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THE LAND OF THE ILIAD.

By F. MYRON COLBY.



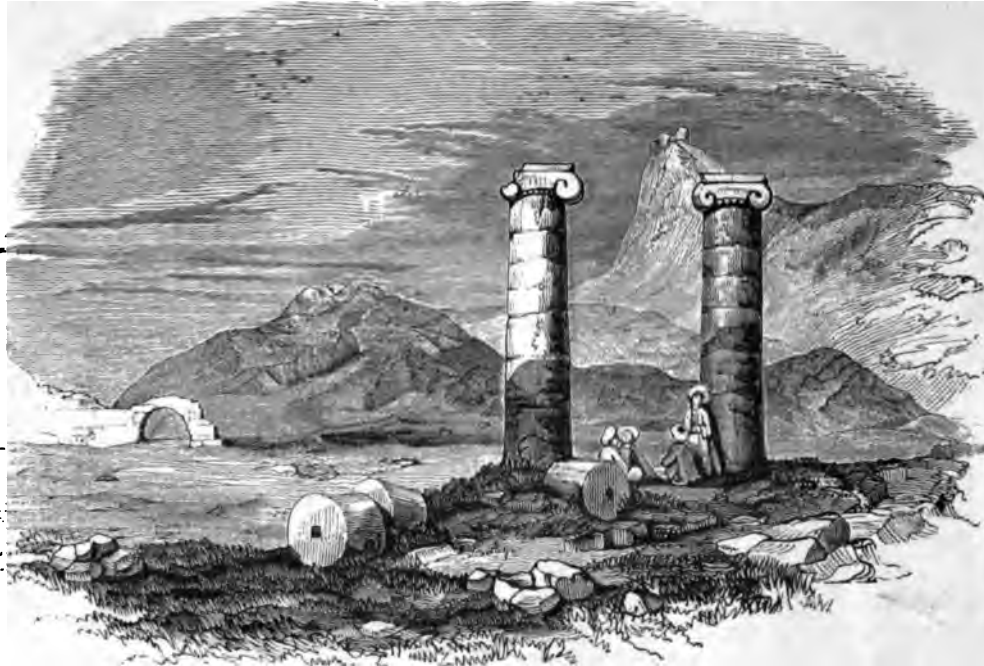
As we look around upon our planet it is wonderful to perceive how much enchantment romance and poetry have contributed to fling about certain nooks and corners of it. To one who has travelled, this is evident more than to him who has not. As he walks the deserted wharves of Salem and peeps into the dusty halls and corridors of the old colonial houses of Newport, he will feel that no historian has done for New England what Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe have done. The old legends that they re-clothed, the spell of beauty that they threw around antique mansions and deserted streets have a vitality, a tangibility, so to speak, that Hildreth, Drake, and Bancroft, with all their genius and utility, do not possess. When he passes up and

down the Hudson he will think oftener of sweet Katrina von Tassel and her lovers, Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones, and the Dutch legends of New Amsterdam than of Revolutionary history and commercial speculations. Beyond the limits of our own country the debt we owe to poesy is still more marked. What was Acadie till the muse of Longfellow sang the woes of Evangeline? The Tweed, the Highlands, and the beautiful lochs of Scotland had few attractions for tourists till the magic wand of Scott invested them with the charms of poesy and romance. The "Last Days of Pompeii" popularized travel from Naples to the buried city. The romance and travels of Bernado del Carpio and the Cid have made Spain classic ground.

What has been done by Scott, Hawthorne and Bulwer for Scotland, New England and Pompeii, Homer has done for that little triangle of land between the Dardanelles and the head of the long gulf over Mytilene, which modern geography marks as the Troad. A line of one hundred and fifty miles will compass the whole famous territory; but the genius of one man has given it a dignity that has little comparison with its mere geographical size. No other territory of similar extent, excepting Palestine and perhaps Attica, has the fame of this triangular-shaped area, and no other has its beauty. A mountain, ice-crowned, whose snows feed two sluggish streams that meander through the plain below, sits down very comfortably into this Asian angle, gathering up its space with its fingering spurs almost to the sea. The mountain is the wooded Ida. The rivers are the ancient Simois and Scamander. The plain is that of Troy, the scene of the Iliad.

For over two thousand years scholars have sought traces of that divinely-recorded conflict of gods and men upon this narrow strip of shore washed by the Aegean and the Hellespont. The tumuli of Homer's buried heroes were landmarks

to Greek mariner, Roman legionary, and Crusading warrior. Alexander the Great and the Apostle Paul—the man of war and the man of peace—have as a real dynasty. Archæology and legend have preserved what history has lost. The Greeks warred on the Hellespont, and a mighty kingdo



ANCIENT SARDIS.

trodden the soil, and dreamed under the low, solemn skies of prouder conquests than Agamemnon, king of men, ever won. In my school-days it was the fashion to regard both Homer and the Trojan war as myths. The German works of Schlegel and Wolf were paramount at college. Yet even they could not ignore altogether the deep human reality of the poems. The wrath of Achilles and Helen's beauty were as real to us as the later stories of Marie-Stuart and the Black Douglas; and the tender parting scene of Hector and Andromache touched the heart as strongly as the separation of those other lovers, Lord Dudley and Lady Jane Grey. It was easy enough to say there were no Ilium, no war between Greek and Trojan; but it was not so easy to discard the living, breathing pictures that the blind old bard portrayed and sang on these same picturesque, voluptuous shores three thousand years ago.

To-day, thanks to the labor of that indefatigable archæologist, Doctor Schliemann, Priam has become a reality and the Troad historic ground. We may fairly set down the dynasty of Dardanus

was overthrown. But Homer is hardly to be considered in the light of a chronicler. He saw indeed of a real transaction and of historic men, but his verse is colored with all the exaggeration of the poet. The war was undoubtedly protracted yet it could scarcely have continued ten years and the gods had as little to do then as now with bloody battles. It is enough to know, however, that the heroes of the Iliad are as real personages as the heroes of the Pentateuch, and that Homer's accurately described landscape is as perfectly delineated as a modern battle-field.

Agamemnon and his Greeks reached the plain of Troy from Tenedos, but modern visitors can more conveniently visit it from the town of the Dardanelles, half-way down the famous street that Helen christened with her name. Though some portions of the old historic lands grasped by the Turks have been rudely penetrated by railways, the virgin soil of Priam's kingdoms is as free from such innovations as in the ancient Pelasgian days when the thunder of contending chariots lifted the dust of the seacoast. There cannot be said to be any

roads deserving of the name; even such a one as *Æneïs* fled over carrying his aged father upon his shoulders on that long ago fatal night, would be an improvement on the mere bridle paths that dissect the province to-day. Doing Homer's land in the nineteenth century is an enterprise that has little of classic flavor about it, and the skinny Asiatic horse that you are obliged to bestride has little affinity to those snorting coursers which *Diomedes* plundered from *Rhesus* somewhere near the very soil that we are now traversing.

To compass the whole territory of the Troad would require about a week; but the immediate landmarks of the Homeric battles can all be included in a summer's day journey. On this bit of shore between Mt. *Ida* and the sea, and extending downward from the foot of the *Dardanelles* fourteen miles along the *Ægean*, were performed most of the exploits of the heroes who gathered here some three thousand one hundred and sixty-three years ago in the Mysian sunlight. The *Sigeum* promontory, behind which the Greeks anchored their fleet, is just at the entrance of the *Hellespont*, where the *Scamander* falls into the sea. Scarcely three miles distant, upon a low ridge extending from one of the spurs of many fountained *Ida* is *Hissarlik*, or *Ilium Novum*, long the con-

tested site of the royal city of *Priam*, and which the excavations of *Dr. Schliemann* have demonstrated as the correct one beyond a doubt. On

either side flow the *Simois* and the *Scamander*, now shallow, sedgy streams, supplied but poorly by the icy springs of the famous mountain. The whole plain of the seacoast below was the battleground of the contending armies, crossed a hundred times by the alternately retreating and advancing hosts of Greeks and Trojans. Lofty, cloud-wreathed *Samothrace*, *Zeus's* watch-tower during those long ten years of siege and sortie, looks down upon the spot, as in the poet's description, over low, intermediate-lying *Imbros*. Somewhere out that way, between the latter island and *Tenedos*, was the cave under the



PLAIN OF THE TROAD.

Ægean, from which *Poseidon* emerged on the twenty-eighth day of the epic to participate in the conflict.

With a Turkish guide, and mounted on one of those sorry-looking nags that seem indigenous to the region, we left the town of the Dardanelles one August morning in the year 1877, and when

ing sunrise a scene whose natural features must often have been gazed upon by the Greek warriors. In the west Mount Ida was flushed with radiant light, and the wooded peaks that sheltered

the flocks of Paris and Ganymede, and the secret loves of the Dardan and sweet Cythera, wore the same glory that they must have worn in the old heroic days. Over the Thracian peninsula at our right the coasts of the fair islands sleeping on the breast of the Ægean rose in full view, while far remoter, full a hundred miles across the sparkling waves, the high conical peak of Mount Athos stretched out from the Grecian mainland, gleaming faintly under the sapphire sky. We could imagine how longingly looked the eyes of the absent Greeks over those waters toward their land and kindred as the war wore on. The splendors of three thousand sunrises and sunsets the poor fellows witnessed upon those dark waves while they, unfurloughed and desponding, gathered under the banners of their chiefs to avenge the wrongs of an outraged husband. Long after they returned to Greece the most vivid images in their memories must have been those distant views of Imbros, Samothrace and Athos.

The promontory of Sigeum is covered with cultivated farms owned by the English residents of the Dardanelles, and on the shore once ground into furrows by brazen chariot wheels and dyed with the blood of carnage, we saw the white blossoms of the cotton-plant maturing in the summer sun. Only a few small fishing-boats recalled the magnificent vision of the twelve hundred brazen-beaked vessels that had once anchored in the harbor, and were defended so bravely when the battle

darkness fell we already had our feet in Homer's land. The night was spent in the Greek village of Remkeni, overlooking the southern extremity of the Hellespont. We awoke to see in the morn-

rolled that way, though when the epic narrative opened there must have been rotten timbers and decayed cordage in many of the royal galleys. We passed over the entire point of land, and tried



THE GREEKS AND TROJANS.

hard to fill the Hellespontic harbor with Homer's enumerated myriad of ships, which must have stood several lines deep along the limited shore. Down almost to the water's edge extended the fields of cotton, and the luxurious crop doubtless derived something of its nurture from the blood and bones of the brave men who fell in that fourth day of the Homeric battles, when the sons of Troy broke through the Grecian wall to be driven back again by the mighty Ajaces. Standing there in the Asian sunlight upon this sea corner, it did not require a wide stretch of imagination to fancy Achilles sitting dissentient in his tent, pitched perhaps upon the very ground my foot then stood on, brooding over the loss of the charming Briseis.

The gigantic tumuli of Homer's pet hero stand not far distant, and grouped about it, girding the field of struggle, are those other everlasting barriers, the tombs of Ilus, Ajax, and Patroclus. These earth mounds rise up in a conical fashion thirty or forty feet above the ground level and their age goes back to prehistoric times. With the exception of the profanities bestowed upon them by the Turks, they have always borne as they do now the names of the individuals assigned to sepulture in them. Modern investigation has fully demonstrated that they were designed for burial purposes. In the beginning of the century, M. Choiseul, a Frenchman, exhumed the mound of Achilles. Fifteen feet under its summit he discovered the charred debris of antique funeral rites, and also a bronze vase and a figure

depository. As recently as 1853 some English archæologists opened one of the larger mounds, which was found to contain on an estimate thirty thousand feet of calcined bones. A single skele-



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ton of unknown antiquity was discovered in a vault underneath the ashes, evidently the remains of an exalted personage. The whole vast mass was undoubtedly the deposit from an immense funeral pyre, and may possibly have been the work of Greeks or Trojans, as recorded by Homer, when after the first engagement of the Iliad, the dead on both sides were heaped and buried, and a mound raised over the slain.

The mounds suggest the manner of their making, and the poet's description of the burial of Patroclus and the formation of the warrior's tomb applies with equal exactness to all the tumuli:

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre:
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The tomb of the redoubtable Ajax is earth heaped over a vault of solid masonry. A half-obstructed passage way at its base conducts the visitor into the interior.

One enters with difficulty, though the great friendly ghost of Telamon never objects to an intrusion, and one is hardly repaid for the effort. The Romans, when they took possession of the



PARIS AND HELEN.

of Athene, which were in a state of good preservation. These relics are preserved at the Dardanelles together with some fragments of pottery procured at a more recent date from the same

Troad, erected a monument on the summit of the barrow in honor of the doughty king of Salamis; but only its ruins are visible at the present day. Round the tumuli of Achilles Alexander is said to have run naked when he came here in the pagan centuries with "Homer's Iliad" in his pocket, which he must temporarily have laid aside when he performed the rather



PAUL, THE APOSTLE.

doubtful feat. We varied the Macedonian's plan by making the circuit soberly on horseback and retaining our clothes, after which we threaded Choiseul's old ditch of excavation, and plucked a poppy growing over the old warrior's slumber of three thousand years.

Passing into the heart of the Trojan plain, our spirit fired up with the thought of battle, like a war charger's. It is a magnificent place for a battle-field. Esdraelon, Waterloo, or Gettysburg

present no superior features and no better defined pictures. There are no hillocks to obstruct the view, no ravines for ambuscades; smooth as a floor, green with the rank wild grass in some places, blooming in others with flowers of delicately contrasted beauty, it seemed the very place for a battle, the convenient and appropriate theatre for a scene of wholesale murder. Not far away moves a silvery line bisecting the plain; it is the yellow Scamander of Homer, now the modern Menderes. The waving willows on its banks are descendants of those older ones from whose recesses the crafty Sinon was pulled forth by the Trojan herdsmen to relate his trumped-up story of the wooden horse, "baneful source of Ilium's woes." Right here perhaps stood the architectural monster with its belly full of armed Greeks, and around it thronged the wondering Trojans with doubting Laocoon and plotting Thymoetes at their head. The "heaven-born Scamander" hardly looked the stream we dreamed of in those far-away hours of boyhood when we scanned the sonorous hexameters of the epic bard. It is a placid flowing stream enough, with a channel that a horse would span with three leaps; but it has deep swelling eddies as of old, when it rose and joined the fray against Achilles and his Myrmidons. In the spring time, when its flood is swollen by the snow from the maternal bosom of Mother Ida, it might possibly perform the epic feats ascribed to it; but not otherwise. The classic stream and its brother Simois seems in fact never to have recovered from the stroke of Hephaistos's and Hero's animosity, which, if we may credit Homer, almost dried up their channels.

On a long, low ridge overlooking the plain northward and westward are the exhumed ruins of Priam's capital. It was long a debatable point with scholars whether it was here or at a place higher up the plain, called Bounarbashi, where the site of old Troy was to be looked for. The testimony of antiquity favored Hissarlik; modern investigators were in favor of Bounarbashi. Strabo, Xerxes and Alexander found, however, a modern defender in the German Doctor Schliemann. In the summer of 1870 the earnest archaeologist began his labors, and with intervals of interruptions the jealous Ottoman government, continued it till he exhumed the long-buried city of the Il. The treasures that he unearthed has convinced

world as to the identification of the ancient city's locality, and as we have remarked, have had their influence upon the semi-mythological narrative of Homer. The ruins of Priam's palace have been laid bare; the walls which Poseidon and Appallon reared, the streets through which the pious son of Aphrodite bore the aged Ancherses from their burning home, the Scaean gate where the Trojan councillors sat and talked of Spartan Helen's beauty, have all been opened to the gaze of men. Precious remains of art, antique pottery, gold and silver ornaments, such as may have been worn by the domestic Andromache or the ranting Cassandra, have all been brought to the light, richly rewarding the labors of the enthusiastic archæologist. Those who would learn more of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Schliemann must read his great work, "Troy and its Remains." Our object is not to discuss these exhumations, interesting as that would be; but to delineate as briefly as possible the geography of this famous land.

Standing on the excavated site of Hisarlik, away from the skeptical west, under the Mysian sky, all of Homer's definitely described landscapes sweep in upon the vision. Many-fountained Ida, with its long range of hills, bounds the horizon on the east. The struggling, sluggish stream of the Simois, its banks bordered with wild roses, and its channel half-filled with reeds, flows yonder at your left. It is scarcely more than a creek, and its insignificance reconciles one to the offence against the Homeric nomenclature which the Turks have committed in naming the modern stream Dumbrek. Westward lies once more the vision of the islands in the Ægean, Tenedos, behind which the Greek fleet lay hid during the last night of the siege, rising green out of the sea almost at your feet. In front rises out of the plain a lofty mound, the work of human hands, which is the supposed tomb of Myrinne, about which the auxiliary troops and Trojan warriors mustered under Hector and Æneus before the battles.

It is singular how this unearthed site meets all the requirements of Homer's locality. All the picturesque, warlike and domestic details of the siege are recalled with vividness. One feels that

he is treading the actual classic soil of the Iliad. The "high, wide-paved city" looms up before you. Priam's stately courts, the citadel of Troy, the doings of Paris and Helen, of Hector and Andromache, the thronging of the heralds about the gates, the going forth of mailed warriors and of flashing chariots, the old chiefs of Ilium sitting at the Scaean gate, and the white-armed daughter of Olympian Zeus among them pointing out with jeweled hands the Grecian princes to their admiring gaze, and all the memories of the past throng with wonderful distinctness upon the mind. You even note the fact that Achilles' feat of dragging dead Hector behind his chariot around the doomed city could easily be performed. Few traces of the civilization which was destroyed when gods and men united to punish a prince for perfidy and lust, remain; but there in the presence of the landmarks



TOMB AT MYSIA.

he painted, Homer's pictures have a reality that can never be experienced elsewhere.

The thought, too, comes while you stand above the ruins of the defunct city, overlooking the nar-

row Ilian plain, that Priam's kingdom was after all a very petty affair. But so were all the kingdoms of those days. The Trojan war was removed only

against Israel. The territorial limits of Ilium proper, however, must have been small; but it was a rich and fertile territory, and there is no reason to suppose that its actual importance was exaggerated by the poet.

With our pockets filled with fragments of broken earthenware picked from the chinks of the uncovered walls, which our fancy converted into debris of the city destroyed by Agamemnon, and several coins that must have been contemporary with the later Roman city that was built upon its ruins, we rode forward in the afternoon sun to the Turkish village of Bounarbashi. Our way lay along the course of the Scamander, whose course we could trace at this point far up among the defiles of Ida. What memories of the past cheered us as we rode slowly up the banks of the ancient stream! Some shepherds feeding their flocks on the slopes recalled visions of Paris and Enone, of Anchises and Ganymede, whose feet must often have pressed those very hillsides. The surrounding landscapes were beautiful, flushed with the warm sunlight of a summer afternoon. The dreamy silence made the scenes more impressive.



SITE OF ANCIENT TROY, NEAR BOUNARBASHI.

two hundred years or thereabouts from Joshua's conquest of Canaan; and the reader will remember that nearly one chapter of the book which bears the Jewish leader's name is occupied in enumerating the petty kings who divided Palestine among them. Every walled town had its own incorporated government and its king. The land of Canaan was no larger than Lesser Phrygia, over which the Trojan king seemed to possess a nominal supremacy, and the latter's alliances with the distant countries of Lycia, Cilicia and Greater Phrygia marks him as equal in power at least to the Canaanitish Adonibezek, who fed seventy tributary kings at his table; or to the formidable Jabin king of Hazor, who made a confederacy

were wandering in a land where, as in that the Lotus Eaters, it seemed always afternoon. Lovely flowers and luxuriant grasses were growing under our feet. Fertile as the land is to-day, needing only the hand of cultivation to bring out its richness, we may well believe the storied of its ancient profuseness. Upon the level plain I was then traversing, on either side of the Scamander, were the meadows over which ranged the three thousand mares of the opulent Erichonius, Priam's great grandfather, and an early king of Troy.

The site of Bounarbashi is about eight miles from Hissarlik, covering an elevation considerably raised above the Trojan plain. How any one

could ever imagine this to be the locality of Homer's Ilium is a problem that appears to me indissoluble. The location does not meet a single requirement of the "Iliad." Four miles in from the seashore, and eleven or twelve from the Sigeum promontory, if this was indeed the site of Troy, we have nothing but contempt for those Greek warriors who braved it out for ten years in the manner they did, when the least bit of military strategy would have suggested the detail of a portion of their fleet to a station below Tenedos, from which rear attacks might have been made upon Priam's capital simultaneously with those that were made in front. Of course such a proceeding would have destroyed all of Homer's chances for weaving an "Iliad," and consequently we should have known nothing about Troy and those demigod warriors who fought pitched battles and made speeches seemingly for a Homeric benefit. Certainly this could not have been the site of Priam's city, and I should like to have Dr. Smith or any other scholar explain how Achilles

an inaccessible height, with its citadel frowning from a steep behind which goats can scarcely obtain footing.

A city, however, evidently stood here once; a large and populous city, too. A few years ago the Austrian consul at Constantinople uncovered the earth above the supposed Pergamos, disclosing a gigantic wall girdling the whole circumference of the hill. The most antiquarian fancy was satisfied with the ancient appearance of the exhumed walls, and everybody supposed that the long searched-for city of the Trojan kings had been found. Dr. Schliemann's more recent discoveries at Hissarlik made the entertainment of such an idea preposterous. But what city did stand here? It is not easy to answer. The whole of this corner of ancient Mysia is strewn with the ruins of prehistoric cities. Homer could probably have told us if he had cared to. The constant references which the "Odyssey" contains to matters which do not come within range of the "Iliad," fully shows that there was a great mass of floating



MODERN THYATIRA.

could possibly have dragged the gallant Trojan, who makes a better hero of the "Iliad" than he does, around the walls of a city pitched upon such

Troic legend, of which the poet only wrought up so much as suited his own purpose. In the twentieth book of the "Iliad" Homer makes slight

allusion to a city which the Trojans inhabited before Ilium was built, "city of many-languaged men." If I was to venture upon a supposition, I should say this may possibly have been the ancient

tions of the old Greek and Latin poets give to every inch of earth in the Troad something of romance. It is all classic ground.

The ruins of the old Greek city of Alexandria



PHILADELPHIA, NEAR THE TROAD.

Dardania. Homer's testimony is that the latter city was farther up the Idæan ridge than Ilium, which coincides with our assumption. According to another tradition, there was more than one Ilium, or at least the city was several times rebuilt. It may be possible that Bounarbashi stands on the site of one of the older Iliums. That it was not Homer's Troy there are too many evidences to prove the contrary; but that it was one of the parent cities of this flourishing state is highly probable, though as to which one every traveller must decide for himself.

Whatever city it was it had a splendid and commanding location. The Scamander at this point comes rushing from a chasm cleft among the fir-clad ranges of Ida, and a thousand feet below semicircles the precipitous steep on which the village stands. The panorama of the "heaven-born stream" tearing its way through the rent mountain is striking enough to give some color to the Greek fable that Heracles tore Ida asunder purposely for the river's passage-way. The tradi-

Troas are about two hours drive from Bounarbashi. The modern name of Eski-Stamboul has no hint of the ancient appellative, and is misleading. Unless one is the best of classic scholars, and aware of the fact that the old city was a *colonia* with the *Jus Italicum* under the Romans, he will be surprised at the wide extent of the ruins. I expected to find the few remains of a paltry town, instead of which I was greeted by an extent of ruins ten miles at least in circuit. Sweeping up from the beach of the Ægean over an immense ridge, its site overgrown with wild grass and a grove of oaks, the roots of which clasp the fallen marbles in their embraces, lie all that is left of the great city which Antigonos built and the Cæsars embellished. Perhaps the most prominent fact connected with its history is the preaching of St. Paul. Somewhere about here must be the remains of the house where Paul left his cloak when he took that memorable voyage across the Ægean into Macedonia, and also those of the other house from whose open windows young

thus fell in his sleep and was taken up dead, afterwards restored to life by the apostle. In his day was one of the most important of the province of Asia. The ancient harbor still be traced in a basin about four hundred long and two hundred wide.

Among the broken columns and friezes of the ruined city we watched the sunset over the sea. A trail of ruddy light swept over the sea dotted with the white sails of Greek, Venetian and Roman fleets, and finally behind the island of Thasos the sun-god sunk to rest. It was a curious thought to think of the million of eyes that had watched that picture from the site where we stood. St. Paul and perhaps some of the Romans had seen the same western horizon flushed with sunset, and the long waving line of Imbros and the peaked Samothrace.

While the short, splendid Levantine twilight thickened around us we hastened up through the vine and olive groves that covered the hillside, to seek shelter for the night at the hut of a

present some admirable specimens of manly beauty. The women are not so beautiful, and this inferiority seems to have descended straight down from the days of the "Iliad." For everybody has probably observed that, while in Greece it was the women who attracted the love of the deities, in Troy it was the men. These people subsist by hunting and rude pastoral labor. Their habitations are clay-built cabins, shaggy and brush-covered, fac-similes of those older huts that clustered about the woody recesses and the valleys at the spurs of Ida, one of which may have sheltered the infant Paris, when, cast out from the royal palace, he was protected by the Idæan shepherd.

We had journeyed the whole length of the Trojan plain, but we had not yet finished Homer's land. The Idæan mountains towered aloft in the eastern sky, the fabled haunt of cloud-compelling Zeno, its tall dark pines and summery swales golden with the legends of Ganymede and the sweet shepherd-maid whom Paris deserted for the



MODERN PERGAMOS.

herdsman. The Yuruks are a people who inhabited the Troad from a time long anterior to the Ottoman conquest. They are a hardy, but hospitable race, and in their physique

resemble the Spartan queen. The next day at early dawn we left the hospitable Yuruk hut, and proceeded through the fertile valleys and over the wooded hills, with Mount Ida for our destination

We were fortunate enough to have another brilliant day for our journey. Dreamy and solemn were the skies overhead, the breeze whispered

the tablets of our mind, we followed the course of the Scamander up among the rough ravines and pine groves of Ida. The river must have changed

since Homer's day, for its true sources are far removed from those ascribed to it by the bard. Half-way up the mountain side on the west, from a vast cavern known among the natives as Buyuk-Megara, the clear waters gush forth in mighty volume, a full-formed river in their earliest start. The cave has never been fully explored, but a more appropriate source for the classic river cannot well be imagined than this magnificent grotto far up among the groves of many-fountained Ida.

The view down through the valley of the Scamander from this point is enchanting. Tennyson has scarcely done it justice in the beautiful picture that he draws of it in his "Ænone." No adornment of fancy is needed to make the surrounding glades the per-



THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

softly among the olive and pine groves, and we struggled along with our mind in a sort of dream.

As we crossed the Scamander for the first time we came upon a scene that carried us back three thousand years with the rapidity of thought. Some Yuruk women, black-eyed and black-haired, lithe, agile and handsome, with the contrast of scarlet and purple jackets against white nether garments, whose huts were on the hillside, were performing their week's clothes-washing in the channel of the river. It was almost the exact scene of the "Iliad," the

Washing-troughs of well-wrought stone
Where Trojan dames, ere yet alarmed by Greece,
Washed their fair garments in the days of peace.

With Homer's picture engraved indelibly upon

perfect ideal scenes which the poet describes. As if to carry out the perfect reminiscence of the ancient pastoral life, shepherds still lead their woolly, white-hoofed charges through the valleys; and once as we rode under the chestnuts and oaks, the warbling of a reed-flute playing a primitive air seemed to carry us back to the halcyon days prior to the Trojan war, when the daughter of the river-god mourned her cidevant lover perhaps in these very groves.

Tennyson, taking the license of a poet, makes Troy visible from this place, which could hardly have been, as a range of hills shuts out from sight entirely the Ilian plain and the valley of the lower Scamander. But behind the valley "topmost Gargarus" does indeed "stand up and take the

morning." The Turks term the mountain Kazdagh, or Goose-height, on account of its white appearance, which resembles the breast of a goose. We were the greater part of a day in reaching its summit, which is a level area, broad enough for all the gods of the Olympian mythology to find standing-room upon. Its altitude is somewhat less than our own Mount Washington—hardly five thousand feet—but the prospect from it is unsurpassed. Homer could not have chosen a more favorable place whereon to seat his divinities than this peak of topmost Gargarus. A view from it takes in all Western Asia Minor and European Turkey, and the peninsula of Greece. Although thirty miles distant, the plain of Troy appears almost directly under the gazer's feet, and a single glance suffices to take in all the incidental localities of the "Iliad." Beyond, like a mirror of silver, flashed the waters of the Ægean, over which Byron passed in his "Pilgrimage," stopping to hail Ida with a stanza from the sea, and over which I had passed in my upward passage from Athens only the week before. The Hellespont

of Constantinople, which are sometimes visible, it is said, from Ida; but we failed to see them. A thousand memories of ancient history crowded upon the mind as we looked around in the Asian sunlight—Alexander at the Granicus, the many-nationed host of Xerxes with Libyan chariots and Arabian camels and Cappadocian steeds, swarming on the plain to the northward, and many a pageant of Greek, Roman, and Crusading times, which are only memories now.

Mount Ida is not altogether desolate. Religion and hunting combine to revive much of the old antique life which has made the famous mountain classic ground. Once a year the Yuruk populace of the surrounding territory ascend this lofty Gargarian height, and carouse days and nights together in honor of the occasion of one of their superstitious festivals. Much fierce liquor is consumed at these times by the thirsty worshippers, and the quantity of broken bottles strewn about the summit would seem to indicate that Dionysus rather than Zeus is the divinity most worshipped at present upon the mountain.

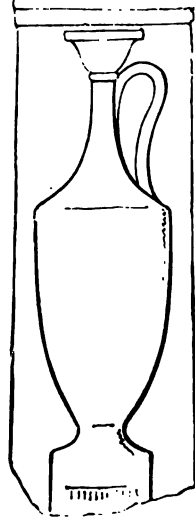
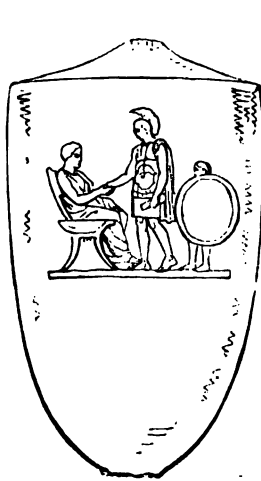


ORNAMENTATION OF THE HELENIC AGE.

and Propontis cut the shores of Asia and Europe, unchanged through all the centuries since Homer's day. We gazed keenly to distinguish the towers

The old gods who sat on the peak and looked down upon the perilous ventures about Ilium might, if they could, witness to-day scarcely less

hazardous exploits performed in the chasing of wild boars on the sides of Ida. The mountain, as in Homer's day, is "the mother of wild beasts;"



EARLY TROJAN URNS AND VASES.

wolves and panthers frequent its gloomiest defiles, and multitudinous wild boars literally plow the hillsides. Famous sport there is in the autumn months, when Frank strangers visit the governor of Beiramitch on the upper Scamander. The promise of a few liras from this Turkish potentate tempts out nearly all the Yuruk population of the Western Troad, and for a week or two the old mountain is transformed from its loneliness into the most exciting holiday spot in the world. The ringing of muskets, the shouts of savage huntsmen, the flash of steel weapons, the rush of wild boars through the gorges, with all the indescribable scream and clangor of the occasion, lends to the classic mountain a picturesqueness that could not have been surpassed when the royal hunting parties of Laomedon's or Priam's court took a week's sport among the hills.

Not without loss of life and limb is this dangerous pastime pursued. Many a valuable steed is ripped open by the gleaming long tufts of the *boars*, and often a poor Yuruk is carried home

to his hut in the valley never to go forth again when the hunter's horn peals through the wild-wood. The pines of Ida are the finest in the

world. Not even the forests of Scandinavia, which furnished timber for many a viking's craft in the olden time, can produce anything to match the colossal classic trunks of this Asiatic clime. They rise stupendous and straight from the lower terraces, crown the upper cliffs with a more than kingly diadem, and sweep around the ravined sides with a profusion that would warrant the building of a thousand navies yet. As we went down through the wooded defiles we could not help thinking of the

days when the Trojan ship-builders laid their impost upon these kingly trunks to provide fleets for Paris and Æneus. Many a Greek quinquereme and Roman galley have been constructed from their timber since those older days; but



EARLY TROJAN URNS AND VASES.

the Idæan summits seldom ring with axe-stroke now. The seats of civilization have moved from the Troad boundaries, and the dryads and naiads rule undisturbed in their present fastnesses.

Another night passed in the wilderness, another day of wandering under the dreamy skies of Priam's kingdom, passing along the upper and lower Scamander and traversing the Trojan plain again, and we came out of the ancient land. We looked our last upon the ruins of Homer's city, dipped our fingers in the waves of the Scamander

as a parting salutation to its presiding deity, lifted our caps to the mist-covered mountain of the gods, and then stepped out of a palace of enchantment into the cold gray light of ordinary life, frosty as a polar day. Henceforward the land of the "Iliad" was to live only in our memories.

WITH MEN AND BOOKS.

BY A. F. BRIDGES.

XVIII.

IN contemplating the achievements of a great mind, we are apt to think they spring, Minerva-like, full-grown, into existence. The secret history of the masterpieces of literature, in prose and in poetry, would reveal many a fact of curious interest regarding the immature plans as they originally existed in the minds of their authors, the eliminations, and last, but not least, the aid from outside sources by way of suggestions, and of the very material itself. Indeed, the latter no doubt would fill an important volume. A worthy critic, in speaking of the few minds "the results of whose labors are placed by history and the judgment of a daily increasing wisdom high above competition," says, "They beam upon our world like the sun among the stars. . . . We forget that the sun, whose regal power we so readily recognize, is acted upon no less subtly and surely by all inferior influences, that, to climb to any glorious height, we must have assistance and guides." Tacitus had a happy faculty of improving upon the productions of others. His brevity of style was such that he could reduce a bulky compilation to less than one-half its dimensions; and his graces as a writer enabled him to weave dates and figures into a story that read like romance. But Tacitus was a historian; and to a certain extent it was his place, as a historian, to avail himself of the researches of others, and to use their material at pleasure. A poet, however, is a creator. He conceives a design and he executes it. The plan, the thought, the language are his. If any of these are borrowed, they are stolen, and the reflection is on his morals. Design, thought, language are borrowed; and this serves to illustrate the littleness of human greatness, as well as to point out

the various steps, the aids and the guides by which even this greatness is attained.

The immortal lines of Robert Burns, "Auld Lang Syne," are an improvement on a love-song of the same title, to be found in a collection of Scotch poems printed by James Watson, Edinburgh, 1711. The original has for its theme love, while the well-known lines of the latter are far more happily dedicated to friendship. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was not originally conceived by John Bunyan. It was adapted by him while in prison from the dreamings of a monk, whose manuscript had in some way fallen into his possession. "Though we regret to give to another than Bunyan," said a writer of note, "a single thrill of the gratitude with which this little book inspires us, though we may dread to regard its author as a tithe less than the inspired saint we have always believed him, still let justice be done though the heavens fall; and at the same time let him who was a victim of tyranny, both in body and soul, have due meed of praise in that he saw so clearly, through the gloom of superstition, the heavenly light and the narrow path." Though Bunyan is not to be considered a plagiarist, inasmuch as the development of the plan, the detail and the doctrine are peculiarly his, yet had it not been for the first idea of the dead monk, the immortal allegory would never have been written.

These two instances do not seem so important when we consider that even Milton is not the originator of the world-renowned epic, "Paradise Lost." The discoveries that have been made within the last few years establish this beyond hope of successful contradiction. As in the case of Bunyan, a meed of praise is to be given Milton for his labor. The superiority of his mental en-

dowments, the breadth of his scholarship, the broader sweep of his imagination, and the general gifts of nature that render him the greater poet, together with the more suitable style of verse, all tend to make the adaptation far more worthy than the original.

The discoveries referred to resulted in rescuing from obscurity, to which its immaturity as much as any of its defects consigned it, a volume of rare interest, "The Glasse of Time in the First and Second Age. Divinely Handled. By Thomas Peyton. London, 1620." This was forty years before "Paradise Lost" was given to the public. Concerning Thomas Peyton, nothing is known further than that he here appears as author. The encyclopedias of biography do not contain his name. "A copy of his book," said a writer in the *North American Review*, "elaborately bound in vellum, ornamented with gold, with coat-of-arms, and regal device, illustrated with curious cuts and quaintly printed, had been kept in the the possession of some English family, and was buried in the chest of an illiterate descendant, until his recent death created a train of circumstances which in the end placed the book before our eyes. We are convinced that the subject is worthy of attention and inquiry, and we herewith offer the result of our own research and comparison with the immortal poem which it so much resembles, and which we cannot help believing was suggested by it."

The writer referred to then takes up the narrative of the two in comparison, showing that each begins with human existence, dwelling on the fall of man. At this epoch "The Glasse of Time" becomes in a sense a biography of Adam and his descendants down to the days of Noah, promising at the close a continuation. But the story was never resumed, it appears. The poem as a whole is crude, the thought being filtered and the sense obscured by rhyme; but it agrees with the view of the origin of sin as expressed in "Paradise Lost," the agency of Satan, the depravity of the race, and the hope of the sinner through redemption. The version of Milton enjoys many superiorities over that of Peyton—the character of Satan belongs exclusively to it, while it is distinguished by a strict adherence to the matter in hand, never induced to leave it by an allusion or a simile. Again, in every particular where the thought of the two is very similar, it is eminently superior.

The opening of the seventh and ninth books of "Paradise Lost," bears a striking resemblance to the corresponding part of a book of the "Book of Time." I quote from the latter:

Urania, sovereign of the muses nine,
Inspire my thoughts with sacred work divine—
Come down from Heaven—within my temples
Inflame my heart and lodge within my breast.
Grant me the story of this world to sing,
The "Glasse of Time" upon the stage to bring
Be aye within me, by thy powerful might
Govern my pen, direct my speech aright—
Even in the birth and infancy of Time
To the last age, season my holy rhyme.
O, lead me on, into my soul infuse
Divinest work, and still be thou my muse—
That all the world may wonder and behold
To see Time pass in ages manifold—
And that their wonder may produce this end—
To live in love, their future lives to mend.

.....
All-powerful God, when both by night and day
Incessantly my heart to Thee did pray,
To ease my grief, and, if it were Thy will,
To send me peace to walk on Sion's hill,
That in Thy house, where all Thy saints do m
My soul might sing and offer odors sweet.

.....
Instead of peace, which I desired in haste,
Thou send'st me down a lovely virgin chaste,
Noble Urania, soberly attired,
Which when I saw, with joy I much admired.
Finding a friend, a copartner thus to be
A fit companion in my misery.
Great God of Heaven, upon my bended knees,
Before that face which every action sees,
Let me but know what good I ever wrought,
That Thou in mercy thus on me hath thought!
Or have I not offended much Thy will
That Thou my heart dost with Urania fill?
Eternal God, what shall I give to Thee
For Thy great love and favor showed to me?
If all the world within my power did stand,
And all therein was sole at my command,
In thankfulness for all Thy mercies sweet
I'd all surrender—lay them at Thy feet.

Let the reader turn to the parts of "Paradise Lost" referred to, and read from the line,
Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called,
to, "and fit audience find, though few,"
forty lines in all, and he will find the resemblance.

To begin at the beginning, Milton sang
Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our w

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse, that on the sacred top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos.

Peyton begins:

The author first doth God's assistance crave
Throughout the work, that he His help may have.
The sacred Sabbath, Satan's envious gall,
The woman formed, and man's most dismal fall,
The tree of life, protected from the brute,
The tree of knowledge, with her fatal fruit,
For fear the world should finally be ended
God's dearest daughter down in haste descended—
The flaming sword, the tree of life that guarded,
The cherubim upon the walls that warded,
The land of Eden—is described at large,
Heaven's judgments just to all men's future charge.

There is a similarity in the invocations of the
two poets. I give Peyton's first:

Oh, glorious God, inspirer of my muse,
Grant that Thy Word my soul may daily use,
And that what learning painfully it got
Still from the truth may never swerve a jot—
That in her spring, beginning, and her bud,
May sing Thy glory to Thy churches' good.

Oh, that my muse might once but rest in peace.
Then would she sing divinely—never cease—
But work out truth within her holy rhymes,
Gliding along, descending to our times;
And dear Urania, sovereign of my verse,
Should hear the glory of this world rehearse,
Unfolding still to God's immortal glory
The heavenly sweetness of a sacred story.

And chiefly Thou, oh Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support.
To the height of this great argument;
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

In alluding to the war in heaven, both attribute
the fall of the angels to pride. They both follow
them in their frightful descent down to hell.
Both versions have the devil in superb form to
tempt Eve in Eden. Even Paradise is similarly
described. Peyton sings of

—The treasures of that goodly land,
The fruitful regions in the same that stand,
The goodly rivers, and brave mounting hills,
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Sweet, temperate air on every side that fills
The downy plains with such a fragrant smell
As winged Fame unto our ears doth tell—
The spicy trees, and brave, delightful flowers—
The dainty walks and gilt, aspiring towers,
And all things else that man could well desire,
Or discontent of Nature may require.

Milton's description in this, as in every other
particular, is superior:

Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view—
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, bore only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks,
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed.
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irregulous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and, without thorn, the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grapes, and gently creeps
Luxuriant—meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The following is from Peyton's address to
Adam, concluding with an account of the temp-
tation and the fall:

As the two lights within the firmament,
So hath thy God His glory to thee lent—
Composed thy body exquisite and rare
That all His works cannot to thee compare.
Like his own image drawn thy shape divine.
With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line;
Within thy nostrils blown His holy breath,
Impaled thy head with that inspiring wreath
Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
To mount His throne above the lofty skies—
Summons His angels, in their winged order,
About thy brows to be a sacred border—
Gives them in charge to honor this His frame,
All to admire and wonder at the same.

Now art thou complete, Adam, all beside
May not compare to this thy lovely bride,
Whose radiant tress, in silver rays to wave
Before thy face, so sweet a choice to have
Of so divine and admirable mould,
More daintier far than is the purest gold.

But now thy God hath perfect made thy state,
Linked thee in marriage to so choice a mate,
Himself the Priest which brought her to thy hand,
And knit the knot that evermore shall stand,
Ringed with her virtue, glorious beauty chaste.

But Lucifer, that soared above the sky,
And thought himself equal to God on high,
Envies thy fortune and thy glorious birth,
In being framed but of the basest earth.
Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a snake to execute his ire,
Winds him within that winding, crawling beast,
And enters first, whereas thy strength was least.

And watching time when Adam stepped aside,
Even but a little from his lovely bride,
To pluck perhaps a nut upon the trees
Or get a comb among the honey-bees,
Or some such thing to give his lovely spouse,
Even just to Eve thou didst thy body rouse
And question with her mind of much idle prattle.

Oh, cursed, damned, execrable devil!
Delighting best in that thing which is evil;
What made thee now thy baneful speech to blow
Out of that cankered venom'd mouth below,
That Eve must reach, and in her hand to grapple
So far a fatal, curst, bewitching apple;
And not content thereof herself to eat,
But reached another as a dainty meat,
And in her sweet, delightful, loving hands
Runs to her lord, where all alone he stands.

After thus partaking of the forbidden fruit the exposure follows. The mortification of Adam is narrated, also his complaint against the woman. "She gave it to me, and I did eat." At the proper place the threefold sentence is pronounced. Moses records it in six verses; but the poets in their statement of it are inclined to be verbose. In two hundred lines or more Peyton repronounces the condemnation, first on the serpent, then on the woman, and lastly on the man. In all of it there are no brilliant passages—nothing but the most tedious commonplace, by no means an improvement on the scriptural account.

The writer already quoted says: "We are well aware that the lines of Peyton show to much less advantage when placed beside the polished verse of Milton than when read as an isolated work." Nor have we in these extracts given justice to the complete poem. We have selected those portions which seem to harmonize more fully with Milton. Many of the best passages are in the second division, which we have scarcely noticed. When we pore over the heavy lettering of these yellow pages, where, in most cases, the orthography is obsolete, and in many instances the words themselves have lost their significance; where occasional mistakes are corrected with the pen, perhaps

in the author's own hand; where every change is noted in the margin and every word of information or allusion honestly recorded, where, transported by these associations back to that period of English history and English life, and remember how much the poet had to contend against, not only in his own experiences but also in the comparative state of letters and poverty of books, we sum up all, we can see so clearly the development of a long-cherished idea, thought out into language, and committed to the world with somewhat more than an author's ambition and desire, with a deep appreciation of the nobleness of his theme, and a pious wish to promote God's glory—we forget his faults and his weaknesses, we admire his thought and expression, we look upon him as a poet in the highest sense of the word, as a creator. And then when we consider that this work was written only thirty-one years after the work was accepted as a vignette in the title-page informs us that this was a good fight in those days, moved rather after the manner of "the far Cathay" than of the years of our own time.

The vast improvement of "Paradise Lost" over its crude, immature original, renders it difficult to tell just in how much Milton was benefited by it. Still, some idea may be obtained when we consider how immeasurably below the standard of the great poem its companion, "Paradise Regained," falls. It is a pity Peyton, or some one else, did not continue the narrative before Milton, that he might have improved on it like

XIX.

Public attention is being turned toward Mormonism of late much more than at any time in the past. The execution of Bishop Johnson for his share in the Mountain Meadow massacre, in establishing the supremacy of nationality, may be said to have first directed the public mind to the awakened interest. Then lastly the decision of the United States Supreme Court against polygamy, the chief corner-stone of Mormonism. The movement against Mormonism has become a political issue, if it is possible that the parties would be agreed for it to become so. The press, the pulpit, and the platform have all been outspoken on the subject, and the public mind has been reached. The time is certainly

distant when this foul blot will be erased from our national honor.

The origin of the Mormon Bible is certainly in keeping with this monstrous latter-day imposition, for which it is in some sense a foundation. It is uninspired as a book. What renders the matter worse, it is stolen property. The *Boston Recorder*, in 1839, contained the following expose. The Rev. Mr. Stowe, of Holliston, who had come in contact with Mormonism in its grossest forms, prepared the narrative and secured its publication. The account was copied in the *Millennial Harbinger*, Bethany, Virginia, edited by Alexander Campbell, the writer of the concluding note:

"THE ORIGIN OF THE MORMON BIBLE.

"As this book has excited much attention, and has been put by a certain new sect in the place of the Sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has been necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin, and to lay open this pit of abominations.

"Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated upon Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and

become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving a historical sketch of this long-lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in the narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of 'Manuscript Found.' The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering the manuscript, and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names which won particular notice from the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

"From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found an acquaintance and friend in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson, who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do, for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon (one of the leaders and founders of the sect), who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at this time

WIDOWS, FERNS, AND ROMANCE.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT possible connection can there be between these?" says one.

Is it sarcasm, meaning to insinuate that those who indulge in romance are green, like ferns?

No, my dears; for if it referred to color, the folly might as truthfully be termed gray, as at a certain period ferns become gray; and we have all learned that romantic ideas are not confined to the green age of youth.

It was a lovely day in September that a party were gathered in the porch of Rose Cottage, discussing the feasibility of a trip up the mountain-side for ferns and mosses.

If Hi. Norton could go to-day with them, all agreed that it would be charming. Hi. was their favorite guide, and an excursion was readily postponed if there was any hope of having Hi. by waiting.

Our party was composed of James and Hannah, John and Maria, pretty, gray-haired Mrs. Bedell (a widow whose sorrow had some time ago reached the pensive, interesting stage), Dr. Malbone, and poor, insignificant I, that in our rambles was paired off with Hi.

Little did I care, for Hi.'s "talk" was far more interesting to me than that of my companions; such original remarks and ideas of things as he treated me to, brimful of natural wit and keenness! It was he that first opened my eyes to the fact that Dr. Malbone was infatuated with our sweet-faced widow of forty, but neither fat nor fair. Surely it was not physical beauty that rendered her so charming; yet charming she was to all, male or female, young or old.

James and Maria had each accompanied their respective spouses upon their annual trip to escape the affliction of hay-fever, that now common pestilence.

The afflicted Hannah and John were happy to feel that there was one spot at least upon this earth where they might find rest and comfort; and their consorts were content that they were relieved, though Yankee thrift must have suggested to them that it was a moneyed pity that the hay-fever patients had not been mated—it

would have saved half the annual expense. Thus the innocent must suffer—even in their pocket.

The doctor was taking his annual vacation of two months, which tells its own tale, that he was a popular New York (*N. Y.*) surgeon, with an extensive and remunerative practice, who could well afford to leave his few summer patients to the poorer doctors.

We must tell the whole truth, that the relinquishment was not as great as seems at first sight, his practice being among the uppermost tendom; during the summer months the best of it might be found at the mountains, among the lakes, in the Canadas, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as well as generally distributed over continental Europe and the Pacific Isles; in fact, for four months of the year he would have needed seven-leagued boots or a winged steed to have attended his then widely-spread practice.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was something strange about the first meeting between Grace Bedell and Doctor Malbone, though I must confess that stupid I should never have noticed it but for Hi.'s calling my attention to it.

We six, the two wedded couples, the widow and myself, had just returned from a sunset picnic upon the side of one of the smaller mountains, and Hi. had met us at the gate as we returned, to learn of our plans for the morrow; at that very moment we discovered in the porch with our host and hostess the most noble-looking man that ever I saw.

A form neither tall nor slender, short nor stout, but thoroughly pleasing to the eye, and a figure that inspired confidence at once—one of those few forms and faces that one calls to instinctively for help, with never a thought of the lack of previous acquaintance.

Our hostess advanced toward us, saying that she would introduce us to "her annual boarder, Dr. Malbone."

I bowed first, and then stepped backward so that I stood beside our guide, Hi. He spoke in a low voice, "Look at Mrs. Bedell, ma'am." I looked

in amazement; the sweet face was convulsed with an agonizing expression; but with a woman's self-control, her features were calm, though pale, before the doctor had shaken hands all around. He bowed gracefully to Mrs. Bedell, but when he raised his head it was he that was embarrassed. He had not observed her before, and apparently the name was an unknown one to him; but the lady herself had certainly at some time been far other than a stranger to him.

The old, old story, loved and parted! The unwritten history of the world! Could we "a-bear" to read, even were one skilled enough to write it?

Had the doctor and Grace stumbled face to face over the tripping graves of buried hopes? How the pathway of life is crossed by these mounds, and each sees only his own!

CHAPTER III.

THE constraint at first noticeable between the doctor and Grace, in our free and easy life soon disappeared entirely; whether they found opportunity for some mutual explanation, or concluded to be friends upon trust, none of us were ever able to say; yet they were apparently agreeable friends, and that knowledge sufficed us.

Nothing is more disagreeable for a small party than to know that there are two persons present that you must forever be planning to prevent coming in contact lest it destroy all harmony.

With us now all was sunny; the doctor gallantly cared for the widow on all our excursions. If we geologized, he faithfully chipped and hammered each rock that struck her fancy; if we botanized, his middle-agedness appeared no obstacle to his clambering up to all sorts of impossible heights, or down to dusky depths to assist in adding to our list of hard-to-get-at-able plants.

If piscatorially inclined, he patiently wormed her hooks, though it must be acknowledged that he did join with the other horrid men in laughing at the idea of strong-minded, politically-inclined females, requiring one of the sterner sex to stand at her elbow to arrange her bait so that she could catch her fish. He thought her vaunted independence but an empty boast.

And then, too, he would say that he should either have to bring his ether to soothe the poor fish's agony, as we landed them so awkwardly, or else should, to ease his conscience, complain to
— local Bergh.

He would laughingly argue against our protest that fish were sluggish and non-sensitive, and say that woman never had any mercy upon her game.

To-day it was ferns and mosses, and the doctor said that he was glad that our spoil to-day was inanimate; for we were so heartless in our pursuit of pleasure, it pained him to be a witness of our unkindness.

James facetiously said that if we were heartless, there must be thieves around; he had suspected Hi. for some time, but he had just begun to think that possibly Grace was in some danger.

I did not see but their mutual blushes were just as becoming to them as to younger lovers—for lovers they are most certainly now, whatever may have been their relation in the youth that is forever left behind them.

CHAPTER IV.

FERNS and mosses well worthy of the name did Hi. pilot us to that day. Chenille moss, more elegant than all the chenille art ever produced.

Short, crispy moss; soft, velvety mosses; lichens of all kinds and descriptions, upon trunks of trees that looked sound and rich with verdure, but into which one would sink untold depths if they ventured to attempt foothold upon its treacherous surface.

The loveliest of rock ferns upon boulders of tons weight, which rested firmly against the side of the mountain as if maintaining their position by mere force of their rocky will, in opposition to the laws of gravitation.

How daintily we selected from the wealth about us, scorning and rejecting more beautiful moss and fern than we had ever before seen!

But we forgot that; and, now we had an opportunity, we were as fastidious as though to the "manor born." This was not perfect enough; that was rather coarse, and yet all of those daintier than any we ever saw before; wealth and good fortune makes critics of us all.

Grace outdid us all in fastidious seeking, but even she found that one lovely cluster of ferns was beyond her power.

The doctor admiringly watched her perseverance, assisting her until even with his help she had to acknowledge she could go no further.

"I thought a woman could do anything a man could do; how is that? You have failed; I will succeed," and he began to clamber toward the

coveted cluster; he reached it, waved his hand proudly to us, placed one foot upon a fallen trunk that was one fairy mound of lichens; as he turned triumphantly to return, his foot suddenly sank through, and without a moan he lay as still as death. How to reach him was the next question. Grace for a moment nearly fainted; then, like a woman, was calm and ready for any emergency.

Hi.'s long experience in the woods was invaluable then.

Following his advice and with his help the two gentlemen at last reached the insensible doctor. It was no slight work to bear his still form down to us, and even then there was the greater question, how to get him home.

No carriage could come through the forest to us; nothing could be done now but to bear him forward until we reached the mountain road, when we could send forward for some conveyance.

A litter must be improvised from the boughs of the forest. First, Hi. cut several limbs from the supple birch; then took two of the longest, and laying them side by side a short distance apart he proceeded with the ever-present Yankee jack-knife to cut off four short pieces besides. He then emptied the contents of his pockets, and so did James and John; and never again will I laugh at a man's propensity for putting all sorts of things in his pockets.

What should we have done in this emergency without those strings, nails, screws and tacks?

Then there was wrapping-twine, large cord, small cord, and even bits of rope! Sixpennys, tenpennys, and various odd sizes; a patent knife of John's proved equal to a small tool-chest; a nice piece of granite served grandly for a hammer, and soon a good slat-bed was ready for a mattress of "tamarack," spruce and fir boughs; the large bags full of moss made an excellent pillow, and the doctor was carefully laid upon it, and our sad journey toward home was begun; once the doctor murmured something about "Grace's ferns," and moved his hands vaguely, as if seeking something.

Then we noticed for the first time that Grace was tenderly caring for the ferns, for which so much had been risked. The slender rootlets drooped mournfully, as if conscious of all the trouble they had indirectly wrought.

CHAPTER V.

THE doctor proved no light burden, and the

slight help of us three weak women was gratefully accepted in bearing him onward, and none hinted that it was unwomanly or indicative of strong-mindedness. Our assistance was freely asked and given, regardless of our femininity.

The poor doctor was unconscious of his helpers, or he might have apologized for his previous sarcasm at our expense.

At last the road was reached, and Hi. and John left us; one to go to the hotel to seek a surgeon, the other to get the nearest possible conveyance. Dreary was the waiting, but more so after the doctor regained consciousness of his sufferings.

Bravely he exerted himself to learn what was the matter, and he assured us that he had only injured his knee slightly; no bones were broken. His suffering was intense, and it was small comfort to know that the bones were not broken.

The doctor from the hotel and the mountain wagon arrived about the same time. He verified Dr. Malbone's own opinion; the knee was badly sprained, but that was probably the only serious part of the accident.

He chaffed his brother doctor about being borne home by the ladies; but to do this he did not delay placing him in the wagon, which proved sufficiently large for all the party; and somehow, I know not how it was arranged, yet Grace supported his head during the homeward drive, and despite his extreme pain he carefully held those ferns that had cost so much.

At last we were at home, and Dr. Malbone's knee was properly attended to, but he was told that it would need careful nursing for a long time.

Poor fellow! how a man at his time of life, when sick and suffering, must regret that in his youth he did not woo and win some fair woman to be his bride in sunshine and his nurse and waitress in storms!

CHAPTER VI.

DIDN'T we miss the doctor and Grace in our after excursions? Yes, we certainly did.

The doctor was assisted down to the sitting-room each morning, and somehow it was very soon quietly understood that Grace would amuse and care for him through the day without our assistance.

It was puzzling that they never seemed dull nor stupid when we came back at night. The doctor made various "forms" of twigs for us to

the little one in getting her to do it. But she was so shy and so nervous that she could not do it. She was so nervous that she could not do it. She was so nervous that she could not do it.

The doctor and Grace were seated at the head of the table. The doctor was so nervous that he could not do it. He was so nervous that he could not do it. He was so nervous that he could not do it.

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One day they went to the city. They went to the city. They went to the city. They went to the city. They went to the city. They went to the city. They went to the city. They went to the city.

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CATCHING SUNBEAMS.

By E. E. GORDON.

THE autumn sun, with its golden light,
Was making all the world so bright,
Cheering the heart of sorrow and care,
Spreading beauty everywhere,
Drying the tears of old sorrow's grief,
To the broken-hearted bringing relief,
Shining o'er good and evil as well,
From the hardened to give to his gloomy cell,
To the innocent child on its mother's knee,
Watching its rays in childish glee,
As they nestle among his golden curls,
And turn his late-shed tears to pearls.

Reaching out one dimpled hand,
He tries to catch the shining band;
Once, twice, thrice, he tries in vain,
The sunbeams glide from his hand again,
And the blue eyes open wide with surprise,
That he cannot keep the wished-for prize;
But the childish fancy is soon forgot
In the purer joy of his happier lot,
As the young mother smiles with tears of joy,
And clasps to her heart her darling boy.

Catching sunbeams; ah! little one,
We smile at thy folly, and yet we must own

That we who are older, and wiser should be,
Have forgotten to catch sunbeams freely like thee.
For when sunbeams are fleeting that last but a day
And passing treasures that soon will decay,
O'er the path of our life like the sun's golden beams
And whither of gladness like a dream in our dreams,
We grasp for the beauty of life's fading flowers,
And try to retain them as if it were ours.

But the sun in his heavy socks soon to his rest
The world's golden gate in the far-off west,
And the bright rays follow in rapid flight
Leaving us alone with the darkness of night;
So our hopes of honor, and wealth, and fame,
That should give to our memory a living name,
Flee from our grasp like a fleeting breath,
And we are alone with the night of death.

Let us learn a lesson from the little one—
When wishes are thwarted and hopes have flown,
To trust in our Father's love and care,
Rest on God's arms and find comfort there;
And lay up our treasures where they ne'er will decay,
Where forever the light of God's love makes it day;
For lasting treasures on earth are not given;
If you would secure them, then seek them in heaven.

LEON MANOR; OR, THE RESOLUTE GHOSTS.

A STORY OF MARYLAND IN 1725.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

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CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

As this last sentence was uttered a circle of pale light appeared upon the wall fronting Mr. Burton, and in the midst of it was seen the pale face of the late Mr. Leon with his eyes bent upon the ex-lawyer and his whole countenance expressing sorrow and mild rebuke. The light which shone around this face faintly illuminated Mr. Fortescue's bed. The covering was drawn up so as to conceal the face of the secretary, and this change in the bedclothes accounted for the slight noise which had been heard in that direction a few minutes before. Even in the midst of his awe and terror, the owner of Faywood made this observation. He was indeed a man of strong nerves; few could have borne what he was bearing, and still, as he did, have avoided becoming insensible.

A low but distinct voice seemed to issue from between the slightly-parted but immovable lips of the apparition.

"Burton," it said, in tones which the listener recognized, he thought, as those of the deceased Mr. Leon, "I trusted you in all things. It was therefore certainly as much your duty to attend to my interests and my son's as to your own. Do Charles justice, that Heaven may pardon your sins. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Repent then of all your sins and restore the right. Yours is too large and firm a soul to be lost to goodness. As you are brave in heart and nerve, be also brave in spirit; resist manfully the world's temptations, and be fearless enough to do right. You can live at the longest but a few years upon earth. Give your thoughts and your actions then, like the wise and brave man that you can be if you will, to making sure that your life in eternity shall not be unhappy."

As soon as these words had been spoken, the pale face and the light which encircled it at once disappeared. Shortly afterward the voice of the unseen was again heard.

"Well, man," it said, "have you decided for

the right or for the wrong? life or death? heaven or hell?"

"I will look over and consider well my accounts to-morrow," Burton answered. "I will rigidly make a just statement, strictly according to the simple truth and right of the matter, as you require. But this young man is proud, and will not, I am satisfied, accept anything from me as a gift. If I should be obliged, in order to induce him to receive the estate, to acquaint him with the real state of the case, he may ruin my reputation by speaking to others of the business."

"He is not proud," replied the voice; "he is only of an independent spirit. I know that he is a man of pure honor, and therefore that he will not betray your trust. On the contrary, he will certainly do all that he can to save you from any unnecessary pain that might result from your doing a right and self-sacrificing action in his behalf."

"I should like to know more of the young man's mind and character," said Burton, "before I put myself so entirely in his power. He might consider it to be his duty to betray me."

"Try to become intimate with him, then," replied the voice, "and begin by inviting him to your house. No spirit will trouble any one in this building while he is here."

"He will think it strange in connection with my late proposition if I ask him at once to come to see me and by himself," said Burton. "I will send out invitations for a large party to last for some days, and make it a point to press him and Mr. Sumter's family to come."

"Very well," said the unseen. "What time will you appoint?"

"This day, or rather to-morrow morning, week," replied the owner of Faywood. "No shorter time will allow all proper preparations to be made."

"So is it arranged, then," said the unseen. "You shall be no more disturbed by me or mine until we see the probable result of this party. If in the meantime, however, I shall not be satisfied with your course, I shall give you warning. Good-

night. Sleep soundly. If your intentions are really good, you have no cause to fear aught visible or invisible."

The unseen ceased to speak, and profound silence ensued. But Mr. Burton did not find it easy to follow the advice given by the owner of the voice as to sleeping soundly. It is true that he received much comfort from the truce which had been agreed upon, and which caused him to hope that he should for a considerable period receive no annoyance from ghostly visitations. His mind continued for a long time to be exercised in considering the terms, and the mode of fulfilling them, of the contract which had been made. The first pale beams of day had entered into the chamber before he fell into a troubled slumber.

CHAPTER X.—INVITATIONS TO AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE FESTIVAL.

ALL the household at Faywood arose from their beds on the morning following Mr. Burton's truce with the ghosts, refreshed in mind and body more than had been the case with them for some days. None of them except the master of the place had been liable to what they had supposed to be spiritual visitations for several nights; and they had even begun to think that the idea of the house being haunted was a false imagining. The only cases of ghost-seeing which bore any appearance of being authenticated were those of the ostler and the chambermaid; and all but the two parties immediately concerned were becoming convinced that in these instances some of the household had been mistaken for spirits. Those two parties themselves, indeed, were beginning to doubt the evidence of their own senses as they listened to the arguments of others, and as the images of the supposed apparitions grew dimmer and dimmer in their memories with the passage of time.

Mr. Burton had, as the reader is aware, not had much sleep in the two nights last past; but even he left his couch in much better spirits than he had known since his first spiritual visitation. The bright sunshine, the charming appearance of Nature, and the cheerful faces of his household on that beautiful spring morning had their share in this state of his mind; but this effect was mainly due to his truce with the ghosts, which assured him that he would not be disturbed by his mysterious visitants for a week or more. Still, in the

depths of his feelings the promise of eventual "giving up" Faywood, which he had, to say the least, suggested to those visitants, interfered with his perfect enjoyment.

During the morning he informed his wife of the grand entertainment, to last through several days, which he intended to give to his neighbors and other acquaintances. Now, in her heart Mrs. Burton was very far indeed from being displeased at the anticipation of the preparatory bustle, the prospect of social enjoyment held out to her afterwards by the party which her husband proposed. But she considered that she had been treated with neglect in not having been consulted in the matter, and held it to be her duty to herself, therefore, to find some objections.

"My dear," she said, "I should enjoy an occasion of the kind above all things. But what are we going to give our guests to eat at this season of the year? There are no turkeys now to eat; spring chickens are not yet large enough and it is too near summer time for oysters."

"There is but little weight in your objections, madam," replied Mr. Burton. "That turkeys are not in season I confess; but spring chickens are now at what I consider their very best, they are not so good when they are large; and Jack's Bay has still a plenty of oysters—yes, good ones, too. Then there is corned beef; there are hams from our winter stores, and there are pigs and lambs, and wild geese and ducks still about; and, if anything more in the way of meat be necessary, I can have a beef butcher. Moreover, shad are in season, and other fish are abundant in the river and in Battle Creek. I can the Faywood kitchen garden be wanting a variety of vegetables."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Burton, all objections being overwhelmed by this catalogue of things of the edible kind, "if you are satisfied I am. We can only do the best we can. I am sure that I shall do my best."

"Then, Mrs. Burton," said the owner of Faywood, "the party and the time for it being arranged, I wish you to accompany me to Patuxent Town, that we may personally and together invite some families of our friends there to join our soiree gathering on Wednesday next—that is, this week. Your calling in person upon the ladies of the different families will be a compliment which will insure their acceptance of our invitation; and

when the ladies of a family accept such an invitation, the gentlemen are bound to do so. Such, madam, is the influence of your sex over ours in matters of this kind."

Mrs. Burton, who was a believer in her husband's dignity, and therefore obedient to his behests, was quite charmed at this compliment, and forgot all her vexation at not having been sooner consulted.

"Particularly do I desire, my dear," continued Mr. Burton—"my dear" being a great condescension for him—"that this courtesy should be paid to the family of Mr. Sumter, not only because he is the most important merchant in the town and my agent, but because his book-keeper and business confidant is young Charles Leon, the son of my old and respected client. Although the social position of Charles is not so high as was that of his father, yet we must not forget, my dear Mrs. Burton, that his family has been, since the earliest settlement here, one of the most important in the colony. I suppose that you have heard the report that this young Leon is engaged to be married to Mr. Sumter's daughter, and in fact oldest child, Alice?"

Mrs. Burton said in reply that she had heard the rumor, and that she should take much pleasure in the ride to the village, and in complying with her husband's wishes in the premises.

Upon this expression of her assent and satisfaction with the arrangement, three horses were ordered to be prepared for the road and brought from the stables to the front of the house. On one of these horses, a strong but gentle one, the page was mounted, with a broad and soft pillion behind him. To this pillion Mrs. Burton was assisted from the horse-block by her husband; such was the simple mode in which ladies travelled on horseback in those primitive colonial days. Mr. Burton then mounted his own steed, a negro groom sprang to the back of the third horse, and the party thus arranged proceeded in state on their way toward Patuxent Town.

The village was soon entered, and as the cavalcade, considered doubtlessly to be very imposing at that time and place, passed along the streets, it was followed—at a respectful distance, however, for even the children feared to offend so great a man as the owner of Faywood—by a mob of barefooted little boys and girls; while the grown citizens of both sexes peered at the procession

from the windows and doors of dwelling-houses, work-shops and store-rooms.

It was but a short time before the three horses were drawn up before the front door of Mr. Sumter's residence. The negro groom immediately dismounted and held his own horse and his master's, while the latter also dismounted. Mr. Burton then assisted his wife to the ground, after which the gentleman and lady, accompanied by the page, advanced to the house, leaving the horses in charge of the negro servant. Mrs. Sumter and Alice met them at the door, and they were soon after joined by Mr. Sumter and Charles Leon from the not distant warehouse.

There is no need to our story that this visit of the owner of Faywood and his wife to Patuxent Town should be longer dwelt upon. What has been written of it is mainly intended to give to the reader an insight into the manners and customs of colonial life in Maryland in those primitive days. The invitations were accepted by all in the village to whom they were given.

When Mr. and Mrs. Burton returned home some half-dozen negro boys, mounted on stout horses, were sent to carry written invitations to the gentry through all the country for many miles around. So distant were the residences of some of those invited that one or two of the messengers did not return to Faywood until the afternoon of the next day. Favorable answers came from almost every quarter.

Meanwhile preparations for the approaching fête were at once begun at Leon Manor House; nor were these preparations entirely concluded until toward sunset of the last day preceding that on which the festivities were to commence.

CHAPTER XI. FRIGHT THE FOURTH.—IMITATION GHOSTS.

AT as early an hour as ten o'clock on the morning of the important Wednesday the invited guests began to arrive at Faywood; and they continued to come until a late hour in the afternoon. All of the visitors had travelled on horseback. Horse-carts, and even ox-carts too, were driven up before the gate of the front yard of the mansion at intervals throughout the day; these brought trunks and chests containing the gala dresses and other conveniences of the guests.

Mr. Burton, in the full enjoyment of the very heyday of his dignity and importance, stood in

the front piazza of his house to receive his visitors. For the time he forgot all his fear of the ghosts; and his face was covered with smiles of welcome at each new arrival. The lady of the house meanwhile remained in the large double parlor to receive the guests as they were ushered by her husband into his hospitable door.

Quite a crowded company sat down to the dinner table at Faywood that day. The dinner in those early days was generally taken at twelve o'clock; but on this occasion it was postponed until one o'clock P.M. After this meal, with all the onerous formalities of the times, was concluded the ladies, soon followed by the younger gentlemen, retired to the parlors; the older gentlemen remained at their wine at the dinner table until between three and four o'clock. The afternoon was passed by the guests in various ways; by the elder ladies and gentlemen at cards or in conversation; by the younger ladies and gentlemen in rambles through the grounds and sentimental talk.

Supper at the early hour of six o'clock called all the company together. After this meal violinists from the colonial capital were introduced; and the evening was passed in dancing by the younger folks, while the elder people either looked on or resumed their games at cards. The parlors were given to the card parties; the eating room and Mrs. Burton's sitting room were devoted to the performance of quadrilles and contra dances. Thus merrily passed the time with all until about eleven o'clock, when the music ceased, and the hour for retiring to bed had arrived.

The reader must recollect that, as all the gentry in a circuit of many miles around were assembled within the walls of Faywood, the mansion was very full of guests. The greatest difficulty was to furnish all with sleeping accommodations. Some few of the more important gentlemen and their wives were accommodated with separate rooms; but many of the married and all of the single gentlemen were crowded into one large apartment, and many of the married and all of the single ladies were placed in another and somewhat larger room.

Into the room occupied solely by gentlemen, there entered—at the very moment after the last of them had extinguished the light and retired to bed—a pale and ghastly-looking figure enveloped in a white and flowing dress and bearing before it in its left hand a plate from which a blue light was

blazing. Most of the occupants of the room, fatigued with dancing and the otherwise almost constant exercise of the past day, were already sinking into slumber when this strange figure entered the chamber. But all were immediately aroused by the violent exclamations of one of the young gentlemen—one who was famous for his fondness for practical jokes, and who had been the last to go to bed.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "here comes the famous Faywood ghost. See, gentlemen! It is no false report that this place is haunted."

At once the attention of all was attracted toward the ghostly figure by these exclamations. Some quickly again enveloped their heads in the bedclothes to shut out the unusual and alarming sight, while others, more bold, sprang out of their beds and gazed at the apparition. Many were the mingled expressions of terror and surprise. But the young man who had first called the attention of the others by his cries, apparently recovering courage, thus addressed the seeming spectre in the language of Hamlet, accompanying his appeal with extravagant gestures and great pomposity of voice:

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. Oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre
Hath cast thee up again? What may this mean?
Why makest night hideous, and we fools of Nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

"Nonsense, Peter Dunning," said Charles Leon. "You are always after some new folly, and I know that this one is of your getting up. But we are all too fatigued to enjoy such pitiful jokes as this."

But Peter Dunning, as he was called, paying no apparent attention to Charles Leon, and staring at the apparition with eyes which seemed to be almost bursting from their sockets, again addressed it, still using the words of the princely Dane:

Speak! I am bound to hear.

To which appeal the spectre, in a deep and solemn voice, replied, extending at the same time right hand toward the person addressed:

I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day condemned to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word—

"Oh, come," interrupted Charles Leon, "don't bore us, if you please, with that often-quoted passage. Gentlemen," he continued, addressing the other occupants of the room, "this would-be ghost is no one but Mrs. Burton's page, who has covered himself with a sheet. He has flax soaked in brandy burning before him to make himself look ghost-like. This is a very poor jest, Dunning, even for you."

"Never mind," replied Peter Dunning, "maybe you haven't seen the end of it. 'And thereby hangs a tale.' You see, Mr. Charley Leon, that I can quote other plays of Shakspeare as well as Hamlet."

This was uttered with a mock expression of great self-assumption. There was immediately a hearty burst of laughter, in which even those who had been most timid joined. Some of the young men then fell upon the poor ghost; one took from him his plate from the flame in which the candle was relighted; others tore off the sheet in which he was enveloped, exposing him in his full costume of page. After this exposure all of the young men who could get at the lad so plied him with multitudinous tickling from head to foot that he alternately roared and shrieked with laughter, which was not by any means expressive of enjoyment.

Suddenly, piercing through the boy's unhappy shouts of laughter, shriek upon shriek was heard, shrilly and startlingly sounding from a chamber on the other side of the passage into which the gentleman's room opened. All the gentlemen and the page rushed toward the room door. Charles Leon was the first to gain it. He immediately locked the door and retained the key in his hand.

"Keep your presence of mind, gentlemen," he said; "those shrieks proceed from ladies, and you are in no condition to appear before them. Let us first dress as quickly as possible, and then hasten to the help of those who seem to need assistance."

This prudent suggestion was at once acted upon. In a few moments the garments of all present were

donned, in a somewhat disorderly manner, it is true; the door was unlocked by young Leon, and all the gentlemen rushed one after the other into the passage. They saw an elderly negro woman trying to open the door of the room from which loud and piercing shrieks were still continuously issuing, and endeavoring, in a shrill and screaming voice, to make herself, through the noise, heard by those within the chamber before which she was standing.

"Come out er dare, you Kate," she cried. "Gorree-mighty! de gal will skeer de poor ladies right to def."

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Burton, and several of the married gentlemen and ladies to whom separate apartments had been assigned, made their appearance upon the scene in dresses evidently hastily assumed. Several negro servants brought up the rear. The faces of all expressed much alarm. One of the gentlemen, a powerfully built, middle-aged man, advanced to the door of the room from which the shrieks still sounded, but in feeble tones, expressive of exhaustion.

"Let me have hold of the door, Aunt Dolly," said this gentleman to the old negro woman; "I will soon get it open."

"But done go in, Massa Bourne," urged the woman addressed. "Dis is de ladies' room. But lemme go in; I'll bring dat gal, Kate, out er dare. She's doing all de fus; she's puttin' on de ghose; maybe she git made er ghose herself fore she know it."

The gentleman spoken to put his strong shoulder to the door, and soon lock and bolt gave way before his strength. The negro woman, Dolly, immediately entered the room, but soon came out of it dragging after her by the arm a very remarkable figure. This figure, like that which had created the commotion in the gentlemen's room, was enveloped in a sheet from the shoulders to the feet; but it was its face which gave the most horror to its appearance. This was of a mere dead whiteness save a jet-black circle around each eye, and a space of the same color around the mouth. An ebony-hued ear started out from each side of the face under the black woolly hair.

Every one was startled by this horrid and disgusting sight, and some of the ladies shrieked on beholding it. Dolly pulled away the sheet from this figure with one hand, while, passing her other hand roughly downward over the face, she

tore off the white mask which was made of dough, and Kate, the black chambermaid, stood revealed with a look of terror upon her face, and her wide-open eyes seeming to be almost starting from her head.

"Dare she is," said Dolly. "She put on er dough face to skeer de ladies; she's de cause ob de whole ob it."

"'Deed, massa, 'deed, missee," exclaimed Kate, "'twus on'y fur fun. Massa Pete Dunning he did it; he gib me ur shillin' fur do it. He fix Massa Jack, de page, fur skeer de genlum, un den he fix me fur skeer de ladies. Dat's all, massa; 'deed un 'deed it is."

"I'll attend to you and Mister Jack presently, Miss," said Mr. Burton, sternly. "Tell me first, however, how the door of the ladies' room came to be locked."

"Miss Alee Sumter locked it, massa," answered Kate, "when de ladies 'gun tur scream, for keep de genlum from comin' inter de room."

At this moment Alice and two other young ladies, who had to some extent preserved their presence of mind, entered the passage fully dressed. They said that several ladies had fainted and needed assistance. Upon this information being received, Mrs. Burton sent two of the negro girls, who were among the servants that thronged the passage way in the rear of the white folks, to bring restoratives. Then the mistress of the house, accompanied by all the ladies present, went into the room. The excitement there had much abated; and under the gentle ministrations of the older ladies, those who had fainted, were soon restored; and the fears of all being quieted by a full explanation of the cause of terror, they were shortly again in a frame of mind to return to their couches. Before they fell asleep, however, many a jest was passed and many a laugh enjoyed over the recalled incidents of the late scare.

In the meanwhile Mr. Burton continued in the passage his investigation into the causes and particulars of the disturbance.

"How did you learn," he asked of Dolly, "before you drew Kate out of the room just now, that she was concerned in this foolish and unfeeling affair?"

"Massa Pete Dunning un Massa Jack," answered Dolly, "come inter de kitchen, massa, jes when all de white folks was gwine tur bed, un dey took Kate out inter de yard; un den, arter

er while, Massa Jack come back un ax me fur some flour un some flax. I gib um tew him coz I didden 'spec' nuttin den; but soon as I hear de screamin', as I was er gwine up ter de garret tur go tur bed, I knowed what it all meant."

As soon as Dolly had finished her statement, Mr. Burton turned towards the accused young gentleman.

"Is this true, Mr. Dunning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer; "every word of it, I believe."

"Mr. Dunning," said Mr. Burton, in pompously severe tones, "I am astonished, I am amazed, sir, that you should play so cruel a trick as this upon the tender and timid sex, sir. I did not dream, Mr. Dunning, that you were capable of it, sir."

"Bless my life, Mr. Burton," replied Dunning, "who could think that there was any harm in a joke. Where so many of us are together there ought to be as much fun as we can make. Besides, the jests that Jack and myself played are so common that we thought that everybody who saw him and the negro girl in their regimentals" (at this word he looked around for a laugh, or a smile at least, but neither showed itself) "would know what it all meant, and only have a good laugh."

"It seems, however," remarked Mr. Burton, "that the fun, such as it was, was confined entirely to you and Jack."

"'Twasn't my fault," replied Dunning, "if nobody else could see into the joke."

"I hope, Mr. Dunning," said Mr. Burton, "that no more tricks of this kind will be played within the walls of Faywood, sir. Consider, young gentleman, that we all need sleep after a day of excitement. I hope that during the past day we have all had enough of what you call fun, more properly, however, enjoyment, I think, not to require that our needful rest should be disturbed by such fun as this."

He looked around upon the guests as he spoke, as if for confirmation of his words. Several of them immediately declared that they had never passed a pleasanter day, and all the others by their looks yielded assent to the assertion.

After a long and severe lecture had been administered by Mr. Burton to the page and chambermaid, before the conclusion of which the mistress of the house and the married ladies who had accompanied her to the ladies' apartment had returned to the passage and reported that everything

as again quiet, the company once more separated and returned to their sleeping rooms. Jack and Peter, however, as they parted exchanged sly looks of glee. It was evident that they were not suffering much from the rebuke which they had received.

CHAPTER XII. MR. BURTON CONTEMPLATES BREAKING HIS PROMISE.—FRIGHT THE FIFTH.—A DELICATE HINT FROM THE GHOSTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Mr. Burton had expressed so much displeasure at the tricks which had been invented and put so thoroughly into practice by Peter Dunning, yet their successful accomplishment had in reality afforded a great relief to his mind. For the reader must be informed that he had also learned the particulars of the alarm in the gentlemen's room; these had been related to him by Charles Leon before they parted in the passage.

Mr. Burton reflected that a roomful of ladies and another roomful of gentlemen had been thrown into a state of great terror, in one case by a mask made of dough and in another case by the ghastly effect produced upon the human countenance by light shining upon it from the blue flame of burning brandy, aided in each instance merely by a white sheet. If such an effect had been produced where so many were present to strengthen the nerves of each other, it was no shame to his manhood that he had been alarmed by exhibitions much more mysterious and terrible.

In connection with this suggestion it occurred to his mind that—since in all probability these accidents, had they been left unexplained, would have been remembered afterward by some of even the most intelligent of the ladies and gentlemen who had witnessed them as supernatural events—might not the singular things which he had experienced have also been but successful devices of some ingenious mind, and which by one well acquainted with the resources of science might easily be explained on natural grounds? In this connection he recalled to his mind what his secretary had said in regard to the matter on the night of his first remarkable visitation; and he had great respect for the intelligence and knowledge of Herbert Fortescue.

In fact, Mr. Burton, while preparations were being made for the festival, had been looking over his accounts. Inspired then by a whole-

some terror of the apparently supernatural events which had occurred to him, and by a fear of their return if he did not fulfill in spirit as well as letter his promise to his mysterious visitors, he had been guided in his investigations by a genuine desire to arrive at, not the seeming, but the real truth.

Controlled by this spirit, notwithstanding the garbled condition of his records of the business transactions between the late Mr. Leon and himself, he arrived at the conclusion—whose justice and truth he could not deny to himself—that the estate of Faywood, and all the lands, servants, furniture, cattle, and other appurtenances belonging to it, had in reality cost him but three or four thousand pounds. The different stock which had been held by Mr. Leon, and the funds produced by the sale of real and personal property which had been owned by that gentleman other than Leon Manor and its appurtenances before mentioned, had amounted to a sum which lacked but the amount named of being sufficient to pay all the just claims of others as well as of Mr. Burton himself against the estate of the late owner of Faywood. Of right therefore Leon Manor and everything belonging to it should be the property of Charles Leon on his paying to its present possessor a few thousand pounds.

At the time when Mr. Burton had been making this rigid examination of his accounts, his great desire had been to devise some plan by which he might make to Charles Leon a restitution of his just rights without compromising his own standing in the community, and at the same time without offending the sensitiveness and honorable independence of character of that young gentleman. The position which he had filled during the past day, however, a position which he considered to be a very grand and dignified one, as host to so many high-bred and distinguished ladies and gentlemen, had caused him—to use a common but expressive phrase—to “rue the bargain” which he had made with the ghosts; and now he was very anxious to persuade himself that those to whom he had pledged himself were no ghosts at all, but that there was an effort to make him the victim of a well-devised and well-executed plan laid out by a head better instructed than his own in the natural sciences.

But who could it be who was thus striving to force him to become instrumental in depriving himself of so much of his possessions? The only

person to be benefited by the result aimed at was the son of his late patron; Charles Leon, then, must be the moving cause of all his late annoyances. But was Charles Leon so profoundly skilled in the natural sciences as to be able to produce such wonderful results—results beyond any, so far as Mr. Burton had learned, that had ever been produced before? He had never been informed from any source that the young man had ever engaged in occult studies; but, he reflected, Charles had been educated in the first schools of the mother country, and what knowledge might he not have acquired while there?

Yet how did Charles Leon gain access to the inner apartments of Faywood at all hours of the night? If that young man had really been the cause of his late distressing annoyances, he must have an instrument or instruments within the house itself; and who could that person or those persons be? He thought of Albert Fortescue and the page. But Mr. Fortescue had tried to remove from his mind the impression which he had then entertained that the marvelous incidents which had so alarmed him were due to supernatural causes; as to the page, Mr. Burton considered that lad to be of a temperament too wild and excitable to be trusted in such a scheme, even had he the mental capacity to assist in it, which was doubtful.

While these reflections were passing through the mind of the master of Faywood, the manly and honest face of young Leon would frequently rise before his mental vision, as if to rebuke him for thinking even for a moment that the son of his late patron could be capable of using such means to recover his patrimony. Mr. Burton could not avoid recalling also the lofty independence and high-toned language with which the young man had declined what he had himself considered to be at the time when they were made, his own liberal offers. But the ex-lawyer persistently turned from both the image and the remembrance, determined to force himself to believe that he was the party who was being imposed upon and deceived.

The train of thoughts which had occupied the attention of Mr. Burton for more than an hour succeeding his return to bed, after the alarm which had been caused by Peter Dunning's tricks had been quieted, again took possession of his mind on his awakening the next morning. The

bright sunshine, the pure, pleasant and bracing atmosphere of May, the cheerful sounds in and about the house, and, more than all, the consciousness that he was again about to enjoy his, in his own conception, lofty position in all its fullness, strengthened him in his partly-formed resolve to brave those whom he was determined to consider as merely his enemies, and not as spiritual warners, and to hold on to all of his possessions, whether justice should be wronged or not by his so doing.

It is evident that Mr. Burton's latter state was worse than his first. Formerly, he had succeeded in quieting his conscience by the assumed theory of ethics as applied to his case: that by his own ingenuity he had caused his statement of accounts between himself and the late Mr. Leon's estate to bear a perfectly legal appearance, therefore he was entirely justified in taking advantage of the condition of things as presented by the only existing record of those accounts; and as he was legally, so he was justly entitled to Leon Manor. Now, he entertained no doubt whatever that he was acting dishonestly in retaining possession of property which he knew was not his own.

At breakfast Mr. Burton excused himself for leaving his guests for a short time, and requested his secretary to accompany him to the library. On entering that apartment he called the attention of his companion to a large account book which was lying open on a table.

"Do me the favor, Mr. Fortescue," he said, very politely, "to look over these accounts, showing the business transactions between the late Mr. Leon and myself; and after having done so, oblige me by giving me your candid opinion as to whether or not there is any error, or even seeming inaccuracy in them. You need not trouble yourself by examining all the separate entries, although you may do so if you choose. I only wish you to investigate the statement toward the close of the book, which is copied from my report to the court of the condition of the estate. Where there is anything in this statement which shall seem doubtful to you, you can refer to the original entry in the book for explanation."

The secretary of course promised compliance and Mr. Burton left him alone in the library. Mr. Fortescue immediately commenced poring over the account book. Some hours passed this occupation. Toward the close of his inve-

gation there was an entry which he could not readily decipher. He carried the book to a window for the purpose of throwing more light upon the subject, and was thus enabled to satisfy himself as to what the entry meant. When he returned to the table he found some pieces of paper lying upon that part of it where the open book had been spread. They were covered with the notes which Mr. Burton had made while en-

deavoring to arrive at a just view of the condition of his accounts with the Leon estate. The ex-lawyer had either forgotten them, or, as they contained figures only, had supposed that they were not capable of conveying information to any one but himself. The secretary had a clue to their meaning, however, derived partly from previous conversations with Mr. Burton, and partly from the account book before him.

CHINATOWN.

By JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

THERE were five of us, and we went to the city hall *in corpore* to ask the loan of a policeman for half a day to show us the sights and protect us from the dangers of Chinatown. The officer we secured was peculiarly well-fitted to act as guide and protector. Chinatown had been his regular "beat" for eight years, and the San Francisco Chinaman is not apt to slight "one in authority." Of the members of our party, Mr. Hatch was in person broad-shouldered, though not very tall; his daughter, a slender little fairy; her "Cousin Harry," neither slim nor heavy; the Baron very tall, and myself head and shoulders above Miss Hatch's stature. Our police-captain, as I discovered later, possessed the much-to-be-envied faculty of making himself tall or short, spare-built or wide of girth, just as circumstances seemed to require.

The first Chinese retreat to which we repaired lay on Jackson street, and might be termed a sort of passive purgatory—a place which is merely dark, cold, cheerless, without any of the active principles of the dread place of punishment, such as we encountered later. In the midst of the damp court-yard was a square enclosure in which panting a consumptive engine, whose never-ending task it was to pump up water from the artesian well for the use of the celestial inmates of the large dilapidated dwelling. As this quarter of the city is wholly and indisputably given up to the Chinese, we were somewhat surprised to find in a room which the captain unceremoniously entered, a white man asleep with a dozen or two Chinamen in the narrow bunks which ran around the walls of the apartment. We thought the room

rather crowded, as it was not high in the ceiling, and there was barely space for all six of us to stand in; but the police-captain smiled with pity on our ignorance, and prophesied that we would change our views on crowded rooms before we left Chinatown. After playfully jerking at the long cue of one or two Chinamen that he could reach without trouble, he remarked that these were all thieves, white men as well as Chinamen, who did their stealing at night, and came here to sleep in the daytime. Not a word of remonstrance was heard from the prostrate figures against the freedom with which their pig-tails and their good names were handled, and we left the bad-smelling room only to encounter worse smells outside. Every house in the Chinese quarter seems to contain either a restaurant, or a green-grocery and market-stall combined, and the odors we encountered from stale fish, shark's liver, decayed vegetables, and over-ripe pork-steaks, is beyond all description. It cannot be imagined, and must be personally experienced to be fully understood.

We dived into the basement of a house adjoining, which basement contained a barber-shop, a restaurant, a pawnbroker's shop, an opium den, and a lodging-house. This was rather a respectable place, our captain said, but not so "high-toned" as some we should see later. In the barber-shop sat two or three demure-looking Mongolians with freshly-shaven pates and newly-braided cues, while at the round table in the restaurant, about three feet away, sat an enormously fat Chinaman busy with his rice and meat.

"Hello, John!" the captain addressed him; "let the ladies see you use your chopsticks."

"All light," he answered, laughing all over his broad, shining face; "me eat licee with chopsticks;" and forthwith he flung the "licee" into his capacious maw with such rapidity that his cheeks were filled up and stood out like the pouch of a hamster who has been depredating on the nearest corn-crib, and we moved on for fear he should choke eating rice for our entertainment. Naturally we had the curiosity to inspect the cooking department, a couple of feet distant, and consisting of a common little portable brazier, such as are used to heat flat-irons on for ironing. The raw material which we saw would never have been recognized in the dainty little *chef-d'œuvres* of the cook's art we were shown in a separate division, having a little the air of a confectioner's shop. The raw material, so far as we could see with our inexperienced eyes, consisted of the sprouts growing out of potato-eyes, pig's (or dog's) ears pickled, and green leeks. (Now, I don't want to say anything mean against the Chinese; but I do believe that the funny little things we saw at the bottom of a deep earthen jar were rat's-tails skinned). The articles manufactured came out as tempting morsels, square, round, diamond-shaped, octagonal, all covered with coating and icing in gay colors, and so tastefully laid out that had we seen them at a confectioner's on Market or Kearny street, we could not have resisted the wish to devour them. I am willing to believe that other ingredients beside those mentioned went into the mixture that made up these dishes; but where they kept them I don't know; there was neither larder nor store-room to be seen.

Our appetites having been appeased by looking at these delicacies, we advanced five steps and stood on the pawnbroker's premises. Advanced is hardly the word to use. The front of the pawnshop consisting of a high barricade or counter, which we could not leap, we were compelled to squeeze ourselves through a narrow lane, formed by the partition wall of the lodging-house on one side, and the boards that formed the enclosure of the pawnbroker's on the other. Where this enclosure terminated there was a drop of several feet in the basement floor; and to avoid stepping down into unknown abysses, we clung firmly to the corner of the pawnshop, and by a sudden swing and simultaneous leap stood safely inside the door.

A Chinaman's favorite article of deposit with

his "Uncle" seems to be his umbrella, next comes his hat, then his clock, and last of all his great, horrible, murderous knife. Our friend of the police was an able lecturer, and standing in the centre of the four-by-six space, he explained that very nearly everything a Chinaman wears or consumes is brought for him direct from China.

The only article of European dress he ever adopts with any facility is the black felt hat. In his house there is hardly a product of Yankee invention or ingenuity to be discovered, except the clock. Umbrellas he uses without discrimination, Chinese or American alike, though he seems to part easiest with the latter—those accumulated were all a sober black, not a red or blue one among them. All were neatly folded and ticketed; every article was stowed away in the smallest space, but with perfect system and order.

Our blue-coated mentor dived in among the goods here and there, brought out whatever he happened to lay his hands on, and always explained the use and value of the article displayed in a perfectly clear and concise manner. I am almost certain he is preparing for a course of lectures through the Eastern States, and if he can only carry just this one pawnshop with him, he will no doubt draw crowded houses nightly. Among their arms, weapons of onslaught and defence, the knives I spoke of take the front rank, though the twisted iron bars, the iron "brass-knuckles," and the yard-long pistols are not to be undervalued. With the knives the captain gave a sort of free exhibition to illustrate the manner in which they were most effectively handled. I need not say that Miss Hatch and I crowded into the farthest possible corner during the show. The knives go in pairs, two are always in the scabbard together, and are the most ferocious-looking things I ever saw. They are fully fourteen inches in length, with both edges sharpened at the narrow point, and broadening to about four inches toward the handle, where the back is very thick, as if calculated for solid execution. The captain narrated how in one of the narrow alleys which he has frequently to explore, his ears were one day assailed by the shrilling of half a hundred police-whistles, and came upon a pair of infuriated Chinamen, the one on the ground holding up his hands to shield face, the other standing over him, a knife in hand, and slashing away to his heart's deli-

The fingers of the unfortunate victim were fast being hacked into mince meat, the side of his neck was a bubbling fountain of blood, his scalp was laid bare, and his nose most elaborately carved. A hundred or two of their countrymen were looking on, excitedly chattering like so many magpies, but not one dared interfere. The policeman seized the assailant, blew his whistle to summon help to remove the victim, and marched his prisoner to jail. The would-be murderer was sentenced to ten years state prison, and died before his term expired; his intended victim recovered with three fingers and a half, one-third of a nose, a forehead divided in two by a red scar, and his head drawn to one side from the effect of the blood-letting. He went to China after recovering, but returned to San Francisco, and has never forgotten the captain and his opportune appearance on the field of battle.

Swinging ourselves out of the pawnshop, we next entered the lodging-house, which consisted of tiers of bunks against the basement wall, the boundary partition being just so far removed that there was room to pass along the line. These bunks are ranged one above the other like berths on a steamer or ship, only that there are whole rows of them here, whereas on a steamer there is only one or two sets in every stateroom. In this case, however, there was a break in the continuous row, and a kind of open platform, raised some two feet above the ground, came to view between the two sections. There was a mat spread down, and at the back part of the dais, in the centre, close up to the wall, stood a burning lamp, on either side of which was placed one of the funny little head-blocks which the Chinese use for pillows. One of the head-blocks already bore the burden of the head of a Chinaman who lay stretched along the platform, stupefied with opium; while the other side of the dais was occupied by a grinning Celestial just preparing his pipe for a smoke. The air was sickeningly oppressive with the fumes of the drug, and Miss Hatch made an effort to escape; but the captain declared that the atmosphere was pure comparatively, the place not in the least crowded, and that we must watch the fellow prepare his pipe anyhow. "And besides," the captain enlightened us, standing in our midst (how he got there I don't know; there wasn't room enough for a cat to squeeze in, and I had seen him at the door only a second ago to prevent

Miss Hatch from escaping) "this fellow is the biggest rascal in all Chinatown, and ought to be in state prison now. Ain't it so, John?"

The grin on John's face had spread clear to his ears, and they seemed fairly to wag with pleasure.

"Yes, cappen," he assented, delightedly, "me belly big lascal."

"Hurry up, now," the captain commanded; "we want to see you fill that pipe."

"Opium no belly good," said John, apologetically; "but me fixem pipe."

With that he drew a fat little jar toward him, of the paste-like contents of which I can only say that they looked as black as the jar itself. The pipe was about fifteen inches long, made of bamboo; but there was no open bowl as in tobacco-pipes, only a small round orifice into which the paste, after it had been cooked in the flame of the lamp at the end of a wire, was laboriously squeezed. Three or four whiffs finishes the first pipeful, and then the same tedious process must again be gone through for the next smoke; and habitual smokers, the captain told us, would empty their pipes from three to six times.

The white smoke puffed from the pipe had made the atmosphere terribly heavy, and looking down into Miss Hatch's face as she leaned against me, I saw it that it was deathly pale; and she whispered in German, with bloodless lips:

"*Est is schrecklich*; it will make me faint, I'm afraid."

The gentlemen sprang to her assistance, the captain led the way out, and a moment later we were on the street. The air of Jackson street between Dupont and Kearney may not be ambrosial; but it was "pure by comparison," as our mentor had said, and we walked slowly along until we saw the color come back into Miss Hatch's face.

On the side of the street stood a little stall, on which were displayed for sale apples, grapes, carrots, and the two kinds of Chinese nuts one finds everywhere for sale here. One kind is called buffalo horns, having their precise shape, as if they had just been broken off, a diminutive specimen of that mammoth creature. The other kind is round, has a thin shell, with little warts all over it, and contains a pulp something like the date in taste and substance, growing around a hard, flat kernel. The stall was presided over by an individual whom I could class neither as Chinaman

nor European. He had no cue, but his eyes were slightly bias, and there was a mixture of Saxon and Tartar in his dress as well as his features. We passed by slowly, and the captain being somewhat in advance, I determined to settle the question of his nationality on my own hook.

"John," I asked, "are you a Chinaman, or not?" To which he replied, with equal candor and sincerity:

"My mother she be Englishman; my father he one Chinaman."

Every man we met knew our captain, and had a friendly recognition for him; and as there were about three Chinamen to every square inch of pavement, the walk through Chinatown was nearly equal to passing through a New Year's levee at the White House. Before crossing the street the captain stopped to inquire whether the young lady felt sufficiently recovered to enter a place which was just a little bit crowded. The Baron suggested that perhaps Miss Hatch had had enough Chinatown for one day, and that the rest of us could finish some other time. But the lady vowed in the most solemn manner not to faint any more if some of the gentlemen would lend her an additional handkerchief or two; and we crossed the street to enter a blind alley which led up to the rear entrance of what had once been a large store. Foul, slimy water oozed out from under the dilapidated walls of the building, and stood in little green-covered pools along the alleyway. The captain had pleasant little reminiscences attached to all these savory spots, and while we were picking our way along told us how one fine morning at about six o'clock he spied a Mongolian slipping through this alley and up to the door with a large cloth-covered basket on his shoulder. He shouted to him to stop, and the man stood stock still till the captain coming up asked him what was in the basket.

"Me get washee clo'es," said John, with the most innocent face in the world.

"You never went for clothes to wash as early as this in the morning," protested the captain, and lifting the cloth, what should come to view but a lot of the most elegant silverware! Without a word the captain marched his prisoner, basket on shoulder, to the city hall, where he found the police already apprised of the robbery, consisting of a lot of fine table linen and cutlery, beside the *silver*. Retracing his steps from the city prison

to this building, he searched among the sleepers till he found the other robber, unearthed the rest of the plunder, and carried both back with him.

"Were you alone, captain?" I asked. "Were you not afraid? And how is it that all these men speak to you as if they really liked you?"

"Oh, well," he said, "they know that I don't trouble them as long as they behave themselves, and they know also that I find them out every time they get into mischief."

He said he was in the habit of getting among the most villainous crowds alone, and could almost always detect the culprit he was in search of at the first glance, in spite of their great powers of dissemblance.

While recounting these things he had very leisurely, after knocking for admittance once or twice, pried back the tin sheets that served for window-glass in the door, and now proceeded to unfasten the lock from the inside. The Baron, standing nearest to him, entered the door first, but started back, put his handkerchief to his nose, and took off his hat. Mr. Hatch followed, started back, put his handkerchief to his nose, and entered sideways. Cousin Harry turned a little pale, but resolutely followed him. When it came my turn to enter last, I saw that the ceiling was so low that the Baron had to stoop even with his hat off; the passage between a row of bunks on either side was so narrow that Mr. Hatch's broad shoulders had to make progress sideways, and the captain alone of all the company seemed to move and breathe with perfect ease. He stood in our midst all at once (I don't know how he got there), and said that just above us were rows of bunks similar to these, and that these low ceilings, or floors, were put into all rooms over ten feet high by the Chinese, so that they always got two rooms where a white man had but one. Nor must the reader imagine that there was but one row of bunks on either side of us; there was tier above tier as high up as the ceiling would permit, and all these tiers of bunks were filled with sleepers. They were not all sleepers though, as the captain's next words convinced us.

"These are all thieves," he informed us "chicken thieves, burglars and pickpocket. Some of them are stupid and dead asleep w/ opium, but the rest are lying with their eyes on half closed, counting every ring on your fing and measuring every inch of chain they see."

your vest." The gentlemen made a simultaneous move with the hand to the watch-pocket, but the captain only smiled grimly. "Not while I am with you," he assured them. "You might carry diamonds in your coat pockets loose, and they wouldn't touch them while I am around; they

there are just as many bunks above, it ought to make a sum total of three hundred and sixty to the room. Three in a bunk, you see; but it's a pretty large room, seventy feet deep, I should say, and its pretty full during the daytime, too."

So full that Miss Hatch and I struggled man-



THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

know that nothing could save them from crossing the bay (the penitentiary is situated at San Quentin, on the other side of the bay). Some of them are cut-throats, and I know there must be a dozen here who have served their term in San Quentin."

"How many are there in here altogether?" asked Mr. Hatch, who is of a statistical turn of mind.

"Lemme see;" the captain counted on his fingers, his gaze seeming to penetrate to the farthest end of the narrow passage, where all was lost in bunks and darkness to our unpracticed eyes, "I should say about one hundred and eighty on this level; but as this," touching the ceiling with his finger, "divides the room into two stories, and

fully but without ostentation to reach the door, which the captain had wisely left open.

Speaking out as plainly as I could from behind my handkerchief, I observed to Miss Hatch that I intended describing Chinatown to the readers of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY. She looked up quickly into my face, dropping her handkerchief in her surprise.

"How many languages do you speak?" she asked, hurriedly reapplying her handkerchief to her nose.

"Two," I answered, proudly.

"Two!" she repeated, contemptuously; "I speak five; but I should never attempt to describe Chinatown till I had learned a sixth—the Chinese."

which were gathered five or six of the resident "Odalisques" playing at cards, and under the surveillance of an ancient dame who looked as if she could tell of the first years of the reign of Confucius. They were all dressed in the common blue blouse, a little longer than that of the men; and wide trousers, very loose about the ankle. The hair was dressed in the intricate fashion that is so hard to describe and makes the general effect of raven's wings and the sail of an old fashioned windmill at the same time. It is always drawn back tight and smooth from the forehead, and some of these damsels had their "back hair" stuck full of ornamental gold pins.

"Are they really gold?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," with the greatest *sang-froid*, pulling two or three out of one girl's head, and handing them around for inspection. She neither turned her head nor looked around; and when the captain went on to denude her of the rest of her jewelry, handing a massive gold ear-ring to one of us and a bracelet of gold and (I think) malachite to the other, she neither assisted nor retarded the business in hand; she sat still and passive, like any other piece of wood- or stone-carving.

We admired the beautiful red of the lips and cheeks of these women, and at a word from the captain, the "lady of the house" produced a little flat pasteboard box, from which he took a piece of shiny dark-green pasteboard, folded screen-fashion, and alike on both sides. Wetting the finger of one hand and passing it over the green paper, he painted the back of the other to the color of the women's lips in a moment's time, to the great amusement of the entire party. Then tearing the screen into sections he distributed the pieces among us, and bade the women show us the white and pink powder which they also use on their face.

When we got ready to go, the captain said he would land us in a different part of Chinatown, on a street more aristocratic than the one from which we had entered the house. As far as I can judge, the part of the city in which Chinatown is now located is one that was built up after the first great rush to early San Francisco was over, and when people began to build with the intention of staying here after they had made their money. These houses were tall, solidly built, with large spacious stores below and rooms for offices and

apartments for dwelling in the upper stories. When the Chinese took possession they not only made two rooms out of one in the manner above described, but in many cases broke doorways through separating walls, and added back-porches and long outside galleries where the architect had never designed they should be.

This house stood near the corner, and after getting a glimpse of Lesser China in the courtyard below, with its irruption of Mongolian ant-hills, we were led along corridors made endless by breaking the dividing walls between building and building, oppressing the spirit like dreams that we have, where we are lost in just such dark, hopeless passages, which never come to an end, and seem to have no outlet this side the grave.

Hand in hand Miss Hatch and I went on, shuddering a little in the chill gloom, but proud in the thought that we were doing Chinatown. Soon, to reward our perseverance, came a broad stream of light and sunshine, and we descended a staircase to find ourselves in "a highly desirable, first-class neighborhood." The alley was fully half as wide as Jackson street itself, was paved with cobble-stones, had only one filthy gutter running through the centre, which was romantically overhung in one place by a balcony on which some Chinese Juliets were taking an airing and flirting with their pig-tailed Romeos below. The place was really quite *recherché*, and seemed given up entirely to "bloated bondholders," as Denis the Devil has it; for they were merely idling their hours away, and not a rag-picker, a shoe-mender, nor vegetable-peddler was to be seen among the gay and brilliant crowd. At rare intervals, women, singly or in pairs, with hair decorated with paper flowers, or hidden under a large bandana, and carrying always a red silk handkerchief in their hands, passed along through the crowd, each one with the same step, half shuffle and half smirk. Again the captain paused to explain.

"Right where that young lady is standing there lay a dead man about three weeks ago." (You may believe that Miss Hatch made a leap nearly across the street.) "I was walking along Washington street when I heard shots fired, and hurrying up was just in time to see a Chinaman running as fast as his legs would carry him. I knew he had done the shooting, but knew I could find him later; so I looked up the other man first. The murderer had come up behind him—they always do—and

had given the fellow no chance for his life. The windows and the balcony were filled with women, and such chattering, and screeching, and clawing the air you never heard or saw in your born days."

The good captain laughed at the recollection. Some one asked why the Chinese, who seemed so numerous here now, had not interfered, or at least held the murderer. But it seems that all these Romeos, Lotharios and Rothschilds had unaccountably vanished at the sound of the first shot, till at the captain's appearance they suddenly sprang up again all around him like mushrooms. They always hold in this quarter that discretion is the better part of valor.

Among the Celestial nuisances may be classed the Chinese rag-picker and vegetable-peddler. A long pole is laid across the shoulders, from which hangs a basket at either end; and though they have great dexterity in swinging the baskets so as not to come in contact with those meeting them, they cannot entirely steer clear of the crowds on the streets. Of course there have been laws passed to abate this as other nuisances; but they do not always understand or regard the laws.

An oddity, however, is the cobbler, who squats gravely at the street-corners in Chinatown and mends Celestial shoes with an untiring industry that might be profitably imitated by the "superior race." What I cannot understand about this mysterious being is how he mends the shoes; I never see any tools or implements except the one he happens to be using, and I fancy he sits on the rest to keep them from walking off with his passing countrymen and fellow-citizens.

The restaurant to which we now bent our steps was designated as "high-toned" by the captain. It must be conceded that it had a very promising appearance on the outside; for from the third story hung a balcony so intensely Chinese that the Emperor of China himself need not have disdained to sit among the fantastically-shaped hanging-lamps in the shadow of the front wall, covered with strange characters and weird signs which would have been an excellent stage background to the performance of a prestidigitator or an Egyptian mystery man. The lattice-work enclosing the balcony was painted a bright green; and what with the glitter of tinsel, and the swaying of paper lanterns and dragon-kites, it was a shining mark for death or the sight-seer to seize on. The lower floor of this magnificently-deco-

rated building was used as a market—meats on one side, vegetables on the other. The proprietor, a fat, squabby pig-tail, crawled out of some nook of concealment, and waddled with all possible diligence up to our captain, and invited us with many bows and pleasant smiles to walk up stairs.

The staircase was broad and clean, and the story above was a very good plain restaurant for the upper middle classes, I should say. The room we entered directly from the stairway extended the entire length of the building, and at the lower end of the room was a deep recess, where, upon a raised platform, covered in this instance with soft Brussels carpet, was the inevitable opium jar, with lamp and pipes and a head-block on either side, where the smokers could stretch themselves at full length and enjoy their pipe-born dreams.

Ascending the next flight of stairs, we landed directly in front of a large elegant mirror. This was upper-tendom. The space here was divided into different rooms, all large, light, and with clean-scrubbed floors. The principal room was furnished with heavy round tables, made of a dark mahogany-brown wood, and around which were placed chairs of the same material, guillets of cushion or upholstery, but with handsomely-carved, straight backs. They were imported from China, together with all other utensils and furniture in these apartments. All around the room, ranged against the wall, were square stools, or rather chairs without backs, of the same wood, carved, too, and without cushions; and these things, the captain said, were, at great festivals and on extra occasions, drawn up near the table, where the women occupied them, placed behind the chair of their liege lord, not beside it. Miss Hatch gave an indignant sniff at this piece of information, but I—well, I've been married, you know.

Some of the male *élite* of Chinatown were seated at the tables, and they, just as their more humble brethren of the basement restaurant, had standing beside their little fancy tea-bowl, another bowl still smaller, containing a liquor made of rice, China called Sham-shoo. (The orthography may not be quite correct; my Chinese did loaned out.) The little tea-bowls were that is, the tea was drawn in one and c with the other. The viands on the table me from going into details, there was no



A SCENE IN CHINATOWN.

fare handy—looked pretty and fanciful; the eye was feasted as well as the palate. As in the restaurants of the lower order, I noticed here a large, round white cake, high in the centre and sloping toward the edge, which seemed made to look at rather than to eat, for they were all on exhibition intact. We were told they were made of rice-flour and sugar, and were delicious eating, which we were ready to believe without the test. The captain in his usual happy manner made free with everything about the place. A whole basket of chopsticks was brought at his bidding, those which the guests were in the habit of using. They were chopsticks of ivory, chopsticks of wood, and chopsticks of both materials combined; but there were no knives. Spoons, too, were brought out, costly as silver, of the finest porcelain, handsomely painted, wide and shallow of bowl, with short, broad handles.

The captain then submitted the question: What should we visit next, the church or the theatre?

"Is there a matinee?" was asked.

No; their hours for performing were at present from twelve noon till nine p.m. Neither would there be any danger of losing the last act of any particular play by going an hour or two later; the drama now on would be continued through the next six months, probably. Continued, not repeated. Their plays are somewhat lengthy; they run from about Christmas till the Fourth of July following. Seeing that we should lose nothing by so doing, we concluded to visit the temple first, the finest Joss-house then in existence on this coast.

It was a dingy place at best, though the different rooms were made gorgeous by jars and vases of the most elaborate pattern and design, to say nothing of the shrines or altars where their saints and gods were kept. Fierce, piratical men, and meek, simpering women, all gaudily decorated, were among these figures; which the captain introduced to us, as he had learned to know them from the attendant—whether priest or servant I could not learn. A never-dying fire of sandal-wood sticks in front of some of the shrines, kept the air heavy with the peculiar odor of that wood; and though I saw neither pipe nor opium jar, I fancied that I discovered just the slightest suspicion of poppy-seed in the atmosphere. The fiercest, most piratical-looking of the whole number of gods was said to be a physician who died three

thousand years ago; and when a Chinaman gets sick at this day he will drag himself to the temple, prostrate himself before this deity, and seek recovery at the hands of the dead-and-gone doctor instead of trusting to one still in the flesh.

A lady-saint with the face of a Dutch peasant girl represents a heavenly queen, whose history of the Joseph-and-his-Brethren style, translated into the feminine gender. Her family abused her and disowned her, even her father, and finally drove her out, to perish of cold and starvation. Then a benevolent old gentleman took pity on her, picked her up and made her a queen—for he was a god of some kind, you see, and had the power to do so. After a while a famine came to the land, and her people were in dire distress when she suddenly made her appearance among them, provided for them all, made her father superintendent of tea plantations, and had her sisters and brothers all elected county supervisors and aldermen of New York city. That's the captain's version of the story.

Confucius in all his glory was here, too; but he is not worshipped much. Where is the use of wasting prayers or peace-offerings on him? He is so well known to be of a kind and benevolent disposition that there is no need to propitiate him; it's that "wicked god" over yonder with teeth an inch long, a forked tongue and horns on his head, that's got to be kept in good humor with gifts and supplications.

There was a railing in one room, though whether it was there for I don't know; because we were in behind it and in front of it and all around it. It was about three feet high, and looked solid enough in the half light; but we should never have paid much attention to it, I am afraid, if the Baron, stooping to examine it, had not uttered a sudden exclamation of wonder and delight. It was equal to anything he had ever seen in Nuremberg, he said; and it was indeed wonderful. The metal was a dead silver color, and carved and moulded exquisitely. Dragons and men in armor with battle-axes and winged lions, horses and mailed knights bestriding them, in inextricable confusion it seemed to me, but most artistically grouped and arranged, the Baron said, and he ought to know for the art treasures of the civilized world had become familiar to his eyes. The captain was told to ask the Chinaman what it was held worth. The Chinaman counted on his fingers a while, and

then said that it had cost just six hundred dollars in our money in China—to the Baron's astonishment. He said that as many thousand would not pay for it; and I believe it is the only thing in Chinatown that he or any one else ever wanted to carry away from there.

We had enough Joss house pretty soon, and bent our steps to the theatre. It was the only Chinese theatre in town at that time, and therefore the best. The stairs leading up were rather narrower than might be desirable in case the theatre were ever filled and a sudden rush made for exit. The auditorium was a rude counterpart of our own theatres; a rough one, too, for the planks of the flooring were hardly well-planed, and the seats were not cushioned to perfection. Though the play was in full blast when we entered, I cannot say that the curtain had risen; there was none to rise. There was no curtain at all, except two limp pieces of serge that hung crumpled and twisted from two doorways at the back of the stage platform, and from where the actors made their entrance and exit. The platform, like our stage, was raised above the pit or parquette; but these actors are not stingy with their stage at all. Steps lead from the pit to the stage in two places, corresponding with the doors at the back; and if any of the audience took a notion that they had business with the actors or assistants in the green-room, they quietly mounted these steps and passed over the stage undisturbed. The orchestra was in full blast, too, and remained so during the time we stayed. The musicians were located at the back of the stage; I should have said in the depth of the stage, only it is so shallow there is really no depth to it. The instruments are a bass drum, a pair of cymbals and a fiddle with one string and three notes to it. One is the note of the midnight hyena, the second that of a wailing cat, and the third the cry of a small child with the stomach-ache. These instruments are beaten, clashed and scraped without a moment's intermission, raging fiercest when the actor screeches loudest, and never diminishing till the next paroxysm of oratory, when it grows still more terrifically fierce.

As for the actors themselves, I fear I should never be able to do justice to their histrionic talent or artistic merit, so I will content myself with trying simply to describe them. The principal actor—what he was acting I defy anybody

to tell—was dressed in a long white satin robe, his eyes rendered more decidedly oblique by art, and long tufts of hair stuck to his upper lip, for the regulation court mustache. The Chinamen in San Francisco don't wear this kind of mustache in every-day life, you understand; it is the powdered wig and peach-blossom velvet of our stage. I know he was the principal actor, for he did the tallest spouting, a plainly-dressed actor along with him speaking hardly above his breath. When these quit the stage there was a change of scenery; two Mongolians who had sat on a bench running along the side wall, got up and laid a common rush-bottomed chair along the front of the stage, fastened to it a large card with a few Chinese characters, and retired. Enter the next set of actors; and one of the number, going up to the chair, making believe to pull a fish-net out of it, and leaning over to catch fish, convinced us that the words on the card meant: "This is a fishing-boat."

When they had shouted themselves hoarse another band of hope entered, and the card on the chair, which now stood upright, was changed. This time it was a house, or a tree, for the villain of the plot tried to hide behind it.

The audience in the meantime sat perfectly unmoved; not a sign or a note of approval was heard or seen. Their dissatisfaction, however, they always express in a very forcible manner, so the captain told us. The average Chinaman is perfectly familiar with these six-months'-long tragedies; and while the actors do them according to the old-established custom, they have nothing to say. But at the least deviation from the strict rule they set up the most vigorous yells, jump on the stage, beat the actors, pull up the benches and destroy the gas-fixtures. All the actors, one hundred and twenty, board, sleep, and live in the low, cramped room underneath the stage; and they were in a state of siege once for nearly three weeks, and were almost starved to death by an enraged populace, because they insisted that their way of rendering a certain play was correct, and refused to be dictated to by their audience. But they had to give in, to save their lives. Sitting there so perfectly still and impassive, with their "Melican" hats jammed tight on their heads, no one would suspect the amount of fight and bloodthirstiness in the ugly souls of these Chinamen.

"They're the devil when they get started," the captain said.

But I must not forget to mention the female element in the audience. It was not large—seven women, out of an assemblage of about two hundred. We watched them coming in, one and two at a time, picking their way mindfully to their part of the house, their low, white-crimped shoes clung to their every step. If I spoke awhile ago of the common blue blouse they always wore, I fell into a grave error. Behold them here in tunics of bright green and royal purple, with uncovered flower-strewn heads, and wrists encircled with bracelets of gold and the stone that looks like malachite. In one hand they carried the infallible red silk handkerchief, and under the arm an umbrella. Not that there was any rain, nor likely to be for the next three months: the umbrella seemed merely one of the adjuncts of an elegant toilet—a finishing-touch to Mongolian full-dress.

Fifteen minutes spent in a Chinese theatre is a long while, and at the end of that time we began to manifest symptoms of surfeit. But the captain would not hear of our going. The *ne plus ultra* of all actors was sure to make his appearance in a little while, and we must see him—or her, rather; for the Chinese women, on account of their utter lack of education, cannot adopt the histrionic profession, and the female characters are all taken by men. (The reader will please bear in mind

that I am speaking of the Chinese in San Francisco, not in China. And sure enough one of the most inhuman transports of chieftains, a damsel with vermillion cheeks, and dreadfully slanting eyes, smirked on the stage—for indeed there was no smirk on that step, it was all smirk. She had on under dress of purple satin and a tunic of lined with white: she had bracelets and a she smirked and drew up her shoulder blushed behind her fan just too sweet for a. It was a pity that the hair she wore did not quite forward enough: one could see a naked eye where the black, stubby hair fellow had grown out since he had his head last. It was an admirable make-up, however, the greatest puzzle to me was the question did he do with his cue? He would not care I know, if his whole histrionic fame depended on it: and how he could hide it so completely I don't know. Perhaps there will be in dark places in Chinatown too, some things, with other mysteries, may be explained to my satisfaction.

In the train of this damsel came her two attendants placed two chairs, and the pair began to sing to each other. It was more we could bear. The music on the stage was frantic—so did we: and the captain, with fear of having to book us as insane on the register before his eyes, got up at last to leave.

LOVE AND RICHES.

BY ALEXANDER MACAULAY.

Once there came a maid to woo,
Love and Riches both together;
Love had health's most roseate hue,
And a wealth of sunny weather,
And a future bright with hope
Which would gladden all their days,
And a glorious haven ope
Beyond life's titful maze,
Riches in his hands did bring

Rarest gems beyond compare,
Thus to win to his liking
This maid divinely fair,
But for her no future's painted.
"Carpe diem" is his cry,
In the present life ne'er fainting;
We live to-day, to-morrow die,
Which of them, think you, will win her—
Youth and hope, or wealth's hoar sinne

GIRLS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE Chinese have a saying, "He who neglects the education of his daughters is preparing shame for himself and family, and unhappiness for the houses in which they may enter."

We are apt to think boys and girls are about the same the world over; not much to be relied on where any persistence is required; giddy, thoughtless, and selfish. This is doubtless true of the majorities of them, but does not hold good of all, as many children from the first indicate the germ of their after years of self-abnegation and noble endeavor. They are very different in different eras, and what they are for the time being becomes the prophecy of the coming period.

I think the progress of our civilization is developing a new aspect of girlhood, entirely unlike that of our earlier days. The girls of the past, our mothers and grandames, were of a stately, decorous order of character. They were rather demure, had their own ideas about matters and things in spite of the Puritanic austerity of the fathers; and in their intercourse with the young men were not a little disposed to snub all pretentiousness on their part. A youth had to come the whole way in proffering his attentions—there was no waltzing to render love-making easy. The slow, stately, and yet coquettish minuet, though excellent to show off a fine figure and the graces of a self-sustained demeanor, admitted of no romping, and none of that familiar handling of the person which goes far to neutralize that maidenly reserve which in the past was considered a grace.

No girl ever sat at night in the parlor with her lover to the exclusion of the mother, nor did she ride or walk with him unless attended by some member of the family. She was not a little proud, and perhaps proud of her pride, as knowing her own value.

Mothers under the breath spoke of bad men and bad husbands, and unjust laws that were based upon the subordination of women, and from this it is most likely came the germ of that movement in our day in behalf of women's rights, or her claim to be considered as an integral element in the body politic. The general habits of the people inclined them to thoughtfulness; for

girls subjected to a morning and evening prayer an hour in length would naturally begin to criticise the subject-matter of petition; and sermons of two hours or more afforded ample scope for penetrating reflection; hence, arose Anna Hutchinson, a woman who would have been remarkable in any age or country. Her influence with the women of Boston was so great that a general alarm was created among the men, who found themselves likely to lose ground in making opinions for the sex; and the first synod ever



WITH ALL NATURE FOR COMPANIONSHIP.

convened in America met together to controvert her supposed heresies.

Women and girls thus [breathing a perpetual atmosphere of religion would, as a matter of

course, in any demonstration, make it from a religious point of view; and thus the young girl become expert as manager of missionary, Bible,

and became distinguished for having "which was the term for what our English call cleverness.



A ROMP WITH THE BIG BROTHER.

and charitable societies, making garments for the naked heathen of the tropics, and piously hoping to bring them to a sense of the decencies of life. She thus learned forecast and management and self-abnegation, and acquired executive ability,

enhances our sense of its beauty. The angel-panoply, and a better safeguard than and bars; it is plea and protection—speech yet silence.

The girl of the past had few novels to

The girl past was ter earnest; she the apostolic tion, "Wh your hands do, do with might." She an excellent keeper, though likely married teen, rising a superintending rything from cellar. She spun, made wrought sad and mourning and worked upon the garments each member family. She scrupulously and tidy, as a bee from ing to right was constant decorous at and faultless courtesies; she brought a ge so near he answer him no without of sir.

She blush dily—you the blush self-conscious that may be is not the gaging, just down upon the

most of them read through translations—"Don Quixote" and some standard French or German authors, but the sum of this class of reading was comprised in the "Castle of Otronto," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," "Pamela," and the "Children of the Abbey." The Bible and Milton were

unfailing law it will be seen that there exists a corresponding dignity, a gravity and worth superior to all ordinary characteristics and pretensions.

The newspaper was only an occasional luxury, coming once a week and linking together the interests of different sections. Great crimes were



THE SISTER'S EARLY FOOTSTEPS.

the great books of never-tiring interest. Shakspeare was almost unknown, and prohibited as belonging to the ungodly play-house.

Of one thing I am sure they were unflinching and persistent adherents to, and that was truth-speaking. It was the law of life, and to be upheld at any cost. Anywhere and everywhere that a class of persons may be found to whom this is the

infrequent and personal vices unknown; hence there was no demoralizing atmosphere in the shape of perverting advertisements or the details of moral obliquities, all being wholesome and in a manner refreshing. There were no blasphemous jokes, no irreverent handling of sacred themes, no gross allusions to corrupt and lower the sentiments of the young.

The sphere of reading was rather limited in the past, and I am apt to think for the better; people were then more obliged to think for themselves, and having less to divert the attention, ideas took hold of the mind with a firmer grip, and sank deeper down. There may have been something over-austere in the girl of the past, but she was very much to be relied upon, and was very wholesome. She suggested always the idea of a lady. She may have seemed over-earnest, over-grave, and over-thoughtful; but out of such material sometimes a great hope to the world is evolved. Sometimes a country is redeemed thus by some true, steadfast heart, as the women of our own country mothered before the Revolution of '76 many a hero—the greatest of his age, and it seems to me of any age, being George Washington.

Out of such, if need be, martyrs are born, and great principles assume shape and coherence. Wrongs grow to be understood and exposed, and remedies are applied. Out of such come orderly households, God-serving men and women, expounders of hidden law, and clear-headed statesmen.

As I have said, the old girl is lost to us, with her youngness, her sense of duty and maidenly blushes. The girl of to-day is totally unlike.

Her hands and feet are smaller; so is her head, and she is more sharp and knowing, quicker and more self-sustained. She seems older, somehow; so old that her mother dwindles into nothingness, and has the aspect of a dried-up apple upon a winter tree. I have heard this modern girl talk to her mother as if the relation of each were reversed, and the wisdom and authority of the household were merged in the younger woman. As the boy of the period calls his father the old man or the governor, so the girl of the period calls her mother little woman, or the maternal.

The girl of the past never called a gentleman by his Christian name unless nearly related; the one of to-day not only does this, but in speaking of him calls him a fellow. Slang is the predominant vice of to-day, with girls no less than with the boys; and we hear even those whose birth and education would lead us to expect better things of them telling you to "absquatulate; vamose the ranche," and using the "you bet; hurry up the cakes; bully for you; I mean biz; that's cheek," etc.

The girl of the day if not strong-minded, is

very strong-mannered. She talks loud, and her vigorous laugh reminds one of Goldsmith's line:

And the loud laugh, that speaks the vacant mind.

She walks with a sweep and stride that is dangerous to her "pin-back." She looks you square in the face, which is well; but she stares so persistently that you think you have yourself a squint, or spot on the nose. She whistles like a coachman; she nudges, and pinches and winks; she haws, and maunders, and yawns in the presence of her superiors; she whispers in company, and leans across you to do so with a crony; she glances and giggles and whispers, and you are sure to be the subject of her gossip. She leaves the door open behind her, or shuts it with a bang. She goes up and down by the balusters of the stairs, or over them like a woman on the flying trapeze. She gets cross and uses epithets; she calls across the street to a companion with a "hullo!" or a whistle like that of a boy.

She laughs immoderately if her mother or another person makes a mistake in language; she points at objects with her whole hand; she eats apples in the street, and peanuts in the church on an evening, and in the cars, and throws the shells upon the floor; she tosses orange-peel on the sidewalk, endangering life and limb to the passer-by; in cars she piles her bag and wraps and basket upon the seat, and does not remove them, though she must see that the seat is needed; and when a passenger asks, "Is this seat engaged?" she answers, "Yes," under the wicked subterfuge that it is occupied by her baggage, or she tells a lie direct. She calls herself publicly by the pet name that should be sacredly preserved for those that are dear to us; the sweet home-name never to be desecrated. Once we had Marys, and Elizabeths, and Rachels, and Dorotheas, noble suggestive names, replete with tenderness and dignity; now these are only Minnies, and Bessies, and Raches, and Doras, and a dozen other prefixes of *ie* instead of the old honest *y*, that sometimes converted Mary into Polly, or Elizabeth into Betsy. In consequence, an undue familiarity and an absence of reserve is engendered, to the general detriment of manners and the virtues that spring from a becoming self-respect. There is a general slipshodness, abandon, and unreserve about the modern girl that indicate tendencies to be regarded as the omen of the coming woman. S.

willed, dogmatic, audacious, vigorous, and not much given to blushes, is the girl of to-day.

brave, unflinching woman who can see no lion in her path, nothing she cannot overcome in her way



AMONG THE POSIES.

Now much of this is well, as indicating stamina, to a great purpose; who is not sensitive about the crude material out of which comes the heroic, little things was born before nerves came into

fashion, and cares little what is said about her, so sure is she of being in the right herself. She is able to stand alone from the first, and has little to unlearn in the way of over-fastidiousness. She brings strong material with her, and the only question is, how will she use it? She can work out her will and way despite of criticism, which she will no more heed than the lion the dew upon his tawny mane; but how will she use this power? Is she to be the founder of a new type of woman? Is the age working its way to higher capabilities through our girls, or is it only enlarging the sphere of brute force?

Will the coming woman be heroic, or will she be simply coarse? Will she be nobly great in all the noblest attributes of a true womanhood, or will she be only stubbornly self-reliant and self-willed? Be it remembered that to be womanly is to be scrupulously just, upright, and truthful; no subterfuge, no deceit, no rage, no hollow pretence, selfishness, unchastity. Womanliness is not merely in sex. All the virtues by common consent, by high art, are made to be feminine, hence more may be rightfully exacted of a woman than of a man. She naturally represents the higher morals, and to be less than this is to step down from the pedestal she has reached in the long ages.

Dr. Elliott of Harvard University has expressed a "hope that time will increase the differentiation of the sexes." This does not seem to be the natural order of things, the finest specimens of manliness and moral excellence also being found to approximate to the feminine, and the best specimens of enlarged womanly characteristics approaching the masculine, and this without any diminution of the qualities inherent in the difference of sex. The processes of the great law of development rather tend to the increase of moral ideas and the obliteration of the sexual; and thus the perfect righteousness for which prophets and poets sigh will at length be realized.

Again, we ask will she be the fresh, cheery, untiring aid to the realization of our higher humanitarian proclivities, or a shrew, a termagant, a reckless destructive, overthrowing the finer progress of our civilization? Will she make inclination the law of life, or will she make duty the test of action? I remember Margaret Fuller used to cast contempt upon the graces of polite life, and talked of impulses and spontaneities, *which may or may not be desirable according to*

their quality—if they happen to be more emphatic than agreeable, more robust than safe or salutary, they become intolerable and dangerous.

Whatever be the result to the world, the women of to-day are pushing civilization to the verge of revolution, and the girls are suffering from a disgust at home life, a dread of marriage, and a generally aggressive state of feeling. They are restive under the least coercion, and hence manifold mistakes, manifold errors, nameless crimes and incalculable shame, misery and wickedness arise even among families of culture, where we might hope for a better state of morals; but there can be no safety in any household where duty is not made the great and all-abiding motive of action. One of our journalists in reviewing the life of Mrs. Jameson, so replete with self-denial, and a strict adhesion to duty, speaks of this as a painful, cheerless life. I do not think so; for there is a perpetual spring of enjoyment to those who live up to the highest perceptions of human responsibility.

The very essence of a true life is self-abnegation, and nothing is more mean and destructive to our nobler capabilities than to live as if all the rest of the world were compelled to pay us tribute.

Another practice that distinguishes the girl of to-day is flirting. This was utterly unknown to the girl of the past, and is a part of that general idleness and laxness of purpose that belongs to our era. Girls having little to do, amuse themselves by a coquettish relation with one or more of the other sex, not designed to be serious, not intended to lead to anything more than the using up of much precious time by a free use of the dangerous foils of careless humor and idle repartee; but which is most likely to terminate in something not quite pleasant, or even decorous. Its worst feature is that it creates a distaste to marriage, and is thus an injury to both parties.

Though the marriage relation ought not to be the end and aim of a girl's life, it is certainly most desirable that at some suitable age she should enter into it, as the best conservation of sanctity and affection for one of the other sex. She will be more useful and occupy a higher position in society as a wife than as an old maid. There is always something pitiful in the aspect of an old unmarried woman. The character is more likely to be perfected in and through marriage, and some suffering and some trouble follow, the way

becomes the expression of all the virtues and all the hopes and dignities that pertain to a fulfilled destiny.

edge that may be crammed into a brain that constitutes a well-filled organ, but what is incorporated into the structure of the mind and renders



GATHERING WILD BERRIES.

The girl of to-day has a wider field for culture than the girl of the past; but for all that she is no better as a thinker, nor does she so well represent ideas; for it is not the amount of mere knowl-

it able to evolve just and rational principles, or these new ideas that become the basis of high art or of noble action.

James I. of England was filled to the brim

with learning by his great teacher, George Buchanan, who, when asked how it was that his pupil was only a pedant, answered, he "did the best he could for him; learning would not give ideas," which is most true; there must be a basis of mental capacity, or books will not make us wise. Nero was instructed by philosopher Seneca, yet he was cruel, and vain as foolish. Some minds are mere sieves, through which ideas are sifted out and lost; others retain the thoughts of the author whom they read, and have none of their own. A few great writers well studied will impart dignity to any mind. I once knew a gentleman, a merchant, by no means superior, who had at the same time an enthusiasm for Milton, and could recite nearly the whole of "Paradise Lost," and his habit of now and then giving an apt quotation from his favorite author obtained for him an immense reputation for erudition. The reading of our girls consists quite too much of the current periodicals, such as the *New York Ledger*, *Weekly*, etc., full of mawkish sentiment and opinions counter to the true end and aim of life, which is to do good in our little sphere, and make duty or our obligations to God and man the basis of all we do and are. We are not in this world merely to "have a good time" in it—suffering is the ordeal through which all must pass, or, as our religious friends would say, we must "bear the cross," and how we bear it must and will tell upon the character.

Far be it from me to foster undue squeamishness—our mothers were perhaps too reserved in speaking of the relations of sex, and their daughters grew up as white-souled as Miranda under the fatherly care of Prospero, or Eve when she first blushed in the garden of Eden; but this was an error on the pure, safe side, while the girl of to-day will coolly discuss cases of social evils that would put our old, innocent grandames quite to the blush.

Will all this knowledge of existing wickedness thus prematurely familiarized to the young girl, avail to deepen her sense of the sanctities of her own person? deepen her sense of the innate sweetness hidden in the depths of the human soul only to be obliterated by an unrighteous life? Will it make her more tenderly, more sacredly alive to that which is pure and high and ennobling, or will it only vitiate her taste and corrupt her moral sensibilities? Never, never will familiarity with *vice elevate the soul*

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The path to supernal heights is not through mire and dirt, not through the poison weeds of mandrake and hellebore, but over flinty rocks it may be, and through deep waters; but where the rose-tree blooms and pure lilies grow and fill the air with their symbolic wholesomeness.

I would implore the young girl to avoid this pernicious reading, and avoid most of the fictions of the day. Those based on the eras of history, such as the inimitable works of Walter Scott, are interesting and healthful to the mind, and serve to awaken an interest in history itself, while the works of Dickens may deepen our sympathy for the miserable and erring, and few young girls need more than these for their amount of desirable novel-reading.

History, biography, constitutional and moral science, geographical discoveries, travels, the results of scientific research, and the several branches of natural history which open up to the mind the wonders and mysteries of this beautiful world in which we live—the heavens above should be no idle display to the young mind, "stars shining because they have nothing else to do;" but as telling of far-off suns and glowing constellations, and all the sweet utterances of poetic thought.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of fine gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

The story found in our Scriptures of the sacrifice of the daughter of Jephthah is replete with tender suggestions. This young girl comes down to us with no name except as the daughter of a man who seems to have been an apostate from the grand theism of his people, an audacious soldier, brave but reckless, and living a life of outlawry. Her beautiful filial affection shines with a sweet lustre on the page of history, and is of value in indicating in the mind of father and daughter their deep, solemn view of the sanctity of an oath, the sacredness of a vow, which in our day are growing less and less to be regarded, and the oath before our courts of law and the marriage vow are growing into contempt and desecration. I never take what is called an oath, considering my affirmative full as binding; and indeed in true estimate of human integrity we should

all, our yea and nay being all that
be required of us.

especially the young girl should feel the

When I was a child, my mother would sometimes
say to me in reprehension of some misdemeanor,

"Promise me you will never do so again."



THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

ness implied in the affirmations of her lips,
should carefully guard against committing
to any pledge without great consideration.

I used to hear this when a girl of six years with
an awe which I cannot now recall without pain.
I dared not promise, and used to reply, "I will

try never to do so again; but, oh! please do not ask me to promise. I shall feel so bad if I break my word."

Conversation is quite falling into disrepute in our country, most likely in part because of a general flippancy and pretentiousness, and because our people hurry and bustle with no very clear ideas upon the subjects that might seem naturally to engage the attention of a citizen of a republic. Those fine old conversers, profound scholars, and untiring discussers of abstract thought, Sedley, and Johnson, Coleridge and De Quincey, belong to a past age.

In travelling I once met John Quincy Adams at a public table, who, full of thought, expressed himself admirably upon some passing theme of general interest; no one made the least response, and I, though rather young, ventured an opinion and reply, with which he seemed well pleased, and continued to talk till the close of the meal. When I rose from the table he rose also, and escorted me to the door with the becoming grace of a man of eighty.

My mother, sometimes preoccupied, very early in life used to depute me to receive her callers till she was ready to make her appearance, which was an excellent practice, and familiarized me to the ordinary courtesies of society, but also cultivated self-reliance. But all this preliminary training of the young girl has nearly passed away. Conversation is now considered a bore instead of a cultivated fine art. To be smart in repartee and ready in upholding a flirtation is growing to be the highest ambition of the girl, and thus are earnestness and sincerity regarded as old-fashioned virtues, and the intercourse between the sexes is losing much of that respectful aloofness which ought to characterize the manners of those who mutually respect each other.

I believe that the progress of the ages is developing the sex quite other than in the past. Masculine supremacy will not longer be tolerated, and women will claim admission into any field, whether professional, artistic, commercial or mechanical, that her inclination or capacity may qualify her to fill. She will have to take the chances of failure just as men take them, and

learn that to be a lawyer or doctor or speaker is a no greater thing in a woman than in a man, and may be less. In all this the heavens will not fall nor earthquakes take place; it is simply obedience to the implied laws of Nature, or rather I would say the laws of God, who gives no superfluous power, and justifies no idle waste of the talents he has bestowed; who makes the measure of capacity the measure of sphere to either man or woman.

Be it remembered, for the sake of the girls, that human affections are the same the world over. Men will woo and maids love now as in the past. All I ask is that the sex shall grow nobly wise with the progress of suns and stars and revolving years.

It takes a great deal of hereditary culture as well as gentle training to make what is really the finest thing in the world—a gentlewoman or lady; and I trust this all-perfect woman will characterize the masses of women yet to be. A lady is sphere in grace and sweetness. She is unapproachable by anything coarse or repugnant to the finest taste. The lady negatives all that is strongly marked, and a girl may be trained to be a lady who by the utmost effort could never be converted into a great woman.

A lady represents no one gracious quality at the expense of any other. She is the rounded, consummate essence of a true womanhood.

All the moralities with the lady range in just proportions, and the proprieties wear the aspect of the graces. She recoils from all that is selfish or obtrusive; and what is harsh or discordant is so foreign to her nature that we should recoil from it in her as we should from spot upon a Vestal's robe.

Every girl, as I have said, may be trained to become a lady, while few will become great. In this view I would say she can make the best of herself in the best way, for a great deal is required to make a perfect lady, and she may become that "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" when greatness is beyond her reach. The commonest mind will appreciate her as a lady, while the meanest pigmy may abuse and condemn a really great woman.

A NIGHT ON HORSEBACK.

BY C. A. GOLDRICK.

s only a bit of personal experience I would
ou. It stands out clear and distinct from
in my life, and the remembrance even now
me unpleasantly. But I must needs digress
that for a full understanding of what I am
to relate.

spring of '65 found me in the Oil Dorado
sylvania. What that was then, words can
picture. Should you go there now, you
find the communities steady, regular, law-
g; the oil trade a regular, recognized
of commerce, people following the dif-
details of it as a life business. Then the
cry of "oil!" had wakened this "Sleepy
v" of the State, and flooded its hills and
with a cosmopolitan multitude, seeking
for the boundless wealth that floated under
et. Socially and civilly all seemed chaos
nfusion. The machinery of law that suf-
or a sparsely settled region of simple, peace-
rners, had no provision for a population
enting almost every nation on the globe,
hich literally swarmed over every spot of
ising territory." Lawlessness, robbery,
r even, did not always meet their just de-

Such were the conditions which I, an
an woman, found about me at the time of
I write. For reasons obvious to all who
pioneered," "by horseback" was our most
means of locomotion. In this way did I
one bright May morning to go from Tank-
here I then was, to Tarr City, some eight
listant. If any habitué of that region at
ne fails to remember these places, let him
r them as generic terms for the many towns
bbled up with the local discovery of oil,
sided with its disappearance. But though
ns I knew have never found a place in any
geography of the Keystone State, in the
f memory they have a location, fixed and

panied by one of the masculine persua-
whom for convenience we will call John,
ed. The swift motion, the crisp, bracing
in air, the brilliant morning sunlight, made

the ride one of exquisite delight. We halted but
once, to note the trodden grass and bushes of a
spot where a wealthy English traveller had been
waylaid, robbed, and well-nigh murdered, only a
few days before. On our arrival I alighted at
the dingy little hotel, where, my business being
completed, I was to await the return of John.
"By sundown, sure," he said, as he rode away.
Long ere sundown I sat watching the shadows
lengthen, and at last saw the day die in a bed of
burning clouds; but to the obsequies came no
John. I waited. The minutes seemed hours.
Then a thought struck me. How stupid not to
have done it before! I would go and meet him.
Quickly ordering my horse, I mounted and started
homeward. Two solitary stars looked down upon
me, and the fires from countless engines lit up the
surrounding hilltops and valleys. I rode rapidly
for nearly a mile, and though the twilight came
fast, there was still no sign of the expected rider.
But I saw something which in the excitement of
the morning I had failed to note, and which made
me half puzzled and doubtful. Before me lay two
roads. I remembered but one. By which had
we come? The more I thought, the less I really
knew. At last, thinking I saw some familiar
mark, I turned to the left. A light growth of
pine trees thickened the shadows over me. I felt
no fear, and soon in the distance descried a horse-
man. I hastened to meet him. Alas! it was only
a stranger, laden with drilling tools. He looked
curiously after me. I, in my disappointment,
said nothing. The darkness increased—only
starlight now, lessened by the shadows of the
thick branches of the pines, which ever grew in
size and number. After some time I became
alarmed, and resolved to turn back. But the
way seemed to have grown steep and narrow, and
to my dismay, I found that in the thick darkness
I could no longer discern the road. I rode first
one way and then another, until utterly bewil-
dered. I was now conscious of but one thing: I
was alone in the dark night in a pine forest, miles
perhaps from any human habitation, without any
idea of distance or direction—dazed, confused,

lost! I saw, as in a vision, the trampled grass and bushes of the morning; I remembered one who wandered for days in such a place, rescued only by chance hunters from a horrible death. In my fear and terror I cried aloud; nothing answered. The dense branches seemed to catch and smother all sounds. In an agony of supplication, born of extremest peril, I besought Him who alone could hear, to guide and keep me. Then giving loose rein to my horse, that he might choose his own course, we went forward into what to my excited fears and imaginings seemed as the "valley and shadow of death." And now a sense of a great fear and horror seized and possessed me. The air seemed instinct with murmurs and movement.

Shadowy forms shaped themselves in the darkness, flitted and whispered about me, then melted away to give place to their fellows. There were rustlings and glidings, and swift, rushing sounds. The branches touched and caught me as I passed, like ghostly hands, dragging me away. Trembling with horror, I cried aloud. The vast forest seemed full of phantom voices, that called back in mockery and derision. The laurel bushes coiled their snaky roots about the way, and from among their thick, glassy leaves there came a motion and a low, growling sound. My horse shied and trembled, but nothing appeared, and I soothed and coaxed him on. He seemed almost human. Around fallen, decayed trees, across gullies, about huge boulders that sometimes projected across our way, he picked his steps gently and carefully. Once, as I sobbed on his neck, he turned his head, touching me, and softly whinnied, as if in comforting assurance. After long hours a sort of quiet despair settled down upon me. I was exhausted, and shivered with cold, for the heavy dew had dampened all my clothing. Once the ghostly gallows-like form of a deserted derrick lifted itself against the star-lit sky—tombstone of some daring failure. I felt a subtle sense of sympathy with it. It too was alone and desolate.

Thus we measured hour after hour of fear and darkness. I knew not where we were going, but feared to stand still. Suddenly I saw at last a gleam of light; far-off, but surely there. A quick throb of joy thrilled my heart and gave strength to my weary body. The light was miles away, and ere I reached it there were many others. A sharp turn in the way and in the valley below me

lay a town. Soon the feet of my horse struck with a hollow sound. I was crossing a bridge. Rapidly I made my way over it; then, amid tanks, engine-houses and barrel heaps, to the first house in view; I rapped loudly with the handle of my whip on the railing in front. A greasy, rough-looking man, lantern in hand, opened the door, and came out; two others followed.

"Where am I? What place is this?" I said, abruptly.

"Petroleum Centre," he answered, looking at me in astonishment.

"Where and how far off is Tankville?"

"Two miles up the bluff road. Dunno as you can get there to-night, though," he went on; "the creek's mighty high, and was well-nigh up to the bluff at sundown."

Only two miles from home! I knew the road was a narrow passage between the creek and the bluff, the three running parallel. Yet I did not hesitate. I must go on. Briefly I explained that I had lost my way. Then I bethought me of the time, and taking out my watch held it in the light of the lantern. Twenty minutes of two! As I closed and replaced it, two of the men silently turned and walked swiftly away. What if they should follow me? I knew in all that two miles there was no house. Scarcely waiting to return thanks, I recrossed the bridge and plunged into the darkness. I might outgo them. Every moment of the way my heart beat almost to suffocation with fear and apprehension; but it proved without cause, for I passed unharmed. I found the water had indeed covered a portion of the road several inches in depth, but went on, never slackening pace till we stopped, faint and weary, in the light of home.

How John, unavoidably delayed, had come for me, and found me gone; how he, too, had taken the left-hand road, from which I had strayed in the darkness, into what was known as the "Mountain Path," a way full of danger even in daylight, being a narrow passage in the side of an almost perpendicular hill, some hundreds of feet in height, where a single misstep would have sent horse and rider to destruction; how that faithful, sagacious horse carried me over more than twenty dangerous miles in safety; how every way and place it seemed possible for me to be had been traversed and searched in vain, was faithfully detailed, and still vividly chronicled in my memory.

TWO OF A NAME.

BY HARRIET N. SMITH.

II.

Oh, why had she found it now when her heart was finding rest in the love of this good doctor! Why had this come to destroy all?

She raised her eyes to his, and the anguish in them brought him to her side. She held out the letter without a word. As he hesitated, she said, "read it; it is but just you should see it;" and he read, and thinking all it brought to him, his cheerful, benign face took on a shadow never seen there before. When he could command his voice, he asked:

"And what shall you do about it, Grace?"

"Oh, what can, what ought I to do?"

"Write to him at once," said the noble man.

"Come;" and he showed her to his study, spread paper and pen at her disposal, not trusting himself with a word, and shutting the door, went out to walk swiftly about the grounds, wrestling with self until it was trampled out of sight, and he could come back to her he loved better than himself.

She had just completed her letter, and held it out for his inspection. He read:

"MY FRIEND: Did you, eight months ago, address me a letter containing an offer of marriage? Such a letter has, by accident, just come into my possession. If so, will you at once write me, addressing to the old number, eighty-three Spring street? Yours, GRACE B. BRADLY."

He gave it back to her, and dropped into a chair. After she had sealed and directed it, he asked:

"But why did you never receive it, Grace?"

"That is what I've been wondering about all the time. Can you imagine why?"

He thought a moment, and then said:

"You recollect Mr. Bradly of whom I bought this house had a daughter of the same name as you, with the exception of the B."

"Oh, yes," she said, with wondering eyes, "I recollect her; but as I never had any acquaintance with her, had forgotten all about it. Yes, she is the one who I told you he was supposed engaged to; she is out West now."

"Is that so? Then I think I begin to read the riddle; but we will wait his answer."

"Yes, I must go now," she said, wearily rising, as though years had gone over her since she came there. He noticed it. How his generous heart went out in pity to the tried girl! No thought for his own hopes.

They bade the mother good-by with such altered faces as to set her wondering. They drove to the office, posted the letter, and then he set her down at her home with only a kind "good-night," and she went to her room to weep, and wonder how it would all end. A little note reached her in the morning, saying:

"LITTLE GRACE: It will be best for both of us that I should not see you until the answer to your letter arrives. Then, if you wish, I will come."

"A. D."

"Delicate and generous as ever! Oh, how can I grieve him by ever letting any one come between us!"

Ah! that supposed buried love had already achieved a resurrection. How she went through her school duties that long week that ensued before the arrival of the answer to her letter, she could never tell. It came at last.

"Yes, he had written it; it was the true feelings of his heart at the time. He had heard she was now engaged to Doctor Day; was it so? if she would answer at once he would feel greatly obliged. Would she also be so kind as to say would she have accepted the proposal,—could she have returned his love,—had she received the letter at once?"

And here was the hard place for Grace. If she told him, she felt that all might be over between her and Doctor Day. If she concealed it from James, who she supposed engaged to another, and married the man she had promised herself to, would it not be best? But she was too conscientious to long waver. No, I will tell him the truth, and at once she wrote:

"MY FRIEND: I will be frank with you. At

the time that letter was written, I could have returned your love; now I have engaged myself to another, a good, a noble man. I will not say I love him as I did you. Will you be as frank with me, and tell me if what I have heard that you are engaged to another is true? Yours,

"GRACE BRADLY."

His answer, as soon as possible, was this:

"MY FRIEND: I am saddened indeed with the contents of your last letter. God help us both, for I am still free; but, oh, I still love you as I can no other! I tell you this because you ought to have the truth, and not to influence you in any way. My own heart has ached too much for your supposed loss to wish such sorrow to fall upon your affianced; but oh, if it could be, if knowing of the miscarriage of the letter—the reason of which I have found out, and will some time let you know—he will be generous, always supposing you choose between us. Oh, tell me at once. Yours,

"JAMES HOVEY."

Grace passed a sleepless night; but as morning dawned came to her decision. Had not James the first right to her? She could but answer yes; but oh, she must now see him. God help her, indeed!

She sent for him. He started at the sorrowful, tear-stained face that met him at the door. He divined it all before reading the letter she handed him. Before opening this, he said:

"My child, I see it all; you love him still. I resign all claims; choose between us as though no engagement existed."

As he read James's last letter and folded it up, she cried out:

"Oh, my friend, my kind friend, what shall I do?"

"This," and came over and took both her hands in his, and for a moment struggled with an overmastering emotion, and at last, with trembling voice, said, "Tell him I resign you to the one you love best; but your friendship and his I shall still claim."

"God bless you, my dear friend ever;" and Grace's kiss and tears fell upon his hands. He mingled his own a moment with hers, and then rising, said:

"Good-by, my little sister; I shall be better when we meet again, and you must not grieve about it a moment."

She followed him tearfully to the door, and they parted with a wordless clasp of hands.

He had informed his mother of the discovery of the letter and the destruction of his hopes; but as he saw how wistfully she followed him about, grieving with him, he assumed a more cheerful manner, and assured her, after all, he believed he would make a better friend than husband for any one; and I believe the unselfish fellow was right; that such natures as his really take more satisfaction in seeing others' happiness than in furthering their own.

The next week Grace received a letter from James full of a lover's rhapsodies. Imagine, then, my reader, just to suit yourselves. It ended with these words, "I shall come on at the end of my school term, which is in three weeks. Let me hope, my dearest, you will return with me. Say to Doctor Day, 'I honor, I esteem you more than words can tell.' God bless you forever."

We will now take a little trip West. Grace's first letter James took from the office as he was on his way to fulfill his engagement to the other Grace to spend the Sabbath at her aunt's. He immediately returned to his room and answered it, and after posting it, sat down to think over the strange event.

He could but suspect from the circumstances of its discovery who had detained the letter, and then came swarming into his mind all the agitation Grace, his assistant in the school, had betrayed on many occasions when they had been conversing on old acquaintance at P—. He recalled the flash of exultant feeling that had passed over her face at the intelligence of the engagement of the Grace at P— on that morning Hoyt left him. He saw it all; but how could he prove her guilt? He would let circumstances guide him.

While he was revolving these things in his room, she was restlessly watching at the window for his arrival. At last, as the train swept by without bringing him, she flung herself on a lounge, and in answer to her aunt's question, "What do you suppose detained him?" pettishly replied, "I don't know, I'm sure; perhaps that business he spoke of;" and soon after, taking up her lamp, retired to her room disappointed and tearful. Her dream that night there seemed a foreshadowing of what was to come. She saw him even with sad averted face, and after a few hours

sleep, woke unrefreshed and feverish. "I shall not go to church this morning," she told her aunt; "I will keep house while you are gone."

Her aunt had been gone but a few moments when, peering through the blinds, she espied him slowly coming down the road. She flew to dress her hair and put on a becoming new wrapper, and ere she was presentable, he rang the bell. Hurrying on the dainty slippers, she opened the door, all radiant with excitement and joy. But the moment her eye fell on his face, her heart seemed to shrink in dismay; so altered, so grave, and yet with such an indefinable joy on the brow.

She offered him a chair; she asked, "Are you sick? Why did you not come last night?"

"I had a letter, the contents of which detained me."

"May I know who it was from?" with one of her bewildering smiles.

"A person of the same name as yours, with the addition of a B."

The ghostly paleness that came over her face, the trembling that took possession of her, as with livid lips she forced herself to ask:

"Where does she reside?"

Fixing his eyes upon her, he said:

"I think you know already, do you not?"

He suspects me, she thought. I have lost him, I have lost him; but she forced herself to return his steady gaze for a moment, then her eyes fell, and burning blushes swept over cheek and brow, and she clutched the sofa arm for support as she faltered out:

"Why should I?"

"Grace," and his voice shook with emotion, "do not attempt subterfuge. A letter has been found that I addressed to the writer of the letter I have just received, found in the debris the carpenters made in opening a window of the room you used to occupy in your father's house. As your old teacher, by the friendship we have formed for each other, I ask you how it came there? I feel there can be but one answer to this; will you give me the truth?"

Yes, she well remembered how on that last day of packing up at P—, as she removed the letter from its secret drawer, stopping to take one last look of it, she had been startled by hearing her aunt at the door, and folding it, had hastily pressed it into the crevice under the window-sill of that very room, saying to herself, "effectually buried at last!"

And why should she brave it out? She had lost her lover; she might keep her friend at least if she told him the truth. Deep in the heart of this wretched girl there came a longing that this high-minded Christian man should not hate her, as he justly might, did she persist in untruth. She had lost him, at any rate. Oh, could she not save something from the wreck! She buried her face in her arms, and sobs shook her frame.

"Tell me all, Grace," he gently said; "only this will relieve your sorrow."

Still no answer.

"It is true, is it not, Grace, that you obtained that letter through a mistake of the postman, as I neglected to direct it to the number, and kept it, did you not?"

"Yes; but oh, James, do you know why?"

"I believe I do, my poor girl; but oh, be assured I forgive you the sorrow it has caused two persons; that I regret more deeply than words can tell the regard for me that led to such wrongdoing." He paused, and she moaned out:

"You will not hate me, James?"

Poor Grace! selfish as she had been in her love for him, how could he hate the crushed woman before him who had, who still loved him.

"No, Grace, I can never hate you, believe me. From my heart I forgive you, and will pray for your welfare. Forget me; but oh, forget not Him who has said, 'Come unto me all that labor and are heavy laden.' Will you take my hand?" and he came to her side.

She would not raise her face, but put out her cold hand. He clasped it with a kind pressure of farewell, glad himself that he had not looked on that proud humiliated face again, and left the house. An hour after her aunt found her in the same place in a burning fever, and quite delirious.

She was nursed back to bodily health and strength, but reason had departed forever. In a Western asylum for the insane wanders about a wan, haggard woman, the hair quite gray and cut close, constantly moaning "The letter, I want the letter!" and is only quieted when a scrap of paper is handed her which, with the cunning of insanity, she instantly hides in her dress, a sad and living comment on the broken command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Very sadly James took his place in school the morning after his farewell to Grace. His happy dreams of the love of his youth so soon to be met, were saddened by the thoughts of the misguided,

lost girl he had parted with; and when at the end of the three weeks her fever left her, and the doctor's decision was told him, that she was incurably insane, a deep and solemn thrill of anguish swept his heart. He could not blame himself, he could only be thankful he had not spoken the words that had bound him to her.

The term closed, he was on his way to P— after telegraphing to Grace, when he should be there. She would not meet him in the boarding-house, she could not; but telegraphed, "I will be at my school at the hour."

The conductor shouted P—, he sprung out, deposited his valise in the baggage room, and as it was half-past four, the hour for closing school, he hurried away to meet Grace. She saw him coming, opened the door, and with a glad cry from both, they were in each others' arms. Few explanations were needed. They were all the world to each other now. A half-hour they had to themselves and happiness, then she took his arm, and walked to her boarding-house. As he left her at the door, a familiar voice exclaimed, "Here you are at last!" and Hoyt's hand was on his shoulder. Gladly they exchanged greetings. He had written to Hoyt that he should be there that night, and he had come to take him to his house.

"Ah! you rogue," he smilingly said, "little did I suspect what that paleness meant when I told you of the pretty 'school-marm's' engagement. Come along, Annie's dying to congratulate you."

Such a tea as merry little Annie, a little sobered though from the olden time, had ready for them! If James could not, thinking of that poor maniac, enter into the jollity with his usual zest, they hardly remarked it in the wonderful and rather mysterious source of joy they seemed brimming over with.

"Well," said Hoyt, after tea was over, "when does the wedding come off?"

"That is not settled yet," he replied. "I am to have it decided to-morrow."

"As the term closed last night," said Annie, "I suppose Miss Bradley will go home at once; do you go with her?"

"I expect to visit my parents next week, and I would like to prevail on Grace to be married here on next Monday, and accompany me there first,

and then go to her mother's; but I fear she will prefer going home to be married."

He noticed a quick glance between Hoyt and his wife, with a merry twinkle of the eyes; but thought nothing of it at the time.

"I am but little acquainted with Miss Bradley as yet; but I mean to be soon."

"Certainly; I hope to have you become as fast friends as Fred. and I," he replied.

"I must leave you now," he said, taking out his watch.

"Oh, yes," said Fred., "I'll walk with you as far as the station and get your valise; for you stop with us while in the city." So it was arranged, and James turned toward Grace's boarding-house.

"Now, see here, Jim, Annie and I want you to take the little girl up to our house to-morrow afternoon right after dinner, will you?"

"Oh, yes, if she is willing."

"Give her our regards, and tell her we shall expect her."

"Yes;" and they separated.

After sitting with Grace a while, James asked:

"And when may I call you mine, dear? Will you accede to my wish to be married next Monday, and accompany me to my home before we go to your own?"

"My dear James, how could I get ready so soon? Do you know all the labor required for a *bridal trousseau*?"

"But I would be glad to take you just as you are dressed to-night"—Grace looked charmingly in a navy-blue suit with its delicate trimmings—what more do you require in the dress line," he laughingly said, as he drew forth a plain gold ring and slipped it on her finger, "but this?"

"Oh, thanks," she said; "but you men little know all fashion demands."

"But would you not, Grace, be married on Monday?"

"I can't say to-night; possibly I will tell you to-morrow;" so after a few kisses and caresses, he bade her good-night, and was soon lost in happy dreams at his friend's house.

This was on Thursday night, and on the morrow, after going about among old friends, he called in a carriage to take Grace to ride. They drove along in quiet happiness until they came in sight of Doctor Day's home, and saw the doctor just alight at his door. He spied Grace, and as they halted, hastened to the side of the carriage, was

introduced, and with a cordial grasp of the hand welcomed James to P—, and insisted on their calling and seeing his mother.

"Yes, James," said Grace, in a whisper, "I wish you would."

So they alighted, and soon were in pleasant conversation with her. As James and the doctor had stepped out, ostensibly to see the grounds, but really for the doctor to have a chance to inquire when the marriage was to take place, the old lady took occasion to say:

"My dear Miss Brady, I regret as much as you can, my son's disappointment; but he has pursued the only honorable course. Mr. Hovey certainly had the first claim upon you, and I honor you so much for your strict truthfulness. I shall always feel a deep interest in you and yours. Will you take a little gift from an old lady?" and she laid in her hands a parcel. Opening it, there appeared the loveliest pearl-colored silk, with soft rich laces for neck and wrists.

"My dear Mrs. Day, how can I thank you enough?" said Grace, with the tears filling her eyes.

"There my dear," said the kind old matron, putting her arm about her, "I am thanked enough; now just let me beg of you not to keep that fine young man waiting long. Remember all he has suffered, and be married when he wishes."

Just then the doctor and James entered, both grave, yet cheerfully entering into the pleasure of Grace in her rich gift.

"I'm not going to be outdone by mother," said the doctor; "here, my little lady," and he threw over her shoulders a costly India shawl. She turned herself, caught his hand, tried to speak, but failed signally; and he, turning to James, said, "I'm afraid this child is getting hysteric; you had better take her into the air," and so they laughingly led the way to the carriage.

He drove to Hoyt's, left her while he and Fred. took the horse and carriage home.

While they were gone Annie went into ecstasies over the new silk and shawl, declaring now all was just right exactly.

"Why?" said Grace, a little mystified.

"No matter now; but you will hear to James about the marriage, won't you?"

"How can I, Mrs. Hoyt? Here's this dress alone would take a week to make."

"Exactly; and that is just what we are going

to have done. My dressmaker is up stairs waiting to take your measure;" and she dragged the wondering girl up, had her measured, gave directions—Mrs. Hoyt was *au fait* in fashion—and then sat down to discuss with Grace what else she would need just at present; "for you know, dear, you can have a nice time to sew and get the rest needed at your mother's."

"I suppose I shall need a hat of some kind."

"Yes; we will go this afternoon and order one at Madam Gourand's."

In an hour that was done, and so much off Grace's mind; and Fred. and James coming in, they sat down to an early tea, after which Mrs. Hoyt took Grace up to her room, as she called it, adjoining the dressmaker's, "where you are to bring all your things from your boarding-house tomorrow, or, that is, a truckman shall, and you will be our guest until Monday."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Hoyt, you are too kind; I must ask James about this."

"He has already promised for you, dear; and so now come up in the morning as soon as you can get your things packed, and Fred.'s man shall bring them; and you know you will have to try on the silk dress as soon as possible."

With expressions of deep gratitude Grace took James's arm to return to her boarding-house.

Mrs. Grant was informed in the morning of the decision, and with many expressions of gratitude for her kindness, Grace departed, and the man followed soon with her trunk and boxes.

The new dress was a splendid "fit," so Annie declared; and work on it, with Grace's and her nimble fingers, progressed rapidly, until on Saturday morning it was completed; and as the new hat had arrived, together with a mysterious parcel from Mr. Hoyt's store, a gift from him, Annie took her up to her room to array her.

"You little violet," said the enthusiastic Annie, as having fastened the last bit of lace, she turned her about, the rich folds of the silk shimmering away in the flowing train. "And look here, here's the rest;" and opening the parcel, softly unfolded a long delicate veil of tulle, with its wreath of white lilacs, and handing her a pair of white kid gloves, she said, laughing, "behold the bride!"

What could Gracie do but clasp her hands about the neck of the little generous woman, and tell her she was just a jewel.

"That's just what Fred. calls me, when I make him a particular nice pudding, ha! ha!" and away she flew to call both the men up to see the bride. Blushingly receiving their praises, she was led away by Annie to disrobe.

Sunday morning rose bright and beautiful. James and Grace attended their old church in the morning. After being ushered to a seat, on looking round there sat Doctor Day and his mother near them. After services they walked home together. and on parting James said to the doctor, "There will be a quiet little ceremony performed at eight o'clock to-morrow morning at my friend, Hoyt's, at which we would be very glad to see you and your mother; will you come?"

"Thank you; we will try and be there."

Another glorious morning. All had been made in readiness, the few guests, Mrs. Grant, the doctor and mother, and the pretty girl who tended Grace in her illness, now a happy young wife, all assembled, and the clergyman was announced. They joined hands, these who had been so cruelly parted, the words were spoken that made them one. Kind old Mrs. Day had the first kiss from the bride, and the doctor followed with a cordial grasp of the little hand he once thought his own, but had so magnanimously resigned to another. Not without deep sorrow, it must be confessed, did he witness their departure soon after for James's home.

On his drives that day, and among his patients, if there was a tenderer light in his frank eyes, a

softer tone in his cheery voice, it might be due to a little burial he had bravely made of a deep and true love, or rather he had sunk it in a lifelong friendship. But as he hummed that night, just before retiring, the last verse of a song that had all his life been an especial favorite, the words of which were these—

"And though on love's altar, the flame that is glowing
Be brighter, still friendship's is steadier far;
One waves and turns, with each breeze that is blowing,
And is but a meteor,—the other a star.
In youth love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While friendship's flame burns ever the same,
Or burns but the brighter the nearer its last"—

we may conclude he was convalescing at least.

A year from Grace's marriage, the death of her mother leaving her brother alone, a lad of sixteen, Doctor Day took him at once to his office and home, proving the truth of the last line he had hummed that night so long ago.

Once in two years he leaves him, now a tall handsome fellow with an M.D. attached to his name, and over whom half the girls in P— are in raptures, in charge of his patients while he visits the Hoveys at the West.

And for his life this excellent man cannot tell to-day whether he is happiest with Grace's five-year-old golden-haired Annie on his knee, her arms round "uncle's" neck, or when, as a lover, he held for a brief ten minutes her pretty mother in his arms in that long-ago ride.

IVAH.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

AWAY up in the attic Harley worked at his clay; on the second floor Ivah busied herself with the chemical paints. One night his golden-ringed head beamed into the decorating-room where she sat giving a few tender touches to some flowers.

Some months before Trafton had said that this art was becoming degraded; there was such a demand for cheap wares that a few hurried splashes with the brush was all the time one could afford to give to embellishments; but since he had taken

on this girl he felt encouraged; for however swiftly her fingers lay on the colors, he could see that she left upon everything the impress of her delicate fancy. The work of the other decorators was well enough for the market; but hers was a different thing—it was individual and promising.

To-night while her deft fingers worked in a few shades here and there, Harley looked over her shoulder at her work.

"Ivah," said he, "the little wisp of flowers that you have dropped on that cup is so disposed

that it speaks to one like a poem. Where do you get that instinct of harmony that transforms such common things into that which is really fine in effect?"

She had given the last stroke, and moving the piece away, she looked up in the sunny face with a smile, questioning:

"How, Harley?"

"That is just what I do not understand. It is insignificant work, this painting on china; but you give it a meaning. I took it up long ago to see what I could do; but the ease with which I could accomplish it caused me to throw it by. And I really did not make anything out of it after all. The execution was well, but it had no significance. In your hands it is so different. I wonder what it is that you throw into your work."

"Oh, I don't know. I like it; perhaps that is the secret."

He did not reply; but fell to wondering at what there was in the long, dull pottery to inspire her with a liking for this commonplace employment. She went nowhere to get suggestions, saw nothing beautiful but little glimpses of sky between the long rows of gloomy brick buildings going to and from her work.

"Now, I have manipulative skill enough," he said, after a moment spent in comparing his success with hers; "but does my work lack spirit? You understand that embodied influence that the observer asks for, and goes away unsatisfied if it cannot be communicated."

"Only in certain pieces," answered his truthful auditor, who remembered turning away from his Madonna with a feeling of almost pain from the lack she felt in it. Renunciation, too, had seemed a failure; but his successes had been many, she thought, and said, "And then you are young, Harley."

"Yes, I think of that, and it gives me courage. Come up to my atelier, Ivah, and see what you think now of Cleopatra. Nothing has ever caused me such discouragement" (she wished he had never attempted it). "In fact I ought to travel before setting about such a piece of work."

And now he was on his pet theme, and detained a moment at the landing to go over with oft-repeated projects, of their visiting the old world and its treasures of art together; plans which she already knew by heart, but to which she listened patiently, if incredulously. Life had been to her

a bare reality, so she could not beguile herself with a hope which she believed could not be realized.

When he had done she followed him with even pulse up the rough, broad steps into the little loft, dusty with dried clay, as she had often done before, to pass crude criticisms on his work—criticisms the value of which, I fear, he would have attached little importance to if he had considered them only in that light, but as words of cheer from a helpful nature they were invaluable to him.

"To you, Ivah, everything seems facile to the touch." He stood a little way off, looking with a dissatisfied air at the bust. "But you must remember that I have never tried this grand art. My poor little flowers are easily arranged; dear soulless blossoms, it would be a pity if I could not give such simple things a little grace in grouping."

And after criticising a little and encouraging more, she turned to descend.

"Do you mind leaving work before six to-night, Ivah? because I feel that I must have you to talk to."

No, she did not mind. This question had been often put to her, and she had never minded.

"I felt that I must have you to talk to to-night," he said, looking down at the lithe figure by his side a half hour later, as they passed out at a side door of the long brick building into the street. "You are a royal girl, Ivah. I ought to call you my inspiration," laughingly. "If I did not have you for counselor and listener, and did not come in contact with that magnetism of your personality—what is it, Ivah? It is not beauty; another would not call you beautiful. It is a charm finer than beauty; if it were not for all this I get so discouraged at times, I am afraid my enthusiasm would sometimes flag."

For answer she smiled up at him with clear, hazel eyes that were always steadfast. She was used to this way of his, though sometimes he walked almost silently by her side; and even this method of communion seemed to soothe and satisfy him. And yet Harley was a gay, laughing fellow, often in high spirits. It was so jolly to be a genius; to have capabilities all ready for his use that would not come to other people if they courted them ever so assiduously. To Ivah it seemed strange that he should have chosen her

for his friend. She was such an ordinary mortal that she stood almost in awe of the young sculptor.

Harley, who worked spasmodically, and with buoyancy or depression, as his success might be, was growing more dissatisfied with his last work when one day an old gentleman and a young lady looked in at his workshop. Attending them through the building on their tour of inspection, Harley brought them into the decorating-room, and looking up from her work Ivah saw a lady rarely endowed with beauty. She looked at her a moment critically, and with that practical cast of thought that belongs to one side of an artist's character—that of utilizing all beauty to their art. At odd hours at home she was garnishing a sort of tripod which she called her Shakspeare cup. She would have this lady's profile on one of its sides, she determined at once, but in what character she had not decided, until Harley had whispered, "I have found my Cleopatra." Then she recognized it. Her beauty was voluptuous, and of the Oriental type.

Precisely at six that evening the eager face again shone into her room.

"Are you ready, Ivah?" To-night he was smiling, but impatient for his auditor, and when they had reached the street he asked: "Did you notice her especially? Was ever anything so beautiful?"

"She was beautiful."

"How calm and cold you always are, Ivah. Why, hers is a splendor that one must feel. Only Cleopatra herself could rival her. No one but a true artist, though, can appreciate such perfection of form and color. With such a model I could almost make the clay glow. And, could you believe it, Ivah, her father has promised that she shall sit for me. You see, he is a patron of art. I am afraid he is ignorant of its first principles; but then he has untold wealth to lavish where the whim suggests. He was once a sea-captain, and married in some island of the seas. The daughter must resemble her mother. I had heard before of this young lady, of her origin and of her wonderful beauty. She has ordered a tea-service in Parian. It is to be something rare, a study from the antique."

To-night Harley was overflowing with words; there was no silence left for communion. Every line and curve of the beautiful face was discussed,

then the service received attention, and having entered her home with her he made a rough draft of what he thought the principal piece should be. Or, what did Ivah think of this shape for an outline? another form having suggested itself. No, he could not please himself to-night. He must look up some old steel-plates among the rubbish of his *atelier*. And then, yes, he would look into Mr. Brewe's cabinet of old vases and wares, as Ivah suggested; perhaps the urns might give him some hint. And after his excitement had in part effervesced, Harley took his leave.

After this he worked hard at his Egyptian queen, never becoming discouraged at his work; and if it had been necessary, as of old, to call on Ivah for criticism, she would have marveled at its success. Occasionally he gave an odd hour to the Parian service. The dainty pieces were of antique form, and Cupids nestled among the flowers that garnished them. And somehow the little gods had on a strangely feminine look, and bore some sort of resemblance each to the oval-eyed Egyptian.

"And why not?" he answered to the owner of the service, as she laughingly hinted at the likeness. "Why should not your impress be more or less upon the work? For it is to be a service of love, as your love alone shall reward the service."

All this time Ivah scarcely saw the artist. And then there was a strike among the men at the works, and long weeks of silence in the potteries—weeks of unyielding quiet for the owners, and for the workmen tri-weekly meetings of discussions and resolutions, and starvation bravely faced.

During this strike Ivah had not seen Harley at all; but at the last he came to her elate and buoyant.

"I have not seen you for days, or is it weeks, Ivah? Of late I have kept no note of time, so much of good has been mine. Yet occasionally my happiness has seemed incomplete, and to-day it came to me that it was because I had not communicated it to you. Do you remember how necessary you have always been to me? I say always, for it seems to me I have known you always. But I have lost sight of you for a little while. Did you know, Ivah, that all my life I have been a prey of the gods, confined and tortured? You know the legend of the Portland vase—well, the Parian service has proved a talisman to relieve me from thralldom. There has

been very little of romance about this phase of my life, now that I think of it, and perhaps you, whose pulse beats so steadily, might judge me to be under a thralldom; still it may be that your impassive temperament is an enviable one, after all. A sensitive organization feels too acutely to be long happy. At times I have hours of dissatisfaction and distrust. But genius is variable, it is said, afflicted with moods; am I of that mould, that I am to myself so unaccountable? I once held a theory that caused me to cherish a whim that my nature, not altogether self-sustaining, needed its counterpart; and that though you had neither beauty nor wealth, you were the fulfillment of destiny to me, the completement of my life, Ivah!"

She had been looking away from him; but now she turned around and he saw the clear eyes; the face a little set in its looks, as square jaws are apt to frame a visage. He mentally made this comment as he examined earnestly her countenance, and then he spoke on in an injured tone to her:

"You, Ivah, are too cold to understand. Passion will never overmaster your reason, and it is well; for yielding to it too often brings poverty, self-denial and pain. Wealth alone leads the way to honors and to fame. It is the open sesame to all that the imagination can picture or the heart desire. This lamp of Aladdin's, destiny has long held in waiting for me; I will not refuse to try its power."

She turned her face around again, where the full light from the window fell upon it.

"How worn you look!" he said. "Has this strike annoyed you so much? I should have forgotten self enough to have looked you up; but I thought little about it. My work went on."

"And so did mine. At least, I covered a few tiles for pastime; but perhaps I have grown a little anxious for the contention to end, for work and food and quiet to come back again to the potters."

Then she brought him some of her tiles for inspection—a few landscapes and heads which she had occupied herself with during the last weeks.

"You have not seen my last work. Of late we have been very unneighborly, Ivah, and to-day I have overstaid my time. I only came to say goodbye." He moved toward the door.

"Old friends usually shake hands when their parting is to be a long one," said Ivah, smiling.

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"Yes. Did you know? We sail next week."

"May your wealth help you to position and fame, and prove entirely satisfying! I shall always pray for your welfare, Harley."

"Yes, Ivah, I believe you will; and I—I shall never forget you. Farewell!"

In a day or two the potteries were again alive with thrift, and Ivah once more picked her way through the straw of the packing-shed, and up the long ware-room, where the click of the dressers again beat the air with their peculiar din; and looking around her at the well-shapen wares, she said, softly, "We are as clay in the hands of the potter. If our destiny is shapen for us, we must accept our lot."

As she entered the decorating-room, the burnishers at the upper end greeted her with a smile; the sun shone brightly into the bare windows, and the paint pots were waiting for her skilled fingers.

So day after day the broad brow bends over its work of bewildering clusters of flowers, of fair landscapes, and heads classic in their cast. The rough board table on which she paints, the scouring of the burnishers, or the odor of the chemical paints she does not seem to recognize. There are visitors in to-day, and wishing to get a better view of her face, which, despite its somewhat sallowness, they call beautiful, they ask, "does she like her work?" She looks up at them for a moment, and then smiles softly to herself; and Trafton, who is looking over her shoulder on the other side, says, "Like it! If she did not, could she create such things as that, and that?" and moving away together, he continued, "she will prevent the ceramic art from becoming a mere trade;" and they feel convinced that this statement is true. But Trafton is owner of the decorating department, and his visitors only amateurs in art.

As these latter pass out of the long brick building that looks dreary to them when they glance back at it, they sigh a little for the young girl left behind among the wares; and wondering that representations on china could be made to mean so much, they say: "She has the gift of giving the hint of truths that lay hidden away somewhere, so deep that the most of us do not get at them. The dust and din of the life scarcely reach her, she lives so far away in a world of her own creation. She seems wedded to this gift of hers. Can it compensate for what she may never have, or having once, she may have lost?"

THE SILVER MUSHROOM OF LEADVILLE.

By S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

GRANDEUR, vastness, height, depth, gold and glory are so indescribably commingled, so illimitably gathered together in the Rocky Mountains, that they are indivisible. The unexplained magnitude has rested for ages, and only now are we deciphering slowly these unique, natural monuments of time. God has lettered the State of Colorado in a grand and mysterious manner. The volume he has written there is beyond the translation of mortal words. We can no more take up and interpret it understandingly for each other than one plant can collect sunbeams to paint the bloom of another. Only through the beautiful gift of sight may we learn, each for himself, the varied character of God's Rocky Mountain alphabet. He has lifted the irregular peaks to His clouds, so near heaven that He robes them in continual purity to be in keeping with His realm; yet He has left them broken with awful and enchanting defiles for the passage of man.

There are lovely parks, like Eden gardens, fringed with luxuriant grasses, sparkling with lakes and smiling with groves, hemmed in at intervals by the mountains, and pearly streams that wake to being above timber line and slake their thirst with snow, dancing on, a musical memory of the wild cascades of the past. There are mighty cañons reaching up their brawny, bony arms thousands of feet to catch the stars, which they exhibit to the awe of the beholder at mid-day. These cañons seem to be a distinct and distinguishing feature of the Rocky ranges. Though lately unexplored and unused, they are fast becoming the crowded avenues of commerce.

The beautiful Clear Creek Cañon, earliest utilized and most thoroughly known because of the narrow gauge railroad running through it, is a magnificent panorama of sublimity and change. The road enters its massive walls at Golden, and follows the meandering gold bed of the stream thirteen miles to the forks, where it diverges with the stream, one branch clinging like a thing of life to the rock-clad edges above the placer mines climbs up to Central, while the other takes a not

less perilous route to Georgetown.

Cañon, recently appropriated by reaching from Denver towards Leadville, in soul-awing and inspiring scenery.

The cañons of the Gunnison a west of the Continental Divide, are sublimity. The Grand Gorge of it through which the torrent of the Arkansas rushes, has a sheer depth of 2008 feet; when the river is frozen, it has defied One glance from its brink to the bottom sufficient for a lifetime; for as the tourist rises, he sees the perpendicular opposite side of the cañon towering of feet above the one on which he height and depth were uncomprehended the shivering terror of their explanation be forgotten. Yet, stealing a march on the bound river, a railway was surveyed from City to Leadville along the awful defile have been blasted and tumbled into the river to make way for the advancing track.

Within these broken depths we pause and listen for the heart beats of the mountains. We feel and hear above the and present waters, that fall with full notes, the loving presence of their abides as of old in the mountains them at His will. He who divided Moses, the waters of the Red Sea, on his own hand these rock-clad pathways. multitude, and length of the mountain spurs and foot hills are bewildering in.

At the base of the Sierra Range Mushroom of Leadville, an outgrowth of bonate hills that sprang into existence a beautiful excrescence of a night. The silhouette to which it owes its being is a belt to which it owes its being is a reaches north and south, dipping down the mountains at an angle of 20°.

This Silver Mushroom, the city of its growth, develops on an almost level either side distant mountain ranges rise

timber line, and to the south is the broad wooded valley of the Arkansas. Its first building was erected in June, 1877, and in June, 1878, the population was 1500. Since then the expansion has been marvelous. It was estimated early in 1880 at 30,000, this including the adjacent mining camps, lesser mushrooms that have sprung up beside it.

The California Gulch, opened in 1860, which yielded gold profusely for a time and was abandoned as exhausted eight years later, borders its southern limit. Seventeen miles to the eastward are the tourists' mirrors of delight, Twin Lakes, whose crystal waters afford the highest yachting and trout fishing in the world. Near them, through Mosquito Pass, is South Park, with its wealth of fertility and verdure which the Rockies guard with zealous care, and we have ingress to only through the narrow gateway of the passes.

Mining, trading, and business in every department is booming in Leadville; rushing with an impetus that scarcely pauses for the hours of darkness, or marks in every seven the day of especial light. A Sabbath day's presence is denoted only by the crowds of miners on the streets and the four open churches. Silver mining and money traffic are the end and aim. Fortunes are made and lost in an hour by those who have gathered from every State in the Union and many foreign countries, attracted by the accounts of "prizes drawn by the few and opportunities afforded the many." Men who were poor yesterday are millionaires to-day. Perhaps by a sudden development in their mining claim it has sold for a fabulous price; or by the rise in real estate their building lots have become more valuable than bullion. Sites on Chestnut street and Harrison avenue, the most popular thoroughfares of the new metropolis, that could be purchased for twenty dollars in 1878, are now selling at from one hundred to three hundred dollars per foot front. There are one hundred and fifty good producing mines in operation; fifteen large smelting and reduction works, besides many smaller ones. Merchandise, provisions and accommodations are necessarily high. Hay is worth ninety dollars per ton regularly, and last winter when snow blockaded the mountain passes it sold at a hundred and eighty dollars per ton. There are over five hundred six-mule teams, besides an unestimated number drawn by horses and oxen, con-

stantly employed in carrying freight, mostly the requisites of life, to Leadville. Charge for transportation from Colorado Springs or the end of the track is two dollars a hundred pounds.

All roads seem to lead to Leadville; all teams are going to Leadville, and all people bend toward Leadville. The Silver Mushroom has turned the heads alike of the venturesome and the steady.

When we were in Ute Pass a few weeks ago it was crowded with loaded and overloaded teams going to Leadville. We were obliged to take our position in the interminable procession and the risk of making the two miles of grandeur in half a day, and a much greater delay in returning, as the cañon way admits only one wagon at a time, or forsake our carriage in a turnout and explore on foot; we wisely chose the latter. The blockade was complete when we returned, owing to the discouragement of some poor horses on the steep, that refused to proceed with their burden of tribute to the Silver City.

Leadville receives all her supplies through these avenues, the mountain passes, and depends on a daily replenishment of her stores. Should the passes be closed for a few days, the silver mushroom would droop and suffer from the lack of sustenance, because the population increases so rapidly that the influx of laboriously-carried stores cannot gain on the ever-swelling demand. This difficulty in a short time will be obviated by the completion of the outreaching railroads from the east, north and south.

It is almost marvelous that notwithstanding the inaccessibility of the situation and the severity of the climate at an altitude of ten thousand feet, the daily accessions by arrivals average two hundred.

Hotel accommodations were entirely insufficient some months ago, when a wise adventurer from an Eastern city conceived the idea of a mammoth sleeping palace, which he soon erected in the shape of a long frame shelter with rows of comfortably furnished berths on either side. This accommodates one thousand sleepers, and brings its owner a nightly income of five hundred dollars.

The postmaster, Mr. A. A. Smith, and his fifteen assistants, receive and forward volumes of letters, the average number for twenty-four hours being about 15,000, while the daily receipts for postage stamps amount to \$1200. The telegraph

communication is proportionately large. The city has its network of telephones, fine water-works, extensive business houses, banks, and all growing improvements; yet these announcements give but a vague idea of the impetuous movements of the unparalleled silver metropolis or its incalculable future.

The carbonate supply seems inexhaustible. The daily product of the mines is reckoned on the ground at eight hundred and twenty tons, yielding almost one ton pure silver. The output of the camp, taken accurately from the different

smelting establishments for 1879, including silver and lead, is valued at \$12,032,806.

Mountains unfathomed, and treasures unknown
Peaks that for ages were solitude's throne,
Passes where grandeur has wandered alone,
Streams that have echoed the century's tone;
Your silence is over, your slumber is done,
Your treasure discovered, man's victory won.

Untenanted glory, luxuriant, free,
You smiled, and a mushroom awoke with you
The bloom of a dream for the ages to be.
A broad silver mushroom, the wild's prodigy.
Stoop, white-hooded mountains, ye brides of time
And let the wide mushroom be purity-kissed.

EVANGELINE.

By MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

"Fair was she to behold, this maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by
the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses."

LIKE Longfellow's heroine, her name, too, was Evangeline. It seemed to me as I gazed upon her exquisite loveliness that she was the poet's ideal—the vision that inspired him in his immortal lines.

I was sick and tired that summer from the effects of overwork, and when the doctor advised me to seek some quiet little village by the sea, where invigorating air could be found, I chose Ardmore. Ardmore lay nestled in a green and fertile valley; afar off to the inland could be seen a hazy ridge of mountains whose peaks towered toward heaven as if to unfathom its many mysteries; and from my quaint old-fashioned window I could see the blue expanse of waters, while the ever-sounding roar of the breakers was borne mournfully to my ear.

I strolled along the sandy beach one pleasant afternoon, and seated on a moss-covered stone, gazing dreamily out at sea where white-sailed vessels swiftly glided, I first saw her in all her peerless beauty—with dark brown hair waving luxuriantly over her perfect shoulders; glorious, soul-stirring eyes, and fair, sweet oval face. Upon her lap lay a little sketch, which she had just finished.

She started back like a timid fawn and blushed painfully when she saw me looking at her with

the admiration I could not repress, and up a book and the sketch she had drawn.

"I beg your pardon," I said, lifting
"I had no idea that any one was here
self, or I would not have so rudely intru-

"It is no intrusion," she replied, arising
same time, "for I had intended to go I
came, as my sketch is finished, and I felt
already stayed too long." And as she
gracefully away a little white card flut-
the book she held in her hand to the
where it remained unnoticed. Watching
she disappeared up a little shady lane, I
the card that she had dropped, and read
the name, "Evangeline Orton."

All that long night her black eyes haunted
so that I could not sleep. Her name
sounded so musical and sweet, came irre-
my lips, and I repeated it softly over
until the night had passed away.

In due time Evangeline Orton and I
acquainted. She lived with her parents in a
charming little place called Fern Cottage,
was here my love for her grew stronger
as the days quickly passed. There were
suitors for her hand; but of all I soon be-
most favored.

One night we walked slowly on the beach
listened to the waves as they rhythmically
shore.

"There is nothing so beautiful to me as
sea," she said, slowly. "I was born and

up beside it, and I admire it in its different moods."

"I agree with you, Miss Orton," I returned, looking in her face and longing to tell her how I loved her. "I too have learned to admire the sea, for the reason that I have spent so many happy hours beside it."

"But yet it is treacherous," she said, her eyes bent seaward. "Once I can remember there was a shipwreck off this coast, and the next morning I went to the beach to see the remnants that were cast ashore by the waves. The scene was terrible, for of all on board the ship not one survived through the perils of that night."

She shuddered at the remembrance, and for a while was silent. Then I told her I loved her.

"Miss Orton—Evangeline, during the short time I have seen you I have learned to love you devotedly—with a strong, pure love, that can never grow less. Will you be mine, dear, and render my life unspeakably happy?"

Eagerly I waited for her answer. Her bosom heaved with emotion, and a glad, tender light shone in her black eyes as she murmured, softly:

"Yes; I have loved you since I first met you on the beach."

"God bless you, my darling!" I said, wrapping the shawl around her; and then we retraced our steps homeward.

Passing a dark corner, a man disguised in a heavy overcoat passed us quickly, and disappeared in the darkness.

"Oh, Percy!" Evangeline said, breathlessly, "did you see how wickedly that man glanced at you? I am sure I have seen him before. Be careful, dear, for I am positive he means harm."

"Nonsense, pet," I replied, thinking of my new-found happiness; and having reached Fern Cottage I bade Evangeline good-night, and sauntered slowly to my rooms.

The stars twinkled merrily; the waters sparkled and flashed joyfully under the rays of a full moon, and all Nature seemed happy—but I was happiest of all.

Our courtship progressed very happily, and before I realized it, the long, warm summer had passed away. But how rudely are we sometimes awakened from a pleasant dream! One day I received a letter from her, which read:

"MR. ALTON: Forgive me for ever leading you to believe that I cared for you. I can never love

you, as my heart is already possessed by another. I write to ask if you will generously release me from our engagement. EVANGELINE."

Dazed and astonished, I read this cruel letter several times. She did not love me; she had toyed with my affections, and then thrown them aside! As in a dream, I wrote an answer stating that I released her, and two hours later saw me on my way to New York. There I tried hard to forget her; but in vain. Her image was constantly before me, and I loved her still, though she was mine no longer.

Five years passed by.

One night I was seated in my study musing over the past events of my life, when the door-bell rang, and presently the servant opened the door, and a man entered the room.

"Sir," he exclaimed, hurriedly, "I am sent here by a friend of mine, who is fast dying, to tell you that he wishes to see you. It is very important, and concerns your future happiness. Follow me quickly if you would hear what he has to say, for he has but a few hours to live; he may be dead now, for aught I know."

I hesitated, for the night was bitter, and my study looked so warm and comfortable with its bright fire, that the prospect of braving the storm without was anything but pleasing. Then I wrapped myself up warm, and without a word followed my guide.

On we went past brilliantly-lighted houses until we turned down a dark, narrow street, on each side of which were houses inhabited by the poorer classes. The snow was falling fast, and gusts of cold wind blew innumerable flakes in our faces. Soon we came to a dingy brick building, which we entered. I was led softly to an apartment in which a man lay dying.

"I have sent for you," he said faintly to me as I seated myself near him, "to make a confession that will ease my conscience, and let me die in peace. I have wronged you, and I wish to repair the wrong as well as I can before my death." He paused, exhausted by the effort, and murmured to himself, "God knows how much I've suffered since that night at Ardmore!" After his medicine was given him, he continued: "You remember Ardmore from the fact that there you met and loved Evangeline Orton. It may startle you when I say that I loved her too, aye, madly, blindly!

but my love was not reciprocated. She was cold and indifferent to me, and after you came I stopped paying my attentions to her; for I could see her affections were given entirely to you. One night I lurked near and heard you propose to her, and you were accepted. The sight maddened me, and it was then jealousy took possession of my soul. I first thought I would kill you; but that, I cunningly reasoned, would not accomplish my end, and at last I hit upon a plan. I was always clever at imitating handwriting, and after carefully studying a letter that Evangeline Orton sent me, declining the offer of my hand and heart, I deliberately penned the note which you thought came from her."

He paused again, and looked at me; but I said nothing. I was thinking how I wronged my pure Evangeline.

"I am dying," he said; "the doctor says that I cannot live. Will you forgive me?"

It was hard; he had separated my love from me for five long, dreary years. I looked into his pale, wan face, which bore signs of sincere repentance.

"I forgive you," I answered, quietly.

"Heaven bless you, he said, fervently; "and

may you find your loved Evangeline—and—live happily!" These were the last words he said.

I went from the room of death to my home, where I thought until the first faint, red streaks of day were visible in the eastern sky. Then I quickly donned a travelling suit and started on the first train for Ardmore. Fern Cottage appeared familiar, and upon inquiring of the maid if her mistress was home, I was ushered in the parlor. Soon a lady, whose face I did not remember, appeared.

"Pardon me, madam," I asked; "but is Mrs. Orton at home?"

"I believe you refer to the former occupants of this house. They have long since moved away."

"And Miss Evangeline?" I faltered.

"Poor girl!" she replied, "they say she died of a broken heart"—

I waited to hear no more; for I was too weighed down and broken-hearted at this second and greater sorrow. Bidding her good-by, I left the house—

Often I visit a little green and quiet grave, and bow silently before the marble stone which simply bears the name, "Evangeline." And here I pray that I may meet her some day in that land where there are no partings, where love and happiness dwell supreme.

A NOSEGAY FOR MY LOVE.

By H. S. M.

When the first blush of rosy morn
Has faintly tinged the eastern sky,
When dewdrops bright are on the thorn,
And spiders' woofs on the tall grass lie;

When hush of life and nature blend,
Ere robin chants his matin hymn,
Or slender threads of blue ascend
From cottage chimneys, tall and slim;

I hie me then to bank and brae,
And pluck a nosegay fresh and fair,
The first sweet offering of the day,
And meet for her I love to wear.

The darling flowers that thickly gem
The brows of woodland, glen and spur!
The graces that do shine in them,
Methinks as sweetly shine in her.

The violet's blue not bluer are
Than her own eyes that look at me,

The dogwood's little winsome star
Is not so bright nor chaste as she.

The lilies,—pure and white as snow!—
Her brow is pure and white as they;
And tints that in the sweet-brier glow
On her soft cheek unbidden stay.

Roses—so sweet the dainty bee
From tempting chalice hourly sips!—
The rose not sweeter is than she,
Nor redder than her rosy lips.

And lilies of the valley too,
I'll pluck for her, for their sweet grace
Doth mind me of her charms anew,
Her modest mien, and faultless face.

And last of all the amaranth,
'Type of my love, O gentle maid!
For years shall come and go again,
But that will never, never fade.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Bleeders.—Can any of your readers tell what is the origin of this old superstition? When I was a child living in Portland, Maine, the story was current of the Bleeders, as they were called, and a family by the name of Hartshorn was pointed out as belonging to this race, doomed at some time or other to close their mortal career by a fatal effusion of the contents of the ruby current that coursed along their veins. The head of the Hartshorn family, who was a shoe merchant, was a handsome blonde. We children used to go into his shop under pretext of buying bits of colored morocco to make doll shoes, but in reality to catch a glimpse of a blood-colored mole or wart upon his temple, which contrasted with the prevailing whiteness of the skin. It was said that this was a mark designating a Bleeder. They were supposed to be an ancient race, scattered in all parts of the world. By intermarriages they might be expected to become extinct, but now and then one fair, blue-eyed remnant of the stock made his appearance, bearing the fatal stigma: a blood-filled wart, or mole.

Later in life I was told that this gentleman actually bled to death from the rupturing of this little aneurism, when he was not in a situation to obtain medical aid. It was said that the wife of Mr. Hartshorn told a friend in confidence that if by any accident anybody or anything ever pressed upon this red mole, it produced in him a sensation of faintness or suffocation!

The story connected with this legend I was at some pains to learn.

It was said that centuries ago, when the world was convulsed with religious persecutions, a certain baron made himself notorious by the cruel zeal he manifested in hunting down heretics. He tracked the flying saints to caves and mountains with relentless ferocity, using bloodhounds for the purpose. Incapable of pity as he was of fear, he gloated over the sufferings he produced. One of his victims was a youth of rare loveliness of person and saintlike piety.

It was an affecting sight, this beautiful creature, amid the flames of the stake, the light from above converting his golden curls into an aureole, he lifting his blue eyes to heaven and singing praises to God in his clear, young voice. At length overcome by the torture, he cried out in a loud voice: "Oh, Lord! avenge the blood of thy saints."

At the same moment the people beheld, as it were, his heart burst in twain, and a little jet of blood darted therefrom, and hit the cruel baron

on the temple; whereat he fell down in a strong fit, from which he did not recover.

The baroness gave birth to a fair child after this event, and it was observed that he bore a red mole on the temple upon the spot where the blood of the dying martyr had fallen upon the baron.

Since that period one child after another of their descendants has appeared bearing the fatal mark. These have always been fair, blue-eyed, and most lovely in person; but all die from some hemorrhage which no medical skill is able to assuage, and hence the designation of Bleeders applied to them.

This sounds like some old monkish superstition, which I tell as it was told to me when a child. I have seen dim allusions to something of the kind in my old archæologic reading, but am not able to tell where. Perhaps some of the contributors to NOTES AND QUERIES may be even more familiar than myself with the legend. E. O. S.

Patchogue, N. Y.

Long Hair.—Looking over some old New England records, we came across one worthy of making a note of, and that was of an association of the most respectable members, established in New England in 1649, for the extraordinary purpose of destroying the growing evil of long hair. Soon after Governor Winthrop's death, Mr. Endicott, the most rigid of any of the magistrates, being Governor, he joined with the other assistants in an "association against long hair." The form and purpose of the association was thus promulgated:

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair after the manner of ruffians and barbarous Indians has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's words, which says it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of our nation until within this two years.

"We, the magistrates who have subscribed this paper (for the showing of our innocency in this behalf), do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men doe deform themselves, and offend sober and modest men, and doe corrupt good manners. We doe therefore earnestly entreat all the elders of thi jurisdiction (as often as they shall see cause) to manifest their zeal against it in their publick administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith; that so, such as shall prove obstinate

and will not reform themselves, may have God and man to be witness against them.

"The third month, 10th day, 1649.

JO. ENDICOTT, Governor.
THEO. DUDLEY, Dep. Gov.
RICH. BELLINGHAM.
RICHARD SALTONSTALL.
INCREASE NOWELL.
WILLIAM HIBBINS.
THOMAS FLINT.
ROB. BRIDGES.
SIMON BRADSTREET."

Lowell, Mass.

B. A

Some thirteen or fifteen years ago, while a resident of New York, I was well acquainted with Edward Oaksmith, a young and talented writer for the magazines and periodicals of that time. He was a son of Seba Smith ("Major Jack Downing") and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the poetess, who has long been a favorite contributor to your MONTHLY. He died, I think, about the year 1867. I would like to learn if any of his writings have been published in book-form, or any collection made of his poems. Perhaps Mrs. Smith might be so kind as to give the desired information, and any further particulars that she might deem of interest.

BOHEMIAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Can you inform me where I can find this exquisite *morceau*, and who is the author? I have been told it was written by Stoddard; but an examination of his poems has failed to find it. I quote from memory:

In a great golden goblet of wine,
She's as rich as the wine, and as bold
As the glare of the gold.
But this sweet little maiden of mine
I will not profane her in wine;
But I'll go where the garden so still is
The moon raining through,
And pluck the white bowls of the lilies,
And drink her in dew.

New York.

CAROLUS.

Seeing the famous philosophical puzzle of the *Syllogismus Crocodilus* in your last number of the MONTHLY, I thought you could perhaps state for me the often-mentioned puzzle of the *Christians and Turks*, who were so "counted out" as to make the death-lot fall only upon the Turks.

Salem, N. J.

PRINCETON.

This may be found, with many others quite as interesting, in a celebrated French work on "Arithmetical Puzzles," by Bachet. Fifteen Christians and as many Turks, in a storm at sea, find it necessary to lighten the vessel by throwing half the crew overboard. It is finally agreed among them

that they shall all stand in a row, and that every be thrown over, beginning again when the row is complete. The question is how to manage their position so that the death-lot shall fall only on Turks. The arrangement is: Four Christians, five Turks, two Christians, etc., abbreviated:

4 C, 5 T, 2 C, T, 3 C, T, C, 2 T, 2 C, 3 T, C, 2

Allowing the vowels a, e, i, o, u, to stand for the arrangement was indicated by Bachet by the following couplet:

Mort, tu ne falliras pas,
En me livrant le trespas.

Subsequently the vowels were fitted with the following line:

Populeam virgam mater regina ferebat.

What is the origin of the popular superstition that it is unlucky to overturn the salt at the *West Philadelphia*.

It is supposed to have arisen from the celebration of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

Where can be found the often-used expression "to take time by the forelock?"

Albany, N. Y.

In one of Spencer's Sonnets are the following lines in the Aldine edition before us, on page 156:

Goe to my love, where she is careless layd,
Yet, in her Winter's bowre not well awake
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid
Unless she doe him by the forelocke take.

What is the origin of the term "dozen," and how did it come to mean a dozen instead of twelve?

ALLI.

Newark, N. J.

In old London, the retailer who bought loaf of the baker to sell again, for every twelve loaves received one extra, the odd loaf being the retailer's, hence, a "baker's dozen" always counted thirteen.

Is the old tradition that "rats will leave a sinking ship" founded on fact?

Dayton, Ohio.

Of course it is. When the water rises in a ship, the rats are obliged to leave, or they would be drowned. Hence the sailors naturally infer that the ship is sinking, or wants a good pumping out.

It reminds us of the cunning plan of a Yankee whose ship was infested with rats. He found out a cheese ship in the basin; and, getting alone at dusk, left all hatches open, kept watch, saw all the rats enter into his neighbor's, drawn thither by the cheese odor, and then quietly slipped his moorings.

A Medical License of the Olden Time. Licensing is a historical curiosity that will doubtless

interest to our readers, being a copy of a medical license granted by the General Assembly of Connecticut in 1652:

"Thomas Lord, having engaged to this Court to continue his abode in Hartford for the next ensuing year, and to improve his best skill among the inhabitants of the towns upon the river within this jurisdiction, both for the setting of bones and otherwise, as at all times, occasions and necessities may require, this Court doth grant, that he shall be paid by the country the sum of £15. for all the ensuing year; and they

also declare that for every visit or journey that he shall take or make, being sent for to any house in Hartford, 12*d.* is reasonable; to any house in Windsor, 5*s.*; to any house in Withersfield, 3*s.*; to any house in Farmington, 6*s.*; to any house in Mattasebeck or Middletown, 8*s.* (he having promised that he will require no more); and that he shall be freed, for the time aforesaid, from watching, warding and training, but not from finding arms, according to law."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Family.—One of the most fatally-ominous signs of the times is the contempt in which the family relation is held by large masses of people in the country. Hence, the cause that has brought about this contempt is not an unfitting subject of thought. The sanctity of the household, the sacredness of the marriage relation, the consecration of parents to the well-being of the child, imply all that is best in society, and are the only guarantees of the perpetuity of those institutions of a country like our own, occupying the vanguard of the hopes and aspirations of our humanity.

It is most true that uncongenial marital relations give rise to endless bickerings, and mar the sweetness of the finest tempers; yet these strike a less killing blow to the moral sense than that easy license which leaves men, women and children to follow the bent of their own inclinations. In the former case good may spring out of it, as the greatest of all poets has said:

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

while the tendency of modern license is a downward inclined plane.

To remedy the hardships of the family relation, well-designing men have proposed various Communities in which the child is to be exempt from parental oversight, and become a ward of the State, or at least of the presiding regulations of the Community. Of course this process would neutralize parental forecast, and all that tender affection which becomes the bond of a family.

As a searcher after the highest and best truth, it has been our privilege to visit several of these institutions designed to obviate the discomforts which their founders believed inseparable to a household; we went as an observer, never as an acolyte. We passed many and most delightful days with several of the communities known by the name of Shakers. Their simple yea and nay, so expressive of undiluted truthfulness, commanded admiration as well as respect.

Their religious dance and singing, measured, solemn, became to me a low, earnest wail of the soul seeking for light. They were hospitable, kindly, diligent, orderly and briskly, as everybody knows. A few children swung upon a gate—little uncouth, unkind, unwhipped monsters, that seemed less children than tight-made, unfledged Shakers.

Everything was pure and good in its way—tables and beds and linen immaculately white, fresh, and odorous of green grass or lavender.

Their simple yea and nay, pleasantly modulated, seemed to penetrate the entire man and woman, and produced a winning simplicity and sweetness. The women were like nuns; and the men, recluse and sober, impressed one with a gentle austerity. I observed the women were not left to perform the more severe duties of the family; but were kindly aided by the brethren, who brought wood and water, and kept the out-door premises scrupulously neat. Some young girls looked quite charming in their lawn caps; but the gown brought the belt up under the arm-pits to the utter confusion of all grace and comeliness. Somehow, despite the material comforts and the careful thrift and spiritual enthusiasm, which really did exist, Shakerdom lacked the geniality of a home. The women seemed out of place. They have visions and dreams, prophecies that quite go beyond the so-called Spiritualists, to give something like zest and stir among them. I observed that they fondled cats, which several held in the lap as they conversed. Human affections must find expression, and are not easily obliterated. There are no progressive ideas tolerated by the Shaker. The revelations of Ann Lee, or "Mother Ann," as she is called by them, are still authoritative and unquestioned. They go from place to place in their huge covered vans, two sisters comfortably seated in high-backed chairs, and in front two brothers in their broad brims, in better keeping and taste than the scant bonnets of the sisters.

The Shaker rejects marriage, contemns progress, stifles the affections, and hopes to win the favor of heaven by a total negation of the laws of life. His cold, solitary existence has little to recommend it as a substitute for the tenderness, the stir, the responsibilities of the household, with its bickering and sorrows even included.

Next comes the Phalanx, so much lauded by reformers as the grand panacea for all social ills. Here, too, was thrift, but allied to the utmost latitude of opinion. All doctrines were hospitably entertained. Religion of any kind or no religion at all was left to individual freedom. The family relation was accepted or rejected, as best suited believers in the doctrines of Fourier. Every man, woman, and child was expected to earn his way by toil of some kind, and as nearly all were *thinkers*, it was natural that those able to

contribute in this line with acceptance, escaped most of the drudgery of manual labor, which fell heavily upon those who joined the Community penniless, and were followers rather than leaders in opinion. There was much intellectual stir, as may be supposed—conversation at stated intervals, essays, recitations, music, dancing, and the drama, in which there was no contemptible acting.

Children romped and played and screamed to their hearts' content, for coercion was inconsistent with harmony; and proclivities and affinities were to be respected. But even children must pay their way; and it was comical to see a little one of six or seven years old calling for such articles upon the table as best suited her taste, and pencil in hand gravely setting down the price and adding up the cost.

"How are you going to pay for this?" I inquired.

"Oh, I take care of the castors and spoons, and keep them nice," was the reply; and subsequently I saw her with her neat little apron going about her duty in pretty housewife style.

The men of the Phalanstery were mostly those of high culture, intermixed with disaffected, thoughtful men, sorely perplexed at existing social evils, and much in the state of mind of the poor miner so affectingly described by Dickens, who found it "all a muddle." The women were far inferior to the other sex in point of education and mental questioning, but the mothers far more solicitous for the well-being of the children than the fathers. Pretty women and cultivated women have matters their own way everywhere; it is among the homely, unprepossessing and laborious that unfavorable surroundings press most heavily, and in such a community as the Phalanx such unfortunates found themselves solitary and neglected, while in the outer world in the family relation they would not fail to find associates adapted to the mental organization of herself and her children, and where they could give and receive social amenities.

Of the children born under these circumstances I can truly say I never saw any so neglected, ill-mannered and uncouth; and more than one such mother expressed to me her regret at the mistake she had made in joining the institution.

Brook Farm, an educational Community projected by Mr. George Ripley, and sustained by such minds as Horace Greeley, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller and other transcendentalists, was more ideal, and was an attempt to reconcile the disabilities of manual labor with the requirements of study and high culture. Ladies familiar with French and Latin might be seen scrubbing the floor and washing pots and kettles. Gentlemen learned in Greek and Hebrew and Sanscrit followed the all-accomplished founder, holding the plow and renovating Augean stables. When prosperity was seemingly ready to smile upon the Community an unfortunate fire scattered its members and disappointed the hopes of Mr. Ripley, by consuming his property and leaving him deeply in debt.

Of the Oneida Community and Mormonism it would be unbecoming to speak in an article like this; but they have done their full share in producing the unhappy contempt for the family relation so conspicuous in our time.

I believe that many break away from social relations and

join these Communities from absolute laziness, and willingness to shirk the responsibility and labor of supporting a family.

Because our fathers were stern and unyielding, exacting the utmost submission on the part of children, coupled with the closest religious observance, we have fallen into the opposite fault of over-indulgence, or rather indifference; so that annoyance and trouble be escaped, children may do as they will. Ah! well did the Saviour say that while we sleep the enemy will sow tares. Something may undoubtedly be left to natural or beautiful instincts, but most of us need training, soldierly drill from the first, and then hardly are we kept up to sober, judicious, human requirements. We were taught one of the most beautiful of all the sentiments that lies at the root of all that is graceful and ennobling—reverence. Reverence toward God, reverence for the good and the great, and reverence for character in ourselves and others. That this was no blind, superstitious reverence, the story of the Mayflower, of William Penn, and the culmination of our independence as a people abundantly testifies.

Where is the absence of this quality landing us? Look at the disruption of families, the frequency of divorce, and the prison filled with men who with brains crammed with learning, ostentatious in worldly splendors, honored and respected, were still nothing but felons; without reverence for themselves, the law, or the dictates of humanity.

There is something handsome and becoming in an orderly, well-managed family. It is the only primal, all-enduring fountain-head of the virtues. Women are happier presiding over this little kingdom, an epitome of all law and all government; men more rational, genial and more virtuous; while it is rare indeed that the children from such a household, trained and drilled to all moral responsibilities, go far astray.

No Community in which the family relation is set aside can ever fulfill the designs of Nature, or supply the inherent requirements of a being made for companionship, longing for the tenderest affections, and endowed with an intellect to understand the present and forecast the future, no less by divine intuition than by the light of experience.

Duty, the great law of life, is first and last to a rational being. Not cold and unsympathetic, but conjoined to the gentlest and most unselfish emotions. A man or woman may only be said to be highly cultured, highly developed, fully civilized, when this great law is to them the law of life. And where but in a virtuous household can this most lovely and serene sense be so well cultivated?

Wordsworth in his fine "Ode to Duty" thus apostrophizes this "stern daughter of the voice of God," and with a fine imagination includes the very stars as being held in their appointed orbits by this living, breathing moral element absorbed into the material:

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee
Are fresh and strong.

L. O.

Human Hair.—In every age and country, the hair of woman has been considered an object of beauty; and St. Paul states that long hair is a glory to her. The form of human hair varies from that of a delicate round tube to that of a minute flat ribbon; and it is supplied through the interior with an oil, from which it receives its peculiar color. Round hair is straight and is generally soft, while flat hair is usually crisp or curly. The ancient Greeks and Romans admired yellow or golden hair as a mark of female beauty; but tastes differ in individuals and nations. It cannot be questioned, however, that long, soft hair, whether flowing in spirals or in a waving form, and of whatever color—black, brown or yellow—is attractive and much admired. Every woman seems to be animated with a natural desire to obtain long hair, and every man seems ambitious to preserve his natural head-gear in all its native strength.

As baldness is generally considered a calamity by both sexes, its cause should be investigated in order to provide a remedy, if this is possible. Baldness is always an unnatural and therefore a diseased condition, though it by no means implies general derangement in all cases. It is believed by some to indicate power and activity of mind, and this may sometimes be the case; as undue mental exertion, by producing a febrile condition of the head affects the hair in the same way as a fever, though not in the same degree. It has been said that baldness, oftener than anything else, indicates the wearing of our modern water-proof and air-proof hats, which keep that portion of the head which they cover constantly heated and unventilated. In corroboration of this remark, it may be observed that the hair is generally thick and healthy below the point covered with the hat, and that women who use no air-tight covering for the head are seldom bald.

But as if to contradict this latter theory of the cause of baldness, however, we are told that of all the honors conferred upon Caesar, there was none that he accepted more gratefully than the right to wear the civic crown, which served to conceal his baldness. Caesar certainly never wore one of our modern water-proof, air-tight hats; but he possessed an intensely active mind, which may have caused his baldness. We also read that the prophet Elisha was bald, though he surely never had the misfortune to wear an air-tight hat; for he went uncovered. Baldness is certainly due to a disease of the scalp or the roots of the hair; but the cause of this disease is not understood. A recent writer upon this subject in England, states that the ancient Britons in their barbaric state possessed hair long, strong, and sufficiently thick to resist the cut of a sword; and the prevalence of baldness in Englishmen of the present day he attributes in a great measure to increased mental pursuits.

Innumerable are the lotions and compounds now sold under the pretence of keeping the hair from falling out; and others again profess to cure baldness and restore the hair to all its youthful vigor. Hogsheads of liquids are sent under such pretences; but the *Phrenological Journal* is nearer the truth respecting the preservation of the hair than all the professors of hair fertilization. It asserts that vigorous health conduces most to preserve the hair, and says, "When all the vital functions are in good working

order and activity, we find the hair bright, glossy, and pleasant to the touch; but on the contrary, when the body is diseased, the blood impure, or the system feverish, the hair becomes harsh, dry, and coarse, and the head covered with dandruff. With returning health, the hair resumes its original quality and condition."

With advancing years, the hair of the head loses the color of youth and becomes white. Gray hair is simply a mixture of white with hairs of the previous color, brown or black. The change of hue is not caused by disease of the hair itself, but from a want of the oil supplied by the hair follicles. White and gray hair grow as luxuriantly as the best crops of red, brown, or sable. The cause of the natural-colored hair oil becoming deficient is not well known. It is on creditable record that many persons have become suddenly gray from fear and grief. Byron, in his immortal "Prisoner of Chillon," touches on the topic with a master hand:

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night.

We are acquainted with a gentleman whose hair turned from a jet black to gray within two weeks, during intense mental study and anxiety; but, strange to relate, all those gray hairs afterward departed, and his dark locks returned again. In some families early gray hairs are hereditary. The members of a large family of men and women known to us, have become gray at from twenty to twenty-five years of age, and almost snow-white at thirty-five. Their hair is strong, and they are not subject to early baldness. The hair of the father of this family became white at an early age.

In order to retain a youthful appearance many persons dye their gray hair. Preparations of the nitrate of silver are chiefly used for this purpose. For the bald-headed the only sure receipt to impart a more youthful aspect is the use of an uncomfortable wig. During the early part of the last century wigs were fashionable, and were worn by both old and young folks. When we gaze upon the pictures of the great men of that era, with their splendid flowing locks, it should not be forgotten that they were indebted to the wig-maker for them.

Many customs have prevailed among the fair sex respecting the mode of arranging the hair, and they have a right to adopt a variety of changes; but cutting the hair short and wearing it like boys is not commendable. Men have at different times worn the hair long. This has ever been condemned as an unscriptural custom. In the days of Charles the First of England, the Cavaliers, who despised close religious forms, wore long hair, while the Puritans cut theirs short, and were called "Roundheads." It has been calculated that by continual cutting and shaving of the hair about seven feet in length is removed from a man in twenty-five years. Some writers assert that the practice of the close cutting and shaving tends to weaken the body. Such writers draw a powerful argument from old Samson, who, when all unshorn, slew several thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

All the native people living under the tropics have black hair, while the light-haired races are chiefly found in the cold regions. But this is not an arbitrary distinction, as all

the aboriginal races on the American continent, extending from Patagonia to the Arctic Sea, have black hair. The Danes of Europe are held to be the red-haired race; the Germans, the fair-haired race. In Great Britain and Ireland there is no distinctive color of the hair; but dark-brown is the most common in the former, and black in the latter. The ancient Gauls of France and the Caledonians of Scot-

land were described by the Romans as yellow-haired races; but this color of the hair is now seldom seen in any part of the world. As the people of the United States are composed of a mixture of all the European nations, their hair of course is as mixed in color as their descent; but in childhood it is most generally fair, growing darker with advancing years, till full maturity is reached.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Now that the civil war has ceased to be, and the South has settled down to apathy, if not peace, we of the North are apt to think the people there ought to be content and happy all day long. How is the fact? The misery entailed by the war, the poverty engendered by the war, pass out of men's minds, as does also the real condition of the negro, emancipated from pupilage, and compelled to think and act for himself. The exodus of the colored population from the South may or may not be the result of political manœuvring, by which their votes, neutralized in one section, may be utilized in another; but the true and inborn reason for this exodus may be found in the poverty of the South.

The negro, constitutionally sensual as well as indolent, covets cheery surroundings. He lives in the present, with little ferment.

Though the system of slavery gave rise to terrible abuses, it had at the same time its bright aspect to an undeveloped understanding and a sensuous make-up. There was the little plot of ground, the small cabin, the long Christmas holidays, the exemption from care, the banjo and dance; and all these are lost to him. He has grown taciturn and discontented, and seizes upon any opportunity to change his position in the hope of bettering it. The colored woman does not disguise her disgust at the new order of things, and here the ill product of the old bondage manifests itself. She remembers the old time when the mistress herself looked after the children, and the old nurse carefully attended to their wants, and she herself was exempt from maternal solicitude; now she unwillingly mothers a child, and unwillingly cares for it. Her labor is more continuous, her holidays fewer and their perquisites ignored. She becomes pathetic in contrasting the old with the new. Naturally sensual, and devoid of the stimulus of the ennobling sentiment of freedom, she sinks to a lower grade of morals as her difficulties multiply. The whites in their altered fortunes can do comparatively little to help them, and the consequence is that the colored race at the South are sharing in the destitution of its people. In a religious, no less than in a charitable point of view, the whole South is missionary ground.

Our bad electoral system, which every four years converts the whole country into a turmoil of political excitement, is making sad havoc upon the morals and industries of the people, neutralizing any effort to tranquilize or elevate the very race which the civil war was designed to benefit. *They cannot be permanently helped while those whose*

province it is to employ them are still suffering disaster, and have not the means of fully remunerating their toil. The contrast in the situation of many old influential families at the present time and before the war is to the last degree pitiable. The planter, no longer a patriarch in the midst of his dependents, is not unmindful of their necessities, and does not fail to relieve as best he can; while the negro, no longer dependent and in bondage, is exercised by tender pity for his former owners, and with filial affection lingers about the old homestead as loth to leave the familiar spot. This may be unwise, but it is very human. Hence it will be inferred that only dire necessity would induce the negro to emigrate. The chicanery of the politician and the glamor of Northern gold may have done much to promote his exodus, but Southern destitution has done more.

The raid of Sherman across the country, without men to contest his march to the sea, was simply a war upon women and children, rooting up the last harvest of the perishing. The following extract from the letter of a Southern woman, written at this time, gives a vivid picture of the sufferings of those who had no voice in precipitating the events of the war:

"It was not the war only that depopulated our country; sorrow for the dead, privation, anxiety, disappointment in a thousand ways, did their sad work. My oldest son was engaged to a near relative of Governor Butler, but she died while he was in the army, and her family was burned out by Sherman. The house was actually fired over the heads of the children, for the parents had both died, and the oldest daughter took the little ones and seated herself upon a chest containing a few things rescued from the flames, and there witnessed the destruction of their home. I send you some verses written while our beloved city, the pride of the South, was burning; we were sixty miles distant, yet the flames were visible. Oh, the horrors of that time!"

Again she gives a touching picture of the toil to which delicately-raised women and children are now subjected; of the helpless colored children and infirm old people abandoned to the mercies of their old owners by negroes that followed in the wake of the Northern army, and which greatly enhanced the sufferings of the white population.

Then came the reign of the carpet-baggers, who converted taxation into confiscation, and were like a swarm of locs devouring all in their path; and now, though in a new emancipated, the South is but clearing up the debris of destruction. They are being deprived of laborers to

their soil, which is rich and productive to an astonishing degree. They have the staple for innumerable industries—mines to be worked to enrich the capitalist, beautiful rivers and long reaches of seacoast with delicious fish, and capabilities for fruit-raising to supply the world. She is not deficient in enterprise, but lacks capital for its existence. She is fast out-wearing her old stagnant pedantry and helpless aristocracy, and in religious feeling and moral sense has not retrograded to that degree so conspicuous in other sections. Her prisons are not crowded, and the few incarcerated therein are ignorant as well as wicked—not bank directors, Sunday-school teachers, ministers of the gospel, commissioners of charities, and cultivated merchants. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty" is a saying of Holy Writ, and this is most applicable to the people of the South.

The Wrong Men in the Right Place.—This was aptly illustrated in the case of two men of the highest and lowest grade in an English prison. The former was the fraudulent banker, Sir John Dean Paul, convicted of embezzling thousands; the other a pettifogging thief, convicted of stealing property to the amount of a few shillings. The ex-banker was treated with every consideration by the gaol authorities. He was employed in the laundry, and the utmost extent of hard labor exacted from him was the occasional turning of a mangle. He was well fed and fattened; and, considering the nature of the place in which he found himself, Sir John Dean Paul, it may be said, lived in clover; but not so, however, as regarded his more humble partner in iniquity. He was well worked, sparingly fed, and experienced none of those little indulgences which so materially alleviated the baronet's sufferings whilst in durance vile. Being of a poetical turn, the minor delinquent gave expression to his feelings on this subject in the following pungent verse, inscribed on the walls of the engine-room:

If I'd been a partner in a bank,
I shouldn't be turning this 'ere crank.

Our poetical thief was evidently a shrewd observer of men and manners, and probably knew, to his cost, the truth of

the old proverb, which tells us one man may steal a horse with impunity, whilst another will be hanged for looking over the hedge at it. Sometimes the law bags great offenders, as in the case of Sir John Dean Paul; but, generally speaking, if the public mind can be pacified by the sacrifice of the minnows, the big fish contrive to escape out of the net.

The latest style adopted is a visit to the seashore while the Board of Pardons is holding the question of a pardon before sentence under consideration. It remains to be seen, however, whether or no

—a partner in a bank
Will be turning this 'ere crank

before the Ides of May overtake us.

City of Rome.—The largest steamship in the world, excepting the Great Eastern, is being built at Barrow-in-Furness, England, by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, for the Atlantic service of the Inman Line, and is to be named the City of Rome. She will have a total tonnage of 8300 tons, with engines of 8500 horse-power, and will be fitted with three funnels and four masts. She is expected to steam sixteen to seventeen knots per hour. She is to be built of iron, and will be the most superb steamship afloat.

Hawthorne to Stoddard.—A letter which passed from Nathaniel Hawthorne to R. H. Stoddard when the latter was looking after office, contains this sage piece of advice, which sounds as though the wisdom therein contained might have been derived from personal experience:

"When applying for an office, if you are conscious of any deficiencies (moral, intellectual or educational, or whatever else), keep them to yourself, and let those find them out whose business it may be. For example, supposing the office of translator to the State Department be tendered to you, accept it boldly, without hinting that your acquaintance with foreign languages may not be the most familiar. If this important fact be discovered afterwards, you can be transferred to some more suitable post. The business is to establish yourself somehow and anyhow."

LITERATURE AND ART.

Rev. Mr. Dashwell, the New Minister at Hampton.
By E. P. B. 16mo, cloth. Price \$1. Philadelphia:
John E. Potter & Company.

We are pleased to announce that the "Rev. Mr. Dashwell," who figured so prominently in the columns of the MONTHLY a few months ago in the serial entitled, "The New Minister," appears in book form, very much improved and somewhat enlarged by the author. The additional matter added considerably enhances the value of the story, and gives additional prominence to the clerical gentleman so aptly described by the writer. The style of binding and design upon the cover is a novel one, and quite in keeping, we think, with the style and character it clothes. The story

itself to be properly appreciated must be read, and we cannot do better than to commend its reading.

The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk. By GEORGE HOUGHTON, Author of "Christmas Brooklet," "Songs from over the Sea," "Penny for your Thoughts," etc. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

A very interesting legend, artistically related in blank verse. The scene is located in Norway, and assigned to the year 1150. It is arranged in two parts—the first embracing the sketches of Valborg, Axel and Prince Hakon, the King's Birthday, the Spaaquin, St. Olaf's Kirk, and the Bells, while the second rehearses the Strange Knight, the Writing

of the Swords, the Feast of Welcome, and the Foray. Though this is the first of the poetical productions by this author that we have seen or read, we are inclined to the opinion that his previous works, judged by this, must bear a high degree of literary merit and excellence.

— By EMILE ZOLA. *Translated from the French by —. Philadelphia: —.*

Well knowing the depraved taste of many readers for that which savors of the carnal, we do not propose to make the MONTHLY the medium through which their attention shall be called to any publication designed in its very inception and preparation to pander to just such a taste. It became a serious question in our mind whether we should notice the work at all; but after due consideration we arrived at the conclusion that it was a matter of duty we were called upon to discharge, however unpleasant and unpalatable it might be to ourselves. Our readers very well know that we have ever condemned the publication of such works of fiction as claimed to portray the immorality and licentiousness of French society life, and principally those written by that most licentious of all French writers, Zola. How any respectable American publisher, claiming a due regard for the proprieties, and moreover, occupying the position of a public monitor to a certain extent, can lend himself to the dissemination of such vile literature, is far beyond our comprehension. There can be no excuse; the mere plea that it pays handsomely does not justify the evil influences exerted upon public morals, nor does the fact that the language used is wholly free from vulgarity and obscenity palliate the offence one iota. The very atmosphere which surrounds the characters and the incidents of the work from beginning to end is tainted and smirched. There is nothing ennobling, but everything that is disgusting and repulsive to a moral and refined nature. There is not even a pretence to moral decency manifested, and the further the reader advances the viler the pen of the writer becomes.

We have arrived at the conclusion that it is about time that public attention were aroused to the fact that too much of such vile literature is being published and sent broadcast over our fair land for the good morals of our young people, and that the sooner the strong arm of the law is exerted toward its suppression, supported by a healthy public opinion, the better for all concerned. No more deadly miasma floats upon the air of society to-day, vitiating and poisoning with its fearful venom whatever it touches, than the mass of

literature now published. It indicates a decadence of good taste on the part of the public in patronizing it, and a silencing of the conscience on the part of publishers in catering the excesses of literary uncleanness in which some authors wallow for people whose fancy is wholly for such inartistic indecencies.

The above publishers may no doubt solace themselves with the fruits of a large sale of the work in question; but we do not see how they can reconcile the promptings of an outraged conscience to the baleful impressions made upon the minds of the many thousands of readers into whose hands the work may fall, to pollute and corrupt.

We do not presume that what we have said of the work *will be the means of deterring persons from reading it; but*

the greater is the pity. Would to God it were in our power to shield the innocent and pure in mind from contact with that which defileth worse than "pitch!"

Kings in Exile. *From the French of Alphonse Daudet.* By VIRGINIA CHAMPLIN. *Boston: Lee & Sheperd.*

The grandeur of Daudet's artistic power is manifested in the delineation of the character of the hitherto miser, who for love and loyalty to the phantom royalty, for his king, his queen, would use his long-hoarded gold with the greatest of liberality, even with that greatest proof of true generosity, concealing from them as well as others where the gold came from, allowing them to believe as long as possible that they were but using their own. Daudet is a powerful novelist, but nowhere in his "Kings in Exile" is his power and pathos so truly artistic as when he sinks the queen in the mother-love. We do wish that French writers would not feel it necessary to serve up daintily for us all the disreputable intrigues, the Countess Spalato, the silly Colette! It is insulting to take respectable readers into such society, and even to force us to accompany them to the baker's shop; even royalty does not gild such scenes.

Short Stories of American Authors. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. *Boston: Lee & Sheperd.*

A series of brief papers upon six of America's most distinctive writers, each inimitable in their own peculiar style. If genuises ever did, or do now exist, these writers could and can claim the family name. Hawthorne, Poe, and Thoreau have "passed over" and joined the "silent majority;" yet none the less do they live daily with us in their works left behind them as enduring monuments. Howells, Mrs. H. Jackson, and Henry James, Jr., are still working earnestly, still patiently carving the memorials that shall recount their fame to future generations. Mr. Higginson, in his "Short Stories," has proven himself a good workman, and as he had the best of material at hand, his "Stories" must have been profitable to himself as they will also be to the reader.

"Hal," the Story of a "Clodhopper." By W. N. F. ROUND. *Boston: Lee & Sheperd.*

A story which abounds in wise sayings and suggestive thoughts, aside from its attractiveness. This is as it should be. An author, if he will, may thus educate thousands that do not intend to be educated; yet the good of the world demands that they should be as much as possible; and all strategy to that end is wise. Let them think that they are only amusing themselves; yet authors, like physicians, should see to it that they do imbibe something that will act as a tonic upon their mental weaknesses. We wish that all the Jenkinsons in the country were sure of seeing themselves thus clearly photographed. Toadvine was the representative mean man of his class of society, as Jenkinson was of his. Yet for Toadvine there was hope; Jenkinson was moral himself to the last. Brynton with quiet heroism and brave self-renunciation; yet not that last hardly, she said him no but he will win the friendship of his readers and—perhaps.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

THE PROVERB OF EMS.

Near the city of Ems,
By the river bank fair,
The mountains are lofty,
And poor folks who dwell there

Toil hard for their living.
A vociferous band,
All day by the river,
With donkeys to let, stand.

When the sunshine is bright
And the weather is fair,
All the ladies of Ems
You may see running there.

A ride to the mountains
On a midsummer day
Sets the dear creatures wild,
And brings donkeys in play.

So the townspeople say,
And the proverb passes,
That the women of Ems
All run after asses.

That proverb applieth,
If but turned square about,
Quite as well—for the truth,
Just like murder, will out.

At Nahant or Long Branch
In the summer days fair,
Look around, if you please,
And see what you find there.

By the blue ocean wave
That fashion can swim in,
Some thousands of asses
Run after the women.

E. L. B.

When to Marry.—Those about to marry, and wishing to know which is the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Burke, Scott, 26; Byron, Washington, Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 43; Wesley, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, the last one, 120. Now, if Adam married before he was a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, a man may wed at any age he pleases, and find shelter under most names for either early or late marriages.

Dutch Miles.—"It seems to me that you have the longest miles in this confounded country that I ever saw in

my life," remarked a traveller to a Dutch driver. "Oh nein," replied honest Hans, slowly taking his pipe from his mouth, "de miles wasn't long; but ven dey make de road de schtones gave ouit, so dey hat to put a mile-schtone every two miles. Yah, dot vas it."

Musical.—The great Mendelssohn's name signifies son of an almond. Now, if he had been born twins, would his name have been Philip-poena? There's a nut to crack.

However successful a dentist may be, he can only be said to live "from hand to mouth."

"What number?" asked the Irish attendant of the man who wanted to see some shoes. "13, 15, 14," answered the customer, in a dazed, absent-minded sort of way. "That's quare," said Pat; "three legs and no two of 'em mates."

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he answered; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said a widowed mother to her only son. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when Colonel Gobler was saying to Maria that he'd take her even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, and so I held my tongue and laughed in my sleeves till I bust 'em."

"I say, old fellow, that tailor you recommended me to is a scamp. I sent him my overcoat to repair, and what do you think the rascal has done with it? Why, pawned it!" "Yes, but that enabled him to get mine out of pawn—that's why I recommended him to you. Now, you recommend him to some other fellow, and you will get yours back."

It is related of a well-known merchant that, after making his will and leaving a large property to a trustee for his son, he called the young man in, and after reading the will to him, asked if there was any alteration or improvement he could suggest. "Well, father," said the young gentleman, lighting a cigarette, "I think, as things go nowadays, it would be better for me if you left the property to the other fellow, and made me the trustee." The old gentleman made up his mind then and there that the young man was quite competent to take charge of his own inheritance, and scratched the trustee clause out.

"I am sorry," wrote a girl to her bald-headed lover, after the engagement had been broken off; "but, with your letters, which I enclose, it is impossible to return you a lock of your hair."

"Come, sing something for us, Miss Jones."

"Excuse me; I never sing."

"What, never?"

"*Non è ver.*"

Query: Will a dog know a trom-bone? And if not, whine not?

"Lieder ohne Worte."—Whistling, of course.

The thing to "forget and forgive" is good advice—at all events, forget.

They adulterate coffee with chicory, they adulterate chicory with earth; now, where is the enterprising individual that will adulterate earth?

Kleptomania—A fit of abstraction.

EPITAPHS.

On a Dyer:

Here lies a man who daily dyed
Until he reached threescore;
One day, alas! he died himself,
And now he dyes no more.

On a Gossip:

She talked in joy, and e'en in pain
Her tongue was ever going yet;
And when she died, her last regret
Was that she ne'er could talk again.

On a Doctor:

Death, killing Purge, his business did not kill;
He's visiting his former patients still.

On an Actor:

He played "Old Man" with such rare excellence
Death was himself deceived, and took him hence.

Many a nickel makes a muckle.

Sucked tin—a Christmas horn.

The minister's excuse.—It was a mere "clerical error."

Light literature—all about Edison.

Ticket speculators—politicians.

Though ladies like to join archery clubs, they can't be said to be at all partial to cross-beaux.

A new magazine having been lately started in Brooklyn, Twinkle says, sarcastically, that is only a try-monthly.

Does the S. P. C. A. know that animals are pounded all over the country?

Man wants but little ear below,
Nor wants that little long.

A grave-yard—A foot of black crape.

Does an artist's taste depend altogether upon his *pallet*?

An invalid, growing worse, and having spent several sleepless nights, was asked if he did not desire the attendance of a clergyman. The sick man consented, and on the arrival of the reverend gentleman, requested that he should

preach a sermon. "A sermon!" exclaimed the amazed clergyman, "rather let me pray with you and exhort." "A sermon, if you please," said the invalid. "I have only heard you preach twice, and as each time I fell asleep, I thought a short discourse now might have the same effect, and the doctor tells me that a sleep is what I am positively in need of." Strange to say, the clergyman did not oblige him.

A Delicate Compliment.—A poet was asked by a happily married friend to furnish him with a copy of the "Model Wife," as his last poem was entitled. "It were needless," answered he, "to give you a copy, as you already possess the *original*."

A young man being tried for pocket-picking, the court decided that he "had no hand in it."

Funerals are so extravagantly conducted now-a-days that oftentimes the rites of the dead are wrongs to the living. Neither few-nor-all should attend the funeral.

A stump speaker—A toothless old man.

"Well, John, has your master's fever gone off?" asked the doctor, calling to see how his patient progressed. "O, yes, doctor," said John, "his fever's gone off, and he has gone off with it."

Musical Conundrum.—Why was the composer of the opera of "La Dame Blanche" like a dumpling? Because he was only Boildieu (boiled dough).

A Philadelphia girl, when she's jilted, don't seem to mind "getting the sacque"—so long as it is seal-skin.

A Child's Reason.—"Mamma, why is the sea so salt?" asked little Willie. "Really, I can't tell you," answered his mother. "I know, I know, mamma," cried he, triumphantly, "its because the fishes like it."

"A young woman wants a wash," is the queer wording of an advertisement in the Philadelphia *Ledger* for March 20th.

Motto of the Cincinnati pork raisers—"The *pork* is mightier than the sword."

Letter S.—The value of the letter *s* may be seen by omitting it from speculation, when it becomes peculation, which to say the least is an ugly word. Take *s* from slaughter, and it bursts into laughter; while take it from caress, and find nothing left but cares. Why, without the beautiful letter *s* what would our boasted stars and stripes be? Nothing but miserable tar and tripe.

A well-known attorney recently took strong exception to a ruling of the court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your Honor," said he, warmly, "that it is *not* evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for 1 years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?" "The replied the court, "is a question of fact and not of law," so I shall not pass upon it, but let the jury decide."

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CATHEDRALS AND CATHEDRAL TOWNS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

I.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND.

ONE of the most ancient and interesting cities in England, one that had a name hundreds of years before London was known, and which probably took its title from the river which runs through its midst, is that of York. Some believe it was founded by Agricola the Roman; but more, that it was a city of importance when invaded by the Romans. It is established beyond question, however, that Hadrian with his six legions garrisoned here while making his Caledonian conquests. Relics have been found showing that after his return to Rome, York was still occupied by his troops as a stronghold. At the commencement

of the second century, Severus, with his two sons, his whole court, and an immense army, came into this part of Britain. He made York his centre of action while he moved upon the native tribes of the North, and built an enormous wall across from the German to the Irish Sea. For several years he made the imperial palace of this city his abode. Here he reigned and died; here his sons with their own hands burned his body, and tenderly placed his ashes in a sacred urn. Here Caracalla murdered his brother Geta that he might become sole master of this empire. Here Constantius turned his steps, and became emperor till

is almost wholly Gothic. The west front presents the most attractive external view. It has two uniform towers, with several constructions adorned

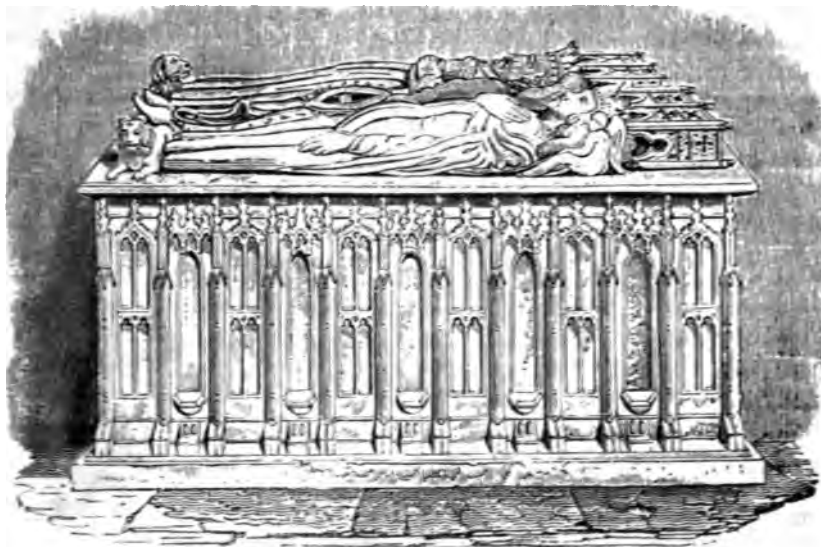


FONT, CANTERBURY.

with statues and imagery, surmounted by eight tastefully-cut pinnacles. The arches over the doors are hung with fine tracery work of historical design. The centre window is a magnificent specimen of architecture and coloring. Though so old, it is doubtful if it can be equaled in the present century. Many of the decorations have been removed from their niches by the ravages of time. The south entrance is also very imposing, and more highly ornamented. Its arches are acutely pointed, and its pillars quite slender. Its marigold window attracts special notice, and receives merited admiration. The east front, too, has a splendid window of the perpendicular style. It is twenty feet long and thirty-two wide. For masonry and ancient glazing it is thought to be unequalled. It is divided into some two hundred sections, containing delineations of certain events of sacred history. This window was executed by one man, taking him three years. As a contrast between the wages of the fourteenth and the nineteenth century, we might state that the whole cost of this elegant piece of workman-

ship was less than three hundred dollars. It could not now be done for ten times that sum.

The Canton Tower is the highest part of the minster, measuring from the pavement to the top two hundred and thirteen feet. It is surmounted with battlements, and ornamented with tabernacle work. It is not mounted with pinnacles, and in its present aspect makes the whole exterior look somewhat sunken and deformed. Had this been built up fifty feet higher, corresponding in style with the front towers, it would have added greatly to the external harmony and completeness. Entering the same from the west, and at once the most majestic view is presented down the long vista bounded by massive pillars, niches filled with statues, numerous pointed arches, and terminated by the wonderful window of the east. Advancing to the centre, and we have a fine view of the interior of the tower with its lofty windows, more than thirty feet high and sixteen wide. In front is the organ screen, with highly-wrought coverings. In the lower compartments are statues of kings from William the Conqueror to Henry VI, dressed in their royal costumes. The transepts with the aisles correspond in style with the nave. The organ behind the screen cannot well be passed by



TOMB OF HENRY IV. AND HIS QUEEN, CANTERBURY.

unnoticed, as its proportions are in keeping with the vastness round it. It has some seventy stops and seven thousand pipes, the largest of which is

CATHEDRALS AND CATHEDRAL TOWNS.

feet long and one foot in diameter. tones are said to harmonize with the choir is now used for religious services is finished with finely-carved oak. exercises are now held in this consecrated every day, and on the Sabbath from ten to twelve o'clock. The bishop delivers some archbishop discourses to his parishioners. Under the choir is the crypt,



CHAPEL, CANTERBURY.

divided by huge pillars into four aisles, each containing altars and chantries. Here, the seen remnants of the ancient cathedral occupied the site of the present one, dating back to the eleventh and seventh centuries.

Monuments in the various parts are of no great interest to the stranger, as this never has been the final resting-place of men who belong to the world in the true sense, like those who are buried in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. However, several kings

and princes have been entombed here, and they possessed not that true greatness which immortalizes history. The melodious peal of the bells in the towers attract special notice, striking the hours of the day, sending their deep tones far and wide over the city and plain. The largest bell weighs twelve tons, measures eight and a half feet across the

The oaken stock on which it rests weighs three tons. It has appropriately been called the "monster bell." From the north-west we pass through a vestibule to the Cleopatra House. Doors, walls, and windows are all beautifully decorated. The Cleopatra House is octagonal, having seven sides occupied with lanceolate windows, Pentworth masonry columns bearing strangely-wrought capitals. The height of the central base of the floor is nearly seventy feet, and the height of the building is more than six hundred feet. What is remarkable in this construction is the ceiling being without any pillar or centre for its support. For Gothic grandeur and beauty this building has scarcely been surpassed. Upon the wall at its base is this singular but not inappropriate inscription:

As the rose is the chief of flowers,
So is this house of houses.

In connection with the minster are several side chapters in which are numerous curiosities. Among these are the ancient coronation chair, in which several of the Saxon kings were crowned, a large pastoral staff of which Catherine of Portugal presented a gift, the confessor, Cardinal Smith, and also a Bible that was formerly chained to a wall, and a ring-post in the minster, bearing date of the year 1000.

We have not space to give in detail an account of all there is in this ancient cathedral. It can only be seen; it must be studied to be appreciated. After one has been round it, through it, and out of it, he will pronounce it one of the grandest and most majestic kind; he will be prepared to see it, the majestic symbol of thought, the finest expression of genius. At once it becomes the realization of an ideal, the outgrowth of desire and spirit. Looking at these vast monuments in this way, we discover they are the exponents of the human life. Though their walls of stone crumble, their

they clearly reveal to us that mind which conceived them and piled them up endures; that Christianity is vital and immortal.

We cannot bid farewell to York without referring to the next place of special attraction, its Museum, or Roman Ruins. These are grounds of some acres in extent, full of interest to the antiquarian. On entering the grounds, just at the right the crumbling remains of a Roman tower meet the eye. Its full history cannot be known; but its broken pillars, partly-buried arches, and the numerous coins which have been found about it plainly show that it was an important object in olden times. A short distance from this are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. These are venerable and picturesque indeed. Some of the arches over the doors and windows are preserved quite perfect, and are really considered fine works of art. From what is now visible, it is likely that this was a massive structure. To the west of this door, by the Ouse, stands the Hospitium of the Abbey. This has been in a measure restored, and is now occupied as a museum for preserving the relics which have been found in and about York. It contains Roman tombstones, coffins, urns, carvings and inscriptions. There one may see almost as much of the old Romans as in Rome itself. And yet there is still life among these decaying ruins.

The birds find shelter in their nooks, singing their songs, and the ivy embraces them with its grace and greenness.

A new museum building has been erected in these grounds, which contains good collections in

the departments of botany, geology, and mineralogy. It has the fossil of the largest Ichthyosaurus which has ever been found. It was dug out of



THE CATHEDRAL OF YORK.

the earth in Yorkshire. Another rare specimen is the skeleton of a large bird, the *Dinornis robustus*, which was found in New Zealand upon her nest with three young ones, and one egg under her, all fossilized. The egg is a foot long and

ten inches through it. In this museum are also three large tapestry maps of England, bearing the date of 1578. It is thought they represented the



CHOIR OF YORK CATHEDRAL.

true geography of the country as it was then. Every town, village and mountain were correctly wrought out with the needle. These are in a good state of preservation, and are quite a curiosity.

In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. there were in York forty-one parish churches, seventeen chapels, sixteen hospitals, and ten religious houses. Less than twenty-three of these churches now remain, and these all look old, yet they contain good specimens of painted glass and Gothic architecture. York is still a walled tower, and hence is a fortified city. It is supposed the line of fortification follows nearly the same course of the Roman wall. The present wall is some three miles in length and twenty feet high on the outside, and so thick that there is space enough for four persons to walk abreast upon the top. Its four bars or grates are mounted with towers, but the portcullis has been removed. It is not a manufacturing or commercial city, and its population, some forty thousand, will be likely to remain about that number for many years to come. A staid old town, not great in size, but great in history. One pleasing fact which can but attract the attention of the

traveller is its number of charitable, educational and religious institutions. The poor, the hungry, the unfortunate, need not suffer here. All who visit York are deeply interested in the Manor House, which was once a part of St. Mary's Abbey; afterward the palace of Henry VIII., and still later was occupied by James I. and his Queen, and in it Charles I. was crowned. The arms of James are over the door to the interior court. The buildings now are used for a home and a school for the blind—called in honor of the good man, the Wilberforce School. But with a glance at one more prominent object, we must leave York.

Clifford's Tower presents a beautiful appearance from certain points. It was built by William the Conqueror in the tenth century, as a dungeon to the fortress which surrounded it, and from which

it was separated by a deep and wide ditch. It is now a mere shell, a relic of what it was; but the fortress has been restored, and the high and heavy walls have been repaired and rebuilt, the whole covering a space of four acres.

The cathedral at Exeter, England, is regarded by many tourists as the finest in Europe; but the noble piles at Canterbury and Salisbury are not much less grand. That Exeter is a city of great



NORTH AISLE OF CHOIR, CANTERBURY.

antiquity is proven by the fact that long prior to the Roman invasion the place was mentioned by Ptolemy. Many relics, such as coins, statue

pieces of tessellated pavements, have been dug up, conclusive proof that the Romans made it an important station. During the reign of Alfred it was the residence of the West Saxon kings, and was called Exancestre, the castle of the Ex. On account of the many religious establishments in the vicinity, Exeter was also known at one time as Monkstown. The exact date of the building of Exeter Cathedral is unknown, but it is of great antiquity. It is cruciform in design, with two noble Norman towers, massive and solid, each one a hundred and thirty feet high, which form the transepts. The whole building is four hundred and eight feet in length; the choir is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and extends the whole width of the church. Ten small chapels or oratories are also connected with it, as well as schools and a chapter-house. The west front of this costly minster is most elegantly decorated, and in the opinion of adepts in architectural finish, this is the most beautiful façade on the Continent. This great cathedral, a full description of which would occupy too much of our limited space, being located on the side of a hill on the left bank of the river Exe, in the heart of the city, forms a prominent and attractive landmark for a long distance.

The city of Salisbury, the site of another notable cathedral, had a somewhat uncommon origin. In the year 1217 the site of the old town and cathedral having become, for obvious reasons, undesirable, the see was removed to its present place. Its importance at that period was such that parliaments were sometimes held there during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It also possessed, at a later date, large woolen and cutlery manufactures; but owing in a large measure to the near proximity of Southampton, these long ago declined, and it is now as a "cathedral town" that Salisbury is renowned. The city is quite regularly built, standing in an open, arable plain, partly surrounded by walls; and a curious feature is the brooks which run through all the principal

streets for the purposes of drainage, "which," as a writer in "Demorest's" observes, "taken with the venerable aspect of the houses, gives the place somewhat the air of a town of the middle ages."

The minster stands in the "close"—an inclosed space of about half a square mile, surrounded by a high wall. It was completed in 1238, and is



ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

wholly in the early English style of architecture, in the form of a double cross. The length of this cathedral is four hundred and seventy-four feet, and the width of the larger transepts is two hundred and ten feet; the spire is the same height as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, four hundred and four feet, nearly twice as high as Trinity church, New York. Such is the magnitude of this stately pile that it is said the buildings comprised within the area of the "close"—the deanery, bishop's house, chapter-house, etc.—around it, and all fair-sized structures, look like

toy houses in comparison. There is a rich altarpiece, which has for its subject the Resurrection Morning, and there are several exquisite stained glass windows. This minster is decorated both on the exterior and in the interior with many statues of the saints and English ecclesiastical celebrities. The cathedral and its small colony of buildings retains the name of New Sarum still,

III., and is regarded as one of the finest specimens of domestic mediæval architecture in this part of England. Our readers will recall the fact that only eight miles from here is Salisbury Plain, where are the most stupendous ruins in Great Britain of one of the Druidical temples. It comprises two circles of vast stone, averaging four feet in height, seven feet broad, and three feet



EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

an appellation which it has borne for six hundred years, ever since the removal of the town before referred to. Such are the massive proportions of this cathedral that at a distance it seems to comprise the whole town. "The spire," says a distinguished writer and traveller, "though of really imposing size, is in such exquisite contrast to the rest of the pile, though entirely in keeping with it, that it looks, as the old legend says, as though the angels designed the whole building."

Near the centre of the town is the market-house, called by the strange name of "Butter-cross." It was designed and built by order of King Edward

thick, the estimated weight of the centre stone of "altar" being more than seventy tons. It is a matter of conjecture to this day how these enormous slabs were brought to their present position from a great distance, for the plain where they stand is of an earthy, not a rocky formation, and nowhere in the vicinity at the present time is the same kind of stone to be found. And supposing the rock was ready to their hands for quarrying, how was the stupendous task accomplished of handling stones so heavy? something unthought of even in this age of engineering enterprise.

Canterbury, which is forever associated with

the name of England's greatest novelist, Charles Dickens, is also a town of great antiquity. His many pictures of life in this old borough will be remembered with pleasure by all who have read

"David Copperfield;" and in "Edwin Drood," his last and unfinished work, will be found an excellent portrayal of manners and society in the old cathedral close. Before the Roman invasion, it was known as a religious station, under the name of *Cær Cant*, or *Cantuaria*. It was the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Kent, and we read that the Romans made a camp there. Christianity was introduced in the second century, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was erected, on the site of the first Christian church in Saxon England, Canterbury Cathedral.

The town of Canterbury proper is situated in the valley of the Stour, a small river which meanders gracefully toward the sea, near which it separates into two arms which form the Isle of Thanet. The town is quite attractive and picturesque, and has several old parish churches romantically located; but the chief interest centres around the cathedral.

This structure has been erected in the form of a double cross, with three towers, and in it are exhibited some of the most beautiful examples of early English and Norman architecture to be seen in any part of Great Britain. Here are the shrines of the Black Prince and of Thomas à Becket, and around the latter the pavement is worn into hollows by the knees of the countless pilgrims who worshipped before the tomb of the illustrious prelate. The crypt is a noteworthy specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the time of Elizabeth, since whose reign it has been used as a French Protestant chapel. The choir is said to be the finest in

the kingdom, not even excepting that of York. The names of such prelates as St. Augustine, Lanfranc, Becket, Cardinal Pole, Cranmer, Laud and Tillotson have been associated with English his-

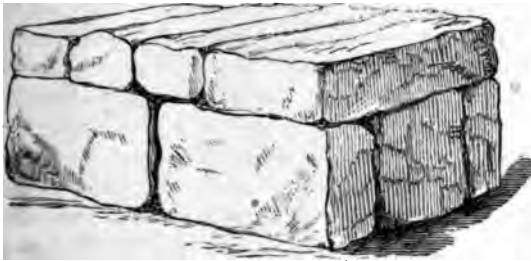


INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

tory as successive archbishops of Canterbury, which dignity is second only to the royal family in rank.

By the skill of the architect and the liberality of the merchants, the Cathedral at Glasgow has become the finest ecclesiastical edifice in Scotland. As the visitor enters this magnificent minster he

who from the most humble condition of life rose by his virtues and rare merits to the episcopacy, conceived the project, about the year 1161, of entirely reconstructing the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and after having pulled down the ancient



A ROMAN CISTA.
(From the original in the York Museum.)

basilica built by Childebert, he laid the foundation of the magnificent pile which we see to-day. In 1163, the first stone of the new edifice was placed by Pope Alexander III., who having been driven from his States, had taken refuge in France. The great altar was consecrated A.D. 1182 by the Bishop Maurice, and Henri de Chateau, Marcey, Cardinal, Bishop of Albano, legate of the Holy See. A great portion of the choir was finished in 1185, and work was then commenced upon the exterior ornaments. But although much activity was employed to hasten these constructions yet Maurice de Sulley died in 1196, before having seen his great enterprise completed. His successor, Eudes de Sulley, continued the works until 1208. Ten years later, the old basilica Saint Etienne, which shaded the south side of the new structure, was torn down, and the mass of the edifice was finished in 1223; yet a still longer time was employed in completing the innumerable architectural details which were lavished here; the triple gallery of the façade, the portals, the great windows, the arabesques, indented work, colonnettes and statues, which make Notre Dame one of the most precious monuments of the power of the age. Wars, civil discord, and lack of money frequently interrupted this immense work, which was only finished at the end of two centuries. The edifice was executed in accordance with a plan both imposing and sublime. There is a grand severity in the lines, and simple majesty in the forms.

The grand portal which was completed in 1223, the reign of Philip Augustus, is composed of two great square and symmetrical towers which

join the gable end of the nave. The façade by its solidity and massive strength bears some analogy to the Lombard structures. It contains three great doors with arch stones, and walls covered with very curious sculptures. In the time of Louis XII. it was necessary to mount three steps to reach the façade. In the north tower is the famous bell called *le Bourdon*; it is only rung on occasions of great solemnity. It weighs thirty-two thousand pounds, and the hammer weighs one thousand pounds. It was cast in 1683, and recast in 1685, and at this epoch was baptized with much pomp and ceremony. Louis XIV. and Marie Therese became its godfather and godmother, and gave it the name Emanuel Louise Therese. Along the line of the front there are twenty-seven niches, where before the Revolution there were twenty-seven statues representing the succession of Kings of France from Childebert down to Philip Augustus. Above this range of niches is a round window, called the Rose. Each lateral face of the church contains such a window, of delicate workmanship. The Rose window of the south side was constructed by the Cardinal of Noailles at his own expense, and cost eighty thousand francs. Lastly, the height of the façade is decorated with a peristyle composed of thirty-four columns, which are remarkable for their length and tenuity. Each of the columns is formed of a single stone; they support a gallery with balustrade. Two lateral portals finish the extremity of the north and south cross aisles. The north aisle was erected about 1312 by Philip the Fair, who paid for its construction with the wealth which he



A ROMAN CISTA.
(From the original in the York Museum.)

had taken from the Templars. Not far from here is a handsome door called the *porte rouge*, by which the canons repair from the cloister to the church for night offices. In the original frame of this door are the figures of Jean Sans Peur, Duke of

Burgundy, and Marguerite of Bavaria, his wife. The south portal is of the same style as that of which we have just spoken; the bas-reliefs which decorate it represent the history of Saint Etienne.

The walls of the church are upheld throughout the whole extent by counterforts skillfully disposed, surmounted by pyramids and clochetous; the effect being very picturesque. One of the most curious portions of the edifice is the timber-

in little harmony with the general architecture; but considered separately they are not less fine. Behind the great altar there is a group in marble, called the "Vow of Louis XIII." That monarch in 1638 put his kingdom under the protection of the Holy Virgin, and made a vow to restore the principal altar of Notre Dame; but he died before having been able to accomplish his design. After him Louis XIV. executed it, and solemnly laid the



WALL OF SEVERUS, NEAR HOUSTEAD, ENGLAND.

work of the roof, which is called the *forest* by reason of the multitude of pieces of chestnut wood of which it is composed.

The interior of Notre Dame forms a Latin Cross. A hundred and twenty pillars, each one different from another, sustain the arches and form a double inclosure around the choir and the nave. Twenty-seven chapels occupy the exterior traverses of the lower sides, above which circle spacious galleries and elegant tribunes. The most of the minor ornaments are of modern style, and

first stone of this altar in 1699. But the group was not made until twenty-four years after. It represents a great white marble cross, upon which drapery has been thrown; below, the figure of the Virgin sits holding Jesus in her arms; at her sides and placed upon pedestals, are the figures of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. presenting him a crown. The statues of the king were forcibly carried away during the Revolution; but were reestablished in 1816.

As a historical monument, Notre Dame de Paris



PRECINCT GATEWAY, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

than a multitude of granite balls. All around, in order that nothing may be wanting to the symmetry of the whole, are a number of buildings in the same style, with a quantity of small windows, and without the least ornament.

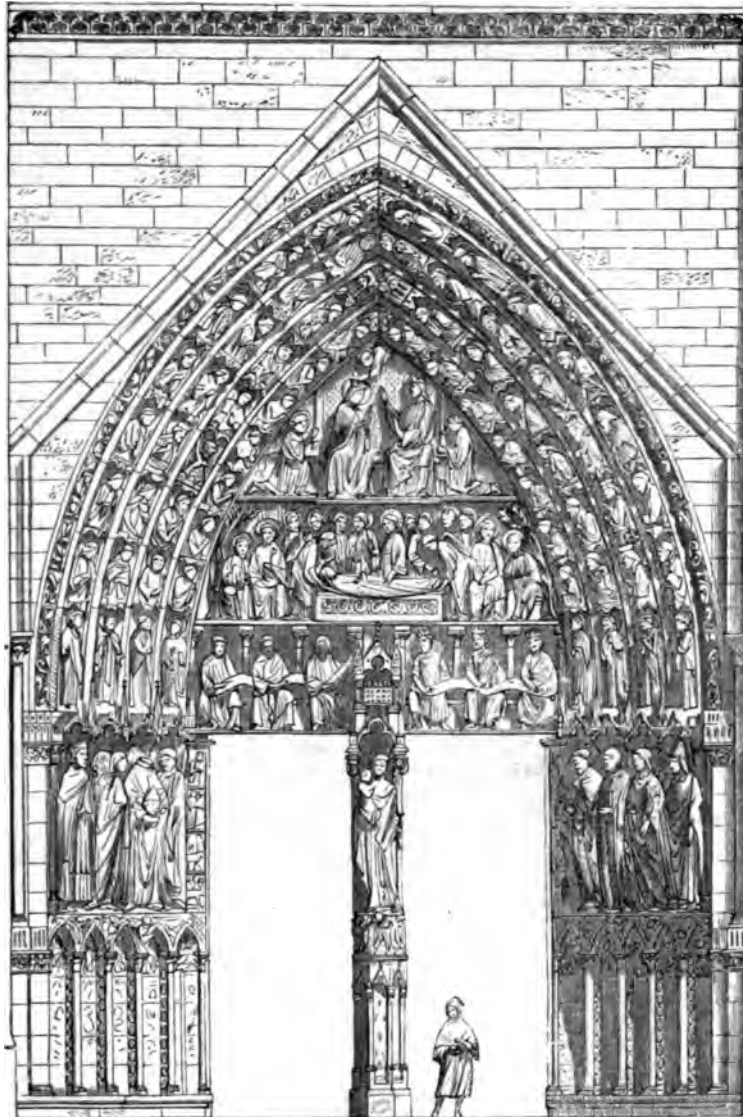
These buildings are connected with each other by galleries in the form of bridges, thrown over the streets that lead to the village. All the approaches to the edifice are paved with granite flags, and its limits marked by little walls three feet high, ornamented with the inevitable balls at every angle and every opening. The façade, which does not project in the least from the other portions of the building, fails to break the aridity of the general lines, and is hardly perceived, although it is of gigantic proportions.

The first place you enter is a vast court-yard, at the extremity of which is the portal of a church, presenting no remarkable feature except some colossal statues of prophets with gilt ornaments and figures painted rose-color. This court-yard is flagged, damp and cold, and the angles are generally overgrown with grass.

The interior of the church is far from pleasing. Immense mouse-gray pilasters formed of granite, with a large, micaceous grain, like coarse salt, ascend to the roof, which is painted in fresco, the blue, vapory tones of which are ill-suited to the cold, poor color of the architecture. The visitor is shown the place where for fourteen years the sombre Philip II., that king doomed to be a grand inquisitor, used to seat himself.

Beneath the church is the Pantheon, the name given to the vault where the bodies of the kings of Spain are preserved. It is octagonal in form, thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty-eight feet in height, directly under the high altar; so that

when the priest is saying mass his feet are on the stone which forms the keystone of the vault. The staircase leading into it is formed of granite and colored marble, and closed by a handsome bronze



PORTAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

gate. The Pantheon is lined throughout with jasper, porphyry, and other stones no less precious. In the walls there are niches with antique-formed cippi, destined to contain the bodies of those kings and queens who have left issue. A penetrating and deathlike coldness reigns throughout the vault, and the polished marble glitters an

sparkles in the flickering torchlight; it seems as if the walls were dripping with water, and the visitor might almost imagine himself to be in some submarine grotto.

The library of the Escorial is remarkable for one peculiarity, and that is that the books are placed on the shelves with their backs to the wall and their edges to the spectator. What is the

windows, and a corresponding number of do-
Ionic columns, and Doric pilasters, is also wor-
of notice. In its interior Valasquez, Mae-
Bayeu and Tiepolo have painted some of the ce-
ings in a more or less allegorical style. The gra-
staircase is very fine, and was considered by Na-
leon to be superior to that of the Tuileries.

The Armeria contains many curious relic



FRONT OF NORTHERN TRANSEPT, WESTMINSTER.

reason for this odd arrangement? The library is particularly rich in Arabic manuscripts.

Ascending the dome, an immense panorama unfolds itself at your feet, and you perceive at one glance the hilly country which separates you from Madrid; on the other side you behold the mountains of Gaudarrama.

We must not forget to mention the Prado of Madrid, one of the finest promenades in the world, and where an astonishingly large concourse of people collect every evening. The queen's palace, a square, solid building of fine stones strongly put together, with a great profusion of

among which are embroidered saddles, studded with gold and silver stars, and covered with steel scales; these are very numerous, and of all kinds of strange shapes, and evidently belong to a remote period. But the most attractive and richest building in its contents is the Museum at Madrid, a description of which would require a whole volume. It contains a large number of the works of Titian, Raphael, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, Ribera and Murillo. The pictures are hung in an excellent light, and the architectural style of the building is quite good.

The cathedral at Cologne, and for which the

city is justly famed, was designed to be, and would probably have been if it had been completed on the original plan, the finest Gothic structure in the world. It was begun in 1248; the choir was consecrated in 1322; but in 1509 the work came to a stand. It was to have been five hundred and eleven feet long, two hundred and thirty-one broad, and the two principal towers were to have been five hundred feet high; the one which is the nearest finished is about one-third of this height. The building became nearly a ruin; in fact it is less than fifty years since it was in such a state that a street ran through it in front of the choir door, and to a recent date the towers had every appearance of the ruined abbeys seen in England, overgrown with vines, and even good-sized bushes growing on the top. For centuries the crane used by the masons to raise the stones has been allowed to stand. It was taken down once, but a tremendous thunder-storm occurring afterward, the citizens in their superstition attributed it to the removal of the crane, and forthwith it, or a similar one, was set up again. A new impulse has been given of late to the work, and funds are likely to be raised to complete this magnificent enterprise; the repairs thus far have been conducted in a masterly manner.

There are one hundred and four grand columns inside, dividing the church into a nave and four side aisles. The choir is a most beautiful creation; it is one hundred and sixty-one feet high, and of most perfect proportions; its fine old stained-glass windows are of the fourteenth century, as are also the carved stalls and seats. The Cologne must stand high on the list of the bigoted and superstitious. In this cathedral they

show with much pomp the celebrated shrine of the Magi, the three kings of Cologne who came from the East to worship the infant Saviour. It is very rich in precious stones and jewels; though many have been taken away from it, it is still asserted to be worth over a million of dollars! If one's mercantile propensity should induce him to ask if they had ever been offered that sum, the priest in attendance would likely look daggers at



THE ESCURIAL.

him. A slab is removed from the front of the shrine, and there you may see three skulls, said to be those of kings named Gasper, Melchior and Balthazar—these names being written in rubies before each! On one side of the shrine in the chapel of St. Agnes is an ancient painting bearing date 1410; the centre represents the Adoration of the Magi, or the three kings; on one side St. Ursula, with the eleven thousand virgins; on the other St. Gereon, with the Theban Legion. It is a remarkably fine work. There are some precious relics in the sacristy.

who was beheaded during the reign of Charles II. Archbishop de Waldeby, who attended the Black Prince in his French war, was buried here in 1397; here is also the tomb of another old abbot, buried in 1258. In the next chapel lies Sir Humphrey Stanley, knighted by Henry VII. for his gallant conduct on Bosworth Field. The next is an elegant tomb erected by the great Lord Burleigh to his wife, who says, "among other things, that she was well versed in the sacred writers, chiefly the Greek." When she died she appropriated much of her wealth to founding scholarships in the universities and perpetual charities for the poor. Many famous ladies are entombed about this spot; among others, Katherine Valois, wife of Henry V., and Mary Beaumont, mother of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, of James I.'s reign. In the chapel of St. Paul we have a colossal statue of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. Beside this is an old Gothic tomb, erected over the remains of Henry V.'s standard-bearer at Agincourt. Close at hand is the monument of a noble lady, Frances, Countess of Sussex, who by her last will founded a divinity chair in Cambridge University. Her good work still lives.

Space will not allow us to linger longer among these famous monuments; yet we would fain enter the Confessor's Chapel. His tomb and shrine occupy the centre. It was built by Henry III. in 1269, and was then the glory of England, cov-

ered as it was with ornaments and precious stones and golden figures. At one time the jewels and valuables were pledged by Henry in an emergency for nearly £13,000. But it has long since been stripped of its wealthy adornments, and is no longer regarded as a holy spot. In the remote period of its erection, it was visited by multitudes from all parts of the realm, and even distant lands, who came to make their devotions at the altar of the pious and sainted king. On the south side of the shrine lies the body of his Queen Editha, who was "commended for her beauty, learning, prudent economy, gentle manners, and inimitable skill in needle-work, having wrought with her own hands the king's state robes." Near this lies Matilda, wife of Henry I.; died May 1st, 1118. On the north side is the ancient and splendid tomb of Henry III., who rebuilt the abbey; he was buried here in 1272. The workmanship is admirable; the panels are polished porphyry, bordered by mosaic work of gold and scarlet. His full-length figure is of gilt brass. The chantry of the distinguished Henry V. comes next. It is extremely magnificent. As the Prince of Wales, he was wild and ungovernable, and has formed, with Falstaff and others, the staple of one or two of Shakspeare's plays; but as king, he played the man, gained the battle of Agincourt, conquered all the north of France, and died at the early age of thirty-four in Vincennes.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

By MRS. H. G. ROWE.

"BROILED partridge for two, at six P.M."

These were the contents of a note that the captain of the steamer that runs daily between Kineo and the foot of the lake placed in the hands of the landlord of the hotel at the former place, with the accompanying remark:

"It's an odd old covey and his wife from furrin parts, I conceit, by the speech of 'em."

The message was an unusual one, for visitors at this favorite summer resort usually trusted, and rely, too, to the well-known excellence of the food of fare always to be found at the Kineo house; but the jolly landlord only smiled good-naturedly as he replied to his friend:

"We're used to all sorts here, you know. Why, I've had folks grumble because they couldn't have bear steaks served up for 'em in July, and green peas in October. But I most always manage to please 'em, if they are a little pudjiky at first. A good dish of fried trout with the clear mountain air for a relish soon makes 'em forget that there's anything else in the world worth the eatin' but a good fried or boiled 'laker."

Both men laughed; but the captain's dark, shrewd face wore a look of curious perplexity that had not faded from it when, on the following day as his staunch little steamer swung gracefully up alongside of the wharf where the landlord stood,

ready to welcome the guests that crowded ashore eager to secure a supper and lodgings for the night, he nodded knowingly under cover of the smoke-stack toward a couple that, waiting until the last, walked slowly and deliberately up the plank, apparently unmindful of the curious looks that their fellow-passengers, as well as the guests from the hotel, who, according to custom, had strolled down to see the new arrivals, bestowed upon them.

They were an oddly-assorted pair, as one could see at a glance. The man small, thin, white-haired, with fierce black eyes looking out from under his bushy, gray eyebrows, leaned feebly upon the arm of his companion, a woman of perhaps forty, whose face in its rich, dark beauty was one that once seen could not easily be forgotten. For an instant that face dazzled, bewildered the beholder with its wondrous richness of coloring, its perfect symmetry of outline and feature; but the next came an indefinable chill, a feeling of disappointment that was almost repulsion, like one who grasping a beautiful flower, eager to inhale its fragrance, finds it but soulless, scentless wax, merely a cunning imitation of Nature at her best.

Proud, fair and placid, not an emotion either of sorrow, anger or love had left its impress upon that coldly regal face; her voice, even, was modulated to one uniform tone, never rising with sudden heat or falling to any possible note of tenderness; but a level, even monotone, that formed a strange contrast to the quick, fiery speech of her husband, whose words, spoken with a strong foreign accent, were launched at one with the whiz and rush of some fierce projectile.

"Oui! suppare and room ready, you say! All right, so it be. Come, we follow!"

The host bowed silently; but as they took up their line of march to the hotel, he ventured to remark, in his usual hospitable fashion:

"I hope we shall be able to make you comfortable at Kineo. We're pretty full now; but I've reserved one of my best rooms for you. I hope you'll like it."

Not a word in reply—only a quick, suspicious glance from the old man's fierce eyes, while his stately companion moved on, evidently unheeding or unhearing the remark as completely as she did the chirp of the grasshopper in the grass beneath her feet, or the soft mountain breeze that kissed her proud, cold cheek as fearlessly as that of the

sunburnt little urchin who frolicked among the buttercups and purple clover-heads not a rod away.

Silently, too, without criticism or comment, the strange pair took possession of the room assigned them; but as the landlord withdrew with an embarrassed bow, the lady said, curtly:

"Send your cook to me for directions."

And five minutes later the stout matron who presided over that department made her appearance, her face full of an eager curiosity that she managed to disguise beneath an air of pleasant solicitude.

"I'm the head cook, ma'am, and I'll take any orders that you may wish to give."

In reply, the stranger drew from the depths of her trunk a curiously-formed metal teapot of a size to contain about three ordinary cups of tea; this, with two small, neatly-folded paper packages, she placed in the hand of the wondering domestic, with:

"There are two drawings of tea—one for dinner and the other for supper. To-morrow morning I will give you the measure for that day; it is as precious as gold, and not a grain of it must be wasted. The tea is to be brought to our table in this teapot, that I may pour it myself; and," she added, with something like a thrill of apprehension running through her smooth, even tones, "you must be very careful not to make any mistake, for Monsieur Defoe will not forgive a tampering with what is to him life itself."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll see that everything is right."

But when safe in her own domain the puzzled and amused woman related her story to her assistants, holding up the teapot meanwhile for their inspection. One of them exclaimed, curiously:

"Why, its just exactly like the one that Mr. Bracketts has his tea made in, and that come from some furrin country where they raise tea. He says he promised the old mandarin that gave it to him that he'd always drink his tea out of it, and that's why he takes it about him everywhere goes."

"'Twill be an awful bother to tell which is which," soliloquized the cook, looking apprehensively at the two teapots that, having been placed side by side, were really exact counterparts one of the other.

"I'll tell you what, though, Molly; you just reread

a bit of white thread around the handle of Mr. Brackett's, and then we'll be sure not to make any mistake."

Molly did as desired, and so far as human calculation could go, Monsieur Defoe was sure of having his single cup of tea at each meal from his own special and particular teapot.

The days passed by, and still the mystery that from the first had clung about the Defoes seemed to increase rather than diminish. They made no attempt to seek, in fact they evidently avoided, the companionship of their fellow-guests, going out alone or with a guide upon their frequent fishing and sailing excursions, never speaking unless addressed, and then in the curt, constrained manner of people who were determined to hold as little intercourse as possible with the world about them.

To this general ostracism of their fellow-guests there was, however, one exception, and that was found in the person of the jolliest, most social and popular gentleman at the hotel, the owner of the Japanese teapot before mentioned, Mr. Brackett.

For some reason best known to himself, the unsocial Frenchman really took some little pains to render himself agreeable to the hearty-tempered Yankee, who in his turn took him in tow, with much the same benevolent air as a great burly Newfoundland might deign to fraternize with a snappish poodle; and the two fished, rowed, tramped and played croquet together with an equanimity astonishing to the lookers-on, who all to a man predicted some sudden and violent rupture to an intimacy so strange and unintelligible.

In due time, too, that rupture came. A slight disagreement in regard to their favorite game, a good-natured remonstrance from Mr. Brackett, met by a fiery rejoinder from his opponent, more words, and at last an insulting epithet hurled from the lips of the enraged Frenchman that even Yankee coolness and philosophy could not overlook; and the two met at table or upon the broad piazza of the hotel face to face without a word or look of recognition; only a fiery gleam that shot now and then from Monsieur's little black eyes revealed how fierce was the smoldering passion within his breast; and, as evil passions seldom wait long for their opportunity, an apparently trivial mistake served in this case as an excuse to

expend the pent-up wrath of days, even though upon an unoffending object.

An unexpected influx of guests just at dinner time had created some little bustle and confusion among the kitchen magnates; so that when the pretty waitress who served at the Defoe table brought in the precious teapot as usual, her heightened color and flurried manner instantly revealed to Monsieur's suspicious eyes that she was somewhat bewildered by the multiplicity of her duties; and with a selfish instinct characteristic of the man, he glanced from her flushed face to the sacred burden that she bore, half expecting to see some horrible dent or mutilation of his cherished treasure.

It was intact, and he drew a long sigh of relief and settled himself back comfortably in his chair; but as his wife proceeded as usual to pour the tea, his eye caught sight of some secret sign or mark visible only to himself, and uttering a loud exclamation, he started up, his face so inflamed with rage that he seemed a demon rather than a man, while, in a voice hoarse with passion, he cried, fiercely: "*Sacre!* It is the tea urn of my foe, he that I do hate; thus do I spit upon the accursed scoundrel, they call him Brackett! How dare you insult me with the urn from which he drink?" and seizing, in his fury, the offending vessel, filled to the brim as it was with scalding tea, he made as if he would have thrown its contents in the face of the frightened girl, who, with one shriek of uncontrollable terror, fled toward the door, closely pursued by the enraged man, who was evidently too mad with passion to realize in the least what he was about. So sudden and unexpected had been the outbreak, that of the fifty or more guests in the crowded dining-room, no man had the presence of mind to interfere for the poor girl's protection, as she sped across the room closely followed by her pursuer, holding the offending tea urn aloft, ready at the first opportunity to hurl its contents at her unprotected head.

But at the door a ready and efficient ally showed himself in the person of Tom Cross, a well-known guide and hunter, who, barring the doorway through which she had escaped with his own sturdy, well-developed figure, managed with one brawny arm to resist the onslaught of the tempestuous little Frenchman as easy as he would have put aside an angry child, while a smile of grim humor brightened his dark, determined face as he

and so everybody called me 'Tom Cross; but my real name is 'Amibel de la Crosse.'"

Did the canoe give a sudden lurch just at that moment and frighten the lady? for, with a sudden, sharp cry, she made as if she would have risen to her feet, while a face white as the face of the dead looked out at the young man from beneath the drooping brim of her hat, and holding up one hand with a quick, warning gesture, she cried, sharply:

"Not that! Mon Dieu, you are deceiving me!"

"Down! Be still, or you will swamp us!" cried poor Tom, with a frantic endeavor to keep the frail craft from capsizing with its helpless freight. "One must keep very still in a birch," he added, in explanation; and drawing a long breath of relief as the canoe righted itself, while he experienced a feeling of profound thankfulness that he had not been left floundering in the middle of the lake with a drowning woman clinging to him, thus making his destruction as well as her own almost certain.

Perhaps the haughty dame resented the tone of command that he had so unconsciously assumed; for she sat perfectly silent and motionless for several moments, and when she again spoke the kindly condescension had vanished from her tone; instead, she spoke with a sharpness that had beneath it an ill-concealed chord of either curiosity or dread.

"You lived with your grandmother, you say? Were your parents dead?"

"My father was."

"And your—mother?"

"Deserted, abandoned me in my cradle."

Everybody said that Tom Cross was one of the easiest, best-tempered fellows in the world, with his gay, careless French temperament; but if they could have seen him then—the sternly compressed lips, white and set beneath the thick, black mustache, and a smoldering fire in the dark eyes that told of a life-long hidden bitterness—they would have realized that beneath that careless exterior there were depths of feeling, of bitter feeling that none had, and few would care to fathom.

A long, shuddering thrill passed over the woman opposite, and she pressed her hand for an instant to her heart, as she asked:

"Do you know why she did so?"

"Yes;" and he showed his white teeth for an instant in a mocking smile. "She was poor. A rich man saw her, and loved her beauty. He said

to her, 'I will make you my wife; you shall wear silks and jewels, live idly, and sleep softly; but the boy I will not have. He looks at me with his father's eyes; yes, and I hate him. Leave him with the old grandame, and come you with me.' And she"—the woman bent eagerly forward, and looked into his face with a strange, pleading look in her proud eye.

"Well?"

"Went with him; for she loved gold better than her child."

As he finished speaking the canoe grated upon the sandy beach, while its owner, apparently forgetful of all that had passed, as he carefully lifted the lady over the side in his strong arms, remarked, modestly, and touching his hat with the air of graceful courtesy natural to the man:

"I will be proud of your company again, madam, when you will like another sail in my birch. I can show you very many pleasant places about here any fine day when the lake is smooth."

She looked at him silently for a moment, then with a quick, burning blush overspreading her face, she dropped into his hand the bit of silver due for his services as boatman, and turning, without a word, walked swiftly up the path to the hotel, where, for the next three days, not one of the curious guests caught a glimpse either of herself or husband.

A wonder-loving young lady who occupied the adjoining room, told in mysterious whispers of stormy altercations and tearful pleadings and reproaches; but the landlord, when questioned upon the subject, gravely remarked that "Monsieur was very ill, and his wife devoted herself entirely to the care of him," an explanation that proved satisfactory to all but one, and that one the humble, unnoted guide, Tom Cross.

He was not given to making mysteries and weaving romances about the scores of strange people that he met in his daily life, this unlearned, unimaginative, young fellow who held himself ready, at two dollars a day, to act the part of guide, purveyor, and cook to the oddest, grumpiest party who had ever been lured thither by the lovely scenery and famous trouting privileges, to find a delightful novelty in penetrating the recesses of the unbroken forest, and for a few days or weeks to live the unrestrained, care-free life of a genuine woodsman. And yet the strange lady's unmistakable emotion, so utterly at vari-

ance with her usual air of cold indifference, was a mystery that he found himself unable either to solve or forget.

Perhaps, and for an instant his heart burned hot within him, perhaps she might have known his mother, have heard the story from her own lips, and was naturally astonished and agitated at hearing it again, and from so unexpected a source. But this supposition did not seem, after all, a reasonable one, when he remembered to have heard his grandmother, who mentioned the subject as seldom as possible, say that his mother's husband was a tea merchant, and that she had sailed with him for China as soon as they were married.

This grand lady, who spoke such good English, and wore such rich and fashionable attire had surely never been in that "heathen land," as Tom called it; for the simple fellow had the idea that all foreigners migrating to that far-off region wore of necessity the conventional pig-tail and loose trousers of the race with whom they had associated themselves, and of course spoke a language to match the same.

It was the evening of the third day since that memorable sail, and the guide sat alone upon a large rock that jutted out into the water at a secluded part of the shore, lazily trolling for the fish that at that hour often ventured so close to the beach that their crimson and gold-spotted sides gleamed up through the transparent water as if in mockery of the angler's presence and skill.

Tom was a crack fisherman, as everybody allowed; but just now it was evident that his mind was more intent upon other things; for laying down his rod at the very instant that a big trout was about to make a dart at the bait, he drew from his pocket a small silver coin, and turning it over and over in his broad palm, silently regarded it with a curious, half-wistful look.

"I have seen no such piece of silver money before. Even the grandames, who have a stocking full of silver, have nothing like this. Perhaps," and a sudden glow sprang to his dark face, "it is a Chinese coin."

He spoke the last words aloud in his eager unconsciousness, and his heart gave a quick bound as a low voice close to his elbow remarked, composedly:

"Yes, it is Chinese money; but quite as good silver as your quarter dollars in this country."

It was the stranger lady, and the defiant, half-anxious tone in her voice scarcely in keeping with the calm, or her regal face, or the easy indifference as she leaned slightly against the gigantic pine that overshadowed the

The young man started up in surprise but with a peremptory wave of her hand she bade him be silent, while she spoke in her usual low, even tones:

"You are poor and obscure," she said abruptly, "and your daily life is one of hardships. You earn your money at a time, and so slow that even with careful economy, you will be long before you can hope to enjoy the fruits of a home and fireside of your own."

He nodded his head gravely. Perforce of a certain pair of laughing hazel eyes and long lashes always sank shyly beneath the light in his own, lent a bitterness to this strange woman so pitilessly he felt him, and made him feel, for the first time in all his life, angrily discontented with his lot; but he made no reply in words, only his black brows to a deeper frown, and he sullenly with the strange coin upon his palm of the rock beneath. She paused a moment to gather new courage, then went on:

"I am rich, richer than you can be, and all I have now, and will have at death, may be yours as my own and

For one dizzy moment, mountain and shore were blended in one wild, confusion. Familiar things that all his life he had looked upon with careless, indifferent eyes, suddenly transformed into something strange, and he trembled and put cowering as one walking in the midst of sudden darkness that has fallen without a moment's warning.

Even in his bewilderment, however, conscious of a warm thrill of filial affection up from his honest heart toward the woman sitting there in the purple twilight, pale and fled, as if this revelation were nothing more than a mere business transaction, and his eyes in a mute appeal, as if to read in her full face some answering emotion of sympathy but in vain. She never even stretched out her hand to meet the one he had uncer-

tended, while not a thrill either of joy or pain disturbed her fair face, as she remarked, in an explanatory tone:

"If I had had children by Monsieur Defoe to inherit his fortune, I should never have claimed you as my son, as I should have had nothing to bestow upon you."

"Nothing?" he gasped, harshly; but she took no notice of his emotion, except by a slight frown.

"Now—and Monsieur sees it as I do—we can do no better than to accept you as our heir. A private tutor and a few years travel abroad will make you presentable, I think, in spite of your early years of obscurity and ignorance. But," she paused for a moment, as if half ashamed to speak the words, "you will take our name, and pass with the world as our *adopted* son. The fact of my early marriage is to remain a secret between us forever."

The young man lifted his head and looked sternly into her expectant face. His eyes flashed, and he drew himself up with an air and gesture every whit as proud as her own, while he replied, with bitter emphasis:

"I will never sell myself, even to her who will not be called my mother! It is no boy, madam, but a *man*, and he will be poor forever; but he cares not for you who are ashamed to call him son."

The poor fellow's voice faltered as he spoke the last bitter words, and leaning his head against the rough tree trunk as naturally as if it had been the bosom of a friend, tears, such as he had not shed for many a long year, ran down his bronzed cheeks, and dropped upon the mossy turf beneath.

In all this toilsome, rough life, no pain like this had ever wrung his stout heart to tears that he scorned even while he could not check them.

Madame alone seemed perfectly unmoved. She had evidently schooled herself to act the part that she had chosen with dignity and decision; no gentle emotion was to interfere between herself and her purpose.

"You are excited and astonished," she said, calmly, "and do not realize what you are saying. Think it over, and let me know your decision in the morning, for we must leave by the afternoon boat. Good-night."

Not a farewell look, not a smile even, as her

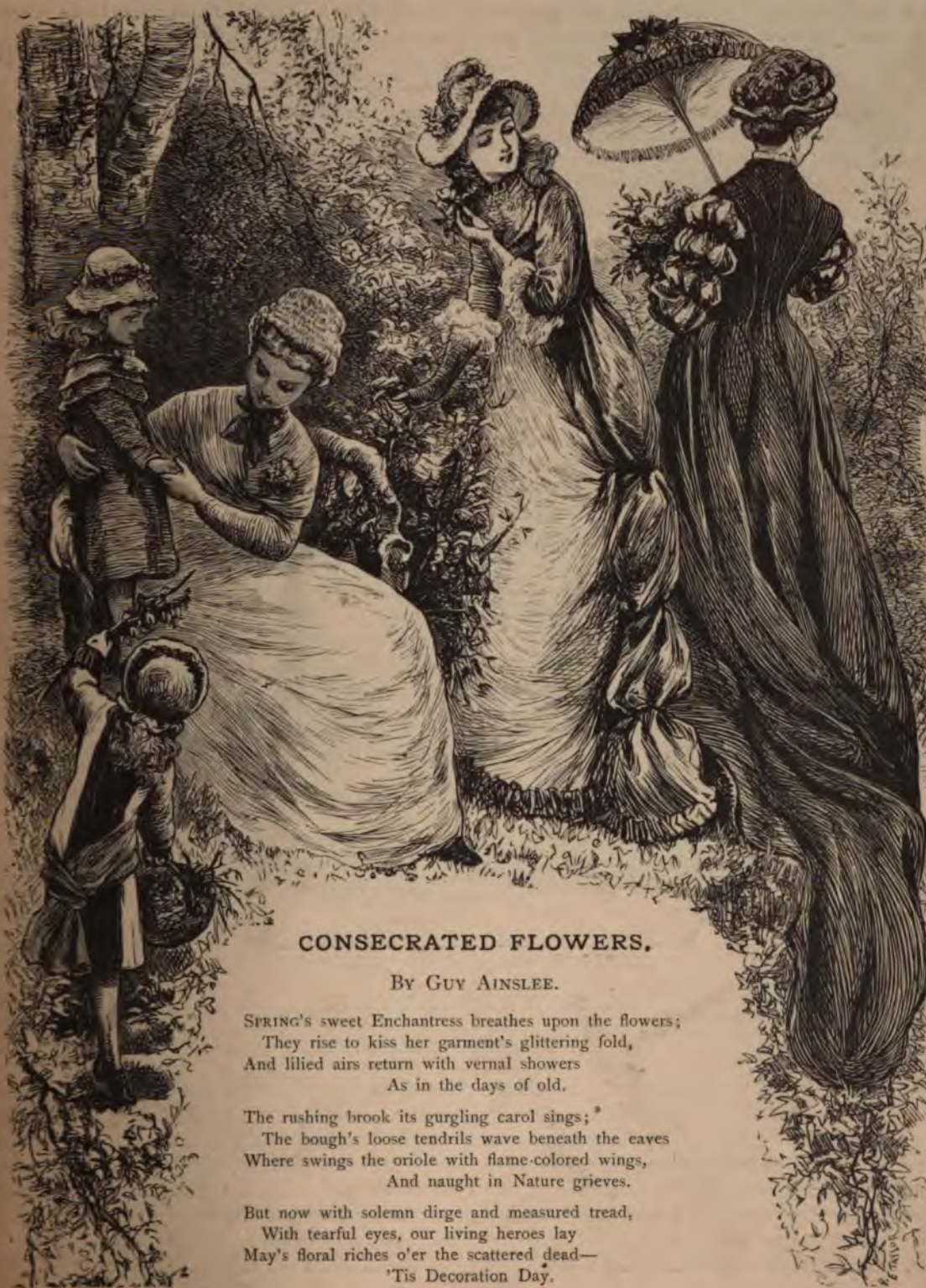
stately figure disappeared through one of the leafy forest paths so quickly that the bewildered man was half ready to believe that what he had heard was but a dream after all.

Trusted and liked by all, he had no familiar friend and confidant to whom he could go for sympathy and counsel in this sudden and unexpected strait; and, following the natural instincts of one whose life has been largely passed in the unpeopled solitudes of the forest, he naturally sought them among the scenes most congenial to his silent, self-contained nature—the voiceless, yet never lonely forest glades and walks, pathless to a stranger eye, yet as familiar to his foot as are the city streets to one who has trodden them from his babyhood.

The first gray dawn was creeping over the eastern mountains like a faithful watchman, awaking the topmost peaks, while the lower ridges, still enshrouded in darkness, gave no sign as yet of throwing off their nightly slumber.

Even the lake itself looked weird and ghostly in its veil of silvery mist, that, as Tom Cross leisurely paddled his light birch across its sleeping face, was gradually lifted as if in graceful acknowledgment of this early visit on the part of its old friend, whose troubled brow gradually cleared as point after point, long familiar to his eyes, came into view, and from the thickets the birds, thrifty little householders, began to bestir themselves and send forth a social greeting to their friends and neighbors—a greeting so familiar to the young boatman that he broke into a cheery, answering whistle, laughing aloud as his tiny friends, evidently entering into the "joke of the thing," replied with a burst of song that filled the fresh, sweet morning air with melody, and fell upon his ear with that familiar, fond significance that only those who are perfectly *en rapport* with Nature in her most gracious moods can really understand and enjoy.

"Aha, Monsieur sly-pate!" he cried, as a sleek, shining head, with two black beady eyes appeared above the water, evidently swimming for the canoe. "After your breakfast, eh?" and taking a cracker from his pocket he scattered it in crumbs in the bottom of the birch, and resting his paddle waited in perfect silence the approach of his curious guest, who was none other than a large muskrat, who approached as fearlessly as if the light



CONSECRATED FLOWERS.

By GUY AINSLEE.

SPRING'S sweet Enchantress breathes upon the flowers;
They rise to kiss her garment's glittering fold,
And lilled airs return with vernal showers
As in the days of old.

The rushing brook its gurgling carol sings;
The bough's loose tendrils wave beneath the eaves
Where swings the oriole with flame-colored wings,
And naught in Nature grieves.

But now with solemn dirge and measured tread,
With tearful eyes, our living heroes lay
May's floral riches o'er the scattered dead—
'Tis Decoration Day.

Yon gray-haired vet'ran, with his single arm
Leaves crown of immortelles where GENERAL sleeps;
'Midst cannons' blaze he, dying, breathed a psalm—
His name Fame treasured keeps.

Arbutus buds, sun-flushed and saintly white,
Shall lie above the little DRUMMER-BOY;
In life's young spring he perished 'midst the fight,—
Some mother's light and joy.

THIS COLOR-SERGEANT died our Flag to save,
The flower of chivalry, beloved by all;
Let richest blossoms cluster o'er his grave
And tears of tribute fall!

Here lies a PRIVATE: outer picket guard,
That saved an army from the stealthy foe;
Found with his empty gun on bloody sward,—
By sudden death laid low.

Comrade with shattered leg, be yours the hand
To dress this mound with daisies starred with light!

'Twas such as he who raised from native land
The pall of darkest night!

With passion flowers and lilies strew the sod
O'er our young CHAPLAIN, who as martyr bled;
Through living souls, brought by his prayers to God,
He speaketh yet, tho' dead!

And some lie here whose locks were snowy white
When they went forth to serve their Country's need
With sturdy blows they helped maintain the Right,
And nobly died, indeed.

With full-blown roses wreath bright ivy leaves
And drop them, with bared heads, upon their mounds
Symbols of hope to hearts that ever grieve,
The fruits of many wounds.

O, sacred day, that gilds well-earned renown,
Bring angel Peace to fold her wings and stay;
Let North and South place floral crest and crown
Above both blue and gray!



A BRAVE BATTLE.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

ALL through the leafy month of June in the year 18—, the good ship Onward lay 'at anchor in the waters of the Delaware. The broad bosom of the river seemed to swell with conscious pride in wearing so precious a prize upon its breast, and even the narrow banks of the creek which branched off to one side put on a livelier green that summer, and held out slender arms all girdled with bloom, as though to tempt the vessel to warmer caresses.

The city lying on the hill beyond held up its steepled head as if it too, with pride and pleasure, welcomed back to his home the old ship's brave commander, whose bluff, hearty voice could be heard daily as he strode the hilly streets; and, like the banks of the creek, all the pretty girls in

town put on their brightest bloom, and held out their slender arms in the dance and promenade to the gallant young officers of the ship's crew.

Parties to the "springs," and moonlight walks and sails upon the romantic stream that curled its curve around the town, made panoramic pictures in the bright June weather; and although the shifting figures were continually changing, like brilliantly colored atoms in a kaleidoscope, or musical parts in a song, now duo, now trio, now quartette, two of the principal *dramatis personæ* in the summer's play were ever to be seen in close companionship; and before the long June days were passed away, gossiping tongues waxed eloquent over the evident *affaire du cœur* between Lieutenant Hammond and the minister's pretty little sister, Christine Reece.

Years before, Frank Hammond and Roger Reece had been school-boys and college chums together; and though they had ever since called one another "friend," their different choices of profession had somewhat drifted them apart; Frank Hammond declaring in his boyish, laughing fashion, when the time came for them to go their different roads—Roger to a theological seminary, Frank to the Naval Academy—"We pull apart, old friend; while I cry 'war,' you shall whisper 'peace.' I'll kill for you to bury, Roger!"

This was all years before, and in the intervening time, notwithstanding a desultory sort of correspondence had been kept up, neither knew much of the other's life. But that pleasant summer in the year 18—, when Lieutenant Hammond learned in what waters it was that his ship should lie until orders to sail in the far-off seas should be received, he recollected with a boyish thrill of pleasure that the latter city, lying on the river's bank, was now the home of his old schoolmate, and he determined to lose no time in hunting up his old friend.

Time, he found, had changed them both. While Hammond had grown into a handsome, gay, careless sort of young man, whose first thought was for himself and his own comforts, Roger had become a grave, studious reverend gentleman, with the same dignified, kind-hearted manner that had earned for him at school the title, "Royal Roger."

He had a church, and was quietly settled down with his sister in the little unpretending parsonage that stood near by the old churchyard.

An old half-ruined chapel was this church. It bore a date of the seventeenth century on its blackened walls; and standing in the midst of graves so long, it now hung shrouded and half hid in the vines and ivies, as though Nature had put on it robes of mourning for the dead it had guarded so many years.

Time, however, who had laid his hand somewhat severely upon Roger, and turned him gray and grave, had been more gracious to Roger's sister; and the child Christine, whom the lieutenant remembered having danced on his knee one holiday long ago, was now a beautiful maiden.

After this additional pleasant discovery, it soon grew to be a favorite walk of the handsome lieutenant's down the slanting street that led to the little parsonage, and on through the grim old graveyard, "deciphering epitaphs," he said.

At last, from falling into the habit of stopping at the parsonage in those walks, "to talk with Roger of old times," he finally fell into that other habit to which handsome young men are addicted—love-making—and stopped oftener to talk to Roger's sister of the old, old story!

A whole lifetime of exquisite happiness was condensed into those brief, bright June days for Christine; and Roger, when he divined what the glad light in her eyes meant, was as pleased to think she loved and was beloved by his old friend as was she, when stealing up to him one Sabbath at twilight, with her blushing face half hid upon his shoulder, she whispered to her brother that on the morrow, when the good ship *Onward* should sail away, it would carry her heart with it.

And when the vessel left, her heart went with it—and all her pretty, cheery ways and gladsome smiles and songs as well, it seemed; for shortly after it was that Roger came to mark his sister's strangely altered look and manner. That Christine was unhappy and grieving over some sorrow she held from him, he felt convinced; and as he mused and pondered over the problem of her disquiet, the sudden recollection of his friend's farewell to him flashed through his mind, illuminating his doubts with a livid, hateful light.

He had met Christine and her lover, he recollected now, on their return from a last walk through the old churchyard and under the summer stars. He had thought best to take leave of Hammond then and there, as the vessel sailed at dawn, and he had taken Hammond's two hands

in his, and said, "Frank, always my friend, and now my brother, good-by, and God bless you!"

Christine had trembled and clung to his arm, he remembered, and Frank suddenly turned away from him in silence. There had no letter come to Christine since the ship sailed. What was this strange pain that throbbed in his heart? Suspicion gnaws faster than fact, and a dark dread of the truth of his friend's insincerity unsettled all his thoughts.

Going straight to Christine one day, after these dark doubts had discolored all his thoughts, he found her seated by the window looking off on the river. Taking her listless little hand in his, he said, looking down into her pure sweet eyes:

"If you grieve unceasingly for your truant heart, Christine, I shall regret that you have given it away, and I would fain recall it home again."

He felt the pulses beat and quiver as she answered, sadly:

"The heart would never be the same again. It is given once, and forever;" and her voice faltered, as she added, in a lower tone, "even if it be a sin to say so still!"

Then, in the solemn hushed stillness of the twilight, with her face again hid upon her brother's shoulder, she told him that when his friend had bid her the last sad adieu the evening before his departure, he had in humiliation and despair confessed to her that in loving her, as he so truly did, and in winning her heart, as he so surely had, he committed a sinful, grievous wrong; for he was already the husband of another, and his wife awaited him across the sea!

Stung to the quick by this treachery on the part of the friend he had loved and trusted, Roger arose, crying bitterly:

"And I called him 'brother,' and blessed him." And as he was about to utter the horrid, hot words that now rushed to his lips, Christine hushed them with her little hand, and sobbed out:

"Oh, forgive him, Roger, for I love him still." Then she fell fainting at his feet. From that hour she faded; and when another springtime came, and new life wakened in the vines and trees in the old churchyard, another grave lay among the many there, and the minister's little sister was no more.

A great change fell upon Roger Reece from that time. He grew cold and hard. Even his

sermons, some complained, bore an unforgiving, uncharitable tone. Once he had been noted for the broad and liberal spirit of his teachings; now his discourses rang more frequently of the old Jewish law of atonement rather than that of the New Testament's divine theory of redemption and salvation. Nor was he alone reserved and unsocial, but morose and curt in his manner as well; and once when a brother clergyman going abroad offered to be the bearer personally of the news of Christine's illness and death to Lieutenant Hammond, whose ship was cruising in the Mediterranean, Roger refused to send any message, adding, sharply, "I prefer to tell him myself, some day."

The man's whole life was burdened with bitter thoughts. To the grief he felt at losing an only and beloved sister was added the enmity he could not help harboring in his heart against the friend who had been his foe in thus dishonorably wooing and winning his sister's love.

Five times had the little grave shone green in the springtime and white in the winter, and still daily did Roger come to kneel beside his sister's tomb and ask for that grace which might teach him to say, "I forgive."

One quiet evening, it was in June and the air was fragrant with roses, Roger was picking his way through the old graves and tangled vines, when he suddenly came upon a strange figure prostrate before his sister's grave. A dull fire darted through all his being as he recalled then the firing of the guns that day, and he knew now that the good ship *Onward* had come home—and this man lying upon his sister's grave was he who had made it!

Silent and white as the marble tombs around him, Roger stood and beheld with wrathful eyes the deep emotion with which the man before him was keenly suffering, and an expression of savage pleasure flitted over Roger's face as he felt sure there was no deceitful art in this at least.

Suddenly the kneeling man arose, and face to face the two confronted one another, and the fast fading light of the dead June day showed the glare of human eyes, wild with surprise and shame, and anger and revenge.

With bowed head and clasped hands Hammond stood mutely imploring forbearance; and the man's whole attitude expressed sorrow and remorse.

Roger gazed silently upon the suppliant until

it seemed the night would come before he released him from the intense gaze with which he glared.

Then, at last in a choked, husky, tremulous voice, he quoted Hammond's boyish words:

"I buried what you killed!" and staggered away.

The officer's gay uniform gleamed fitfully in the dull light as he made an effort to follow Roger, crying out:

"I beseech of you, grant me your forgiveness, Roger. Do not refuse me a word of mercy. Do not bring more suffering upon yourself."

But the man stalked on, dumb to the piteous entreaty.

When the ship sailed away again on its cruise a man standing alone upon the western hill that lay behind the town watched it depart with eager eyes, until fading into sea and sky it disappeared. Then with long-drawn breath, Roger Reece lifted up his face, crying:

"I could not forgive Christine—but—I forgive!"

Years passed. The old church walls began to give back faint echoes to its pastor's once ringing voice, and little ones who had been baptized by him at its font now were blushing maids and youths who often stood at its altar.

The good ship Onward still came to and fro; but the bluff tones of its old commander were heard no more on the hilly streets, and its officers and crew bore strange names and new faces. When those remembering him asked sometimes after the handsome gay lieutenant of 18—, they were told he had grown gray in the service, and won honor and distinction. He lived abroad, was a widower, and much changed; no longer gay and careless, but a grand, stern, sober man.

One summer night, alone in his study, Roger Reece was the recipient of a strange letter. It was but a brief note, and ran thus:

"At the earnest request of a dying man, you will officiate at his funeral services."

The note was signed by some well-known names of reliable persons in a neighboring city—the date and the address of the house from whence the funeral was to move given, and a check for traveling purposes.

Holding it imperative to obey a summons of that nature, Roger at once made preparations to leave on the morrow. Upon reaching the city next day he found a carriage awaiting his arrival,

and was quickly driven to a large old-fashioned house in the suburbs.

A servant received him at the door, and ushered him into a darkened room which seemed a student's home; for maps and globes and scientific works were scattered here and there.

"Is there any of the family to whom I may present myself?" asked Roger, struck with the curious manner of his reception.

The servant for reply handed him a letter and left the room. Quickly tearing open its wrapper, Roger found endorsed, "The last will and testament of Franklin Hammond," which declared him, Roger Reece, sole legatee of the large fortune left; and furthermore, bequeathed to him all the MSS. and papers of the deceased, with an earnest request that he should compile and finish his literary work, and preach his funeral sermon.

Staggered as if from a mortal blow, Roger reeled into a chair speechless. He must have swooned, he thought, when he at last opened his eyes again upon the strange room, and then he saw the letter lying at his feet, and his heart gave a hot throb as he recalled its message from the dead, and he knew whom it was he had come this time to bury.

"What cruel thing is this that I am set to do," he cried. "The wrong this man did me made me a grave over which I have mourned for years! Can I forget who dug mine, when I stand at his! I have been harsh and cruel, and hard toward all men since he embittered me. I have found my lips dumb in asking for forgiveness, because I have refused to give it. I have dared to preach 'Goodwill toward all men,' while in my heart I have felt a deadly malice toward one. Is this a last stab that mine enemy has inflicted upon me in the dark of death, to which he knew I dare make no thrust back? Oh, Hammond, you have carried bitterness beyond the grave! Death has its sting; the grave its victory here!"

Lower fell the bowed head upon the folded arms. Out of the gloom and stillness no answer came. The lips that could answer and explain the mysterious message were hushed and cold.

Something within his heart then whispered, "May not this be a true repentance which thus essays to make a reparation from the grave? His life is in your hands now. He gives his life, his fortune, his name to you; use them as you please."

"What shall I answer!" cried Roger, as the

still small voice rang in his ears. "He gives you all; it is a reparation!"

In the gathering darkness a light from above seemed to fall down upon the troubled, weary brain, and he heard the words:

"If thy brother trespass against thee and repent, forgive him."

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

With the morning's dawn his vigil ended. At the first sound of stir in the great house he summoned the servant and asked to be shown the remains of him who had been his friend; and there, over the still, lifeless form of the man who had embittered so many hours of his sad life, Roger bowed his head and whispered:

"Forgive us our trespasses, even as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The sermon preached at the funeral of Commodore Hammond was one so feelingly delivered that it will be well remembered by those present; and the biography of his life, together with the compilation of his literary work, old readers will recollect is prefaced as "A Duty Performed by his friend, R. R."

Of the fortune left him Roger took nothing, but made it all over to the old church of which he had been pastor so many years.

Three plain stones mark three old graves that lie in one corner of the old churchyard, and pushing aside the tangled grasses and vines, one may read there to-day, "Franklin," "Christine," "Roger," and he at whose request the three were at last laid side by side was—the true hero of brave battle!

THE CLOCK UPON THE SHELF.

BY EDWIN J. UDELL.

"Tick tick, tick tick,
Tick tick, tick tick:"
Hear the clock upon the shelf;
Is it talking to itself,
Or addressing you and me,
In that chatter brisk and free?

"Tick tick, tick tick,
Tick tick, tick tick:"
Ah! I understand it now,
Plain as human tongue, I vow;
"Ev'ry tiny word I say
Is a part of night or day;
Ev'ry 'tick' from me you hear
Brings you nearer to your lier;
'Tis a drop from out your veins,
Coming end of joys and pains;
'Tis the knell of all that move,
Forms you shun, and friends you love;
One less beat of *your* frail heart,
One more thrust of Death's keen dart.

"Tick tick, tick tick,
Tick tick, tick tick:
How the moments come and go,
Like a river's ceaseless flow!

Seconds soon to minutes run,
These to hours, one by one;
Next the days come crowding on,
Ere you think a week is gone;
Then a month, and then a year—
Now, mayhap, you shed a tear,
And resolve the 'golden hours'
So to spend that, like the flowers,
They shall fragrant odors cast
After they're forever past.
But the moments never stop;
From your span of life they lop,
While you're on your mother's breast,
Wrapped in peaceful, infant rest;
While you're strong in manhood's bloom,
While you're old and near the tomb;
Through the day and through the night,
Through the spring and summer bright,
Through the autumn with its sheaf,
Blushing fruit, and yellow leaf,
Through the winter's dreary sway,
When the robin's far away.
Oh! the moments! grains of gold!
Sparkling gems of worth untold!
Watch them, guard them, while you can,
Use them for the good of man."

PROGRESS IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

By H. B. SCOTT.

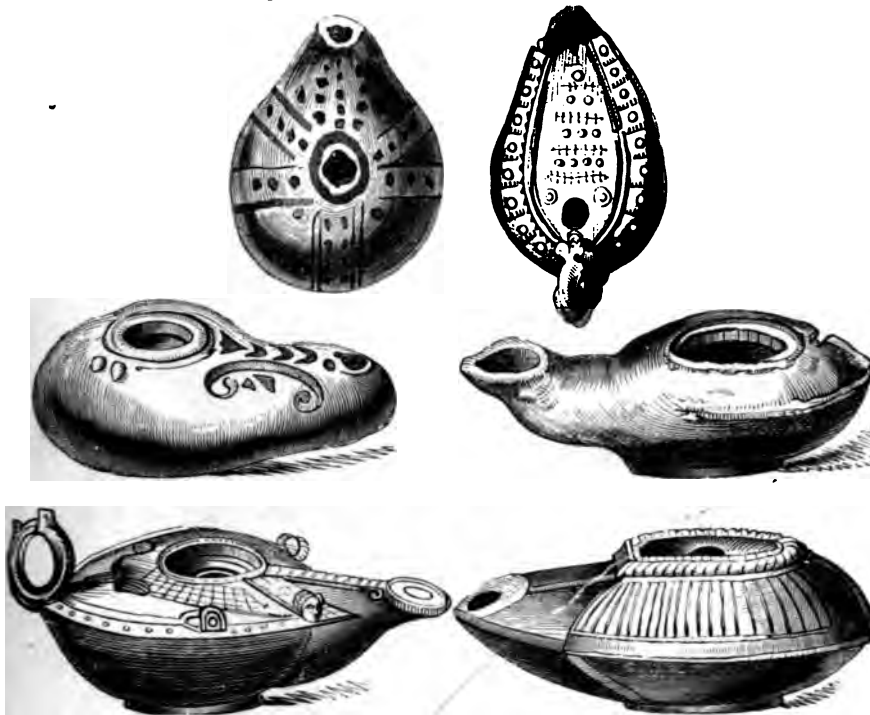
A GREAT deal of scientific ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of lamps for domestic purposes as well as for public use, and the remarkable improvements made in their illuminating properties at the present day have become a considerable source of interest to the scientific world as well as to the public at large. The progress also that has marked the course of improvements in the matter of artificial light during the past century is truly wonderful, and worthy of consideration. In olden times the lamps, if intended for the consumption of oil, were of very

"fixed candlestick" of this kind occurs in Shakspeare. It is in Henry V., where the French nobles, assembled in the camp of Agincourt, are vamping about their superiority over the English. Grandpré says:

"Big Mars seems bankrupt to their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;
Their horsemen sit like 'fixed candlesticks,'
With torch-staves in their hands;"

a simile which was far from being borne out by the result of the approaching battle.

There has also been put upon record the use of a living candlestick, arising out of the use of pine splints in Scotland for flambeaux. Sir Walter Scott has thus woven the incident into his Legend of Montrose. Donald, the old servant of Angus McAuley, is relating a circumstance in which his master was concerned: "When our laird was up in England, where he gangs oftener than his friends can wish, he was bidding at the house o' this Sir Miles Musgrave, an' there was putten on the table six candlesticks, that they tell me were twice as muckle as the candlesticks in Dum-



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LAMPS.

simple character, and were placed in any kind of stand indiscriminately. Candles, too, as well as torches, or substitutes for torches, were, in domestic apartments, placed in holders of various kinds. Some old candlesticks still preserved represent a soldier or armed man holding vertically in each hand a lance or staff, on the upper end of which was placed the light. An allusion to a

blane Kirk, and neither airn, brass, nor tin, but a' solid silver, nae less; up wi' their English pride hae sae muckle, and ken sae little how to guide it! Sae they began to jeer the laird, that he saw nae sic graith in his ain poor country; and the laird, scorning to hae his country put down without a word for its credit, swore, like a gude Scotchman, that he had mair candlesticks,

and better candlesticks, in his ain castle at haim than were ever lighted in a hall in Cumberland."

A wager of two hundred marks was laid and

been from very early ages, the custom of lighting the apartments of

A candlestick, therefore, in the sense in which we usually apply the term, is to be looked for in the history of

The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, so rich in objects pertaining to almost every branch of art, have not failed to light many elegant lamps bearing upon this department of domestic ornament. Many of the Roman lamps were extremely beautiful. Both the lamps and lamp-stands were objects of great attention among the ancients. Winckelmann remarks:

among the most curious objects found at Herculaneum is a lamp in which the ancients displayed elegance and magnificence. Lamps of this kind will be found in the ruins of Portici, both in clay and metal, but especially the latter



POMPEIAN LAMPS AND STANDS.

accepted; the gentlemen visited the Scotch laird's house some time afterward, and in the dining-hall the following scene met their view: "The large oaken table was spread with substantial joints of meat, and seats were placed in order for the guests. Behind every seat stood a gigantic Highlander, completely dressed and armed after the fashion of his country, holding in his right hand his drawn sword, with the point turned downward, and in the left a blazing torch made of the bog-pine. This wood, found in the morasses, is so full of turpentine that when split and dried it is frequently used in the Highlands instead of candles. The unexpected and somewhat startling apparition was seen by the red glare of the torches, which displayed the wild features, unusual dress and glittering arms of those who bore them; while the smoke eddying up to the roof of the hall, over-canopied them with a volume of vapor." These bold Highlanders were the "candlesticks" more precious and more effective in the laird's eyes than if they had been of silver; and he was adjudged to have won the wager.

Tallow, like butter, is hardly known in the tropical regions; and hence we find that lamps for the combustion of liquid oil are, and have

the ornaments of the ancients have some reference to some particular thing,



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LAMPS.

at with rather remarkable subjects." Some of the designs were curious. One specimen with represents a Silenus, having a face mingling with the joyous hilarity ascribed to this, and an owl sitting on his head between two beams which support stands for lamps. Another is a flower-stalk growing out of a circular base, with snail shells hanging from it by small rings, which hold the oil and wick. A third exhibits a trunk of a tree with lamps suspended in the branches. Another is a beautifully-ought representation of a boy, with a lamp hanging from one hand, and an instrument for lighting it from the other, the lamp itself representing a theatrical mask; beside him is a twisted column surmounted by the head of a fawn or bacchanal, which has a lid in its crown, and seems intended as a reservoir of oil; the boy and pillar are both placed on a square plateau raised upon lion's claws.

The wicks of these lamps were simply a few twisted threads drawn through a hole in the upper surface of the oil vessel, and there was nothing analogous to the modern "lamp glass;" but the



ROMAN CANDELABRUM, OR LAMP STAND.

Romans were not ignorant of the convenience and arrangement of lanterns. A very elegant lantern was found at Herculaneum in 1760. It is of cylin-

drical form, with a hemispherical top, and is made of sheet copper, except the two main supports, which are cast. The bottom consists of a flat



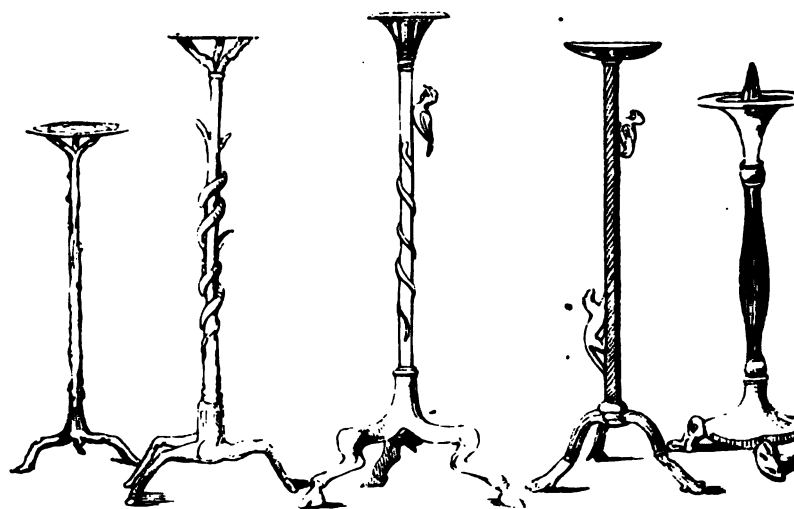
DEVICES ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LAMPS.

circular copper plate, supported by three balls, and turned up all round the rim, from which rise the rectangular supports which bear the upper part of the lantern-frame. The top and bottom are further connected by interior upright pieces, which help to retain the laminæ of horn, or glass, or bladder, which form the semi-transparent case of the lantern. In the centre is seen the small lamp. The hemispherical cover is capable of being lifted on and off, and is pierced with holes for the admission of air.

The candelabra of the Romans bore the same relation to the lamps that our candlesticks do to candles; they simply acted as support, and were

independent of the lamps themselves. As to the adaptation of candelabra for particular purposes, it has been found that those used in public edifices were usually of considerable size, and made with a large cup at the top to receive a lamp or sufficient unctuous material to feed a large flame; as were also those employed for burning incense in the temple.

Those, on the other hand, which have been discovered in the private dwellings of the ruined cities, consist generally of tall, slender bronze



ANCIENT ROMAN CANDELABRA, OR LAMP STANDS.

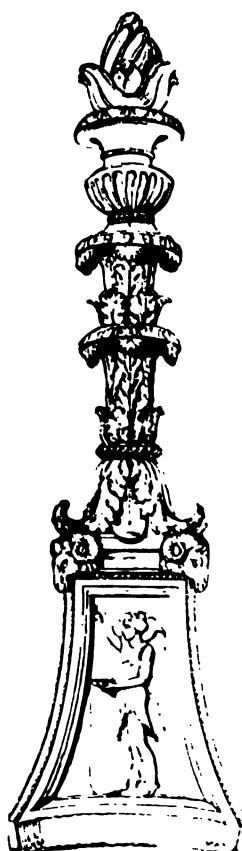
stands, having at the top a flat circular tablet to hold a lamp, or a vase-like vessel fitted to contain oil, and having also projecting feet at the bottom of the long stem.

The lamps themselves, for the support of which these candelabra were made, were very simple pieces of mechanism. In the British Museum are numerous examples of such lamps, which must be familiar to most of the visitors. Throughout the early ages the lamps employed bore a general resemblance one to another; they differed but little (except perhaps in the material), each having an orifice at which the oil was introduced, and another for the reception of the few filaments which served as a wick.

But lamps were only one form of the ancient means of illumination. There

were torches, flambeaux, lanterns, and cresset various kinds. Without stopping, however, notice the minor differences observable in light-giving arrangements of the several Eas nations, we will confine ourselves nearer home and glance more critically at past usages in our own and neighboring countries.

Beckmann, a German writer, has collected a good deal of information as to the time when the mode in which the principal cities of Europe began to be lighted. There seems to be no evidence that any system of street-lighting was regularly acted on till about the sixteenth century when Paris took the lead. At that time French metropolis was much infested with street robbers in the night time, and the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning before their houses during the night. In 1558 the police authorities of the city ordered that at the corners of the principal streets should be set *fallots*, which were large vases, filled with pitch, resin, and other combustible matter. The relation of the flame from these *fallots*, however, was so bad that they were afterwards superseded by lanterns. The next step arose out of a private speculation on the part of an Italian named Laudati. This person, in 1662, obtained an exclusive privilege, for twenty years, of erecting, not only in Paris, but also in other towns of the kingdom, booths or posts, where any person might hire a lantern, which he might either carry himself or hire a person to carry for him. Laudati



ROMAN CANDELABRUM.

authorized to receive from every one who hired a lantern to a coach five sous, and for every foot passenger three sous for a quarter of an hour; and to prevent disputes in regard to time, it was ordered that a regulated hour-glass should be carried along with each lantern.

This system was convenient so far as it went; but it left untouched the necessity for permanent lights under a central control. Shortly afterwards the stationary lanterns were improved in form and increased in number; they had previously been used only in the four winter months, but they now came to be lighted during the whole year. Next arose the method of using the reverberating lamps, as they were termed; that is, lamps which were suspended from a string that crossed the street from side to side, and hung over the carriage-way at such a height as to permit vehicles to pass beneath them. This mode of lighting the streets was thus quaintly described by an English gentleman, who visited the French metropolis in the time of Louis XIV.:

"The streets are lighted alike all the winter long, as well when the moon shines as at other times of the month; which I remember the rather because of the impertinent usage of our people of

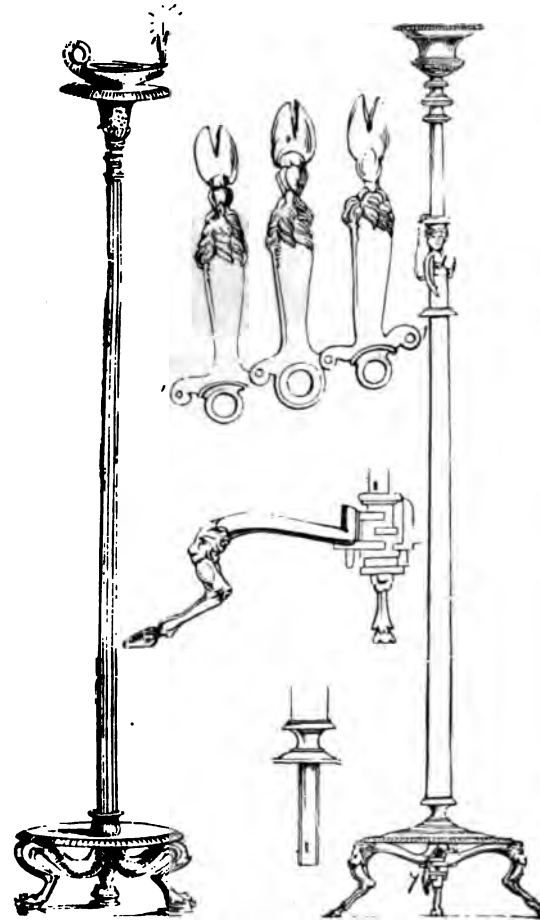
London to take away the light for half of the month, as though the moon was certain to shine and light the streets, and that there could be no cloudy weather in winter. The lanthorns here hang down in the very middle of the streets, about twenty paces distance, and twenty feet high. They are made of a square of glass about two feet deep, covered with a broad plate of iron; and the rope that lets them down is secured and locked up in an iron funnel and little trunk fastened into the wall of the house.

These lanthorns have candles of four in the pound in them, which last burning till after

ROMAN CANDELABRUM.

midnight." He further adds: "As to these lights, if any man break them he is forthwith sent to the galleys; and there were three young gentlemen of good families who were in prison for

having done it in a frolic, and could not be released thence in some months, and that not without the diligent application of good friends at court." It seems from this latter statement that they had no pliable Pardon Boards in those days!

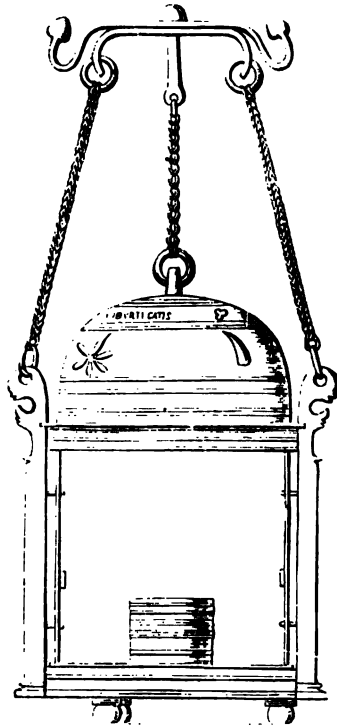


ANCIENT ROMAN CANDELABRA, OR LAMP STANDS.

At Vienna, until about seventy years ago, the inhabitants had to take or send the street lamps to the "lamp office" every morning, to have them filled with oil, and had then to place them up in front of their houses during the night—the government, in fact, supplying the lights, but the inhabitants themselves performing the duties of lamp-lighters. But after the period named a body of lamp-lighters wearing a uniform, and being under military discipline, was appointed. In Berlin the system of lighting the streets commenced by the inhabitants of every third house being ordered to hang out, in turns, a lantern before their

doors. After this the city authorities adopted the erection of lamp-posts, the lamps for which were kept lighted at the expense of the inhabitants. The streets of modern Rome were not lighted at

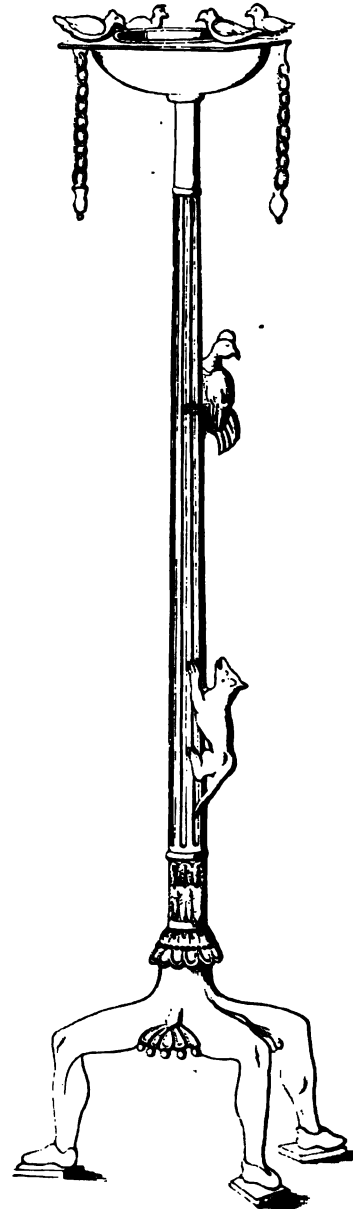
or custom seems to have prevailed; the city authorities continuing to issue the order, and citizens continuing to obey or evade the order according as their patriotism or their parsimony swayed them.



BRONZE LANTERN, FROM HERCULANEUM.

all until a very late period; and it is said that Pope Sixtus the Sixth ordered that the number of lights placed before images of saints in the public places should be increased, as a means of lessening the darkness of the streets. Generally speaking, it was not until the seventeenth century that towns of importance, such as Hamburg, Venice, Madrid, The Hague, Copenhagen, Massina and Palermo began to adopt the practice of permanent street-lighting at night.

Until about the commencement of the fourteenth century there was no provision for lighting the streets of London, except by the lanterns or torches which the inhabitants carried with them, or chose voluntarily to hang upon the outside of their houses. In the year 1416, however, the Mayor, Sir Henry Barton, ordered lanterns and lights to be hung out in winter from Allhallows to Candlemas. For the long period of three centuries, down to the reign of Queen Anne, this plan



ETRUSCAN CANDELABRUM, FLORENCE.

Until 1690 the obligations of the citizens lighting the fronts of their houses were rather vague character; but in that year the order



EARLY ENGLISH CRESSETS.

made more exact by specifying that every house-keeper should hang out a lamp or lantern every night as soon as it was dark, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, and keep it burning until midnight. Again, about thirty years afterwards, the common council ordered that all housekeepers whose houses fronted on any street, lane, or public passage, should, "on every dark night, that is, every night from the second night after full moon to the seventh night after new moon, hang out one or more lights, with sufficient cotton wicks, to continue burning from six till eleven o'clock in the evening, under the penalty of one shilling."

In the meantime a license had been granted to certain parties "concerned and interested in glass lights, commonly called or known by the name of convex lights," to supply such of the street lamps as were supported by the corporation. But for many years the arrangements were lamentably deficient. In 1730 the corporation applied to Parliament for power to enable them to light the streets in a better manner. The act which they obtained empowered them to set up a

sufficient number of glass lamps, which were to be kept burning from sunset to sunrise throughout the year. The result of this was that nearly five thousand street lamps were erected within the city. This was the commencement of the state of things which, subject to gradual modifications, lasted till within reach of the present generation—to be then superseded by the most valuable and important discovery ever made in the system of lighting towns.

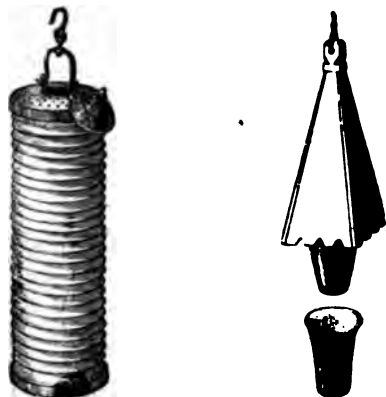
This was the production and distribution of street gas in the manner as it is now used. In this, as in too many other cases, the first contriver or inventor of the system, the man who paved the way for all that has been since done, failed to reap the benefit which was due to his ingenuity.

The circumstances connected with the introduction of gaslight we find are thus noted in the "Penny Cyclopædia:" "Although the properties of coal-gas were known to many persons, no one thought of applying it to a useful object until the year 1792, when Mr. Murdoch, an en-



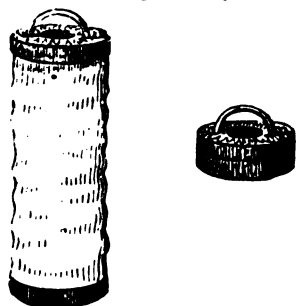
EARLY ENGLISH CRESSETS.

gineer, residing at Redruth, in Cornwall, erected a little gasometer and apparatus, which produced gas enough to light his own house and offices. Mr. Murdoch appears to have had no imitators, but he was not discouraged; and in 1797 he



COMMON EGYPTIAN LANTERN.

erected a similar apparatus in Ayrshire, where he then resided. In the following year he was engaged to put up a gas-works at the manufactory of Boulton and Watt at Soho. This was the first application of gas in the large way; but excepting in manufactories or among scientific men it excited little attention until the year 1802, when the front of the great Soho manufactory was brilliantly illuminated with it on the occasion of the public rejoicings at the peace. Accustomed as we are now to the common use of gas, we cannot even now but be struck with such a display on a large scale; but the superiority of the new light



PERSIAN LANTERN.

over the dingy oil-lamps used in that day, when thus brought into public view, produced an astonishing effect. All Birmingham poured forth to view the spectacle, and strangers carried to every part of the country an account of what they

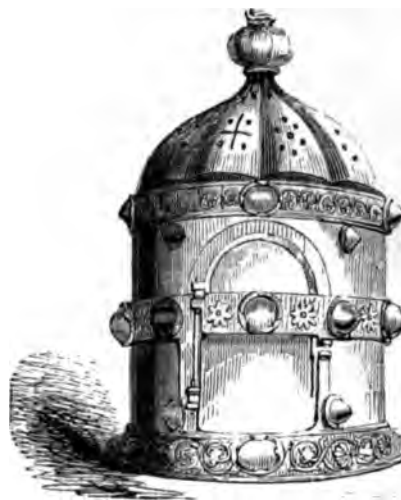
had seen. It was spread about every newspaper; easy modes of making gas were described, and coal was distilled in tobacco pipes, and the fireside all over the kingdom. But the use of gas was thus spreading in the



CHINESE LANTERNS.

ing towns, it made very little progress in the country. This may be accounted for in some measure by the circumstance that no means had as yet been discovered out of purifying it. It was dirty, had a very disagreeable smell, and caused headaches when used in close rooms."

It was then that Mr. Winsor took the



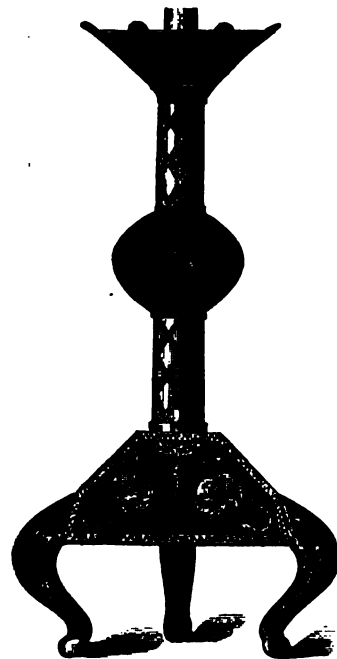
ANCIENT SAXON LANTERN.

with a view to the removal of the gas from the establishment of this as a general mode of lighting, and the founding of a joint stock company for the purpose. He was somewhat of a visionary, and failed to reap much personal advantage

the scheme; but he was a persevering man, and did much towards setting the thing afloat. The system has spread more and more every year; inasmuch that the change since the commencement of the present century has been immense. At that time the "lamp-lighter" was the indispensable agent for giving not only light to kindle the lamp, but the oil and the wick which were to be kindled. At the present day improved mechanism contrives the means in the hands of gas companies for testing how the lighting of scores of streets and hundreds of buildings is going on, and at what rate the light-giving agent is diffusing itself in every direction from the centre of operations.

We need scarcely refer to the several other schemes that have originated for the purpose of

years, but which, for some unaccountable reason, has not proved a complete success. That the light produced is superior to that produced from the coal, we have had full evidence; but there is some drawback or defect in the mechanism used in its production which has not as yet been over-



MODERN ROMAN CANDELABRUM.

producing artificial light during this period of time; enough to know that none of them have ever come into general use. The nearest approach to the gaslight from coal has been that produced from coal oil, in combination with water, a process invented within the past few



HANGING CANDELABRA, OR CHANDELIER.

come, and hence its failure in superseding the former.

With this brief review of the progress made in the production and use of artificial light in the world's history, we can well exclaim, what a revolution has been made! But what may not another century develop? Already Edison is giving us very strong evidence of a new light that promises to overtop anything yet produced. Whether he shall succeed remains to be seen. His failure, however, will not deter the world's progress in this direction. Some other genius will arise to complete what his fertile brain may have suggested but failed to develop.

AMERICA'S SONG COMPOSERS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

XIII.—THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

AMONG the youngest of our song-writers, Mr. Westendorf has already attained an enviable position, which is becoming still more so with each successive publication from his pen. Though living in the West, his musical reputation is not at all confined to that locality, as his pleasant songs are now sung in every part of the country, and are rapidly gaining in deserved popularity.

Thomas P. Westendorf is the son of John B. Westendorf and Mary Margaret Parham, and was born in Port Royal, Caroline County, Virginia, February 23d, 1848; so that he is now but thirty-two years of age. Both his parents were of musical taste and inclination, and gladly fostered the love and talent for music that was evinced by their son even in his earliest years.

The family removing to Chicago in 1857, his musical education was placed in charge of Professor Louis Staab on piano, and Professor Henry Declercq on the violin, under each of whom he made rapid and satisfactory progress, not only upon those but upon wind instruments as well.

Meanwhile he began the study of the legal profession in the office of the well-known Chicago lawyer, John Lyle King, Esq. It did not take him long to discover that he was not calculated to become a very shining light at the Bar; so, after due consideration, he relinquished his efforts in that direction, and returned to his first love, music; but resolved to make what was formerly a pleasure to him a profit also.

A position as pianist in a concert company having been offered him he accepted it, and was sufficiently successful to attract the attention of the authorities of the Chicago Reform School, who engaged him as teacher of the brass band and of singing.

Under his leadership and instruction the entertainments given by the Reform School band became very popular, and gained for him quite a musical reputation throughout the State as an instructor of juvenile bands.

The great fire at Chicago effected the discontinuance of that institution; he therefore accepted

a similar position immediately offered him in the State School, at Plainfield, Indiana.

It was here that Mr. Westendorf first met the lady who afterwards became his wife, Miss Jenn Morrow, of Ogdensburg, New York, who was in charge of the school at Clayton, Indiana; and was here, too, that he began to write verses, the most sentimental character, of course, inspired by his devotion to that same young lady, the successful result proving them to have been more efficacious than such effusions usually are.

The first of these was entitled, "Darling, Sorrow I Leave Thee," and, striking the fancy of George W. Persley, of Chicago, the well-known composer (a sketch of whom, by the way, will appear in a future number of this series), was set to music by him, and proved to be a very successful ballad.

Thus encouraged, other song-words followed in rapid succession, Mr. Persley mating them to taking music, and many of them became popular. At his suggestion Mr. Westendorf now began to attempt melodies of his own to his verses, but was too diffident to offer them to a publisher. He at last allowed Mrs. Robert Emmet, of Indianapolis, to look over his various MSS.; and, over-persuaded by her, he permitted her to find a publisher.

She took "Our Little Darling's Grave" to B. Ham & Stedman, of the same city; and, issued them, it soon became a home-song known all over the country, and our young composer found himself engaged to write for this firm regularly.

His name becoming known, other publishers began sending to him requesting MSS. to be forwarded for examination; and, almost before he knew it, he found himself a composer of reputation, and his compositions in demand by both publishers and the public.

Among the songs that made themselves heard pretty extensively about this time, and among the first published, were, "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen," "Annie Lorraine," "Jessie that Li-o'er the Sea," "Have you forgotten, Genevieve," "Sing to me, Dearest," "Good-bye, Mavo

neen," "Kitty McLain," and "Are You One of the 90 and 9?" The last-mentioned was a great favorite with Mr. Sankey, and sung by him at most of his meetings. The composer had some correspondence with this celebrated evangelist, and noticing that he signed himself "Ira D. Sankey, one of the 90 and 9," the idea suggested itself that it would make a good sacred song; and so it proved, and will long hold its place at revivals and religious meetings.

It may seem somewhat strange, but Mr. Westendorf has never met any of his publishers personally, his business with them being carried on entirely by mail; and, much as his songs are sung at concerts and minstrel halls, he never has had the gratification of hearing one of them in public. He is now an officer in the House of Refuge at Louisville, Kentucky, and his time being occupied from 5.30 A.M. to 8 P.M. leaves him no opportunity for travel or recreation, his business keeping him entirely from the outer world. The only wonder is how, under such circumstances, with such surroundings, uncongenial, to say the least, he is enabled to produce such beautiful songs, replete with sentiment and refinement. His duties there, as he himself expresses it, is "to help to reform bad boys, to teach a brass band composed of lads whose ages range from six to sixteen, and to teach singing from time to time, besides giving exhibitions in public, all of which has a tendency to elevate their minds and build up a desire to be something in the world; in other words, I deal out the music to 'soothe the savage breast' and soften the hard heart." Doubtless his music has had a soothing and beneficial effect upon many outside of the walls of a public institution, for good music has an influence for good wherever it is heard.

Mr. Westendorf has written some one hundred and fifty songs, and with about a half-dozen exceptions, the words as well as the music are his own. They are mostly of a sentimental character, though some are of the humorous order, and others inspired by some particular circumstance or occasion.

We will here quote a couple of the first-named class, to give some idea of his powers of versification. He makes no claims or pretensions as a poet, but his verse will be found to flow easily, his words to be well chosen, and the sentiment simple, pure and refined:

IS THERE NO KISS FOR ME TO-NIGHT.

Is there no kiss for me to-night, love,—
Is there no smile to welcome me now?
Must the hopes that were once so bright, love,
Be dispell'd by the frown on your brow?
Must the past, with its joys be blighted
By a future of sorrow and pain?—
Must the vows we have made be slighted?—
Don't you think you could love me again?

CHORUS:

Tell me, why has your heart grown cold, love,
Tell me, where are your smiles so bright?
Have you banished the joys of old, love—
Is there no kiss for me to-night?

When I feel that you do not love me,
That your heart is not true as of old,
Oh, how dark seem the skies above me,
And the world, oh, how strangely cold!
All the years would be sad without you,—
There'd be nothing to cheer my poor heart;
Darling, how could I live without you?—
Tell me now that we never shall part.

Bid me hope coming days will bring, love,
All the joys that the past ever knew;
Let the memories so dear still cling, love,
To the heart that is faithful and true;
And I'll promise you, love, that never
Shall a word from my lips give you pain;
And my life shall be yours forever,
If you only will love me again.

THIS OLD SCHOOL-BOOK OF MINE.

And so, old friend, we meet again,
Though many years have passed
Since you, upon that gloomy shelf,
By boyish hands were cast;
And though begrim'd with dust of years,
Still dear each page of thine;—
My heart is glad again to see
This old school-book of mine.

CHORUS:

What precious mem'ries cluster 'round
Each letter, word and line!
My childhood's days again are found
In this old book of mine.

Again within a shaded room
I dream thy pages o'er,
While fragrance from the blooming fields
Steals through the open door.
And see, 'tis here, the very word,
All blotted o'er with tears!
I almost feel the pain they cost
In those old by-gone years.

No, no, old friend, we'll never part!
Thou'rt far too dear to me;

For you bring back unto my heart
The joys that used to be:
A girlish face, all wreath'd with smiles,
In fancy I behold,
As now I look up from thy page
Just as I did of old.

One of Mr. Westendorf's latest successes is a song occasioned by the colored folks' exodus from the South to Kansas, published by a Philadelphia music firm. It has been sung by most of the minstrel companies throughout the country, and has proved a decided hit. It is called "Going from de Cotton Fields." It is a dialect piece and characteristic, and the words are here given, as they are of a different description from his usual style:

GOING FROM DE COTTON FIELDS.

I's going from de cotton fields, I's going from de cane,
I's going from de old log hut dat stands down in de lane;
De boat am in de ribber, dat hab come to take me off;
I's gone and jined de "Exodus," dat's making for de norf.
Dey tell me, out in Kansas, dat's so many miles away,
De colored folks am flocking, cause dere getting better pay.
I don't know how I'll find it dar, but I is bound to try,
So when de sun goes down to-night, I's going to say good-by.

CHORUS:

I's going from de cotton-fields, and oh, it makes me cry,
For, when de sun goes down to-night, I's going to say
good-by.

But Dinah, she don't want to go; she says we're getting old,
She's 'fraid dat she will freeze to death, de country am so
cold;

De story 'bout the work and pay she don't believe am true;
She's begg'd me not to do the thing dat I am bound to do.
And so I's sold de cattle, and de little patch of groun'
Dat good ole massa gabe us, when de Yankee troops came
down;

My heart am awful heavy, and de tears am in my eye,
For, when de sun goes down to-night, I's going to say
good-by.

It grieves me now to leave de place where I was born and
bred,
To leave de friends dats living and de graves of dem dats
dead;

De flow'rs dat grow where massa sleeps will miss my tender
care,

No hand like mine will ever go to keep dem blooming dere.
But den de times hab got so hard, and I is old and poor;
De hungry wolf am looking in and snarling at my door;
I's got to help the children some before I comes to die,
So, when de sun goes down to-night, I's going to say
good-by.

Among others of Mr. Westendorf's songs that

have already achieved a success, and which will be recalled by their titles to most of the readers of this MONTHLY, are: "Little Bright-eyes," "Open the Gates as High as the Sky," "Darlin' Louise," "Old Times," "Unhappy Contraband," "Benny, Come Back to the Farm," "Little John Bottle John," a humorous piece; "If I Knew You'd Always love Me," "Days that are Gone," "Jessie that Lives o'er the Sea," "Queen of the Archers," "Sweetest Little Baby that I know," "Angels called Thee, Little Darling," "O Erin, Home of my Heart," "Beautiful Flower will Blossom Again," "You are Breaking Mother's Heart," "Darling Daisy of Dundee," "Day the Long Ago," "Days that are Gone seem the Brightest," "Down where the Daisies grow," "Give my Love to all at Home," "I love you Better than you Know," "You're Forgetting Me Little Daisy," "Nobody seems to Care," "Rob they tell me you're going Away," "Rosebuds Sweetest in May," "Sweet little May," "An old Elm over the Gate," "Finger-prints upon a Pane," "Village Lass and I," "No Jewel Cross for Me," "Why are you angry with me Love?" But this is already quite a catalogue of sweets, though it would be an easy matter to make it twice as long, for he has written near two hundred ballads, of which these are but a agreeable selection.

Of instrumental and dance music Mr. Westendorf has composed considerable. Some of the best known of these are the favorite waltzes "Fun and Frolic," "Telephone," "Happy Heart," "Wildwood Blossoms," and "Sound from Fairyland;" then "Little Romp Galop," "Brown Eyes Mazourka," "Sweet Smile Schottische," "Gleams of Sunshine Redowa," and "Woodland Pleasures Quickstep."

The great song, "The Army of the Tennessee" words by the editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* written for and sung at the late grand reception to General Grant at that city, was also one of his compositions.

As with most other composers in this country Mr. Westendorf has had a touch of the prevailing "Pinafore" fever, and is ambitious enough to essay an English opera. He has just finished the music for a libretto written by Mr. J. N. Fort Philadelphia, and in the early autumn it will be ready for stage representation. It is hoped, for the sake of the young composer, that it may

well received, and be a success in every respect. The title of the opera has not yet transpired.

Mr. Westendorf is a man of medium stature, light complexion, with heavy side whiskers and mustache. He is pleasant and agreeable in manner, of cheerful disposition, a countenance beaming with benignity, and yet a strict disciplinarian; just such a man in fact as would be most calculated

to succeed in the arduous and honorable undertaking in which he has been and is engaged in the Reform Schools and House of Refuge. It must take a good deal of conscientious determination and courage to choose such a life of social isolation, and the spirit of a Mark Tapley to continue in it. One can't help thinking of a bird in a cage.

THE JUNE-BOX.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was beaming brightly upon the two opposing rows of cottages that were huddled up close together and crowded forward almost into the street, as, if they could get out of their narrow confinement, they intended to run away like a naughty child. This clustering of home-nests was nothing more nor less than our village, though perhaps upon the local map it may have had another name, one with a purer geographical sound.

All that is of little matter; it was our village, and there we were all born; yet it must be acknowledged that but few of us young people had any desire to have it said that we "died there."

To carve our names upon the world's roll of honor, "to do, or to die" in the effort, was to us far more worthy than to drone out an unambitious life after the pre-arranged plan of our humdrum grandparents.

The narrow highway, with its irregular bordering of brown or white cottages, was not breezy nor expansive enough for us; we desired "to see something of the world before we died."

Our ambitions vaulted to various altitudes; one to be a merchant, another a jeweler, a few plodders (?) aimed only at acquiring good trades as mechanics; some to be milliners or dressmakers, one or two looked longingly at the Normal School, that fancied heaven of the farmer's daughter—and I? Well, little would it have done for me to have hinted that some time my friends might, if my hopes were gratified, find me enacting the part of chronicler.

Our life and our hopes were doubtless but a fac-

simile of the hopes of all young people throughout this hopeful country.

In Europe everything is different; there people take it for granted that as they are born so they must die. Betterment of condition is not for them, except at the whim of those of fortunate birth.

The American babe snaps his finger at the whims of his betters, and early begins to carve a pathway for himself as and where he listeth.

So it chanced upon a certain month of June that you could not have found in our village six persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, upon any day other than Sunday; and those few were young ladies whose parents were by many devices "keeping them at home as long as possible."

What wonder that upon Sunday, when the young to-be merchants or mechanics entered the village church with their parents, that the village stay-at-homes vied with the young shop-girls in coquettish graces donned to attract the young men?

The girl stay-at-homes felt that their more fortunate friends, who must of course have nice times all the week, ought to give them the field entirely.

But the shop-girls were many of them learning that the outside world was not wholly pleasant, and they felt entitled to all that they could get, even in the once despised country village.

Among the many comely youths was one that was an especial favorite among the girls. His hair was dark and curly, his figure tall and commanding, his complexion clear as a girl's, and a

hand that was rapidly growing handsome and shapely as it forgot the hard labor of its boyhood, and became more accustomed to the pen and pencil only.

Frank Jeffords was really a handsome youth, and it was not strange that his old school-friends' untried, inexperienced girl-hearts, should have throbbled more quickly as he passed up the narrow stairway to the gallery where sat the choir.

Mabel Luce, the best scholar in the district school, and aspiring to be its teacher the next term, was like unto the "other girls;" both stay-at-homes and shop-girls, slightly interested in the Saturday night home-comers.

Her friend and rival, Mattie Rice, was a far prettier girl than Mabel; but in love as in war, all precedents fail, and it is never safe to wager until after the victory is won.

CHAPTER II.

"Say, girls, next Saturday night let's hang all the boys a June-box."

"How in the world shall we make them, and what shall we put in them?"

"Oh, of colored paper; just a 'love-box,' you know, large enough to hold a little confectionery, a piece of poetry, etc. And say, you know that hateful old maid, Suke Jones? Well, she says that we girls are all in love with Frank Jeffords, and I'm mad as I can be, and if we hang him anything good she'll think she's right; so let's put a mitten in his."

"Agreed; lets," cried all the girls; and Mabel quickly offered to knit the scarlet mitten; for, true to the nature of woman, she was on the alert lest her secret preference be suspected, and so hastened to conceal it by an extra amount of apparent indifference.

Merrily the girls cut fancy paper, and folded it into those mysterious, old-fashioned love-boxes.

The gifted ones set the poetical machinery working for the bewilderment of the receivers.

If it did not come up to the true poetical standard it did rhyme, and that was one thing in its favor; much of it was witty, and that was another, which was more than can be said of much that is called poetry.

The night came that was to set the quiet village in great commotion.

The girls told themselves off in parties of two, each couple armed with one box intended for the

gratification of some favored gentleman, or the utter confusion and annoyance of some poor fellow that had, perhaps by wholly unwitting neglect, incurred the displeasure of some village belle.

The envied shop-girls had been invited to share the village frolic, and as one saw from almost every house one, two, or three girls come quietly out into the darkness, their curiosity must have been greatly aroused.

It was ten o'clock, and the orderly and quiet village had been silent and dark an hour. Not in the clear starlight could be seen the dusky forms of various couples, their faces well hidden from the view of the curious by poke-sunbonnets and in the semi-darkness could but remind one of the twinlike nuns that one often meets in the street bent upon some errand of mercy.

The smothered laughter of these girls did not indicate that they had been summoned to the sick- or death-bed of some friend. No; this was surely and purely a country girl's frolic.

They had promised each other not to speak even if caught, so that the young men should be left all at sea as to which particular girl had particular interest in any particular box.

The girls had wagered a quart of peanuts that Mabel Luce could never pass the ordeal without speaking.

Mabel was disgusted, and promised a daub to all the young people in the village if she was not as silent as the grave.

The girls were delighted at her offer; for they were sure of a frolic now. Country girls have few pleasures that an invitation to "draw" noddles candy, or as is the more common expression, a "candy-daub," is a thing to be appreciated.

Having attended such gatherings, I can testify that to call it a daub, though it has not elegant sound, is most expressive of its character. The girls knew Mabel's peculiar faculty for putting ting into a "scrape," and they were positive that she would scream, or do something, and that they should have "the daub."

Silently those dusky couples sped to their appointed localities, suspended their boxes by loops of ribbon on the door-latches, rapped with all their power, and then turned and ran swiftly—away. How is this?

They had calculated upon gaining one or

"laps" to their credit whilst the boys were waking up and dressing; but the boys were not napping, and nine-tenths of the girls were caught within twenty feet of the door.

There is always a traitor in every crowd, and Mattie Rice, knowing that Mabel was one of the two that were to hang Frank Jefford's box, had hoped, by representing the matter in a certain light to him, to create a disgust upon his part toward Mabel and her partners in the evening's folly that would bring into full relief her own more ladylike (?) charms.

To him she represented that she had contemptuously refused to assist the girls, while in truth she had aided the affair to her utmost, suggesting many absurd points that the others would not have thought of; but, exhilarated by the increasing excitement, they readily accepted her suggestions, many of which at the outset they would have scorned.

At the last moment Mattie professed to be suffering from a headache, and dared not go.

Thus it was that the boys were warned, and were waiting with unbolted doors and latches lifted, ready to spring through at the first rap.

Frank tripped as he sprang off the door-stone, thus giving Mabel and her companion a moment's advantage; the two girls ran swiftly as antelopes, and he could not gain upon them; they bravely kept ever just beyond his reach; on, on they sped through the village and down the hill to the valley beneath, across which ran the lovely stream called Woodsey River, from the heavy forests that adorned much of its banks.

Beyond the bridge rose a hill, and as he saw them already faltering he knew the race was nearly

over, for they must lessen their pace to ascend the hill.

CHAPTER III.

WHO the fair runners were he was at a loss to decide; in vain had he tried to tempt them to answer his calls, or even to laugh so that he might recognize them.

They have steadily sped on, regardless of all except their desire to outdistance him, and to escape somehow.

The race is nearer over than they think; Frank suddenly gains upon them so much that he thinks to grasp the one nearest him—almost is not quite, Frank; she springs to one side to elude him, and goes sliding down a steep embankment; crash goes a rickety rail fence, there is a sound as of the plashing of water, and a voice at the same moment shrieked in terror, "Frank!"

Stopping not a moment, but with boots and coat on Frank springs over the railing, and in a few moments—he knows who hung his June-box.

As the girls prophesied, Mabel had as usual "done something;" she had forgotten the proximity of the bridge, and when she jumped to one side she struck on the embankment at the left, and so slipped into the water outside of the bridge.

It was, fortunately, one of those common cases where all were "more frightened than hurt;" but oh, the mysterious mysteries of love! that one wild cry of "Frank" had cast down all the barriers that Mattie Rice's shrewd misrepresentations had built up, and nothing earthly could henceforth divide those two hearts that from that moment began to "beat as one."

THE sun does not forbid the diamond to sparkle, nor the dew-drop to glisten, nor the cloud to shine; so neither does religion in the soul extinguish or absorb the passions within itself; it purifies and beautifies and illuminates them all. Then, therefore, God demands that we shall not love our children, our friends, or our country less, but that we shall love him first, that we may love all these rightly.

WE know with what an excellent nicety the skillful engraver can represent the forms he designs to produce; but it is essential to his art that the substance he engraves upon should be suited to receive the impression. What could he do on the surface of coarse tile? So God refines the heart, to fit it to receive his lovely image, and then, by the operation of his Spirit, completes the glorious work.

HOW LOVE BECAME BLIND.

BY FRED. F. FOSTER.

L'AMOUR EST AVEUGLE.—FRENCH PROVERB.

ONE glorious summer morning, when quite young,
Love went to practice with his bow and arrow
Beside a stream which often has been sung,
Though it is but a brook, sluggish and narrow.

Upon the farther bank there sat a maid,
Whose age none knew exactly. Most, surmising,
Pronounced it fully twoscore. This, *she* said,
Was fifteen years too many. 'Tis surprising

But true, that scarce a spinster can be found
Who is, according to her calculation,
Past thirty, at the most. Just look around
For proof. I'm right, I'll wage my reputation.

Fat, fair, and "twenty-five;" her head bowed low
And hand above her eyes proved some deep trouble
Was rankling in her breast. The *pose*, you know,
Expresses a great deal,—where one sits double.

The little archer had not thought to find,
That morn, a better game than dove or linnet;
Though he, by far, preferred the human kind
To shoot at, there was so much more sport in it.

This unsuspecting maid was choicer game
Than he had seen in a long time; 'tis awful,
The thought how cruel Love can be. I blame
Him very much for deeming such prey lawful.

It always seemed, if I were in his place,
My purposed victims I would give fair warning;
Do battle with them bravely, face to face,
Not like a coward, open warfare scorning.

And yet I never found in history,—
My reading it has been somewhat extensive;
To me it *was*, not *is* a mystery,—
An era in which love played the defensive.

The reason why is plain. For his attacks
He'll choose the strangest ways and times and places,
When we are least prepared to thwart his knacks,
The best that we can do is—make wry faces.

In fragrant roses, which some gentle girl,
Receiving from a friend, to her lip presses,
The wretch is oft ensconced, and thence doth hurl
The dart which her young heart sorely distresses.

I've heard he slyly lurks within a kiss,
That unsubstantial thing,—the necromancer!
Do I believe it? Well, he may. How? This
I candidly confess I cannot answer.

We cannot fight against an enemy
If we have no idea of his position.
No one e'er knows where Love may chance to be;
Therefore he meets with little opposition.

But to the tale.—To think that he could wound
The pensive maid, pleased Love beyond expression
I fail to see what pleasure can be found
In harming others.—Pardon the digression.

In medio tutissimus; append
An *ibis*, and it means, applied to writing,
"Stick to your text."—To do so I intend,
But sometimes am erratic, when inditing.

So, *revenons a nos moutons*:—although
The phrase is French, I think it is quite pat in
This place; for, if translated, it will show
An import like the other, which is Latin.

The bow-man,—call it *beau*-man, an you choose,—
Searched through his quiver with deliberation,
To find an arrow suitable to use;
One that, when shot, would make no deviation.

But go right to the mark; in every part
The perfectest, so smooth, so straight, so slender,
So finely pointed it *must* pierce the heart,
However hard it be; if it was tender,

Why, all the better. Then he took his bow,
And to its string the shaft he nicely fitted.
His aim was good,—it mostly is, you know,—
The arrow flew and—had the Fates permitted

His plans to prosper,—I should not delay,
But let an epitaph *here* end the story.
It haps "the best-laid plans gang aft agley,"
Are likely to result in shame, not glory.

They did in this case. When the arrow hit,
'Twas in the very spot where Love intended
To have it hit, the heart; they say that it
Is injured far more easily than mended.

Mirabile! although the arrow went
Exceeding swift, it, having struck, rebounded,—
So obdurate the heart 'gainst which 'twas sent,
And, as 'twere Parthian, by it Love was wounded.

It struck him in the eye and put it out,
To his discomfort and great consternation.
The other eye, I haven't any doubt,
Grew blind from sympathetic inflammation.

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LEON MANOR; OR, THE RESOLUTE GHOSTS.

A STORY OF MARYLAND IN 1725.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

It was near the dinner hour when the master of Faywood returned to the library. The secretary had just concluded the work assigned to him, together with a thorough analysis of the contents of the loose pieces of paper which he had found, and which he had replaced in the position in which he had discovered them.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Fortescue," said Mr. Burton, "for keeping you so long from the enjoyment of the society of the pleasant company whom we have assembled here; but I was very anxious to have your opinion of the condition of those accounts as soon as possible. Are you through with the examination of them?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"And what do you think of them?" inquired the ex-lawyer.

"To all appearance," answered the secretary, "they seem to be fair, correct, and legally stated."

"That is what I had anticipated would be your opinion," returned Mr. Burton. "And yet, Mr. Fortescue, these are the accounts which my mysterious visitants insist upon my correcting. But how am I to correct what is already correct? Can it be that they are beings from a higher and better world who demand the performance of an impossibility? I begin to think with you that the devices which have been imposed upon me have been performed by application of discoveries in the natural sciences yet commonly unknown. They are, I doubt not, the tricks of some mean and underhanded enemy of mine."

The secretary looked serious, and seemed to be plunged into thought for a moment or two, as if he were considering the subject as presented by Mr. Burton's observations.

"But who in this neighborhood," he replied, at length, "possesses the requisite knowledge? and what enemies have you at all? I know of none."

"Charles Leon is the only person whose interest

seems to be at all concerned in the matter," suggested Mr. Burton.

"That is very true," replied the secretary. "But the young man has a very high character for frankness and honesty; and, to judge from the expression of his face and his general bearing, I should think that he is a man who, if he had cause even to be offended with any one, would very soon inform that person of the state of his feelings. Besides, you remember the high-toned manner in which you told me that he had refused your liberal offers. That fact does not exhibit on his part a self-seeking spirit."

"That refusal of his, however," returned Mr. Burton, "may have been only in accordance with a plan to force me to surrender Leon Manor."

"I cannot say anything as to that, sir," replied the secretary, who did not at all like the course which the conversation was taking; for he had formed a high opinion of young Leon. "If you have no further work for me to do just now, Mr. Burton, I should like to walk in the open air for a while."

"I have nothing more to require of you at this time, Mr. Fortescue," was the reply. "Go out and enjoy yourself. But—allow me to ask you again—are you certain that there is no error, no flaw of any kind in these accounts?"

"They exhibit no omission, no oversight whatever, sir," answered the secretary; "but have all the directness and perspicuity which the law requires—so far at least as I am qualified to judge."

And Mr. Fortescue, with a polite bow, turned and left the room. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Burton saw him promenading with Mr. Sumter in the back yard, which was overlooked by the library windows.

"It is evident," said Mr. Burton to himself, "that Mr. Fortescue—like most others, I must confess—thinks well of young Leon. I wonder if it is possible that Fortescue has anything to do with this mysterious matter."

The master of Faywood walked for a while up and down the room, apparently in deep thought.

"No," he said, at length; "Mr. Fortescue can have nothing to do with the matter. His interest lies rather the other way; for, if I lose Faywood, he must know he will lose his office of secretary. Bless my life!" he continued, "how thirsty I am to-day."

As he spoke he took up a pitcher which stood upon a table and poured its contents, for there was but enough for a drink in it, into a tumbler. There was at once a quick sound as of a slight explosion, and immediately the water caught fire and continued to burn for a while with a low but plainly visible flame. At the same instant a soft but distinct voice was heard to speak.

"Man," it said, "vain, empty man, note that sign. Keep your promise, or beware the consequences."

Taken entirely by surprise as he was, yet Mr. Burton—who, as the reader is aware, possessed strong nerves—replied after a moment:

"You also made a promise," he said; "it was that there would be no disturbance made by you or yours in this house while Charles Leon was in it."

"Charles Leon is not in this house," answered the low and solemn voice; "nor is he on Leon Manor. Keep your pledge, or you shall rue its breaking. I depart."

Mr. Burton sprang to the window. Mr. Sumter and the secretary were still promenading at a short distance in front of it. He called to the former, who at once approached the window.

"Mr. Sumter," asked Mr. Burton, "do you know where Charles Leon is?"

"He rode away to Patuxent Town an hour or two ago," was the answer. "He received a note informing him that a gentleman who wished to purchase a tract of land in Baltimore County which had recently been patented to Charles, wished to see him at once at the inn in the village. The young gentleman bade me make his apologies to you for his sudden departure. Will you not come out and join us in our walk?"

Mr. Burton was glad to be relieved for a while from the oppression of his own thoughts, and at once accepted Mr. Sumter's invitation.

It suits the purposes of our story to let the reader know, at the close of this chapter, that the offer which was made to Charles Leon for the

land which had been patented to him by the Proprietary Government was so liberal, being for a thousand pounds, that, after consulting Mr. Sumter by a note sent by a mounted messenger and receiving from that gentleman an approving answer, he accepted the offer, and a few days afterwards executed in legal form the papers necessary to transfer the title. The name and title of the purchaser was Sir Alfred Leighton, Baronet.

CHAPTER XIII.—MR. BURTON DETERMINES TO DISCUSS THE GHOSTS.

THE hours of the second day of the fête were passed by the different guests in a variety of amusements. Some rambled over the grounds around the house; others had made a party to down Jack's Bay in canoes to the river to find several little companies had gone away on horseback to visit some of the most picturesque scenery in the neighborhood; and two parties, each tended by a negro fiddler, had gone to different points on the westward edge of the table-land overlooking the Patuxent to dance on the grassward. To every one of the points visited via and drinks were sent by the hands of servants from Faywood, that each little band of companions might spend the whole day, if desiring to do so, in their chosen locality. Even for a fishing party a plentiful lunch of the same kind was conveyed to an appointed spot in a grove on the river's bank.

Everywhere, among the slaves as well as white folks, joy and festivity, fun and frolic prevailed. Even the elder guests gave way for a nonce with almost youthful enthusiasm to the spirit of enjoyment that ruled the occasion. The many human beings who were gathered around Faywood all were in a mood to grasp the pleasures which waited but to be seized—but the master of the place. Within his bosom the world and conscience, ambition and just wages waged a stormy war.

It was not long that Mr. Burton remained with the merchant and the secretary. The excitement of his mind could not be quieted by the usual soothing influences of cheerful and intellectual conversation. His thoughts would ceaselessly revert to the one engrossing subject; and thus was at some times absent-minded, and at other times would abruptly take part in the talk of his companions. Becoming at length aware that

singularity of his demeanor was attracting their attention, he pleaded a severe headache, and declaring that a rapid gallop was the speediest cure for it, called a servant and ordered his best riding-horse to be saddled. He apologized to the gentlemen who were with him for not inviting them to accompany him, on the plea that he should travel too fast for their enjoyment, and requested Mr. Fortescue to fill his place as host toward those of the guests who would take dinner in the mansion, and also to state the excuse for his absence to them and to Mrs. Burton.

Calvert County is a long and narrow peninsula lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the Patuxent River; and the main road of the county runs along the summit of the low ridge which divides the waters which flow eastward into the bay and westward into the river. To avoid meeting with any of the wandering groups of his visitors who had left Faywood on horseback, Mr. Burton, putting the fine animal which he rode into a swift canter, took the most direct route to this road. When he left his house his mind was in a state approximating chaos; nor was he enabled to quiet it down into a condition of something like order until he had reached and was speeding along this highway of the county.

The incident of the burning water had at first shocked Mr. Burton greatly; the mysterious voice he had become, as it were, accustomed to; yet amid the very terror which it had inspired, there flashed across his mind the glimpse of an idea which was suggested to him by the very incident itself, and which seemed to promise, if he could only tranquilize his mind into such a state as to be enabled to see it more clearly, something that would at least resemble relief,

"As the mist resembles rain."

It was for the purpose of eliminating this idea that he wished to be away by himself; and by the cheering effect of horseback exercise, so stimulating to thought, he hoped to be aided in achieving this purpose.

The thought which, even in the midst of his alarm at the last unusual and amazing incident which had occurred to him, had darted like a lightning flash into his mind, was that there was, or at least had lately been, in the neighborhood a person who, it was popularly believed, devoted himself to the study of the occult sciences. Mr. Burton recalled to mind all the marvelous things

which he had heard respecting this individual, who was generally known by the title of "the Hermit of Jack's Bay." The more he reflected upon what he had heard respecting this man, the more was his impression strengthened that this mysterious person was the prime agent of all his own troubles. True, it was generally believed that Walter Waken had left the neighborhood if not the country; but who knew to a certainty that he had done so? Might he not still be lurking around Faywood deeply disguised, or supposing that he had actually taken his departure, might he not have left his representative or representatives—for Mr. Burton was satisfied that there were at least two concerned in the execution of the mysterious plot of which he was the victim, having recognized that number of voices from the invisible actors—and given them full instructions how to produce the marvelous effects which had been wrought? In this connection he remembered also that he had heard that Charles Leon had rendered the highest service to this mysterious Hermit of Jack's Bay by having saved his life from a party of enraged fishermen.

The only reflection which prevented him from feeling absolutely certain that this theory was the true one, was the evident impossibility of accounting for the voices being distinctly heard, even in broad daylight, from no visible being. Still, he thought, there might be in science some means, unknown to him, of producing this effect also.

The result of this train of reflection was that Mr. Burton came to the determination that he would not surrender Leon Manor, with his new dignities which he enjoyed so much, and that, for the purpose of retaining his possessions, he would brave all that the ghosts could do.

"I do not believe," he said to himself, with the view of strengthening his courage to sustain this resolve, "that these are spirits; but if they are such, it is folly to suppose that spirit can affect matter except through means of the human organism. Even if they are beings of the other world, then they can do me no injury. But I will solve the mystery of the matter if I am again annoyed, even if it should be necessary to tear the house down and rebuild it in order to do so. At the worst I can sell Faywood, and purchase another estate with the money."

Having come to this resolve, Mr. Burton turned his horse's head homeward. He had scarcely left

the main county road and entered that which led from it to Faywood when he met a gentleman on horseback, who was followed by a negro servant, also mounted, and carrying across his saddle a heavy pair of saddle-bags. The stranger, who was a small and bright-eyed man, drew in his rein when he met the master of Faywood, and extended his hand to him.

"How do you do, Burton?" he said.

"Why, how are you, Moredon?" was the reply. "Here you are passing right through Leon Manor, in a direction leading from the mansion. How can you have the conscience, sir, to pass by my house without making at least a call? Come, go back with me. There is a large and very agreeable company assembled at Faywood now, and I think that we can make your time pass pleasantly, if you will spend some days with us."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said the gentleman who had been called Moredon. "I should have stopped without requiring an invitation to do so; but the fact is, I am now pressed for time. Having to come to this neighborhood at all has been a serious inconvenience to me; but my honorable client, Sir Alfred Leighton, so insisted upon it that I was obliged to yield."

"The business must be a very important one then which brings you to this part of the country," remarked Burton. "But I beg your pardon; I fear that I am seeming impertinent."

"Not at all," said the other; "there is no need of secrecy about the matter that I know of; and besides you are a 'brother chip.' The fact is, young Charles Leon, the son of your old client, has lately received a patent for five thousand acres of land, which patent has been located in Baltimore County. Sir Alfred has taken a fancy to purchase this land; and, what would be singular, but that he is such a queer man himself, his instructions to me were very positive that I should not offer for it less than five thousand pounds, and should purchase it at any price."

"You succeeded in making the purchase then, I suppose?" remarked Mr. Burton.

"Of course; young Leon very easily accepted so brilliant an offer," was the reply. "The young man—a noble young fellow that, Burton, by the way—had the frankness to say, however, that the price was too high. But I told him that Sir Alfred would not take it at a less price, and that I had no doubt that my client knew that it

was worth the money. Even then he did not yield until he had consulted his employer, Mr. Sumter, in whom he seems to have great faith and who approved of the sale. I had to wait for more than a half-hour until a note was sent to Mr. Sumter at your house, and an answer brought back."

A minute or two after this information was given to his friend by the lawyer from Annapolis the two gentlemen parted, Mr. Moredon to return to the colonial capital, and Mr. Burton to Faywood. It occurred to the latter, as he rode toward his home at a more leisurely pace than that which he had left it, that it was a singular coincidence that Charles Leon should have received the money at such a time, just as if it were given him to pay off all that justly remained of his father's indebtedness, that his claims to Leon Manor might be full and complete. Mr. Burton shuddered at the thought that the hand of Heaven might be in this thing; but the ex-lawyer did not change his resolve. He remembered Sir Alfred Leighton as a young English gentleman, distinguished for his learning, who had visited the colony some years before, and who had been very intimate with Mr. Leon's son-in-law, Mr. Evelyn, in company with whom he had visited Faywood some months before its late owner's death, and had spent some weeks there. Mr. Burton himself, however, had never to his knowledge met the young Englishman.

CHAPTER XIV. FRIGHT THE SIXTH.—UNIVERSAL ALARM.—MR. BURTON YIELDS.

THE second day of the fête passed with the guests as it had already been mentioned as being passed. At night there was again a dance; but as almost every one was fatigued with the excitement and almost constant exercise of the day, he retired to bed nearly an hour sooner than he had done the previous night.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton occupied a room on the second floor and in the eastern wing of the mansion. This room adjoined another in which the children and their negro nurses slept.

It was an hour perhaps after all the household guests and ordinary residents, had retired to the respective sleeping apartments, and every human being in the house was deeply plunged into slumber, when Mr. Burton was aroused from sleep by a slight touch upon his shoulder. At the same

instant the voice which he had heard, the first of the two mysterious voices, spoke into his ear in tones so low that they were but little more than whispered.

"Are you at length convinced," said the voice, "that it is useless for you to contend against fate? that heaven itself is determined that you shall not enjoy your ill-gotten gains?"

"I am convinced," replied Burton, who had become so used to such a visitation, and so assured by previous experience that he would not be physically injured, that he had now but little personal fear of it, "that I am the victim of a conspiracy which seeks to deprive me of my just rights, and that the spiritual world has nothing to do with these persecutions of me."

"You speak," said the soft voice, with a sarcastic emphasis, "as if you considered yourself innocent. Let me assure you that I am not ignorant of the real condition of things. Upon the payment to you of three thousand four hundred and thirty-one pounds, sixteen shillings and fourpence, Charles Leon is entitled to Leon Manor, with all its slaves, household furniture, cattle and other farming stock, and all and every appurtenance and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining."

Mr. Burton was so astounded by this intimate acquaintance with the true state of things, which he had considered to be known only to himself, that he remained silent.

"Let me give you another word of warning," resumed the voice. "Should you persist in your obstinacy, something will occur which will arouse your wife from her sleep. With the instinct of a mother she will run into the nursery. Do you not follow her. If you do, I shall also speak there; and you will be exposed before her and your children."

Mr. Burton was still silent.

"Will you do what is right?" asked the unseen.

"Yes," was answered after a while; "I will do what is right—I will hold on to my own property."

"We shall see," said the voice. "I will give you an idea of what will be your fate if you persist in doing wrong."

As the voice ceased a point of light appeared on the wall of the room before the bed on which Mr. Burton was lying. This point of light gradually

widened into a circle of light, in the centre of which the haunted man saw a human figure as large as life, and bearing a strong resemblance to himself. This figure was wrapped in the folds of a serpent, from whose wide-open jaws extended a forked and flame-colored tongue. The folds of the serpent seemed to be crushing the man, while the face of the latter expressed great agony.

"This," said the mysterious voice, "is the worm that never dies."

The scene began to grow less until where it had been there was again but a point of light. Once more the point of light spread to a circle. Within this circle of light was represented an intense fire; in the midst of the fire was seen the figure of a man again bearing a great resemblance to the present owner of Faywood. Fantastic forms of devils in many grotesque attitudes, and with countenances distorted into the expression of various evil passions, were armed with differently shaped sharp-pronged instruments, with which some were supplying the fire with fuel, others were stirring it into fiercer flames, and others again were torturing the human figure, which, with not only its face, but its every limb also, suggesting unutterable anguish, lay upon the glowing coals.

"This, or worse," said the voice, "will be your final doom, if you persist in depriving the orphan of his just rights. What say you?"

The terrified Burton made no answer; but his shivering body so shook the bed on which he lay that the motion awoke his wife.

"Gracious heaven!" cried the alarmed and yet scarcely more than half-awakened woman, "what is the matter, husband? Are you sick?"

Then noticing the light in the room, she turned her face toward it. The terrible picture on the wall instantly disappeared, and with it the light; but not before Mrs. Burton had caught a glimpse of the horrible scene. With a wild but faint scream she sprang from the bed and rushed into the nursery, saying, in tones which extreme terror made feeble, "My children! O, my children!" As she entered the nursery, a voice whispered into her ear, "Be silent, at your peril." Being already dreadfully scared, on hearing this she fell upon the floor in a swoon.

Mr. Burton still retained his position upon the bed, tremulous and silent.

"Are you still obdurate?" asked the voice. "Remember you not that it is written, 'What

shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. Burton was a man of very resolute will when fully aroused; though he absolutely shook with terror, yet he would not yield.

"It is all a vain trick," he said, yet in quaking tones. "It is a cunningly devised scheme of legerdemain. Spirits have nothing to do with it, or if you are a spirit who thus persecute me, I defy you—you can do me no personal harm. You may make this house uninhabitable to me and to my family; but I can sell the place, and thus disappoint you after all."

"I will follow you wherever you go until Charles Leon has his rights," was the retort. "And as to your opinion that you are safe from my power, I go to prove your error. Should you wish to have converse with me again this night, come to the library. And should you not yield after what I am about to do, I will expose your evil-doing to every person in this house."

The voice ceased, and Mr. Burton lay trembling in his bed, fearful of what might be the next move of his mysterious enemies, and wondering at his own audacity in defying their power.

He was shortly aroused from this sombre and suffering state of mind by a fusillade (if the word may be used in this connection) of shrieks and exclamations, shrieks from the female and exclamations from the male voices, which ran from chamber to chamber, suddenly bursting out in one room and as suddenly hushed, then breaking out in another and immediately ceasing again, until they seemed to have run through the whole range of sleeping apartments devoted to the guests. Those noises were followed by the sounds of hurrying feet, which seemed to be rushing from the sleeping-rooms to the up-stairs passages and halls, and then to be pouring like a torrent down the broad staircase and into the parlors.

Mr. Burton sprang from his bed. With trembling hands he felt for and found his tinder-and-match box, which was always kept in his room at night. A sulphur match was soon kindled, and the chamber candle lit. Mr. Burton's first thought, after hastily donning his clothes, was to enter the nursery and look after his wife. He found her still on the floor, but recovering from her swoon.

"O, husband," she cried, "what is the matter? What has happened? Did I really see that terrible picture, or was I dreaming?"

"What picture are you talking of," he said. "You must have been dreaming."

"And what is the matter with you?" exclaimed the agitated woman, "your face is very white."

"It was enough to make me pale," replied the husband, "to be thus shrieked at, and to find you gone. But dear, get up and go to bed."

He lit the nursery candle as he placed his own beside it; then lifting her up, carried her back to her room and laid her down. After doing this he went again into the nursery where the children and their nurse were sleeping soundly, and returned with the candles. Placing one of these upon the table in the chamber, and retaining the other in his hand, he turned to leave the room.

"Oh, do not go away, Mr. Burton," cried his terrified wife. "I think that I heard a sound a while ago; I am sure that I heard the sound of hurrying feet."

"I heard those sounds too," replied the husband, "and am going to see what they are. Nothing will disturb you. I will leave one of the negro nurses, and send her with you till I return."

He did as he said that he would, and went down stairs.

When he entered the parlors he found a large number of guests in the house there; of all who had been at Faywood the day before, not one was absent except Charles Leon, and he had remained in the town, at the request of Mr. Sumner. On his account books the dealings of the late Mr. Leon were entered. The faces of all the collected visitors were pale with combined awe and terror.

"Ladies and gentlemen," asked the host, "what has happened to you all? Is there any singular gathering?"

They looked at each other and at the host, but were silent.

"Relieve my uneasiness, for hear me," urged the host. "Can none of you tell me what has happened?"

"I know not what has happened," replied Mr. Bourne, "and can tell you nothing only for my wife and myself. We were awakened from sleep by a voice that said, 'Awake!' As soon as my eyes were opened, I saw the figure of the late Mr. Leon standing before me, looking as he looked in life."

shrieked, and I could not avoid making an exclamation. Upon this the figure motioned us to silence with its finger, and saying, in a very solemn voice, 'Wrong has been done,' instantly disappeared. Hearing the doors of other rooms opening and their occupants rushing out into the hall, Mrs. Bourne and myself quickly dressed and hastened to join the other guests."

On further investigation it was found that a scene of the same description had been enacted in the rooms of all the visitors. The stampede had commenced from the room occupied exclusively by ladies, who doubtlessly sought instinctively the protection of their male friends.

No persuasion of their host could induce any of the guests to return to their rooms; they all declared their determination to watch together in the parlors during the remainder of the night. Finding that they could not be moved from this resolve, Mr. Burton, accompanied by Mr. Bourne and Peter Dunning, went into the cellar; and soon the three gentlemen returned laden with bottles of wine. Glasses were on a sideboard in one of the parlors.

Leaving his guests supplied with these means of artificial courage to carry them through the night, Mr. Burton went into the library and closed and locked the door of that room behind him. He was convinced that life would have no enjoyments for him while he was harassed by these mysterious visitations; and he reflected at the same time that, even after surrendering Leon Manor, he would still be wealthy enough to live in a very good style. It was evident, moreover, that, if he resisted his mysterious visitants any longer, his reputation might be ruined by their revelations among all his acquaintances. To do him justice, he was also distressed at learning that Mrs. Burton also was liable to be haunted and harassed; for he was much attached to his wife and children. He therefore made a virtue of necessity and determined to submit in good faith to the demands of the spirits. Immediately on entering the library, then, he said, in a low but distinct voice:

"Are you here, mysterious being?"

"Yes," replied the same musical voice which he had last heard in his sleeping apartment.

"I yield," said Mr. Burton, "and will do all that you require. But cannot this be done without sacrificing my character before the community?"

"Yes," was the reply. "But you must make a confidant of Mr. Sumter or your secretary; both of them are kindly disposed toward you, and you may safely rely upon either of them. Authorize the one or the other of these two gentlemen to make your proposals known to Charles Leon and to inform him at the same time of the true motives which govern you. My word for it that your secret will not only be safely kept, but that the parties entrusted with it will think more highly of you for the sacrifice which you will make for justice and right. I bid you a kind, and, I hope for your sake and for that of all others interested, a final, adieu; for I believe that you will now keep your word."

Mr. Burton returned to his chamber much relieved in mind by having determined to do right. He found his wife much quieted by the stillness which was again established in her part of the house. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Burton passed the rest of the night in a sound and tranquil sleep. Such was one of the happy effects of an approving conscience.

CHAPTER XV.—MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

WHEN the breakfast-bell was rung at Faywood the next morning, not one of those of the guests who lived in the immediate neighborhood appeared at the table; they had made excuses and returned home. The visitors from greater distances continued to depart during the morning; and one hour after the dinner was over no one but the usual white and black members of the household remained about the premises. No persuasions had proved sufficient to induce a single guest to pass another night in the house.

Mr. Burton remained firm to his promise; and this persistency of his company in taking their departure removed any desire which may have remained in his heart to continue living at Faywood. It was evident that the place was tabooed and would continue to be so, at least while he was its master. When the last guest had departed he requested his secretary to accompany him to the library, having determined to make that gentleman his confidant in preference to Mr. Sumter. This determination was caused partly by the fact that the secretary was already somewhat in his confidence, and partly by the consideration that this individual, owning no property and having no other ties in the neighborhood, might soon

cease to reside in it; besides, while in his employment he would be to some extent under his control.

For these reasons Mr. Burton unbosomed himself to Mr. Fortescue. He withheld from the secretary no fact relating either to recent incidents or to the true condition of accounts between the estate of the late Mr. Leon and himself. He defended himself, however, against the supposition that he had had any consciously dishonest intentions, having believed until recently that his title to Leon Manor being legal, was therefore also just.

Mr. Fortescue expressed to Mr. Burton his perfect faith in the truth of this last statement, his high appreciation of the sacrifice made, and his conviction that he who had surrendered so much property for the sake of right would find a constant source of happiness during his future life in the reflections arising from that act. A horse was then ordered to be saddled and bridled and brought to the front entrance of the mansion; and, late as it was in the afternoon, being but an hour or two to sunset, the secretary mounted and rode away to Patuxent Town to fulfill at once the commission with which he had been intrusted.

Mr. Fortescue easily secured a private interview with Charles Leon. The statement which he made to that young gentleman, and of which he afterwards informed his employer, was that a close and thorough analysis made by Mr. Burton of the great array of accounts between himself and the estate of Charles's father had convinced the ex-lawyer that an immense error had been made against the late Mr. Leon's heir, and that, upon payment to Mr. Burton by Charles Leon of the sum of three thousand four hundred and thirty-one pounds, sixteen shillings and fourpence, the whole of Leon Manor, with the slaves and all things belonging to it, was of right the property of the latter.

Charles Leon was at first disposed to believe that this was but another effort on the part of Mr. Burton to force his generosity upon him; but, on Mr. Fortescue's assuring him that he had himself thoroughly examined the accounts, and that Leon Manor was in justice the property of the young clerk upon payment by him of the amount named to Mr. Burton, Charles yielded conviction to the statement which had been made to him. Of course he did not refuse to receive

that which was of right his own; his sister, Mrs. Evelin, had, partly at the time of her marriage and partly subsequently, received the portion intended for her by her father.

The remainder of our story may be rapidly told.

Mr. Burton, who was still wealthy, purchased a large estate in a county westward of the Patuxent River, to which he removed with his family between two and three months after he had finally consented to do what was right. At the earnest solicitation of Charles Leon he had remained at Faywood until his new purchase had been made ready to receive his household. In his new home his days were passed with his wife and children peacefully and happily. The one grand act of justice which he had done purified his whole character; and he was ever afterwards much esteemed by all who knew him.

In the autumn following the events of this story Charles Leon and Alice Sumter were married, and took possession of Faywood. They lived there long and happy lives, esteemed by the rich and loved by the poor. Some of their descendants have occupied high positions not only in the colonial but also in the State and national councils. After the alarm upon the second night of Mr. Burton's fête no ghost or pretended ghost ever disturbed the inhabitants of Faywood; but from the wonderful stories told in the neighborhood of the place while held by Mr. Burton has been sifted the true tradition which has given foundation to this story.

If the reader has not already guessed who was the cause of the scenes of terror enacted at Faywood, a few words will inform him:

Walter Waken—the Hermit of Jack's Bay—Albert Fortescue and Sir Alfred Leighton were but different names of the same person, the last name being his true one. Sir Alfred while on his visit to Faywood with Mr. Evelin, a year or two before the occurrence of the principal events of our story, had learned by accident the secret of the hidden passages. It was during this visit also that he determined to make his hermit-abode on Jack's Bay. Disguised as an elderly man and under the assumed name of Walter Waken, he had in that hermitage prosecuted his studies in the natural sciences, his only assistant being his young and only brother, who was also deeply disguised. In another disguise as Albert Fortescue he had been

the means of restoring to Charles Leon, the man who had saved his life, his rightful patrimony. In this undertaking he had again been assisted by his brother disguised as Jack Tony the page. In his own character he had bought the patent for five thousand acres of land, that his benefactor might have the funds necessary to pay Mr. Burton's claim.

In his character of secretary Sir Alfred made Charles Leon acquainted, by letter, a year or two after their last interview, with his accidental discovery of the secret passages at Faywood; but he did not tell him of his own agency in the ghostly visitations, being fearful that the young gentleman,

disapproving of the means by which his property had been obtained, might refuse to hold possession of it. Years afterwards, and long subsequently to his return to his own estates in England, he made known to Mr. Burton, to satisfy some scruples which had arisen in his own mind, his agency in those mysterious visitations, under a charge of secrecy, however. Mr. Burton, happy in his then thoroughly acquired uprightness of character, willingly promised to preserve the secret, and, moreover, expressed his sincere thanks to Sir Alfred Leighton for the reformation which had been wrought within himself by the frights at Leon Manor.

THE EXTRADITION OF ARGUELLES.

BY GEORGE W. LAWTON.

THE proposition to abolish slavery in the Island of Cuba, now agitated not only in the "Ever-faithful Isle" but also at Madrid, brings to mind our experience with the main question, and incidentally, as connected therewith, an affair in which Spain and certain of her slave-trade abettors were principally concerned.

It is an historical matter, and one in which our government, to its great credit, did not content itself with declarations of abstract principles and precepts, but acted correctly, as a moral being, to right serious wrongs done to unoffending negroes by Spanish officers. I allude to the extradition of Arguelles.

This case has not been unfrequently cited, and too often with disapproval, by eminent publicists, owing doubtless to a grave misunderstanding of all the facts involved, which are here given.

To my lady reader the subject of extradition may have a repelling look; but permit me to assure her that it is really very interesting, and one which an hour may be given without waste, especially if within that time she may have the benefit of a world of labor devoted to its illustration. Besides, every one travels or intends to, and is wide awake over a traveller's rights, and ready to sympathize with him when wronged, as he is sure to be before his journey ends.

Horace Greeley gravely narrates from his own experience in Paris, how everybody's right to

talk to him about the mulberry and silkworm crop was on the pretence that he had become the surety of somebody who was to do something that he failed to do, ruthlessly broken in upon by a Parisian policeman who conducted him to the interior of the *Clichy* and locked all those inquisitive people out. Although Mr. Greeley was permitted for some time to look out at them and commune to himself about them and their industrious ways, they could not get within earshot of him. We will not, however, stop and discuss his adventures, as they illustrate only the trouble a traveller is often put to without evolving a case for extradition, nor mar his story by re-telling it, preferring the curious reader should consult the original, still, we presume, carefully preserved in the keep beneath the tower where, in times past, Mr. Greeley held forth.

All publicists unite in declaring that no one ought, as a rule, to be compelled to travel against his will, and when he travels he carries with him a natural right to enjoy himself after the manner of the country he is in, without being arrested and imprisoned therefor! and he may see what is to be seen, and buy what is for sale, and eat without being poisoned, and sleep without being robbed, and also remain single or get married, as love incites, without danger of being unwillingly divorced and his children put at large. But as sensible as these propositions may seem to the reader, it may

not confidently be asserted they have always or that they even now are accepted by all peoples as self-evident. Indeed, there are yet places on this fair earth where the traveller cannot appear without being put into a bath-oven or over a roasting-pit; and even if he avoids such localities, there are others into which he may stumble that put him promptly upon the defence of his portable property, or his personal liberty, or his life even, as others beside the brave Stanley may testify.

But few if any of my readers purpose to emulate Stanley, Livingstone, or Cook, delighting rather to take a trip to Havana, London, or the Continent, with the reasonable expectation of not getting beyond enlightened laws and governments enforcing them, with opportunities to enjoy to the utmost all that lies in a heart innocent of offence to enjoy.

But there is an annoyance to which the pleasure-seeking traveller may be subjected, and which is the peculiar invention of the latter class of governments, and that is, being sought for by the far-reaching arm of state as a proper object of extradition; to be seized and withdrawn from the allurements of a foreign land and returned to the sober realities of his own clime, when, possibly, it may be disclosed, he is not a figurative Mr. Campbell, the well-to-do cattle dealer, off on a lark, but a real McGregor, a cattle-stealer in limbo. It is that difference that warrants the State's interference; but to the story of Don José Augustin Arguelles, a Spanish cavalier and traveller, in which we get a glimpse of Spanish administration, of slave-trade practices, and of laws, treaties, and national comity.

In November, 1863, Arguelles was an officer in the royal Spanish army, and also Lieutenant-Governor of the district of Colon of the Island of Cuba. He had ingratiated himself in the favor of the authorities of the "Ever-faithful Isle," and was treated as one of the most reliable of lieutenants.

Doubtless he enjoyed wielding the baton of power over his little sovereignty with all the punctilio of an old-time Peninsulares or Grandee of pure Catalonian descent. It appears, too, he had an eye to such ventures for profits as the situation afforded.

The district of Colon slopes from the mountains that form the ridge or backbone of Cuba, southerly to the sea, and lies west-of-south of Havana. The mouths of rivers, creeks and bays separate the

coast, opposite which is a chain of insignificant islands and reefs, including, however, the considerable island, Los Pinos. Between the mainland and reefs is a fair haven, well sheltered, many passages to the open sea, more or less intricate, which afford expeditious exit to such light-footed craft as do not wish to be searched answer too troublesome questions.

It is well known Cuba was in those days one spot on earth over which an avowed Christian sovereign ruled that afforded a market for negroes stolen from Africa by slave-traders. True, the importation of negroes was forbidden in the Spanish provinces by royal statute and treaty obligations; but its suppression depended almost wholly upon such exertions as the Captain-general and his lieutenants for the time being and from time to time put forth; and the less honorable these officers found ample excuse for failures in the intricacies of the Spanish penal code. Indeed it was not then denied by the Spanish government that their laws were insufficient to suppress the hideous traffic, and slave-traders and their abettors made immense fortunes in the business. Their ships were built to hide away in the creeks and under the headlands of the African and Cuban coast and could swiftly elude pursuit by passing over among reefs, which the larger draught vessels of the English and American squadrons, kept at bay to enforce the treaties against slave-trade, could not thread. The coast of the district of Colon was a favorite resort of these smugglers of human flesh, and that afforded some employment to otherwise idle officials.

In 1863 Domingo Dulce was Captain-general of Cuba, and he, being a large-hearted and faithful officer, set about the effective enforcement of laws against the slave trade. In truth, so vigorous did he administer the laws in that relation, that not a slave expedition landed its cargo on the coast during his term which he did not capture whole or in part. But it was owing to his individual efforts mainly this was done, in which respect he was an exceptional Captain-general of Cuba. Well then may he have been pleased when one November morning in that year a dispatch from his lieutenant, Don José Arguelles, announced he had captured a large cargo of negroes, which had been successfully landed and conveyed to a plantation within the district of Colon, although the vessel from which they landed

escaped without her name and register being discovered, and that eleven hundred of these negroes were on their way to Havana, where in fact they arrived in due time.

The generous-minded Dulce not only received the unhappy negroes and cared for them, but, greatly pleased with the zeal of his active assistant, he paid him fifteen thousand dollars as a governmental reward for making the capture; and also, as the fortunate Arguelles desired a brief respite after this extraordinary effort at duty, during which he could carry into effect a purpose of his to purchase the *La Cronica*, a Spanish journal published in New York, the confiding Dulce gave him in addition to his reward a leave of absence of twenty days in which to journey to the Continent and make his contemplated investment. The Don went to New York with Senorita on his arm, and securing fashionable lodgings gave himself up to the delights of a foreigner at large, and to spending his money agreeably to his taste.

But the capture of the eleven hundred negroes started a tripartite correspondence between the diplomatic agents of the United States, England and Spain; and we will leave the festive Don on Broadway for a while, and look into this diplomacy.

Mr. Savage, the American Vice-Consul at Havana, wrote to Mr. Seward directly on the event, that eleven hundred negroes from Africa were brought to that city, captured from slavers in the district of Colon. Mr. Seward immediately notified Lord Lyons of the fact, who was then the British Minister at Washington. This brought up a proposition of a joint and concurrent appeal by England and America, which had been suggested by Earl Russell in October before, to be addressed to the Government of Spain for an amendment of her laws, which tolerated the bondage of imported Africans landed in Cuba after they had become in form the property of an owner of an estate in that island; and Mr. Seward now informed Lord Lyons that he had "taken the instructions of the President upon the suggestion; and if Earl Russell, with his large experience of this evil and of the difficulty of obtaining a correction of it, will prepare the draft of such a communication as he shall think may properly be addressed to the Spanish Cabinet, the President will with great pleasure authorize me to communicate with the Spanish Government in the same sense and spirit with

those which shall be adopted by her Britannic Majesty."

In pursuance with this understanding, Lord Lyons submitted a draft of such a communication. In it he pointed out that Africans were constantly imported into Cuba; and while General Dulce had acted in good faith in carrying out the treaty obligations of Spain, and there had been a considerable falling off in the numbers of importations, yet it must be borne in mind that he was liable to be removed at any moment, when in all probability the traffic would again resume its wonted vigor. Besides, General Dulce complains bitterly of the want of sufficient power conferred upon him, and of the inadequacy of the provisions of the Spanish penal code for suppressing the Cuban slave trade; and in order to put an end to it, the Spanish Government should take steps to amend the laws prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the island. The existing laws are admitted by the Spanish authorities to be insufficient for the purposes for which they were framed. They prohibit the seizure by the authorities of any newly-imported negroes, no matter how notorious may have been the violation of the Spanish laws in introducing them, if once they have been conveyed to a plantation in the island; and because nearly the whole of the population of Cuba, as well as the subordinate authorities, are more or less mixed up and interested in the slave trade, it is impossible to procure evidence to convict the parties engaged in the traffic; and the punishment provided by the code of slave dealers and their accomplices remains entirely inoperative. He closes the communication with these words, honorable alike to himself and the government he represented:

"Eleven hundred slaves, as is well known to the Government of the United States, have been recently seized by the Captain-general of Cuba after they had been successfully landed and conveyed to a plantation in that island. Attempts will doubtless be made to procure their restitution on the ground that they have been illegally seized by the captain-general; but if one of these negroes is given up to the slave dealers, either by the orders of the Spanish Government or by the decision of a judicial tribunal, her Majesty's Government trusts the Government of the United States will unite with her Majesty's Government in addressing a serious remonstrance on the subject to the Spanish Government."

Lord Lyons enclosed to Mr. Seward in the foregoing communication copies of papers passing between Sir John Crampton, the British Minister at Madrid, and the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which Mr. Crampton particularized the substance of the communication submitted to Mr. Seward, and also pointed out the "measures to which her Majesty's Government would call the attention of her Catholic Majesty," viz., an enactment declaring the slave trade to be piracy, and a modification of the code that a legal and not a discretionary punishment for violations of the Spanish laws against slave trade would be insured; which subject Mr. Crampton informs Earl Russell in another enclosure, "The Marquis of Miraflores promised he would take into consideration, and assured me that good will would not be found wanting on his part to do all that was possible to put an end to the slave trade." On receipt of these papers Mr. Seward replied to Lord Lyons that he had, in accordance with his previous note, instructed our minister, Mr. Koerner, at Madrid, to address the Spanish Government a representation in the same sense as that made by her Majesty's Government in the communication submitted. This action of the government was influenced in a great measure by the Ninth Article of the treaty of Washington of August 9, 1842, between Great Britain and the United States, which stipulates that the parties will unite in all becoming representations and remonstrances with any and all powers within whose dominions such markets for African negroes are allowed to exist, and that they will urge upon all powers the propriety and duty of closing such markets effectually at once and forever.

Spain at this time was bound by treaty with Great Britain to suppress the traffic in African negroes. The treaty was concluded at a time and under circumstances which seemed to impose a peculiar weight of moral obligation upon her to see that her stipulations were carried into full effect. But in these just expectations the British Government had been signally disappointed, owing doubtless to the fact that a great part of the revenues of Spain have been derived hitherto from the Island, and its prosperity was represented to depend upon a continued supply of imported slave labor. The United States had no treaty with Spain on the subject of the slave trade; but by its statutes it declared, long before its

treaty with Great Britain, the traffic to be and an offence against public law. Not on these grounds exist for the action of our government, but the President and Mr. Seward also united in an earnest desire that these not captured by Arguelles might be saved, and that the traffic itself be effectually and forever pressed. With this view Mr. Koerner was directed "To address a communication in general to the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, setting forth the treaty stipulations between the United States and Great Britain on this subject, and urging that it would afford the utmost satisfaction to this country if any obstacles existing in Cuba to the complete suppression of the slave trade should be removed."

Mr. Koerner, obeying these instructions, addressed a note to the Spanish minister containing a copy of the Ninth Article of the treaty of the United States with Great Britain, and pointing out the difficulties attending the complete suppression of the slave trade in the Island of Cuba through defects in its penal code, and calling attention to the policy of the United States in making the slave trade piracy and an offence against mankind; also assuring the Spanish Minister, because the United States were moved by the purest motives, and in consideration of very friendly and cordial relations existing between them and Spain, and of the treaty between them and Great Britain, the engagements of which it was the highest duty and pleasure of the President to carry out, they united with Great Britain in suggesting the revision of the penal code concerning the unlawful introduction of slaves into the Island of Cuba as will best accomplish the object her Catholic Majesty's government had in view when those laws and regulations were enacted. Mr. Koerner also said: "It is almost equally necessary for me to inform your Excellency that it would afford the utmost satisfaction to the President and the people of the United States if the obstacle existing in the Island of Cuba to the complete suppression of the African slave trade should be removed by the considerate action of the Government of her Catholic Majesty."

But now we must turn again to Arguelles; for at this juncture and while this cautious and friendly correspondence was going on, committing the United States to a direct interest and action in the welfare and freedom of the eleven hun-

captured negroes, Captain-general Dulce discovered his hitherto honored and trusted lieutenant had played him a nefarious trick characteristic of slave-traders. In truth, he had delivered over to Dulce eleven hundred and five, but yet not all of the negroes he had captured. One hundred and forty-one of the number he reported to have died of the small-pox, and that he burned the bodies to prevent contagion, while in fact he had sold them alive and sound into slavery. The curate of Colon and other local authorities had connived at the fraud, in order to afford the legal proof required, by making a new registry in which these supposed deaths were inserted, and which was substituted for the old register, the latter Arguelles carrying away, probably for revivifying reading on such stormy and ghostly evenings as kept him off Broadway. These one hundred and forty-one negroes had yielded him on sale from \$700 to \$750 each. His anxiety for twenty days' leave of absence and to purchase the *La Cronica* become very natural after the completion of this piratical transaction. By the good nature and confidence of his chief he had been able to place his person and ill-gotten gains within the jurisdiction of a nation with which no treaty of extradition existed, where he believed himself to be secure.

Not so with the accommodating curate of Colon and his partners in crime. They were arrested, convicted, and condemned for their offences, and set at work in the chain-gang, a mild enough punishment surely for falsifying public records in order to enslave men. But Judge Navarro, Commissioner of the Superior Court of the Island, which had exclusive jurisdiction of such cases, required the presentation of Arguelles before the court, not only for his merited punishment but for the prompt liberation of his one hundred and forty-one hapless victims. Indeed, it appeared to be very difficult, and at all events would require long time to attain the latter object without his return to Cuba.

As before stated, there was no treaty existing between Spain and the United States providing for the extradition of fugitives from justice, and there was no statute empowering the Executive generally to surrender such persons.

Don José manifested not the slightest disposition to return voluntarily to Cuba and face his accusers, or identify the unfortunate negroes. He preferred to remain in New York and spend the

money, of which he had plenty, the price of their bone and muscle, to establishing his innocence before Judge Navarro. But the anti-slave-trade spirit had been thoroughly aroused, not only in the state offices of Great Britain and of the United States, but also in the breast of General Dulce, who denounced Arguelles as worse than a thief, worse than a highwayman, a scoundrel who took advantage of his position as a local authority to steal with little risk to himself. Beyond a doubt it was the duty of Arguelles, as Lieutenant of Colon, to capture the slave expedition, and to surrender to the captain-general all the negroes composing it. He discharged the first part and it served as a cover, enabling him to work the skillfully-executed roguery in the latter part of his duty and sell one hundred and forty-one of the captured negroes into slavery and pocket the proceeds, a fact established by abundant testimony. Now he was disporting himself on his ill-gotten money in a country that declared by its statutes his act to be piracy, but which could not punish him therefor; and which he supposed was powerless to render him into the hands of the officers of his own country, there to be tried and punished as he richly deserved. He could be returned to Cuba involuntarily only by the aid of the Executive arm of the United States, and this arm he confidently believed could not be raised against him.

To this power nevertheless the indignant Dulce appealed, and asked on the grounds of national comity that the United States should deliver up to him this fugitive from justice, a fugitive for crimes recognized and declared by its laws to be against mankind, in order that he might not only be properly punished but that his victims might be identified and restored to liberty. This request raised an important and delicate question of international law, although our government acted with great promptness and good judgment.

Prior to 1842 no extradition treaty existed between the United States and other nations. Some of the States practiced the rendition of criminals on requisition made upon the Governor. And while this was conceded to be right between the States themselves, it was questioned as between the States and foreign powers. No community desired to become a safe asylum for all sorts of criminals from all countries near or distant; but it was contended that the Constitution conferred

the power of extradition of fugitives from justice from foreign States exclusively upon the President. Some of the Presidents had declined to return such fugitives, and others had directed their rendition. In 1799 a request for the rendition of a fugitive from justice having been made upon President Adams, he directed an examination into the alleged crime before the Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of South Carolina, in which the fugitive was found, and if the evidence proved a sufficient cause, to deliver him over to the agents of the British Government, which preferred the requisition. The doctrine generally accepted to be correct in America as governing this matter is thus stated by Chancellor Kent in his "Commentaries on American Law:"

"It is declared by some of the most distinguished jurists that every State is bound to deny an asylum to criminals, and upon application and due examination of the case to surrender the fugitive to the foreign State where the crime was committed. The language of these authorities is clear and explicit, and the laws and usages of nations as declared by them rest on the plainest principles of justice."

Still it must be understood that while all considerate men are agreed no nation is bound to afford an asylum to fugitives from justice, yet they are not fully agreed that the nation is bound to deny such shelter or to surrender the fugitive upon demand. Within recent date John Surratt was surrendered up by the Pope of Rome on request of this government. The Pope recognized the doctrine laid down by Kent; and Surratt, being charged and satisfactorily shown to him to have been in complicity with the assassination of President Lincoln, acted upon it and gave him up. As the facts touching that case are brief and interesting, and illustrate the doctrine of extradition, they will not be an intrusion here.

Mr. King, the American Minister at Rome, having received authentic information that Surratt, under the name of John Watson, had reached Italy and enlisted in the Papal Guards, brought the matter to the notice of Cardinal Antonelli, in charge of foreign affairs, and wrote to Mr. Seward, informing him of the fact. The latter immediately replied, instructing Mr. King "to ask the Cardinal whether his Holiness would now, upon an authentic indictment, and at the request of the department, in the absence of an extradition

treaty, deliver Surratt for complicity in the assassination of the President, or whether, in the event of this request being declined, his Holiness would enter into an extradition treaty with us, which would enable us to reach Surratt." Mr. King promptly executed his instructions, and replied that his Eminence was greatly interested in the matter; referred to his prior conversation about Surratt, and said he would lay the matter before his Holiness, adding: "There was indeed no extradition treaty between the two countries, and to surrender a criminal where capital punishment was likely to ensue was not exactly in accordance with the spirit of the Papal Government, but in so grave and exceptional a case, and with this understanding that the United States would do as they desired to be done by under parallel circumstances, he thought the request of the State Department for the surrender of Surratt would be granted."

The Pope immediately granted the request, and without waiting other formal proceedings ordered Surratt to be arrested and sent to the prison in Rome. He was then doing garrison duty in the Papal province; and on being arrested he escaped by a bold and desperate leap over the balustrade along the edge of the precipice near which the barracks occupied by the troops are built, into the valley below, striking on the garbage and filth accumulated there, and which broke in a measure the force of his fall. Before the guards could go around and come up with him he had issued from the valley, and was out of sight. His back and arm were injured in the leap; yet he reached Naples, and, getting aid at the British Consulate by passing himself off as a Canadian, he got passage in the ship Tripoli for Alexandria. These facts being learned, Mr. Hale, the American Consul at Alexandria, was wired; and he, on the arrival of the ship, caused Surratt's re-arrest, and delivered him to Admiral Goldsborough, by whom he was forwarded home.

When in Italy, on his journey around the world, Mr. Seward was received with great consideration by Cardinal Antonelli, who "expressed himself as not surprised that the public justice of the United States inconsistently allowed the escape of the conspirator, Surratt, whom the Pope had without previous treaty and without condition promptly ordered to be arrested and delivered at Mr. Seward's demand."

But to return. General Dulce preferred his request for the rendition of Arguelles to the American Consul, Mr. Savage, at Havana, who sympathized with the request, but nevertheless replied: "In absence of an extradition treaty between the two governments, and of any public or municipal law authorizing the rendition," our government could not grant the request; yet he promised to lay the matter in a confidential way before Mr. Seward, which the Captain-general desired him to do by the earliest opportunity. Shortly after, the Spanish Minister at Washington addressing Mr. Seward, succinctly stating the facts, and adding that he was well aware no extradition treaty existed between the United States and Spain, in virtue of which the surrender of Arguelles to the authorities of Cuba might be obtained; yet considering the gross and scandalous outrage which has been committed, as well as the interest of humanity at stake in the prompt resolution of this matter, he has not hesitated in submitting the case in this confidential way to the United States Government in order to ascertain whether an incident so exceptional could not be met with exceptional measures. Within a few days after this request reached the State Department, Mr. Seward informed the Spanish Minister "If the Captain-general will send to New York a suitable officer, steps will, if possible, be taken to place Arguelles in his charge," for the purpose of presenting him before Judge Navarro. Domingo Dulce, rejoicing in the success of his application, immediately dispatched an officer of his staff to New York duly authorized to receive Arguelles from the hands of the United States Marshal and conduct him to Cuba, accompanying the credentials of his officer with a letter of thanks to his "Excellency, Secretary Seward" for his coöperation in this affair, "because by it he assists the exposure and punishment of a crime totally distinct from political matters, the result of which will be that more than two hundred human beings who are groaning in slavery will owe to his Excellency the recovery of their freedom."

Obedient to orders from Washington, the United States Marshal at New York one bright May morning appeared at Don José Arguelles's lodgings, and requested his company to the steamer that would bear him to Havana and to the presence of Judge Navarro and of his irate chief. It was impossible for the Don to resist

complying with this courteous request, and with as much spirit as the circumstances permitted, he departed from New York, and duly landed at the fort of Moro Castle, within whose walls he concocted the ingenious defence that the slave-traders, against whose nefarious practice he had successfully warred, had brought this arrest and trouble upon him. But he failed to explain how he sold a portion of his captives into slavery and remained so long over his time in New York without leave, and from his post, consistent with his duty to the Spanish laws and government. The Captain-general on the arrival of Arguelles in Havana, renewed his thanks to Mr. Seward, stating that "Arguelles's presence alone in Cuba a very few hours has given liberty to eighty-six" of his victims.

So ends the story of Arguelles, which holds its place in public minds by reason of the doctrine of extradition involved, which some deem to have been stretched beyond proper limits. Again and again it has been a subject for comment. At the time, the case was seized upon by the opposing political parties out of which to make capital against the administration. Planks were inserted in their platforms charging the administration with a violation of the "Sacred right of asylum," and the presidential nominee at Cleveland in his letter of acceptance, arraigned Mr. Lincoln's administration for what he termed "its crowning shame; its abandonment of the right of asylum, dear to all free nations abroad." Proceedings also were ordered by the authorities of the State of New York against the United States Marshal for kidnapping Arguelles, which, however, came to naught; and recently, in a leading periodical, a writer discussing the subject of international law, writes of it in these terms: "The action of the Executive branch of the government in the case of Arguelles was an enormous usurpation of power, and as a precedent is one of the very worst in our whole history;" and adds: "The theory that any person peacefully coming within the jurisdiction of our laws, and committing no offence against them may, in the absence of any treaty or law of Congress authorizing his extradition, on charge of crime made by a foreign government, be denied the right of unmolested asylum at the discretion of the President of the United States, assigns to his office the prerogatives of an absolute despot. Such was the theory put in practice with

AUTHORSHIP AND LITERATURE.

BY WARD ERNEST SMITH.

I.

two things which the average American is confident of his ability to do. One is to write poetry, and the other is to edit a magazine.

That a vast number of our countrymen and countrywomen, too, do believe in the position of the editor, is proved by the innumerable letters which are "pelted" at the editors of popular magazines, and in fact at editors of publications of all kinds, literary and otherwise; by the ability to edit a periodical, no matter how widely-circulated print but has received a flood of letters from "A constant reader," and "Scutarus," freely offering their suggestions on how a publication should be conducted.

The idea is somewhat prevalent that the position of the editor calls for no great degree of honor, and that it is a position of honor rather than of a position of honor. No literary work calls for a higher degree of position than the editorial, whether of literary or popular publications. An editor has to be on the alert to keep up with the times, to perform his duties and annoyances which tend to make the situation anything but a bed of roses. The examination of the manuscripts offered for publication charge upon the time of the editor of the magazine or paper. The number of manuscripts of all kinds offered to the popular publication the day almost exceeds belief. Not a manuscript can be accepted; and when the editor is considering of this mass of manuscripts taken into account, it will readily be seen that the editor's time is not all leisure. If all manuscripts were written as they should be, their examination would be a much easier task than it now is. But the irksome examination is much increased by writers who write in thin, pale ink, and expect the editor to read his eyes out in reading their offerings, who write a straggling and almost illegible hand. If they but knew how many manuscripts of the kind mentioned have been thrown into the waste-basket unread because

of these faults, they would not be apt to try the editorial patience in the way they do. Some writers also roll their manuscript as tightly as possible, and send it in that form, when it should be sent flat; while again others write on both sides of the sheet, or forget to place their name and address at the head of their manuscript, as it should always be so placed.

But these are not the only trying incidents in the life of the editor. Many writers think their articles are not duly considered, and they fly into a rage and abuse the editor. They would be pleased to know why such an article in the last number was accepted and paid for, while theirs, which a fool could see was far superior to it in interest and popularity, was rejected. They refer to certain articles published, and say that if this favoritism to certain authors continues, they feel sure the magazine will steadily lose ground—they offered their manuscript in the hopes that it would be considered on its merits; but are grieved and astonished to see that it was not.

That only the manuscripts of known authors are either wished or accepted is an ineradicable idea with some writers. Every editor is familiar with this distrust of authors that their manuscripts are not examined or accepted because the writers are not known; and many take pains to say in a note to the editor that they have written for publication before, and hope the present offering will be accepted accordingly. But this belief that editors only desire or accept known authors' manuscripts is a fallacy—nothing could be more untrue. If those who so believe could see the leagues of manuscripts the editor patiently goes through in the hope of finding an article or poem of real worth, and could know the thrill he feels on finding that which he seeks, they would know the true state of the case. Merit in literature is sure to win its way when that merit is once perceived.

And then the appeals to the sympathies of the editor are very trying. The writer has been thrown on his or her own resources, and has taken to literature in the hope thereby to gain a

livelihood, and feelingly appeals to the editor to accept the manuscript offered, and thus give the writer a chance to secure a foothold. But of course the editor's duty requires that only articles of merit should be accepted; and as writers who thus plead for the acceptance of their manuscripts seldom do send articles of merit, the editor is obliged, however regretfully, to return their offerings. Writers who thus appeal to the feelings of the editor are many; they surely cannot think highly of their manuscripts, or they would see that their course is as useless as disagreeable. So many were these calls upon his sympathies, that Thackeray, when editing the "Cornhill," confessed he could not stand the trying ordeal, and resigned his position in consequence.

Manuscripts speak for themselves. If they are good the editor will find it out, and his judgment is apt to be correct; though of course other considerations other than the literary merit of an article must control its acceptance. An article though well written may be unavailable; it may be too long or too short, upon an uninteresting subject, or the editor may have used or accepted similar matter, or some other of the many reasons which guide in the selection of manuscripts may lead to its rejection. Articles rejected by one editor are often accepted by another, to whose publication they are more suited. There is always room in literature, as in other pursuits, for those who have talent, genius and industry, and they who can furnish literature with something better and higher than there is at the time, need have no fear as to their reception.

Authorship is a pursuit in which much honor as well as substance is yet to be gained. Expression has not reached its maturity. The authors who have transformed their imaginations, their feelings, or their thoughts into words that in anything like a perfect way carry the reality, can be almost counted on the fingers. The subject of language and its effects is a fruitful one, and a few remarks thereon may prove interesting to the general reader, as well as to the student of the literary art.

Language is the machine of thought. And as all machines, by friction and otherwise, lose much of the force which they are the means of conveying, so, too, does language lose in some degree the full power of the original thought of which it is the outward expression; and this is owing to a

loss and diffusion of force inseparable with its use. The inadequateness of language for a full expression of our thoughts and feelings is seen when we compare verbal with natural expression. Thus how much more forcible is a shrug of the shoulders, the angry glance of the eye, or intense passion of any kind depicted in the face, than an expression of any kind. And we find that as emotion is strong and high, will the verbal expression of that emotion be in few words, in proportion to its strength and those words will be short and forcible. Thus when brought face to face with a great wrong done, one is not apt to exclaim, "Oh, what a false, unconscionable rascal that fellow is!" One would not be likely to speak thus if his feeling were wrought to their highest point of indignation and rage; but rather, with creased brow and stern face, would ejaculate through his clinched teeth the one word, "Rascal!" and that one word would be more expressive than a dictionary of adjectives.

The reason why language fails to more fully express thought and feeling is because of the loss of mental power which occurs in grasping and assimilating the sounds we hear. To recognize language requires mental power; to translate words into thought requires further mental power; and often, to arrange the images suggested, still further mental power. What mental force is left on can be used for realizing the thought; and in proportion as this previous expenditure of mental power has been great, will the vividness of the thought be lessened. It is largely because of the loss of mental energy, which may be termed the friction and inertia of language, that makes facial and physical expression so much more forcible than expression by the use of words. The more time and attention we give to each word till it forms the full sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained thought, and the less vividly will that thought be received. Any excess of words beyond what the full expression of the thought calls for is a hindrance to a clear conception of its meaning; and our realization of that thought is weakened in the same degree. The expression is encumbered with weak and unnecessary words, which fritter away a portion of our attention. And the great secret of effect is the reduction of this friction and inertia to the lowest point. This can be done only by a due economy of the attention; and, as we wish to

strong and vivid, by the use of the fewest possible words, and those words words of force and character. For words, like lenses, obscure what they do not enable us to see clearer.

It is a well-known maxim that the short Anglo-Saxon words should be chosen in preference to those of Latin origin. The impressive vividness of Anglo-Saxon words is at once apparent when sentences of both kinds are contrasted. And as it is advantageous to express an idea in the fewest number of words, so, too, must it be advantageous to express it in the smallest number of syllables. And the reason of the greater forcibleness of Anglo-Saxon words lies in their shortness; for surplus articulations, like surplus phrases, call upon the attention to grasp them, and thus decrease the mental energy required to comprehend the thought. It is apparent that an effort of the mind is needed to grasp and recognize each letter and syllable; and the less call there is in this direction, the stronger must be the effect.

Notice what a straining of the mental powers takes place when listening to an indistinct speaker, who mumbles and mumbles his words, and how difficult it is to get his meaning. And also in reading poorly written manuscripts, there is no editor but has recognized the fact that the effect of such writing is lessened in proportion as the attention is absorbed in deciphering the words. So Anglo-Saxon words are strong because they have no needless syllables to tire the attention and weaken the vividness of impression.

Another reason why Anglo-Saxon words have a force words of other kinds have not, is because of their familiarity from childhood. They are the first words we understand or speak, and the meanings which we learn to attach to them then, grow in strength as we grow in mental power; and words of similar import which we learn later on never have the same degree of vividness that those of an earlier association possess. We learn in childhood to make use of such short words as *four*, *cold*, *rotten*, and through the experience of our senses we come to know their true meaning; and though we may in after years write in the same connection the words *acid*, *frigid*, *decomposed*, still the latter will never call up to the mind so vividly the peculiar qualities as will the former.

But while as a general rule the choice of Anglo-Saxon and short words conduces to strength and

forcibleness, yet there seems to be one exception where the rule does not hold good. When a word embodies in itself the descriptive thought of the sentence, it is often desirable that it should be of some length. As when we say, "Oh, she was *magnificently* dressed," the word *magnificently* is palpably preferable and more vivid than a shorter word could be. "Stupendous" carries a deeper impression to the mind than "vast." So a word that contains the important part of the thought or sentiment, especially when of an emotional nature, may with benefit be a lengthy word. Its length admits of emphatic articulation, itself indicative of emotion, and suggests by its very length the idea of size, strength, or grandeur. It also allows the mind to dwell on the thought longer than would a short word, and thus each successive syllable adds to its force. As a general thing, however, when force of expression is desirable, one long word should suffice in a sentence, and that should be of decisive importance.

Again, as a further reason for the power of Anglo-Saxon words, besides their saving of attention and long familiarity, may be cited their imitative character, their sound suggesting their meaning. We see this imitative characteristic in many words, as "whiz," "bang," "crash," "purr," "rage," "dashing," and many others. This suggestiveness of sound is very striking in many prose pieces, but it is particularly noticeable and effective in poetry. All expression should be as nearly as possible in harmony with the thought. And though in reading we do not with our ears outwardly hear the sound of the words as they come along, still there is no doubt that we feel their sound-nature nearly if not quite as acutely as if they were articulated.

Much of the effect of writing is lost by the use of generic instead of specific terms. That literature which by its faint impression on the senses and lack of vividness we call weak, is owing almost always to the employment of abstract and generalizing words which call up no distinct images to the mind, and require an expenditure of mental force to translate into their concrete meaning. It is of the greatest importance to all the good qualities of writing that we should particularize—in fact, it may be laid down as a rule that the more general are the words used the fainter will be the impression; while the more specific they are, the more vivid and lasting. An

illustration of the use of general terms, and their lack of strength in comparison with those of a specific character, is given in the article on Style by Herbert Spencer, published some years ago in the "Westminster Review," and to which this essay is indebted for the clearest philosophical analysis of style. It is as follows:

"In proportion as the manners, customs and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe."

The increased effect of particularizing the above is at once apparent when written as follows:

"In proportion as men delight in battles, bull-fights and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, burning and the rack."

That this use of specific instead of generic words is of the highest importance, is seen in the fact that nearly every writer of fame has employed them. They have written in particulars, not in generalities. Writers when beginning their career almost invariably make use of language of a generalizing tendency. It is so easy to write in an abstract manner, and so much more difficult to particularize, that few can or do resist the temptation.

The superiority of particularizing terms over those of an abstract character is owing to the same cause which makes Anglo-Saxon words more effective, viz., their saving of mental force. All general words, before they can be conceived, must be translated into specific words; and the power frittered away in this manner is so much abstracted from the store at hand, and the effect is lessened in proportion. Everything is unit and individual. We do not think in generals, but in particulars. We cannot think of a class of things except by summoning up the image of some member of that class, and the image defines to our minds our idea of the class to which it belongs.

For the reason mentioned, the noun is more effective than the pronoun. In fiction the excessive use of the pronoun gives the mind a fainter picture than if the noun were used. One writer, I recall to mind, and a writer noted for the skill with which he or she (being as yet unknown as to sex) realizes the characters to the reader, almost invariably uses the name of the character in preference to the pronoun, even if the repetition might seem monotonous. This writer does not say, "He approached the table," "She laughed

gayly," "Her back was turned;" but, "approached the table," "Fanny gayly," "Mary's back was turned," etc.; and think this use of proper nouns makes the terms more real than any amount of pronouns.

While the choice of words is of great consequence, their arrangement into sentences is of less importance. There is one order that is the best; and when in that order will be led along from lesser to greater being carried either backward or forward to connect the words and grasp the meaning. Each part of a sentence should be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent parts, and the lesser parts should precede those of greater importance.

It is essential that qualifying words be placed first in order. The material thing is the principal thought, as a general rule, and last, all other words being, in a sense, qualifying words. As the sentence is designed to convey strength and vividness, so should suspense be avoided, they tending to weaken in proportion as they are used. The importance of qualifying words preceding that which they qualify is illustrated in the following simple sentence, quoted: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." How much stronger is this than the "Diana of the Ephesians is great." The qualifying word being first, the mind is able to clothe what follows with the attribute of greatness. In the reverse it is almost wholly lost, the mind refusing to fully carry backward the force of the qualifying word.

A word of little or no importance should not conclude a sentence. The subject or the object is better at the end, while words indicating circumstances, qualities or conditions, when placed before lead to the gradual upbuilding of the sentence in a natural manner, and by carrying the mind from the less important to the more important, they lend vividness to our conception of the thing. It is requisite that words nearly related in meaning should be placed near together. A suspensive thought weakens that thought. And the time elapsing between a qualifying word and the word it qualifies, the greater the strain on the mind in carrying that word along to the words it qualifies. In fact, shortness of sentence conduces to strength.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Edward Oaksmith.—In the last number of the MONTHLY our correspondent "Bohemian" inquires as to whether this young and talented writer left any of his writings in book form, or whether any collection of his poems had ever been made. We are enabled to state from information since received that no such collection or publication has ever been made. His writings may only be found through the magazines and periodicals of his day and time; yet they have merited a better fate. He was possessed of genius of a rare order, highly cultivated, and his life and writings bear ample testimony of a noble and pure thought, manly suggestion and deep intuition. He was a poet of no mean order, and the author of tales, sketches and criticisms enough to fill a volume. His translation of "Narcisse" is well known to the literary world as a felicitous and spirited rendering of that unique production, and the dramatic public will long remember his dramatic criticisms in the *New York Mercury* as characterized by conscientiousness and a remarkable penetration and good judgment.

Mr. Oaksmith died August 31, 1865, at Havana, Cuba, whither he had gone with his wife to seek that relaxation from business cares, and consequent recuperation of bodily health, which his system so much needed. But disease had marked him as its victim, and it became only a question of time when the final summons should come. From his journal the record of the fact is made manifest that for more than a year previous to his death he had labored under the conviction that he was soon to be called away.

ED.

E. Lector of San Francisco, California, would like to be informed as to the terms of office of the various governors and legislatures of the United States, and how often the legislatures hold sessions. It is a matter of general interest and importance, and not easily got at by those who have not the Constitutions of all the States at hand.

California, Indiana, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Nevada, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Illinois and West Virginia, twelve in all, elect Governor and Senate for four years, a House of Representatives for two years, and have biennial sessions.

Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi, four, differ from this class only in having annual sessions.

Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa and Texas, five, elect State Senators for four years, Governor and House for two years, and have biennial sessions.

South Carolina has the same system of elections, with annual sessions.

The above States, twenty-two in number, and no others, elect State Senators for terms of four years.

North Carolina elects a Governor for four years, both branches of the Legislature for two years, and has biennial sessions.

Maine, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Tennessee and Vermont, seven, elect Governor and Legislature for two years, and hold biennial sessions.

Connecticut, Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, four, elect Governor and Senate biennially, a House annually, and hold annual sessions.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island have annual elections, and New York and New Jersey have each a system of their own.

In seventeen States the Governor is elected for four years, in two for three years, in seventeen for two years, in two for one year. Twenty-two States elect Senators for four years, one for three years, thirteen for two years, two for one year. Thirty States elect a House of Representatives only once in two years, eight annually. In twenty-five States there are biennial sessions of the Legislature; in thirteen, annual sessions.

I would ask of you if you can oblige me with the origin of the "horn of plenty," or cornucopia, as it is at present applied? Miss L. E. G.

Louisville, Ky.

Ovid (an author, young lady, you doubtless have never read) tells us, in his "Fasti," that the she-goat that suckled Jupiter broke off one of her horns against a tree; that his nurse, Amalthea, picked it up, wreathed it with garlands, filled it with grapes and oranges, and thus presented it to young Jove, who made it his favorite plaything. When he had grown up, and had acquired the dominion of the heavens, he remembered his horn of sweetmeats, made a constellation in memory of it, and promoted Amalthea to be the goddess of plenty or fortune, whose symbol it became. This horn is called cornucopia, and is feigned by the mythologists to shed incessantly a variety of good things. You can easily make the application to its present signification.

I find the following in an old volume of the prophecies of Nostrodamus, 1555. It will be remembered that this renowned prophet foretold the death of Henry II., husband to Catherine de Medici, in a duel; upon which, she having disguised herself in order to get his prescience, revealed herself, and replied with scorn, "that could not be, as no man could challenge the king." He was, however, killed in a tournament—the spear of Montmorenci having penetrated the brain through the eye. Bacon, in his *Essay on Prophecies*, refers to this prediction as having been current while he was in France.

cause of the frivolity of our young men, their lack of responsibility and their foolish ostentation and extravagance, may be traced to this lack of genuine respect for the mother. The stereotype sentimentality of the ages on this point of the "reverence of the son for the mother" is becoming outworn. It is growing to be an obsolete sentiment after the period of adolescence. Our youth, hearing wives, mothers, and sisters everlastingly spoken of as "the weaker vessel," very naturally shape their opinions in accordance with the idea.

The boy reading his classics imbibes the opinion of the imbecility of woman; the laxity of press and pulpit favor the common talk that the sex, scarcely without exception, are subject to petty rivalries and spleen, unprovoked fits of rage, tantrums and hysterics, are crafty and malicious, scheming to secure some poor triumph in the shape of a shawl, a coach, or carpet; the satires of the poets from Horace to Pope have made and perpetuated a public opinion holding us in contempt. Nor is it the ignorant alone that disparage the sex. In our day science stands at the door and gives voice to subtle sarcasms under the guise of superior experimental observation. It is time for women to sift these degrading dogmas, and for the sake of our common humanity place themselves upon a higher level.

It is most true that the sex have been prone to petty quarrels, and, as I have shown, these are caused by their attempts to keep up the old household rather than have the young married pair go forth and build up a home of their own. A woman at forty is in the prime of womanhood, and having brought up her own children, should not take upon herself the charge of her grandchildren unless some sad necessity should compel her to do so; otherwise she prepares for herself perpetual bickerings, and, ten to one, a graceless, thankless office. She loses opportunity for beneficent acts, as well as for intellectual and moral culture; more than all, she loses the dignity which age and experience should impart; she is a cipher where she ought to receive recognition and reverence.

It is but lately that women have begun to make opinions in the world, and it is all important that they should wisely reconsider those that have been made for them by the other sex. Those who wait for men to strike the keynote of thought pay themselves a poor compliment, while at the same time they defraud the treasury of mind of that "mite" which after all may be of more value than the apparently rich contributions of the privileged masculine intellect. Both sexes need to be stirred by some new and great idea; and why should not a woman become the promulgator? Our humanity is sick from having been always treated as an invalid. It has been fed with spoon victuals when its nature demanded stronger aliment. It has been treated as depraved, unwholesome dyspeptic; and so great thoughts, courageous ethics, and grand revelations have not been forthcoming. One grows weary of the twaddle and wishy-washiness pervading all ideas between the sexes; and women are much in the condition of Gulliver whom the millipeds pegged to the ground by the hair of his head.

I am inclined to the belief that the reign of peace on earth must first be inaugurated in the household; and it is well for the women of the land to consider how best they may estab-

lish harmony there. To multiply divines will not amend any evils, but rather augment them. As I have before said, we need more of the beautiful sentiment of reverence to make our homes handsome and tranquilizing. Mothers must exact more respect from their children, and wives be more on an equality with husbands. Neither should directly or indirectly subvert the authority or impair the reverence due to the other.

The absence of the courtesies of the family, the tone of minor morals even, these may lead to final disorder in after life. Women are too indifferent to the dignities pertaining to their position as the head of a family. The pliancy of the girl is unseemly in the matron, who should speak as one having authority and wisdom to justify her claims to superior deference. It would be better for our young men if their mothers insisted more upon the amenities of the household and the orderly observance of family etiquette. A habit of attention to what is becoming in the home life will act upon them as a check in after years, and render them more upright as men and more trustworthy as citizens. They must learn respect for women in the early home as the best antidote to licentiousness; respect for the sentiments, the opinions, the character of the mother is an element of conservation not to be lightly esteemed, and this can exist only where she is true not only to her womanhood, but true also to the dignities pertaining to her motherhood. Let us have peaceful households as the prelude to peace on earth for which we all pray.

E. O. S.

Cooking a Fine Art.—The *art-cuisine* has become a theme all-important, to be studied thoroughly and practically applied. All over the land cooking-schools have taken the place of fancy embroidery and needle-work schools; and the young woman of the period is not ashamed to invite a guest to partake of a banquet each dish of which her own hand has had a finger in preparing.

Also all over the land the best-bred, best-cultured, and most sensible women are going forth under the distinctive appellation of "cooks," to instruct other women into the best methods of preparing food upon the truest hygienic and health-preserving processes. So that henceforth mankind in general—the lords of creation in particular—may not have their digestions ruined by indigestible or illy-cooked edibles.

From Adam to the latest born of his progeny the subject of how to find and where to find a stay for the appetite, a replenishing of what our Teutonic brethren call the *inner-stomach*, has been a universally important theme.

However natural a fact in the first instance, it became, as the ages rolled onward, with all peoples as with individual life, a fine art, about and upon which more thought and care have been expended than upon any art or science combined. Nay, art and science are made handmaids, suitors to this science of gastronomy.

Adam was accorded a liberal range among fruits and vegetables, one tree being all that was denied himself and wife; indeed, for aught we know to the contrary, the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the cattle upon a thousand hills may have contributed to the first paradisaic table, although the first carnivorous mention does not occur until much later; but then in such a matter-of-fact way, when

Isaac bade Esau prepare him a dish of venison, as to prove that meat was a common article of food.

When the Hebrews made their exodus from among the fleshpots of Egypt they were bidden to prepare a lamb and eat it with greens; roasted before the fire, not raw or sodden with water, but prepared in a savory manner. From thence on through all their history meat in one form or another became a standing dish with the Jews, as if to comfort them and compensate them for those weary four hundred years of bondage in the land of the Sphinx and Pyramids, when they lived on such low diet as "fish, cucumbers, leeks, onions, garlic and melons."

A Hebrew, it is said, always sat before his guest bread, honey, fruit and wine; but we invariably find these were only to fill up the time; a sort of interlude while some creature was being slaughtered, dressed, cooked and served.

Passing from sacred to profane history, we find the Greeks and Romans, equally savage in the early times with other nomadic people, lived by hunting and made war their pastime; that with them jerked meat dried in the sun and eaten with salt and no further attention to preparation was the rule, even as it is among the Bedouins, Croats and kindred nomades of our own times.

The ninth book of the "Iliad" relates how Achilles, about to receive the embassy, Ulysses, Ajax, and the ancient Phoenix, ordered the largest vessel filled with the choicest wine, and bade Patroclus, upon the raging flames,

"Heap in a brazen vase, three chins entire
The flesh of porklet, sheep and goat," etc.

No servants appear to have taken part in these preparations to entertain the most exalted of guests. Achilles and Patroclus alone were purveyors. So rapid, however, was the improvement of the warrior nations in the art of the gourmand that speedily they invented divers "rare bits," among the choicest of which it is claimed were all dishes made of pork. Interspersed also with pork was the flesh of rabbits, pheasants and peacocks, seasoned with most rare spices, to form, as early as the sixth century, the sausage!

Most that the Romans knew of any sort came by inheritance from the Greeks; but they speedily improved upon the imported methods. The best Roman cooks came, it is said, from Sicily, and their choicest dishes were called *sicula dapes*.

The profusion upon a Roman table in the time of the Cæsars and earlier was marvelous; but display and not delicacy seemed the order. Pork was the chief dish always, prepared generally after a manner which would have brought Mr. Bergh to the front speedily in protection of his porcine highness; for poor piggy was spitted with a red-hot iron as he ran, and left to die a lingering death of torture, which it was claimed made the flesh not only tender, but improved its color.

Game was always found upon a well-spread board, nightingales, peacocks, cuckoos, and kindred birds being also in great request. Fish were had in infinite variety, and prepared in divers manners. For more substantial meats juvenile asses (*asinus juvenile*), young puppies (*cabuli lactantes*), and most of the cattle now in use were then also in favor. With the Romans, as in our own luxurious day, sauces were the chief dietetic article which characterized the gradual re-

finement of the people. In early days some, indeed most, of these same sauces must have been horrible messes. For instance: "The intestines of fish thrown into a vessel, salted and set in the sun, turned often, and after some days the *garum* pressed from them"—in fact, common fish oil, in a most vile condition, very odorously rancid! Another very choice sauce was concocted from fish oil with the addition of *asafoetida*.

Later, the taste much improved from such gross uses, we find them importing poultry and truffles from Africa; rabbits from Spain; pheasants from Greece; and pea-fowls from remote Asia, and served with all sorts of appetizing sauces and condiments.

From the days of Charlemagne, France has notably held supremacy in the art of cookery, and early in her history began to appear, not only delicately cooked, but elegantly served viands; birds with their claws gilt, fish silvered from nose to tail, pea-fowls served with the tail expanded, and all sorts of game placed upon the table *au naturel*, yet most deliciously seasoned and cooked. Pastry of all kinds became the rage; and then, as now, the noblest dames and fairest ladies of the realm prepared every dish set before king, belted knight, or rotund squire; and she who made the best, or invented a new dish, was praised above her fellows, and held in high esteem. For the delicacies which now came in vogue, the Venetian supplied the spices, the Arabians the perfumed liquors; for now came in the fashion of boiling fish among other things in some delicately-flavored water.

The women, however, did not absorb the concocting of good things; for from the depths of abbeys, amidst the crypts of monasteries, where the vows of chastity, poverty, and abstinence did most prevail, the odor of good things in process of preparation arose upon the outer air, over which a jolly abbot, with a waist like a tun, spent more thought than would have served to lay the devil in the whole surrounding country.

Germany, slower in the high art of preparing eatables, was long content with caviar, sour-kraut, and such like dishes—which, by the way, satisfy the palate of most Teutons even until to-day.

Nor did England easily succumb to the making of choicest viands the chief end of man. The Plantagenets ate the coarsest food in the most illy-prepared manner. The Tudors improved it in a small degree; but not extensively. We judge from Queen Bess and her maids of honor "breaking fast off of stock-fish and small beer."

It was not until Charles II., returning from his years' exile, gave directions for the more refined methods, that the beef-feeding Briton turned his attention in that direction even then with tardy steps, since at the end of the seventeenth century a French ambassador writes, in despair: "I am sent to dwell amidst barbarians, who have a dozen religions, and but one sauce—melted butter!"

During the reign of Louis XIV. in France, the subject of cookery had already become a matter of the gravest importance. Coffee was introduced by the Dutch, sugar was also imported by them from their South American colonies. Brand and tobacco became better appreciated, and liquors in cooling, and wines to be served with some idea of accompan-

with the coarse dishes was aspired to. Men no longer cut chunks of raw meat, holding it before a fire until it was hot, tore it to pieces with fingers and teeth, washing it down with a huge tankard of beer; but the refinements of living, the being served delicately with well-cooked viands, became a fixed fact.

The eighteenth century came out bravely with new dainties, *dinde aux truffes*, *poisson aux chateau Sefette*, and a score of other dishes which yet hold sway among gourmands, all after the manner and receipts of the gay Regent d'Orleans; while in England good Queen Anne held sage discourse with her kitchen cabinet, and many a dish was concocted after the manner, or in "Queen Anne's fashion." In this our day and generation everything is cooked, and after divers methods, the chief thing being to conceal its identity and make one imagine he is eating something else. That is, up to the present such has been the seeming intent; but in the near future, "our sisters and our cousins and our aunts" shall vie with our sweethearts and our wives in the knowledge of how to choose and what to choose of all the markets afford; of how to cook and what to serve upon our

daily tables to make us a healthy, and if healthy, an agreeable and good race of bipeds. M. F.

Blondes and Roses.—The old theory which allowed a blonde to wear only blue flowers and ribbons, and consequently made her look insipid, has been very nearly extinguished during the last half-dozen years, and the fancy for Jacqueminot roses may utterly destroy it. These sumptuous blossoms are beautiful when worn by a brunette who knows how to make them contrast with black lace, but they are at their best when they adorn a blonde who chooses to array herself in a robe of creamy crape, draped with antique grace, and to relieve it with great clusters of Jacqueminot buds and half-opened blossoms placed at the belt and high on the side of the square opening at the throat, and gathered at the belt.

The single rose that nestles among the puffs on the top of her head brings out the gold of her hair, intensifies the coolness of her eyes, and makes her one of the prettiest pictures ever seen at a dinner party.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Temperance Cause.—This is not altogether a new movement in behalf of better morals. The first effort of the kind seems to have been made in England so early as 1517, a society having been organized "to prohibit people from getting drunk." They were to be temperate, not teetotal. "No man should drink more than fourteen glasses per day!"

In 1600 another society was organized still more stringent, apparently keeping pace with advancing civilization; for its members were allowed to be drunk only upon holidays.

It would seem that progress in this direction has been at the best slow in England, where the working classes dilute their hard fare with beer and ale instead of tea and coffee as is the custom with us. Indeed, reprehensible as is the mode of selling intoxicants in our country, it can bear no comparison to the atrocious system of England, where sumptuous marble buildings, five and six stories in height, and furnished with the most luxurious appliances, called Gin Palaces, are splendidly illuminated every night, to toll in not only the wretched inebriate but the licentious and profligate of all classes. Their system of licensing the social evil, as well as liquor vending, opens a broad sluiceway to vice, immorality and crime. No covert is pretended, and the issue may well be anticipated. The ignorant lose the sense of an evil when it is sanctioned by legislation. What the law justifies is right in their eyes. The ruler spreads temptation in the path of men and women, and then punishes them for yielding thereto; places a beverage within reach of the weak, over-worked man and weary woman, a beverage that is sure to unsettle the brain and obliterate the moral sense, and then when the miserable victim reels forth

to abuse wife and children, with a strong arm and heavy foot the law consigns him to a prison or the scaffold.

Shame on a civilization which affords facilities for crime, and neglects to afford inducements to virtue!

One thing is due to the spirit of the age. The man whose bread is earned by dealing out liquid poison, should be at once classed among the criminal class, and made responsible for all the mischief following in the wake of his vocation, by imprisonment and fine. He is more to be dreaded than the vampire; for he not only consumes the life-blood of the victim, but heaps suffering, crime and death upon the innocent.

An English reformer lately made some effort to ascertain the quantity of beer ordinarily imbibed by a workingman. He inquired at a wayside hostelry frequented by laborers. The keeper replied: "I do not know for certain; but I have never sold to one man more than fifteen quarts in one day!" This reminds one of what Montaigne said of the Germans in his time, who swallowed to such excess that they are indifferent to the quality of their drink. "Their business is to pour down and not to taste; hence they take any and all with equal delight."

Whatever the Englishman or the German may do in their own country, amid the bogs of the one and the fogs of the other, they cannot do the same with impunity under the dry, stimulating climate of America; nor can our citizens indulge in strong drink without risk to the brain and the subversion of morality. We are nearly as mercurial as the Frenchman, without his constitutional repugnance to intoxicants. We inherit from our English ancestors a proclivity to good eating and strong drinking, while our dry atmos-

phere will not tolerate stimulants; and we must be temperate or take the penalty of paralysis, fever, insanities, and that final delirium tremens that would seem to indicate the very annihilation of the soul.

We are not fanatical on this most-needed reform; but seeing the evil produced by one intoxicant alone in the shape of whisky, and seeing how opium in various shapes of chloral, ether, chloroform, and adulterated wines, are each and all undermining the national morals, we would gladly see the whole traffic swept away before we are left without a semblance of national virtue.

By the Sea.—Life in a city means hurry, bustle, rush, work, even for pleasure. Life at the shore seems a perpetual holiday; man forgets that he is the son of toil, and becomes again a child. There is the seashore resort where fashion holds its sway, where the code of etiquette is rigidly observed, where handsome villas, fine equipages and horses, and magnificent toilettes abound; and there is the unconventional or the little-frequented resort, where people go just to enjoy themselves, and to return as much as may be to an aboriginal condition. It is a paradise for the little ones; the days are hardly long enough to carry out all their busy plans, whether they be digging in the sands, building embankments for the waves to wash away, paddling on the edge of the water, or what not.

Then there are the pretty little fresh-water lakes, which in some places lie so curiously near the ocean, and which offer to children, and to many of their elders as well, a never-failing source of amusement. To sail, to row, to swim, to wade, all day and every day, if they will, till one might almost think man had become an aquatic animal. It is in some sense brother that meets brother when man meets man, so disposed does every one seem to be genial and pleasant; to put up with trifling annoyances, so almost eager to do whatever offers itself.

Bathing-time is a study. Vanity, conventionality, no longer exist, or no human beings would consent to make of themselves such figures of fun. With their large, shabby straw hats tied down, loose drawers, and enveloped, as to women-kind, in shawls or waterproofs, they bear a striking resemblance to Indian squaws, or to some scarecrow set up in a field. But who thinks of all that when once in the water, where all but the most timid give themselves up to a very hilarity of enjoyment?

Long walks on the board-walk by the shore, or over the sand, beaten hard on the water's edge, occupy time pleasantly by day, and especially in the evening. Longer rests, sunning one's self in little sandpits or lying behind embankments in cool shadow, doing and desiring to do—nothing but idly to watch the billows coil over and break, or to listen to their low monotonous song, soothing as a lullaby.

More active spirits find pleasure or excitement in braving the dangers, real or apparent, of going out in a life-boat through the breakers to the sloop which lies outside, waiting for its load of passengers, and both day and evening starts on a limited expedition, weather and tide permitting. And now under the light of the full moon the crowd gather to see the party start; a crowd some of whom wish themselves

in the place of the voyagers, while others shrink back affrighted at such a prospect. The boat is on the sand near the water's edge, with its group of people, young and old, waiting, some half breathlessly, for the wave which is to float them off. The rowers stand ready on each side to take advantage of it when it arrives. And in that pause it all seems a picture for some artist's pencil.

"Ah, here it comes!" and there is a shout as the huge breaker rolls in, the sailors push with a will, and the water lifts the boat forward a few inches and then retires, leaving it again on the sands. Another hush of expectation and another wave carries the little craft forward again. Still another, and it is afloat, while the sailors give a final shove, jump hastily in and seize their oars. Skillfully they do their work; a moment of suspension as the snowy-capped water advances swiftly toward them, then breaks below the boat and lifts it over. Another and another! Surely this watery mountain will overwhelm them! But no; once more the prow cuts through the foam (at least this time they must have had a shower-bath), and they are safely through the surf. Dancing over the waters beyond, a little dark speck now under the light of the silver moon. Away, away to some isle of the blest, perhaps; who knows? Not we who stand on the shore and watch as if our glance was riveted by some magical attraction, half in a waking dream half enviously, for are they not past the dangers now? the dangers which seemed so menacing, but were, after all, the power which served to float them off upon that ocean where they would be.

What pen can describe the ever-changing beauties of the sea? The light that crests each wave with a gleam of gold as the sun slowly rises from his bed of waters and floods sea and land with his gladdening rays, while the birds wake up and sing and all Nature springs up responsive to a new day of life at his genial touch. The noonday, when the waters shine blue and dazzling far, far away; when shadows from the snowy clouds piled up in the heavens seem to float here and there on the waves; when the white sails, birds of ocean, dot the horizon, when the sands are crowded with the human throng, when life, breathing, palpitating, is at its full. The sunset, when the first shadows begin to gather over the land, when the snowy caps of the waves are crimsoned as they wash the sands; when the birds skim over the waters ere they seek their quiet nests, and a gentle hush seems stealing over everything. The moon-rise, when its silver beams make a path across the waters on which the young, hope, fancy and imagination seem to speed away to some unknown paradise of delight; when for the memories of the past wake once more, and the echoes that have died away into silence are heard again, soft and alive. While the sea tunes its harmonies to another key that the daylight knows; a melody rich, musical, unending. All this, past the power of telling, is beauty, rest and refreshment to weary bodies and minds, braces the unstrung and sends back to life's toils and trials a renewed heart, being better able to cope with them, better able to carry their burden, whatever it may be, than he who came but a time ago to drink in this wonderful elixir of wine and wave.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Brain and Mind ; or, Mental Science Considered in Accordance with the Principles of Phrenology, and in Relation to Modern Physiology. By HENRY S. DRAYTON, A.M., and JAMES MCNEILL. *New York : S. R. Wells & Co.*

On the title-page of this new volume is a sentiment which has a peculiar appropriateness, we think, in such a place, viz.: "The greatest friend to Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility;" for with the lapse of time since Gall proclaimed first his new doctrines of mental philosophy, those doctrines have steadily won their way into popular belief, and that in spite of prejudice, bigotry, and conservatism. The literature of Phrenology is extensive far beyond the conception of those who have not given the subject personal consideration, being spread through a hundred or more volumes of magazines, European and American, and represented otherwise by hundreds of treatises on the whole, or departments of the subject. It must be said, however, that within the past ten years or more no volume has been given to the world which presented a comprehensive view of the science and discussed its principles not only on a philosophical side, but also on the side of their practical relations to the everyday-life of man. This is probably due to the fact that the treatise or "System" of George Combe was deemed by many so complete that a new work was quite unnecessary. But Mr. Combe's book, however admirable, is old, and there have been discoveries in physiology and changes in the views of metaphysicians which the "System" did not anticipate.

It was a recognition of such facts as these that set the authors of "Brain and Mind" to work, to prepare a treatise on the relations of the thinking principle to its physical instrument, which would embody the well-established doctrines of Phrenology and show their connection with the latest modern physiological thought.

A careful examination of this well-written and beautifully illustrated work must convince any one that the aim to be "explicit and clear in its definitions" and at the same time to render its teaching "thoroughly practical" has been kept steadily in view. Whether a reader be inclined to believe Phrenology or not, he must find the volume a mine of interest and gather many suggestions of the highest value, and rise from its perusal with clearer views of the nature of mind and the responsibilities of human life. The work constitutes a complete text-book on the subject.

Ninety-Nine Days. By CLARA R. BUSH. *Satchel Series. New York : Authors' Publishing Company.*

The more we read of these series the more enthusiastic grows our praise of their purity, wit, and wisdom, and their readability both in the æsthetic and practical senses. In the first named they minister thoroughly to the taste of the cultivated, well-bred reader. There are fewer faults to condemn than in any rival series that we have scanned. In the

second, they are entirely superior to all others, i.e., paper, size, and clearness of type, shape of book, etc. They are well named; and it would be a crowded satchel indeed that the reading traveller would find too full to admit of just one or two of these compact companions. All young ladies "going out of town" the coming season should read "Ninety-Nine," and thereby learning wisdom and shrewdness, their plots and counterplots should be amusing to outsiders at least. "Kathleen Mavoureen" won Gwin's love in spite of the "other girls," and we do not wonder at that, for she has won our heart completely.

Lily's Lover. By the Author of "*Climbing the Mountains.*" *New York : Authors' Publishing Company.*

This is a winning family story. We judge it is thus named from the author's knowledge of a peculiar peculiarity among women, that though their lovers be legion, yet they acknowledge none except the favored hero. Mr. Luyster's experiment of a "trip out of season" might suggest to other parents an ideal plan for the improvement of a large class of girls that are nonentities if nothing worse. We do not really place much faith in such rapid conversions; yet if we had such a daughter we should not refuse to try even a more painful remedy than that. Lily, after experiencing a change of heart, repeats in herself the old fable of Undine.

The Mystic Ring. Compiled by EMMA E. RIGGS. *New York : Authors' Publishing Company.*

A "Fortune-Teller" which combines agreeable instruction with innocent amusement. The tale of the future is unfolded (after a plan given) from a collection of quotations from the works of our best authors. These poetical lines are classified under ten heads in groups of thirty each. Such poets as Whittier, Longfellow, Spencer, Percival, are found among the eighty and upwards whose works have furnished the appropriate selections. Bound in red linen with symbols in gold—a key and horseshoe.

Muscle-Beating ; or, Active and Passive Home Gymnastics, for Healthy and Unhealthy People. By C. KLEMM, *Manager of the Gymnastic Institution in Riga. With ten Illustrations. New York : M. L. Holbrook & Company.*

This book contains the following interesting chapters: Introduction; Historical Review; Value of Muscle-Beating as an Indoor Gymnastic; Directions for the Special Use of Muscle-Beating; The Muscle-Beater; Cold Hands and Feet, Morbid Concentrations; Excessive Fatness; Muscular Debility; The weakness of Advanced Years and Infirmities of Old Age; Lameness and Stiff Articulations; Morbid Mental Excitements; Sleeplessness; Incipient Diseases of the Spinal-Cord-Paralysis; Rheumatism; Cold; Gouty Tumors; Neuralgic Headache; Vertigo; Loss of Hair; Muscular Curvature of the Spine; Muscle-Beating as a Means of Sur-

taining the Health; Summary of Directions for the Use of Muscle-Beating.

The work is a novelty, and very suggestive. We should not wonder if it would prove a valuable addition to the numerous modes of exercise, especially for chronic invalids and sedentary persons.

Janin.—The men renowned for all time are easily summed up; but the clever children of an idle hour are numberless. True, moral greatness, transcendent wisdom, superhuman valiance—these fall to few; but the gifts of quiet and harmonious beauty, of light and wit and charms, or of turbulent and dazzling force become the heritage of hundreds. There is an unequivocal difference between robust genius and glittering audacity, between men like Rabelais and men like Janin.

The meteor-like brilliancy of Jules Janin was certainly as amazing as curious. Week after week and month after month, the *Journal des Debats* brightened and quivered with his strange and vivid words. The cultured centres of Europe condescended to applaud. In his special line he was the critic of critics during all his triumphant career. Throughout many a year, he made transient fame for himself, sealed his work with the seal of keen and vigorous personality, and successfully wielded more than common power. To-day even in France he is well-nigh forgotten.

Janin came into the world in the forepart of the century. As a child he possessed very considerable spirit and cleverness. He left home for Paris at the age of fifteen. There he was schooled at the expense of a beneficent great-aunt, and there he stocked his mind wonderfully, and just as wonderfully succeeded in life.

In course of time this great-aunt of his also removed to Paris and they lived quite quietly together in the midst of that great city's turbulence, splendor and peril. They were somewhat poor, but far from anything like absolute want. He singularly enough made a friend, and this made his fortune; for he was induced by him to turn his talents to account and write, and being thus constantly thrown with newspaper men, and perpetually winning attention by his conspicuous abilities, secured for himself a commanding position on the *Journal des Debats*.

It was as a dramatic critic that he attained a reputation, though for a time he did anything that came along. He of all men loved and hated with fervor. He was poor and proud always, and firm in his admirations and affections; in his hates he was rash and rancorous. His antagonists were never mild men, and he when roused was fiercer than himself. To forget might be Godlike; but it could not be done. He dogged his enemies with extraordinary pertinacity. He buffeted them and chuckled over their downfall. He did many noble things; but he was by no means always noble. As M. About would say, his parrot and his wife loved him; of course he was an idol and a potency also with playwrights and players. I have yet to see the man who endorses his opinions and estimates of dramatic talent; many were no doubt right and perfectly just; but probably most were wrong. But people hung upon his utterances. These made or marred. What he denounced was condemned.

Janin wrote a vast deal, and did so with astounding

brightness and rapidity. He never cut away anything once set down, and he always said whatever came uppermost. If a Frenchman think for more than an instant, he is lost; if a Frenchman ponder, he gets ponderous; Janin knew it, and this is the secret of so much of his work being so worthless and of so much of his work appearing so queerly grotesque.

His critical writings may be spoken of as an impetuous flow of reminiscences, sentiment, wit and illustration. They must not be too freely praised; at times they are deplorably artificial and fussy. There is in them that restlessness and there is also in them that dangerous vitality so characteristic of the French, and rendered more intensely peculiar by the well-nigh intolerable individuality of Janin. It is hard to keep mental equilibrium amid the swift and dazzling whirl of his not always transparent, but always liquid language. The polished course is too much dashed with color to be lucid; but it is certainly at least luminous in one sense. Very far indeed he is from being elegant; his luxuriance of phrase is many a time rank and pernicious in the extreme.

But, preëminently, he had spiritual spontaneity. He had the power of a rich and profuse colorist. He had unusual craft. He, it is true, was seldom either refined, penetrative or profound. He was astute, however, restive, and splendidly energetic. What passed from his pen was singularly remarkable for its cunning fancy and its momentary effectiveness.

Poor Janin! As the years rolled on, the world that for so long a time looked so bright to him became dull. He grew old and ill. All things got to be lurid and ominous. His star fell. His friends were then friends no more. He sank into his grave; and to-day, as I have said, he is well-nigh forgotten.

Wilhelm Meister.—Wilhelm Meister is at present one of Goethe's unfashionable productions. The critics persist in regarding it strictly as a novel, and never cease to decry its poverty of plot and action, while the moralists, looking at the many violations of conventional ethics which it displays, can see no beauty in its wickedness, and no poetry in the unpretending lives it portrays. Yet Wilhelm Meister is one of the most delightful compositions ever written. One cannot call it a story, a novel, a poem, or a book of travels; for it contains traits which belong to all of these, and is not sufficiently homogeneous to be placed in the class with either. It is like a bit of the world itself more than anything else, and reminds one of the elder Teniers's pictures of peasants and fairs, dancing and love-making.

Meister is to a large extent the objective phase of Goethe's own inner consciousness. Its pictures show us the natural shape which his fancies took as his imagination broadened and deepened. We see here how, as his senses lose the freshness of youth, he seeks intellectual pleasures with greater avidity. The story becomes more complex as it advances, and is full of significations which are only cloaked by the action of the characters. In the first part of the "Apprenticeship" it seems as if the poet intended to sketch for us the happiness of purely sensuous existence. We are introduced into a charmed atmosphere of youth, love, and sunlight, where people lead a natural life, governed entirely by the sense, and untroubled by any annoying scruples of conscience.

Meister himself is an unique creation. Goethe's masculine characters are always peculiar. They are made by a careful adjustment of intellectual sticks and straws, and one can only comprehend them by being ever on the lookout for hidden meanings. Their smiles always hint of something metaphysical, and even their limbs move in an onerous fashion, as though they felt the burden of the principles they were intended to illustrate. Meister and Faust, however, are by no means empty works. We see so many sides of them that it is impossible at first to seize their personality. But in Meister especially, as the story unfolds for us, we perceive the nature of the man gradually assuming distinct form. It is like living beside him, and seeing him each day gather a new power from the action of circumstances. His intellect emerges from the meshes of a purely sensuous existence, until at last he stands before us, not a Godlike creature such as the developed Faust, but a large and noble man with rounded mind and tempered passions. There is nothing of the hero about Meister at any time. He is so inconsistent that we feel inclined to laugh and frown at him by turns, as we do at our fellow-men. He is in love with Philina, Mariana, the Amazon and Aurelia all at once, and when Theresa appears upon the scene, the complexity of his emotions all but unmans him.

The women of the story are almost without exception wonderfully lifelike; while from Mariana to Natalia they present all types of feminine excellence and frailty. It is saddening to think of the tortuous byways Goethe must have traversed to learn so well the heights and depths of womanly possibility. Philina is perhaps the dimmest star in this galaxy—pretty, reckless Philina, with her hand always open, and her lips always tempting a kiss from some new admirer. Yet Philina is not at all an odious person. She seems surrounded by a moral atmosphere of her own; and while we would condemn her from our standpoint, we suddenly feel her witchery and lay aside our scruples. None but a genius could trace a character like Philina, throwing to the surface all its absence of moral strength, and yet contrasting so delicately its wonderful charm and naturalness that we recognize the perfect humanity of the portrait, and cannot feel displeased.

If Philina is one extreme of womankind, Mignon is another. The fruit of strong passions, she is an incarnation of the deepest love, dying of its own wealth, and denied all power of utterance save that of song. The story of Mignon is the flower of a rich imagination; simply as a story, it is full of poetry and pathos; yet it is not as a poem alone, or a story alone that it interests us. It has so many hidden significations that one scarcely dares analyze it for fear of missing the rarest of all. It has no particular bearing upon the story of Meister, and seems to represent an undercurrent of thought suggested by the leading motive of the tale. Mignon shows us the hopelessness of woman's love, its passive quality. She dies for Meister, and yet her love and death have no appreciable effect upon his life. She was not even an element in his development. Another of its lessons is perhaps the crushing power of stronger natures. A strong man, no matter how loving he may be, must cause pain; and many a mind is warped or hurt by the inertia of his power, without ministering to his needs. This is the pathos of

Mignon—to love no place in the world, to die like a flower without even being missed. Her life is like the faint streak of light one sees sometimes in a gray horizon, suggestive of such an infinite possibility, yet productive of so little.

It is refreshing to turn to Natalia in contrast. Natalia represents Meister's ideal. She is both the woman of his more mature love and the ideal of his developing manhood; for in her the perplexing double motive appears. He catches elusive glimpses of her at first, which incite him to aspiration. Then he sees her face to face, and learns how much possession of her will wean to him. Now he renounces her until he shall become worthy of her, and never sees her again. Renunciation; it is the lesson of the "Wanderjahre," and the lesson we all must learn. It seems to be the sad burden of all Goethe's teaching: renounce, that you may gain new strength. His melancholy discrimination never fails him, and he traces the end of Meister's aspiration as clearly as he perceives the result of Mariana's love dream. A noble nature carries with it the curse of disappointment; and this truth Goethe is never weary of repeating. The inexorable law of advancement refines the ideal as it develops the mind which conceives it, and so this delicious *imago* becomes every year more etherealized, painted in more delicate hues, until at last death blots out both fancy and reality, and leaves us, as in the beginning, unsatisfied.

The motive of Meister, as of Faust, is found in the development of one man's nature. And one feels in reading the former that Goethe is feeling his way toward Faust; that if Meister had not been written, Faust would have been an impossibility. We have the same theme; but it is worked out with less precision and delicacy. Many of the characters in Meister are unnecessary for the proper portrayal of its chief motive, while they are all either admirable photographs of life, or interesting illustrations of some of its tendencies.

The "Fair Saint" is one of the loveliest conceptions of feminine excellence. She is like a pale, cold Alpine flower, or the breath of a tuberose, which is full of a heavenly sweetness, yet devoid of passion. In a metaphysical aspect, she is an example carefully worked out to a preconceived ending, and is an excellent illustration of Goethe's favorite character study.

"Barbara" and "Friederich" are very different types, both somewhat conventional, yet presented with considerable naturalness. "Friederich" is sometimes painfully funny; for his humor is not always of the most spontaneous sort, but he adds a touch of life and merriment to the picture, which we would hardly wish to give up. "Old Barbara" is a veritable Phorkyad, plainly a result of the Gothic side of Goethe's imagination. There are many fine touches in her characterization, which lift it above the level of commonplace. Her kindness to little Felix, for instance, is well contrasted with the knavery which induces her to deceive Aurelia as to his fatherhood.

The reading of "Meister" is like living for a while in another world—a world where there is no *cunui*, where the people live to be happy, and seek from life all the healthful pleasures it can offer. It is stimulating because the aims and motives it suggests are all great. If the "Apprenticeship" shows us the details of sensuous existence, the "Wan-

derjahre" introduces us to a higher and more thoughtful atmosphere. We perceive gradually that a man must know the world in order to comprehend himself; but that self-knowledge is first in importance. Toward this all things lead, and to further the growth, perfection, and knowledge of the individual, all selfish desires and needs must be renounced. Advancement is the second great lesson of the story.

"Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam!"

In these three great motives, renunciation, advancement, self-knowledge, lies the morality of "Meister." It depicts life with a realism which is to some offensive, only to make more palpable the law which it intends to illustrate; that in order to reach a symmetrical, harmonious growth, one must use wisely the truths which can be gained from experience alone. There is no teaching. The lesson is pointed out for us; that is all. We are never told to refrain or renounce ignorantly; but only to give up after we have learned for ourselves the value of better things.

To Prevent.—This word, which we now use in the sense of *to hinder*, formerly signified *to go before*, and so it should be understood in every case in which it occurs in the Bible and Book of Common Prayer. Thus in the Collect, taken before the Communion Service, which is usually offered before the sermon, we have, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings!" a petition which conveyed an idea then very different from the meaning of the word now. A curious instance of the old use of this word occurs in Walton's "Angler," where one of the characters says, "I mean to be up early to-morrow morning to *prevent* the sun rising;" that is, to be up before the sun rising.

Music.—One of the greatest glories of music is its capacity to admit of an union with words, by which its moral,

or, to speak more generally, its mental effects, are greatly heightened. If a picture or a statue could be made to speak with propriety or effect, would it not be a much more perfect art? Music, therefore, which can speak, and by the aid of words does speak, is for that especial reason to be held in so much the higher estimation.

How they Used to Declaim.—We cull the following curious directions from "Walker's Academick Speaker," published in Boston about a century ago, which gives some idea as to how peculiarly our great-grandfathers were taught:

"ON ATTITUDE IN PUBLIC SPEAKING.

"The young gentleman who attempts to declaim, when he begins his speech, should rest the whole weight of his body on the right leg, the other just touching the ground, at the distance at which it would naturally fall if lifted up to show that the body does not bear upon it. The knees should be straight and braced, and the body, though perfectly straight, not perpendicular, but inclining as far to the right as a firm position on the right leg will permit. The right arm must then be held out, with the palm open, the fingers straight and close, the thumb almost as distant from them as it will go, and the flat of the hand neither horizontal nor vertical, but between both, the arm forming an angle of about forty-five degrees. When the pupil has pronounced one sentence in the position thus described, the hand, as if lifeless, must drop down to the side the very moment the last accented word is pronounced; and the body, without altering the place of the feet, poise itself on the left leg, while the left hand raises itself into exactly the same position as the right was before, and continues in this position till the end of the next sentence, when it drops down on the side as if dead; and the body, poising itself on the right leg as before, continued with the right arm extended, till the end of the succeeding sentence, and so on, from right to left and from left to right alternately, till the speech is ended."

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

A Night Adventure.—One evening we were seated around our camp-fire engaged in telling stories, smoking clay pipes, etc., when our scouts brought in the news that a band of redskins were encamped near us. We had not before suspected the presence of Indians in that locality, and from their having encamped only about a mile and a half from us we concluded that they were ignorant of our being in the neighborhood.

Instantly our camp was wide awake. We dashed out our fire, grabbed our rifles, and felt of our hair to see if it was still there. During a hurried council of war another scout came in, saying, "They're hostiles, and don't know of us yet." We thanked our stars that we had found the Indians before they had found us, or it might have been a very different case. It is more pleasant to hunt the lion than to have the lion hunt you.

Leaving a guard with most of the animals, we carefully

examined our weapons, then slowly travelled to the vicinity of the Indian's camp. Evidently they were weary from some long journey; they were asleep, excepting two guards, and these were drowsy. The Indians had kindled a fire about a huge log of wood which some storm had grasped, and, like a Titan, had uprooted and prostrated. The Indians were lying with their heads in a row, and their feet towards this blazing log.

We were just about to fire into the camp, when a bright idea struck one of our scouts. He whispered to us not to fire; then he crawled away into the brooding darkness. He had to work cautiously, and so nearly an hour passed before we knew what he was doing. Then we realized that he had gone out into the woods and found a tree about the size of an average telegraph pole. It was a pitch-pine tree, and the season being spring, the tree was covered with black, sticky pitch.

The scout tied a lariat or lasso to the large end of the pole. This lasso was a long, slender rope made of tough bull's hide, and used as a noose in catching wild horses and cattle. Then he slowly let the pole roll down the little hill till it rested upon the scalp-locks of the sleeping Indians. Every preparation had been so complete and the action so quiet that the Indians dreamed not of danger. Another lariat was securely tied to the first; then the "slack" of the rope was made "taut," and a big, substantial Government mule was hitched to the free end of the line. This mule had a clothes-pin on his nose, to keep him from singing. We crouched there on the rocky ground amidst the spurs of cacti and clumps of wild sage brush. We grasped our ready rifles and eagerly watched every movement.

The crisis soon came; but we were not prepared exactly for the way the joke turned out. The muscular scout drew back his right foot, kicked the mule, the mule kicked and jumped about ten feet, braying piteously. Everybody yelled louder than Comanche Indians, and, Abel G. Whittaker! but didn't the hair raise!

LA MOILLE.

A Frontier Wedding.—When Illinois was the frontier of the Northwest, and the refinements of civilization had not reached the state of perfection of the present day, incidents often occurred among the rude, but simple-minded, pioneers that would shock our finer feelings, and cause us, in this enlightened age, to raise our hands in "holy horror." In those early days, however, any event that relieved the monotony of backwoods life was hailed with genuine delight, and received in the most perfect good humor by all. Even those upon whom practical jokes were perpetrated knew better than to take offence, but made believe to enjoy them in as high a degree as the perpetrators themselves. The following incident related to the writer by one who was cognizant of the circumstances, occurred more than fifty years ago, and aptly illustrates the times of which we write.

Among the pioneers of Charleston, now a flourishing little city of Southern Illinois, were H. C. Dunbar, an early justice of the peace, and Richard Stoddert, still one of the wealthy and influential men of the place. Both he and Dunbar were single men, and were much given to playing practical jokes on each other. An occasion was never allowed to pass, and many are the stories still told of their little tricks, some of which were practical in the extreme, as the sequel will show.

One cold, blustery day in March—as disagreeable as March days can be, when they try—Mr. Stoddert met Squire Dunbar on the street, and told him that a friend of his, living some twenty miles from town, was to be married that day, and wished him (Dunbar) to come out and tie the nuptial knot. The squire, nothing doubting, as he had heard intimations before of such an event taking place in the near future, mounted his horse and rode to the designated place to perform the marriage ceremony; but upon his arrival, discovered it to be one of Stoddert's jokes. He returned home, indulging perhaps in a little profane history, and bided his time to pay off Stoddert in his own coin. An opportunity was soon presented. It was a custom of the town, at parties and gatherings of young people, by way of giving zest to the evening's entertainment, to get up a sham

wedding of some couple who were particularly sweet on each other, and have a sham ceremony performed with all due solemnity by some sham clergyman or sham official. Shortly after Dunbar's trip to the country "on a fool's errand," as mentioned above, one of these social parties came off in Charleston, and with the design of retaliating upon Stoddert, Dunbar went to the county clerk's office, made a confidante of the clerk, and procured a marriage license for Stoddert and a certain young lady with whom he had been "keeping company" for some time. With this document in his pocket, he repaired to the party, and so engineered matters as to get up the usual sham wedding between Stoddert and his sweetheart. As a justice of the peace he was of course called upon to perform the (supposed) sham ceremony. Confronting the "contracting parties" with all the solemnity he would have used had it been a pre-arranged wedding in earnest, he asked the usual questions required by law, and was satisfactorily answered. He wound up his preliminary remarks by informing them that, as they were aware, he was an officer, authorized by law to perform the marriage ceremony, and inquired if it was their desire to be "united in holy wedlock." They answered in the affirmative, and holding the license in his hand, which they supposed was but a piece of blank paper, used for the sake of appearance, he went through with the marriage ceremony in full, received the responses, and solemnly pronounced them "husband and wife," turned away and made out the certificate with the usual witnesses, went over to the clerk's office, made a return of the license, and had the certificate recorded that night, without a hint to the pair that they were "sure enough" married. The next day, however, the matter leaked out, and so many of Stoddert's friends joked him about the novel manner in which he had been married, that he finally went to the clerk's office to investigate, and found it true, the papers in the case returned and recorded in due form. He then went to see the girl, and told her what had occurred, which caused quite a little tempest of excitement. She cried, and he swore (perhaps), not that they really objected to each other, but to the manner in which they had been bulldozed (that word had not been invented then, but expresses the idea) into getting married. At last Stoddert told her that they had better make the best of it, and call it genuine. She replied that perhaps she would never be able to do any better in the selection of a husband, and so the "sham wedding" became a genuine affair. According to all reports, Charleston never knew a happier couple than the one wedded in this novel manner. Long years of married life followed in blissful companionship, and when a few years ago the good woman passed from earth, she was sincerely mourned by the partner of her joys and sorrows. He is still living, and remains true to her memory by declining any future matrimonial alliance. Squire Dunbar lived in Texas at last accounts, enjoying the reflection perhaps of having paid up Stoddert with compound interest.

A dramatist somewhat notorious for his plagiarisms was reading his last new play to a well-known and waggish critic in—well, we'll say Boston. As often as he came to a borrowed passage, our critic would take off his hat and bow

with all politeness. "What does this mean?" asked the astonished dramatic pilferer. "O, nothing, my friend," said the wag, with the most imperturbable gravity, "I was merely bowing to my old acquaintances."

DOT STUPPORN PONY.

I growt so fery heffy
Dot too much de walkin pe;
So I pyed me of von pony,—
But dot pettler he sheat me.
Bote eyes of him vas limpy,
Bote lecks of him vas plint;
But dot vot prake of me mine heart,
Dot pony vas oonkint.

He keeck shust like a chackess,
Oop, town, pefore, pehint;
Und how I cure dot pony
I rolit oop in my mint.
Dot sympathee vas nonsense;
Shust eferydinks he preak;
Ven suttin coomt von grant itee.
I tole you how I make:

I heetch him mit de shafters,
But—ouitsite in instet,—
His het oop py dot wagon,
His dail vere vas his het.
Den—one, doo, dree—I schlag him.
Ach, himmel, how he keeck!
But, ven he fints he noddings stroock,
He stop dot pooty queeck.

Den looks he oop aschstountet,
Oxcited pooty pat;
Den suttin makes he backvarts,
Like as or he vas mat.
I laugh as I vas tying
Ven I see him go dot vay;
Den on his haunch he stoomples town,
As he vas going to bray.

How schamt he look, vateffer!
I tole him vat I dinks;
Doo dears drop out his eyepalls,
Mit grief his dail he vinks.
Arount all right I toorn him,
His het pefore him now,
Und streecks!—he trives as goot und kint
As he vas peen mine frau!

BARRY ALDEN.

A. T. Stewart, the merchant millionaire, was once guilty of an admirable "bull," while at the same time he was stating one of the most important of axioms for a young man starting in life. He was asked the great secret of his business success. "I make it a rule," said he, "never to tell anybody what I intend to do until I have done it."

Twinkle says a drunken man always reminds him of a promise well kept, because he's fool filled.

A church in a Connecticut village recently circulated a paper among the congregation asking for contributions "for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Isn't the butter-knife there, Mr. Twinkle?" asked Mrs. Coddle, the landlady, as she saw him using his fork in the butter-dish. "Oh, yes," he replied; "but I thought it needed combing out."

"Oh, it was a beautiful night," exclaimed old Mrs. Thuzy, recalling a romance of her youthful days; "a beautiful night, and the moon made everything as light as a feather."

"And what do you think, Tom—she up and kissed me right on the cheek!"

"Well, and what did you do?"

"Why, I kissed her back, of course."

"Kissed her back? That's a queer place. However there's no accounting for tastes."

When man and wife have an understanding between them, can they properly be said to be only half-witted?

"That was a sound discourse that Dr. B— gave us this morning."

"Yes, all sound, and nothing else."

Conundrum —What is the difference between a pig and a letter?

The one is penned up and the other is penned down.

Twinkle says it was so quiet at a party he attended a few evenings since that you could hear a pin drop.

It was not an Irishman, as might naturally be supposed, but a respectable Connecticut clergyman, who was responsible for the following genuine bull: "When I was a boy," said he, "I thirsted so for knowledge that I'd work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them."

When the dinner-horn sounds for the reapers to come in from the field, it is really wonderful how drop-sick they get.

You have no right to pick an artist's pocket because he has pictures.

Twinkle is philosophical and Shakspearian at the same time. When he got down from the cask in the store on which he had been sitting and meditating, and discovered that a part of his inexpressibles had been left behind, he simply murmured:

"See what a rent the envious cask Ah! made,"

and then folded up as well as he could, and retired to his domicile.

"You look good enough to eat," said he, looking over her shoulder into the mirror. "Food for reflection," she replied, without a smile.

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THE SEARCH OF THE ANTIQUARY.

By MASON A. GREEN.



NORTHAMPTON.

"MASSACHUSETTS is com-
a, deuced common, for a
te talked up so," observed
ing Mr. Blood to Mr.
rall, as the two gentlemen ensconced them-
ves on the top of the Northampton and Amherst
ge.

"Before I knew the people I had the same
inion," answered Mr. Thrall, who was an
tiquarian in his way, being a member of a
ry respectable portion of the world who look
bitually at what has been, greatly to the neglect
what is to be. "And my creed was once pretty
ell covered by this exuberant opinion of an Eng-
abman visiting this country, 'New England his-
ory is a rope of two strands—cultured commonness
nd sanctified superiority.'"

"Yes, and she hung herself on that rope years
ago."

"Hung herself by detachments, perhaps, Mr.
Blood" (Blood had red hair, and could speak
French), "and in a remote sense has hurt her
efulness."

"And she's been slinging her carcass over the
nds of the earth ever since."

"Tut, tut; you do not know her."

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"They look down on a fellow on principle
down East. Pull a drowning Yankee out of a
millpond, and, my word for it, before he thanks
you, he will spin a fearful yarn about how resusci-
tation is done at Cambridge. Talk? I never
was on an ocean steamer that I didn't want to
hide my head at the raff of boastful Yankees.
Their stone fences are better than other people's
stone fences, and their pancake beats the world."

"That is a charge general against Americans.
We are a boastful nation."

"If a man out in Indian Territory distinguishes
himself in a good cause, Concord sublimely calls the
attention of Christendom to the fact that his great
grandmother lived in New England; but let him
fall on a man's throat, and his Puritanism of blood
is not mentioned. What do you think, old boy?"

"I think you can't argue a man out of a position he never was argued into; consequently I won't dispute you, for you are ignorant of your subject. I say, Blood, stop over at Hadley for a week with me and learn something"—

"About pork and bean, breakfasts at candle-light, and tobacco suckering?"

"No; the tobacco business is dying out here."

"On the great moral, social, politico-religious fact that the Connecticut broad-leaf has gone down in the market?"

"Before the war, the Connecticut tobacco-grower," said Thrall, as he removed his cigarette, "made money. He sold the old farm horses and enstabled fine draught animals in roomy stalls, and added to his church subscription. The strong tobacco plant ate up the riches of his lands, the draught animals and blooded cattle ate up the fodder, and expensive families ate up his money margin, and everybody borrowed of his neighbor; so when tobacco came down, the first brick that toppled knocked over the whole row. Stay with me a week, and see for yourself."

"Catechismal grannies?"

"More than that."

"Deacon Wrinklepates who pull stumps in the fields, but leave them in their gums to keep the tobacco from slipping out?"

"Better than that."

"Maidens of seventy?"

"Younger and fairer."

"A good deal younger?"

"Twenty years and under. Students of New England history, too."

"The deuce on New England history; can they flirt?"

"Now, Blood, don't! There are ninety thousand maidens of mature years in this State, so it is said"—

But the stage had stopped before the old Hadley post-office, and Blood concluded to alight with his friend—stranger friend, for they had been introduced that morning at Northampton. Thrall promised him entertainment among things strictly quaint and pleasant, it being distinctly understood that no member of the army of ninety thousand could be in any sense quaint or pleasant in Mr. Blood's eyes. When the latter had paid his "two shillings," as he called his twenty-five cent piece, forgetting that the York shilling did not reign over the whole earth, he made inquiries about a hotel, a

commodity which he found to his disgust the possessions of the rural town of Hadley.

Mr. Blood has thus far in life failed his mission, and, what is sadder, has curiosity on the subject. The only doting and leisurely widower, young trained to satin-lined sofas and smoking-caps. Doomed to a com- travelled; theatred, loafed; and sold retire any wiser than when he sipping coffee. He had twirled his cane Nile steamer, and watched his guide burn fire in the Black Hills. The fellow- bothered him about the characteristics tribes and peoples he was among, he opinion of, and he was knee-deep in able stream of religious skepticism. difficult to find another being so thor- istified who had not picked up some his wandering, entertained a business project, planned a brickyard or a bo done something worthy of table talk. ness of perception made this indolent marked. He was familiar with the bl- rant popular notions, especially if the trary, as his remarks on New England and his wit and sign-board information not an unpleasant companion for a few at least, provided he felt agreeable.

"How do you fancy the place opposite Thrall."

"The white house with low gambrel tumble-down elm?"

"Yes; built in Queen Ann's time."

"And stocked with Queen Ann rat traps?"

"This belongs to the old Turpord of the oldest in the village. The Turpord came up from Connecticut in 1636 on that very spot, and it has never been a family."

"Interesting," Blood blandly remarked, "subsequently they give good board?"

"We can find out by trying."

"Has the Turpord estate a daughter?"

"It has—aged thirty-one years."

"Let's try another place."

"The daughter has a cousin of thirty years."

"I'll do no harm to ask for the name," said Blood, solemnly.

The house in question was a white, o-

typical New England mansion, with narrow clapboards and small windowpanes. The oaken frame had hardened with a century and a half of good usage, and would take off the edge of the keenest carpenter's metal. The venerable elms had shaded many a gentleman in small clothes, and many a negro slave hut. A well-turfed yard, ample and elm-shaded, will lend even to an ordinary building an air of importance, almost sacredness, and when there are added veritable accounts of former opulent tenants, courtly guests, ceremonious banquets, large flip-mugs and small tea-cups, wigs with powder, pumps and pompadours, then we attain to one of the necessary features in a genuine historic New England homestead, where each gooseberry bush has its individual importance, and where every stick and rolling-stone possesses a distinct dignity.

"Is Miss Turpin Historic?"



"High-toned," said Blood, under his mustache, as a stately and somewhat aristocratic colored aunty responded to the sharp rap of the ancient

knocker, and waited for the gentlemen to state their case.

"Is Miss Turpord in?" asked the modest Mr. Thrall, antiquarian.

"Yes," answered aunty, backing against the wall of the narrow hall, by way of African invitation to come in and be entertained. The gentlemen huddled themselves into the contracted hall and passed to the right into a parlor sitting-room, large, low and close. When Blood plunged his nose into the air of the unventilated room, he muttered to his friend, "Quaint; also stale."

Although not being given to running his legs off for information, he certainly had a hawk eye for things within his radius; and, observing the very anxious countenance of Mr. Thrall, he said, bluntly:

"Thrall, you're flirting."

"Believe me, I'm not," and he embarrassingly examined the huge fireplace, now boarded up and modernized with paint. In the southeast corner was a buffet cupboard filled with Stafford china-ware. There were on the walls an old oil-painting of a courtier in a wig and an engraving of a gentleman in a gig. Tall chairs, straight and square, a coat-of-arms indicating that the ancestral owner did bear a lion rampant, and cushions ornamented with ancient embroidery, were all witnesses of another age and different people.

When Miss Aggie Turpord appeared from the hall, Mr. Thrall arose and handed her a letter, remarking that it was a note of introduction from Major Simpson, and that he and his friend, Mr. Blood, were looking for rooms.

"You will allow us to apologize," he continued, "in asking for quarters in this house, but the major insisted that I should know you, since you took such an interest in antiquarian matters. I'm a bird of the same feather."

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Miss Turpord, easily. "You seek a teacher as well as a host."

Mr. Blood's mouth was lined with a smile. A New England maiden knew when she had been asked too much, at any rate.

"Well, yes," stammered Thrall, looking out of the window, "the major has brought this upon me."

"We do not keep boarders; we entertain."

This proud remark fell easily from her lips, as though it was accustomed to such tumbles. She not only had belief in her family, but she felt its

nobility. She was winningly distant and courteous. She never sought; her family had never sought. Miss Turpord's brilliant black hair was made doubly black and glossy in contrast to her clear, light complexion; and, what is more remarkable, her mirror had not told her half the truth about her beauty, and she displayed her graces with masterly innocence.

Miss Turpord greatly lamented the sad decadence of family and home feeling among the people of to-day. According to her notions, democratic commonness was ruining the young men by destroying in them a due reverence for ancestry, blood, and household gods. When sixteen (and tolerably sweet she was at sixteen) she had received a proposal from a son of the soil; but she rejected him instantaneously, because, forsooth, his grandfather owed that sort of allegiance to England which comes from being born in Cort. "It will never do," she is reported to have said to her lover. As time passed on, it became apparent to the heiress of the Turpord estate that suitors having good antecedents were not as numerous as rails in a New England fence, and that young men of unmixed blood were positively scarce. This only confirmed her in the opinion that the world was fast going to smash, and that it was her duty to see that the Turpords remained faithful to the end. She had been heard to say, "When I give my hand I shall reach up, and not down." Whatever may have been the cause of her singleness, it is certain that during the next decade and more her hand was altogether too high to be reached from the ground by any local lover.

Contrary to the expectation of the gentlemen applicants for rooms, an invitation was warmly extended to remain her guests for a week, and the afternoon and evening passed by uneventfully.

At seven in the morning the guests of the Turpords were not up; for what reason is there in playing the rooster and bantering the sun for not rising until after daybreak?

"Oh, such a fearful bed!" groaned the red-headed Mr. Blood. "My word for it, it hasn't been made up for a hundred years."

"Old boy, these high-posted beds are historic. Washington died on one like this."

"Don't blame him! It's nearly killed! Deuced shame to ask a feller to sleep on a bow! What sword is that on the wall? She called this general's chamber, didn't she? General who?

"Turpord."

"Now, Thrall, a man never turns such an unconcerned countenance on a girl as you did yesterday, and mean nothing. She ought not to be living for her grandfather at this time of life, and you know it, eh?"

Thrall did not answer; and Blood, while dressing, had his thoughts as he gazed at a couple of old colored prints, called "The Lovers' Quarrel" and "The Reconciliation." In picture No. 1 the irate couple were stretching up their longitudinal necks in individual wrath, and were curling their ample and well-rubicund lips; while in No. 2, some years having elapsed, the situation was as follows: On his right was an eight-year-old, on his left a seven-year-old, on his lap a six-year-old, at his feet a five-year-old; four, three, and two-year-olds were hanging to their mother's skirts, while a baby was where it is proper for a baby to be.

"Moral," said young Blood, combing his thin red locks over a somewhat bald pate; "don't quarrel with your sweetheart. Is the picture his-
toric?"



"EARLY RISERS ARE USUALLY SYSTEMATIC BOASTERS."

"Perfectly so; I shall not quarrel with my sweetheart until I get one."

"A pity about you, Thrall. Do you say on honor that you are not flirting with our hostess."

"On honor."

"Well, I am."

Blood imagined that his companion winced; but nothing more was said until they descended to the parlor sitting-room.

"Good forenoon, young gentlemen," was Miss Turpord's greeting. "Aunt Martha has your breakfast in the oven warm."

The two gentlemen looked at each other and groaned. It appeared then that the family had breakfasted in the dim, religious twilight of the morning.

"You make a distinction, Miss Turpord," said Blood, who was following up his declaration to flirt, "you make a distinction between morning and forenoon."

"Certainly."

Said Thrall, rather bluntly, "Early risers are usually systematic boasters. I never have yet met an early riser who failed to tell me of it before the day was through. Besides, they gap so!"

"By the way," interrupted Miss Turpord, "I am very sorry that I am to be absent nearly all day. I am going with Ned to Northampton."

"Who's Ned?" asked Blood, sideways at Thrall, and they both groaned again.

"I'll boot Ned. You did that, Thrall, by ranting about early risers. You found yourself cut out, and that's how you retaliate. Blasted mean!"

Aunt Martha, who stood in the kitchen observing the confusion of the "city chaps," was greatly amused; and when at length they gathered themselves about the table, furnished with warmed-over beans, sliced potatoes and ham, she brushed nothing in particular from her apron, as she said:

"Gemmen, she's gone; ye can't catch her."

"Ned, Ned!" repeated Thrall, contemplatively. "That must be her cousin. Ah! aunty, Ned's Miss Turpord's cousin?"

Aunty switched her apron ecstatically, and when she could trust herself, said soberly:

"Mebby, or mebbby not. My old massa down in Kentucky, he took to his cousin, and such a swarm o' children I never see afore. Nuffin' small 'bout cous'ns, gemmen."

"There's a difference," said Blood, "in being entertained by a maiden with a lover and one without. Is Miss Turpord historic?"

"Blood, you're hard on people. Ned is the

servant perhaps, or, or the horse. Ned is mon name for a horse."

"Humph! Stupid business."

After the rural breakfast, and after attack on the impenetrable negress, Messrs. Blood and Thrall endured in silence the shade of ancestral elms and caresses of a Mass. breeze.

How flat the world can appear when better than yourself is present to give the of his or her personality! Sit in an empty room or theatre. Your own dignity does not save the way of your elbows when they have collisions. You are perhaps empty or consequently disagreeable. Remain there until the people come in. The crossest of us assume a decorous straightness, and the most undignified descend. Nothing has been said; no news communicated; no musical theme euphuistic. But you have been dignified by added pretensions. A side yard, with old turf and deep shade, may be indeed flat and uncomfortable; but when a superior woman walk in, how the flatness tells! The Messrs. Blood and Thrall were in a level and endured a level shade. Sorrowfully they bemoan their fate, the only difference being that one did it openly, emphatically, repeatedly, the other was restful under an ill-disguised preference.

As evening approached they strolled through the fields, and on their return found Miss Turpord, but Ned was not visible to the naked eye.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Aggie Turpord, "we often take tea in the yard when June is so useful as now—a family custom."

"I do not object," said Thrall, "if you will allow me to wear my smoking-cap."

"Mr. Thrall may wear a smoking-cap, and take the head of the table if he wishes."

"I, too, have a smoking-cap," suggested Blood, as he saw the honors gliding into the hands of his stranger friend; but the suggestion produced the desired effect.

Opportunity was now given the gentlemen the first time to be presented to Mrs. Turpord, and the party repaired to the side yard where were a tea-board, deep shade, the aristocratic Martha, and other elegant appurtenances.

"This tea service," said the aged Miss Turpord, as she poured a tremulous stream of rich and quaintly embossed teapot, "was

England by Colonel Turpord some thirty years before the Revolution. The colonel was grandfather to my husband. George Washington was entertained at dinner under these oaks, and the old lady, straightening up as she added the pot to the silver rest.

Word of news affected Mr. Blood quite favorably; a nature so bored and indifferent, and he was amused to see him indulge in an exclamation "indeed!"

Turpord continued, "Tea was first used on the side of the water in small amounts for medicinal purposes, and as a drink they must have used but tiny cups, as these cups are so small, thimbles upon them, as Mr. Turpord used to say. Aggie, it!"

An sudden enigmatical remark was understood with a laugh.

When he wishes me to say something about our traditions; but people with family records are more boastful than early risers, Mr. Thrall's daughter said.

"As Turpord, it is seldom," said Thrall, "try to joke; say once or twice a year. Especially for me, on this year it came this way."

He enjoyed his friend's discomforture, and he put a smile or two into his sleeve.

"Since the Revolutionary war," said Miss Thrall, "it has been a family custom to take an afternoon dinner under this tree. Like Mr. Thrall's daughter, the day was not always successful, in which the table was spread in the parlor out of doors. The day and dinner was observed in honor of the time when General Burgoyne marched through Hadley after his surrender at the battle of the Clouds. The general was entertained here at my father's home, and all the servants and slaves were on a holiday feast in honor of the guest. It was in the same room you did last night, general."

"We have always called it the general's room from that fact; and when he left, he gave his host with a dress sword, tent, and military trappings. The sword you probably found in the general's chamber."

"Also remember the general's bed," added

"Before the Revolution, Colonel Turpord was a general, and yearly, as the season came on, he would call the family together, invite his friends, put up the tent given him by the

British general, and after the dinner my genial ancestor would bring forth the sword, and tell how the distinguished Britisher presented it"—

"And perhaps pass round the rum," interrupted the whimsical Mrs. Turpord, with a venerable twinkle in her eye.

"Back yonder were the negro huts. I remember well when a child hearing my grandfather tell about our splendid negro, Josh Boston, proud as a king. No; he would not sit in the 'nigger heaven' on Sundays, and, as they would not admit him to the white pews below, he would stand at the door of the audience room during the entire service. Some people wished to introduce a base-viol to help the singing, and one of the deacons took umbrage at it, very properly I think; for he did not think fiddling during divine service would help religion any. So he left the meeting-house one Sunday, thus creating a great disturbance. Some of the mischief-makers offered Josh a pound of tobacco if he would sit in the gallery with his own people just one Sunday, and imitate the deacon's example when the viol began. This he promised to do. I am ashamed of Josh; but on the next Lord's Day, as soon as the obnoxious instrument sounded, he solemnly descended the gallery stairs, walked through the audience room to the outside door, greatly to the amusement of the base-viol party. When asked why he did it, he answered, 'Some-thin' here wouldn't gib me permission to stay while dat fiddle was agoin'!' and he placed his sable hand on his stomach."

Said Mrs. Turpord, "Josh received his pound of tobacco, you may be sure of that."

All this was absorbing to the antiquarian Thrall, and he maintained an enthusiastic silence; but when he saw her story, which had evidently been so many times rehearsed, was done, he asked quite irreverently (your silent man when he does speak waives preliminary adjectives and unnecessary introductions), after an individual who was indefinitely known to the visitor as "Ned." As this name was pronounced, a subdued African chuckle was heard from the suburbs of the elm shade, and Miss Turpord turned to find Martha covering her face with her apron, and thus concealing her rapturous distortions.

"I never knew aunty to act like that. She has had better training," said the daughter, in an undertone.

"Perhaps it is not wholly her fault," said smoking-cap, in confusion; "we have been vainly questioning her this morning concerning Ned"—

More chuckles.

"Martha, you had better retire," said Miss Aggie.

Martha retired, and Mr. Blood, like any other person who sports a mental observatory, could not fail to perceive that Thrall's question out of a clear sky had produced an unfavorable impression upon the fair hostess, and in order to gain by his friend's downfall, he observed, quite philosophically for him, "The study of the past is far more interesting to me than any riddles concerning nomenclature."

Miss Turpord nodded approvingly, and Blood tingled in every fibre. At a later period of his career, he, in describing his feelings, likened it to the "tintinnabulation of the bells." The subject of Ned was dropped, and as the sun, with slanted rays, had stooped low enough to impertinently gaze into the faces of the tea-party, they concluded to withdraw. The gallant Mr. Blood offered his arm to the aged lady in accordance with the true philosophy of courting.

More tintinnabulation.

On the second floor of this rural mansion, at the end of the hall by the window, our gentlemen friends gathered while the sunset colors were paling.

"It was in front of this house," said Thrall, "that Dr. Hopkins, pastor of the Hadley Church, addressed some Shays's men under the command of Day, of West Springfield, you remember, just after the Revolution. Down to the left, in the middle of the broad street where the Northampton road crosses, is where the Russell Church stood, the parsonage being on this corner—the house that concealed Goffe and Whalley, the regicides, who fled after Cromwell's death. Whalley was probably buried back of the cellar wall. Major Simpson, when a boy, saw the bones taken out. An attack of the Indians was made on the town when they were at church one Sunday morning, and Goffe, a white-haired man, rushed from the parsonage and warned them. After the danger he mysteriously disappeared, and most of the people thought he was an angel of God. Walter Scott has brought this into 'Peveril of the Peak,' and Southey once planned a grand modern Iliad with Goffe, the regicide, as the hero. Some of

our modern writers say there isn't a word of truth in the Indian-attack-and-angel-of-God story."

"Oh, hush up on your history!"

"Thought you told Miss Turpord," said Thrall somewhat hurt, "that you adored antiquarianism."

"Thunder! I'd have told her I could chaffer glass if she'd thought any the more of me."

For a long time they remained silently gazing at the Berkshire hills over the Connecticut River. The sunset colors in the valley were deepened and enriched by the numerous factories with their dim smoke and coal dust. The long, flat hills were clothed in purple and canopied in gold. Little clouds played at castle-building in the rich, warm air, and blushed red at their pranks before the sun; while below was a brilliant bit of river jeweled among the colors.

"What if Jove should frame this picture and hang it up in Olympus!" exclaimed the enraptured antiquarian.

"If he did, and sister Jane borrowed it and presented it to the New York Academy of Design, wouldn't it be rejected as not being true to Nature?"

Blood knew something about art, did he?

As they stood in further silence under the glory of a Connecticut River sunset, the dan-colored curtain of soft twilight rolled down over all, and it was night.

But with Mr. Blood it was more morning than night. A sun had risen over the chaldron of his affections. He bubbled, he seethed, he suds with delight. He wandered into the dark street he felt ascetic.

The moon, that old, round-faced mistress, with her habit of conjuring with lovers' loves was fix upon her long before Time was sliced up in Christian centuries, lifted her large head over the Pelham hills, and looked about for a coiffure clouds for her night walk. Ofttimes the ancient dame is very fastidious, and, having tried on the silk and satin in the firmament millinery-shop, rejects all, wanders on bareheaded, and turns witching eye on lovers' lanes.

There are times when a sudden change in natural phenomena, like a sunset, or the breaking of a thunder cloud and the after silence, produce the impressive conviction of a veritable personal supervision in the natural world, a mighty stage manager in the Globe theatre of Nature—something above first causes and such like intangibles.

THE SEARCH OF THE ANTIQUARY.

abstractions; the stock in trade of people who live on cold bits of philosophy and know that there are no streets in the city of the New Jerusalem. Mr. Blood, a thoroughly worldly-minded man, cold and surface-cultured, who hadn't energy enough to crack a cocoanut for its milk, slightly flippant on topics beyond the depth of his nose, and positively rude in the presence of ministers of the gospel, was wonderfully impressed with the sense of an awful presence about him somewhere. Moons he had been familiar with. He had seen the high, white January moon stuck in a dirty, cold cloud bank like a spoiled cheese. He had seen the lover's moon in June and the fat harvest moon in the fall—not to speak of the great annual séance of a ghostly face looking from a smoke-softened sky in Indian-summer evenings. But he had never before bothered his head about moons, only to keep him or his horse in the road. However, a particular moon was over him, and its individual beams were producing tintinnabulation. Well, lips puffed out, thumbs settled into the arm-hole of his vest, patent leather heels sank into the gravel sidewalk—he was philosophic; beg pardon, Mr. Blood was in love.

Not being a man who could exist long on the diet of his own thoughts and inspirations, he was only philosophic for a moment or two. Then he would relapse to his new experience and retreat again, like a boy when he first goes into the water.

At an unknown hour he found himself upon a high bank of the river. He could not exactly tell where it was, or how he had got there. The night was serene and quiet; and, since he was in for unusual and loony things, he concluded to sit down and meditate, on nights serene and pleasant. Lazy breezes lounged about the hills or were cradled in rocking cornfields and clover

beds, and there was a smell of pine trees. June bugs traversed the valley like miniature engines, and hungry pickerel splashed moonlight. Under the deep bank there solemn utterance; it was not of agony or



HOME OF THE VENERABLE BULLFROG.

tion; it was the deep, awful, lonely utterance of a bullfrog, and the echo was deep, awful and lonely. These venerable bullfrogs in rivers! These everyday green jumping-jack that twirl nonsense in all weathers, but the patriarch frog which can speak of a summer night to a patriarch bullfrog a mile away, and receive an answer! They croak as though some mischief was brewing. When Blood heard this croaking, he thought of a brigand bathing his

limbs, or of a misanthrope who was awake while the world slept. The great chorus of crickets gradually hushed, the long river drew over a portion of its form a blanket of frog, and a dog barked in the distance. When that great time-piece which has never run down from the beginning—the cock—crowed the hour of midnight, Mr. Blood was musing. He was in a summer night's dream of perfumes and river-ripples, moonlight and the breezes, and as he reclined in the tall grass he was nearly as unconscious as the Connecticut, which lay before him like an athlete with half of his bed-clothes kicked off.

How long Blood would have remained under this mesmerism of moonlight is uncertain, if he had not discovered the form of a man standing about ten rods from him and looking into the water. He was taller and stouter than Thrall, and, as Blood did not care to meet a stranger in such a strange place, he rose and retreated to a tree some distance from the bank, and buried himself in the shade. The stranger acted very curiously. He would look in every direction at the grim glories of the night, take a step or two, and then in the most inexplicable manner extend his arms.

"A frog, by Jove!" said Blood to himself, as he watched these performances, and thought of the unearthly croakings which had occasionally startled him during the night. The strange form, frog, man, or devil, approached nearer, and was heard to mutter.

"Oh!" exclaimed the unknown being, "Ned, Ned, how could you have done it!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Blood, rising to his feet, "I'll know about this Ned, if I die for it. Here, sir," he said, raising his voice, "have you any objections to talking to me?"

The mysterious form instantaneously disappeared down the bank, and was not seen again.

"Gad! this is curious;" and while he marveled at the apparition, the great bullfrog in the dark croaked its sepulchral croak, and the listener trembled.

It could not have been a veritable frog; for as it turned about when spoken to, Blood caught a faint glimpse of a most remarkable face. The moon is not particular about going into particulars; but Blood did not fail to distinguish a long, severe nose, and a firm chin. Blood was jealous. That nose belonged to Ned, and Ned was Aggie

Turpord's suitor. Long, severe noses and chins were burned on the poor fellow's love-retina. Trees stood up on the hilltops like long, severe noses, and the man o' the moon had a firm chin, while the little night clouds were nothing more or less than heaps of noses, long and severe, and chins firm. He hastened home, guiltily justified the latch-key, and sought the historic

Mr. Blood did not know how it was; but when he awoke the sun was about through singing celsior, and there was no one about to tell him where the family had gone. To be sure, Aggie Martha was ready with his warm breakfast; but Martha was mum. She had been reproved or for laughing out of season, and had learned her lesson. Blood broke brown bread over his coffee in listless annoyance. The tintinnabulation had subsided to a certain extent. He could eat a little, and that, too, at a table furnished with abundant country contributions of cream, rich butter, strawberries, and healthy buttermilk.

A good deal of Mr. Blood's love-agony, as often the case, was purely subjective; it was on one side. Many a man has languished over a girl with freckles as big as pancakes, and as innocent of his tender ambition as Miss Turpord was of Blood's. It is a mystery, this torrent which a girl's eye will let loose in a man. Her teeth may be as shinglenails, and her eyes a rank misalliance, but she has hit the secret spring, and down comes the philosophy, plans, purposes, business and all; and what a washout! Blood felt as new after the deluge as did Ararat after the Noachian war had subsided. But the "master-mistress of passion" was entirely unaware of so much indignation, and was sublimely innocent of any design on Mr. Blood's floodgates.

A New England barn in June, stuffed with sweetly-smelling hay just in from the meadow, hay in the vast mow, hay on the scaffold, dipping with fragrant wisps of timothy, hay on the barn floor spread out for the last airing before being moved away for the winter, hay everywhere—of all the perfumery boxes in the world, what can match a barn of new hay in June?

Ned, a somewhat mysterious and unknown quantity in the eyes of the antiquarian and his companion, was a stout, brown-skinned, black-haired stolidly-knit servant of three years standing in Turpord employ. He stood in shirtsleeves in the barn with a mammoth fork full of hay draping

like a weeping willow over a granite grave-stone. It swung round for a moment, stopped, trembled, bounded forward, and landed high on the mow. His bushy hair was peppered with hay seed, and, as he leaned on his fork after the effort, the healthy breadth of shoulder and easy pose of limb suggested anything but barnyard ancestry. With another mighty sweep he cleared a place on the floor, and spread out some pea-vines. The fork was plunged into the hay, where there seemed from the scattering to be a congress of the most distinguished crickets of Hadley, and a flail was taken down from a wooden peg. This implement consisted of two pieces of oak about three feet long, tied loosely together. With this Ned began to thresh the vines. The first stroke did not flail anything to speak of. The wooden lash careered through the air, and struck a beam on which was a huge gobbler with a crop full of grasshoppers undergoing digestion. Instantaneously the gobbler was endowed with the legs of a grasshopper and the wings of a dove, and flew away. The gobbler was thoroughly threshed. Again Ned swung his boomerang, and hit himself directly in the back, nearly shelling out all the kernels of sense in his possession—a most disgusting way to thresh peas, and he looked round to see if there were eye-witnesses. It was, indeed, a remarkable face. His eyes were large, and he carried the lids partly closed, not so as to suggest drowsiness or cunning but perhaps romance, the whites of his eyes coming to long startling points like the cusps of a porcelain moon. Over this tropical eye protruded a coal-black eyebrow, which would be the noticeable feature of his face if it had not been for his long severe nose and his firm chin.

Evidently Ned was not a trained farm-hand. He had been a servant on the estate for three years. Where he came from, what was his history, his antecedents, his family? these were questions which no one among the local barns could answer. Miss Aggie Turpord had never known a hand on the estate so faithful, quiet and trusty; but he never cared to associate with the rest of the men. He talked over their head, and he showed no desire to readjust levels. He was neither gay or sombre, and his face wore a perpetual half-radiance like a piece of smile left over from the last joke. Ned was given to peculiar remarks when he did break a custom and make an observation. One day he lamented the fact that

he had had no money to give at church. He was driving home, and Miss Turpord, who never lost an opportunity to converse with him, asked about it. Ned replied:

"I had nothing but a five-dollar bill, and the New England contribution box never makes change." Miss Turpord smiled, and considered it a wise remark to come from the driver's seat. At another time, aunty had been swinging her mop pretty freely, and, not being aware that she was in anybody's presence in particular, landed the handle upon Ned's head.

"Lord a massa; beg your pardon!" said aunty, and he replied:

"'Beg pardon' is a poor patch for bumps."

Miss Turpord overheard this reply also, and thought that Solomon's disease had broken out in the kitchen, and might become contagious. Whenever she undertook to "interview" her wise servant, he very successfully avoided her. His obstinacy in this regard piqued her; but she continued for months provokingly baffled. One spring morning, as he was raking in the garden, she found it convenient to become leisurely agricultural herself, and while at work over flower-beds, she took occasion to consult him on things botanical. His answers were characteristically laconic and comprehensive, and did not leave any ends which she could cling to in order to continue the conversation. Your exhaustive talker is a bore; he leaves to you all the gratuitous twaddle. At length Miss Turpord remarked, in a general way, and as much to herself as to him:

"This flower-bed is as good as a professional gardener could make it. The humblest of us can accomplish wonders, even if we are not educated."

Ned stopped his raking and said, "Many a woman has become eleemosynary who can't spell the word," and then continued his work.

"A most marvelous day laborer!" thought Miss Aggie. The only opportunity she had of extracting these bits of wisdom from her servant was when riding either to Northampton or to church, old Mrs. Turpord being too infirm to venture out often. During these rides Ned did not invariably exhaust the subject, and she could properly add a word.

We understand; you are surmising about a mutual attachment, and all that. Go to! Ned was a servant, and Miss Turpord an heiress, and a daughter of an historic family; a daughter, too,

who had rejected a suitor for the mere thoughtlessness of having an Irish grandfather.

This mysterious servant had a history. He was an orphan, of Italian parents, and had been reared and educated by a wealthy bachelor, Ned Rhinelander, whose name he assumed. The bachelor lost most of his fortune and died; but with the odds and ends of his protector's property he managed to get through college and one year in Columbia law school. While studying law he struck up a close acquaintance with a young married man named Bowman, a member of a gas company. Bowman's father had died, leaving to him and his sister the interest in the gas company. Stephen Pinchbeck, a partner, was made executor of the will, no bonds being required; and it was the will of Bowman that his children's portions should be put into Government bonds, the interest on which they were to enjoy, and the principal of which was to go to their children, or be willed as they saw fit. The Pinchbecks and Bowmans had long been in business, and when the executor asked the young Bowmans to sign a paper permitting the money to remain in the company, they did not see that it was contrary to their father's will, and accordingly did as they were asked. The intimacy between Ned Rhinelander and young Bowman deepened after the death of the latter's father, and he often said, in short, that he intended to adopt the orphan, and certainly would remember him in his will.

But a terrible calamity befell them. Young Bowman was found one morning dead in his bed, stifled with gas, and the jet pouring out its poisonous breath into the death chamber. The last person seen in his room was Ned Rhinelander, and on being questioned he admitted that he had turned off the gas, at Bowman's request. The jet turned easily, and Ned at once believed that he had murdered his best friend, since the disk of the jet must have stuck to his moist fingers, and been turned back again. On the heel of this came the rumor that Rhinelander was made an heir in Bowman's last will. The upshot was that Ned disappeared, believing himself to be a murderer, and was not caught by the authorities, who, however, did not raise heaven and earth in their detective efforts, since the Pinchbecks, for reasons best known to themselves, took little interest in the search. In his concealment, Rhinelander suffered all the pangs of a real murderer, since he

counted his carelessness a blunder which was more than a crime, and he wandered through all horrid chambers of psychological agony. The result was that he accepted his doom, and content to work out a penance as a laborer; and thus for three years he was buried in the silence of a New England atmosphere.

Miss Turpord was not a strikingly handsome woman. Although her bearing was in a certain sense queenly, she could hardly be said to have charms, such charms as novel-writers, time out of mind, have spent their best hours in describing. She was one of the women that men look up to and are willing to fight for, with whom it is good to be, whose companionship makes better. Ned Rhinelander felt an unaccountable security in her presence. His sense of the requirements of his penance was too honestly entertained to allow him thoughts to rest on her except to exorcise the demons of reproving memory. Men often carry an unread Bible with them as a talisman. They do not open it to find the talisman of a brother's faith; but nurse the refined superstition that they will be saved with the treasure. Ned had a kindred feeling about Miss Turpord. She was sacred, and if the gods shower blessings on virtue, would be where he could get some of the drippings.

The three years at Hadley had been a long darksome dream. He was not a murderer in truth; but the inadvertent crime stood before his sensitive nature in the blackest condemnation, and the picture blackened with his exile. When day work was over, and the night work of lifting a heavy conscience commenced, he would wander alone and keep faithful vigils. The doors of communication were closed one by one from the outward world, and when he did speak he was laconic and overwise. He was becoming a spiritual hermit to every one but his mistress friend, Miss Turpord. He thought of her innocence, and wondered if it seemed to be innocent.

Mr. Thrall, finding in the morning that his white-haired chum was sonorously slumbering, quietly left the chamber, and indulged with the family June morning compliments and breakfast. Finding himself in the parlor dining-room alone with the heiress, he conversed:

"Miss Turpord, how long has this coat-of-arms been in the family?"

"Nearly one hundred years," answered Miss Turpord, with the air of one to whom a hundred years is as one day.

"Would you be hurt if I should give my opinion about it?"

"Certainly not."

"In Boston there lived at the time of the Revolution one John Coles. He was a heraldic painter, and did very good work. He knew no more about heraldry than"—

"Than some of us," added Miss Turpord, somewhat sharply, but with a smile.

"Yes, some of us; all of us, perhaps. When Mr. Puffball asked Coles to paint him some arms, he was glad to do it at low figures, and it was a notable fact that he never failed to find that the Puffball family had a coat-of-arms in years past, and that it could be painted for money. Coles drove a good business, and the result was that New England became flooded with what was in most cases



"HOW LONG HAVE YOU STUDIED HERALDRY?"

spurious escutcheons. These can always be detected, since he invariably used crossed palm branches in his ornamental work, and the shield always had an oval shape to it." Here Thrall

glanced at the Turpord arms, and the crossed palm branches and oval shield shone out with almost malignant prominence. Miss Turpord smiled again, and asked:

"How long have you studied heraldry?"

"I feared this; but what can a fellow do,—bury himself in a napkin?"

"Come into the sewing-room, Mr. Thrall, please."

They passed to the sewing-room, and there, over an ancient bureau, hung an elegant coat-of-arms, similar to the one in the parlor, except that it was richly embroidered in gold on a velvet and silver background.

"Is this Mr. Coles's work?" she asked.

"N-no: a copy perhaps."

"Not of the crossed palm branches?"

"Understand me, Miss Turpord, I do not say that your family did not bear these lions on their shield," protested Thrall, as they returned to the parlor; "but that Mr. Coles's say-so is no evidence of it."

"True, quite true." At this point Mr. Blood entered, and she said, "Good-morning, Mr. Blood; you are very particular not to divide the morning at all; you believe in an unbroken forenoon of slumber."

Tintinnabulation.

Mr. Thrall continued, "It may be that John Coles hit the right mark when this order was sent him."

"I must say, Mr. Thrall, that you are a very good scholar. As a matter of fact, Mr. Coles did paint it; but the silver and gold one in the sewing-room was his model."

Ned, who had left the barn to harness the horses, drove to the door with the mail, and a letter was handed in. It was for Thrall. Meantime, dear old Blood turned his attention toward Miss Aggie, and called into play all the courtesy he had ever learned in foreign lands or on native heath. While engaged in narrating to her all he knew, and more too, Miss Turpord called through the window to Ned, "Ned, please do not unharness the horses."

That remark passed directly through Blood. He quaked and stammered. Ned was the servant! not a frog, or a cousin, or a suitor. While Blood was tugging away on a lengthy sentence, like a young robin with an angle-worm, Thrall burst forth in a most enigmatical and heated man-

ner, "The vilest villain on earth is the man who will take advantage of a woman!"

A pretty plain sentence to be sure, and quite dramatically declaimed, both the listeners thought; and while they thought, Ned opened the door to state that the horses were ready. In turning about to leave (and the long severe nose and firm chin were narrowly noticed by Blood), Ned caught Mr. Thrall's eye. The servant paused quite histrionically, and with a full, fine voice and proud bearing (he was in overalls, but he appeared like a knight in hunting rig), he said, "Miss Turpord, this man is a detective!"

The heiress would have been fully justified in fainting at this point, seeing that she was in the presence of three men really unknown to her, and hot words were being said; but she retained her composure, contrary to the story-teller's rule of three, in the presence of a splendid servant accusing, a stranger antiquarian curbing his tongue, and a red-headed individual palpitating.

She firmly asked explanations. Thrall was ready, and he asked silence while he told his story. Even in the excitement of this scene, Miss Aggie could not suppress her admiration for Ned—that proud, reserved face, refined bearing, that ease in overalls, that tropical exuberance of feeling, tempered with manly dignity. Ned was splendid.

Mr. Thrall, very white and nervous, reviewed what is already known to the reader of Ned Rhinelander's career, and the strong servant almost bowed his head as the dark chapter of his history was told to the fair listener. Thrall continued:

"I was a consulting friend of Mrs. Bowman after her husband's death and the flight of Rhinelander. It appeared that he died without a will and that his property held in trust by Pinchbeck could not be divided until his son (six years old) was of age. Mr. Pinchbeck, having succeeded in keeping the Bowman property in the gas company, was encouraged to take another step, and persuaded Mrs. Bowman as little as possible for her son's support, he being particular to speak of the mother as a nurse. She complained to me of her trouble in getting money from Pinchbeck, and of his systematic meanness, now that he was accountable to no man. She had ordered a crayon portrait of her late husband, and Pinchbeck, thinking that she would charge it to the estate, countermanded the order. She said nothing, but cried. Pinch-

ected the tombstone, and when it was up
ow was asked to pass judgment on it—a
uel and unnecessary torture. 'I don't
ow it is,' Pinchbeck would say to her,
n with families get on well with one thou-
year.' 'So can I,' she would reply, 'by
g with my child to a back street.' The
onth of mourning had hardly arrived when
ons were thrown out about the propriety
laying off mourning, and certain of the
Pinchbecks would look knowingly, and
the opinion that Mrs. Bowman was a
table mourner.' But Mrs. Bowman re-
er crape, and the whole Pinchbeck family
te. I heard that Rhinelander had read a
Bowman's before his death, and, proceed-
the forlorn hope that he had knowledge
to Mrs. Bowman's advantage, I for two
ve been travelling and following up every
Rhinelander's whereabouts. And it was
st chance that led me here. Miss Tur-
am a detective in a good cause."

d read his will," interrupted Rhinelander;
raft of one. He died without executing it."
I was silent and dumbfounded, and for
inutes the company sat thinking of poor
wman and the rich man who had proved
to a sacred trust. When Thrall had
d himself enough to observe the agony on
nder's face, he was reminded of at least
mb of comfort for the exile, and he said:
etter which this morning I received was
s. Bowman, informing me that Pinchbeck
her down several hundred dollars, and
e protested he said, 'It is a cross. We
crosses. I have a duty to perform, and
untable to your son and to my God.' It
n I read this that I exclaimed that the
llain in the world is the man who takes
ge of a woman."

e! true!" said Ned, black with rage.

same letter had something concerning
d Rhinelander. It has become known to
wman that you did turn down the gas
; but subsequently a servant entered, and
his carelessness he came to his death.
aracter is clearly vindicated."

ese potent words Ned leaned back in his
The proud, firm chin relaxed, and was
n. Then he roused himself, and, rising,
ery gracefully and left the room.

When it was sunset friend Blood pressed his
hand against his heart as he betook himself to the
yard and cogitated. Would it do to press his
suit? Ned Rhinelander, a mere servant, if he
was not a criminal, was out of the question; and
as for Thrall, he was carrying on a flirtation with
the pretty widow. Blood thought it a clear case.

The flecked surface of the western sky looked
very much like the tail of a gigantic red peacock,
and blades of feathered light shot up through the
mottled mass, and the gazer took in old and even
new performance of a grand sunset strut. Then
there was a coming down. The red flecks turned
to blotches, and the blades of feathered light were
broken to pieces.

Mr. Blood, as he sat in the rear of the yard,
observed a couple on the side stoop. They soon
strolled into the yard. It was not until they were
between him and the western light that he could
at all distinguish them. They seemed unnaturally
large and distinct before the sky—living, black
silhouettes.

Said one, "You have, then, decided to leave?"

Said the other, "For a time. And if I only
knew"—Blood lost the rest of the sentence; in
fact, he didn't think the sentence was finished;
for he saw with his individual eyes their silhouette
hands clasp and their silhouette lips meet.

"Aggie and Ned, I'll be bound!" gasped
Blood.

So it was; and they thought it a secret between
them and heaven. It often happens that dirty
street boys amuse themselves by playing football
with our dearest secrets.

Thrall, who was still in rage over Mrs. Bow-
man's troubles, swore to Blood the next day as
they left the Turpord homestead (forever, by the
way), that he would not rest till justice was served
up to the man who was using a helpless woman's
money, while she was piecing out her allowance
by scanty sums from friends.

"Then," said the cynical Mr. Blood, "you
will ask her hand for pay."

"You don't know me," answered Thrall, in
heat. "Blood," he continued, in dangerous
hoarseness, "the vilest villain on earth is the man
who will take advantage of a woman!"

"Correct," said Blood; "and I'll be blowed
if I'll marry and let the servants turn the gas on
me. No, sir," and he put his hands in his pockets
and stuck out his lips in a real mood.



"YOU HAVE, THEN, DECIDED TO LEAVE?"

inchbecks kept the widow's money, Thrall contrary notwithstanding; but in her career edges of second-rate boarding-houses, she that the God of all is likewise the God of Aggie and Ned still think it a secret; but

when the wedding-day is announced there will be one red-headed individual in the world who will not be surprised, and he will insist that it is deuced bad taste—gas jets and all that sort o' thing.

CIVILIZATION VS. NATURE.

By A. J. H. DUGANNE.

features of Civilization are like the features of Nature; ordained by Nature to be symmetrical; love-inspiring; malordinated by perverted Nature to be distorted and repulsive, in the ratios of discordance from Nature unperverted. Nature, whatsoever is ordained under the will of Nature, human will is ordained by Nature; and if human efforts or misshapen any ordination of government or society, it must of necessity distort or pervert by authority of Nature; and to ordinate features in civilized life, it must make Nature subservient to purposes of evil. Man's life is subsistent only as Nature empowers it, independent of Nature, and sovereign in her own right, so far as human objects in means toward those objects are concerned. Nature, in ordinating features of social life or government that are evil features, man, perverts Nature's powers to his will, is perversion of life and its uses, under perverted authority. This is this truth more deplorably exemplified in the relations of mankind to those beneficent elements which Nature commands, air, water, fire, and earth. Each of these is a motive of help and comfort to humanity; air, being a medium for light, and physical, and for all sensation incident to the enjoyment of sight, sound, and feeling. Water is man's highway, in rivers and seas, his life-lavatory, his motive-power in expansion, his help of his agriculture, the beautifier of his fountains that gush and glitter, the purveyor of his most delicious food in a multitude of fishes. Fire, the life of mankind, Nature, in its basic heat is a household word to humanity in all conditions of life, in

subservient domestic wants, while it is indispensable to the impulsion of man's machinery, even when water is relied upon to turn his mill-wheels; because to the instructed student of Nature no movement is made known that is not traceable to heat as its basic motive-power. And earth, in her diversified products to supply man's wants in food, clothing, shelter and means of conserving fire and of opening travel and transportation, is a storehouse of benefits for the human race.

What, then, is the cause or occasion of such deplorable malordinations of Nature's four elements, as are witnessed in their malign effects upon human life? Why should air be disturbed by whirlwinds, tornadoes, siroccos, and pestilential flows of its currents that generate and spread disease and deathly miasmata? Why should water be lashed to raging seas, enervated in desolating hail, congealed in icebergs, or concentrated in whirlpools and water-spouts, to engulf ships and ravage shores? Why should the hills of earth belch fire to consume cities, and the plains of earth become deserts under parching heats? And why is this earth of ours, so beautiful in natural conditionings, made arid, malarious, and rank with her own products of vegetation, that choke up rivers, change lakes to morasses, and inhibit the occupation of humanity, while her mineral and geological overproduction obstructs man's ways and means of possessing the soil which is his support, and which belongs to humanity?

Is it to be believed that a beneficent God ordained such elemental untowardness as we witness, whereby more than half the geographical area of this world of ours is inaccessible to civilization?

Rather, is it not reasonable to suppose that God intended His earth to be a habitation for His children, wherein the highest uses and enjoy-

ments of human life should be made possible and practicable through harmony of mankind with harmonious Nature?

Rather, is it not consonant with our religious perceptions of Nature and our adoring conceptions of Deity to believe that God made all things to harmonize with Himself, and that in departing from Him the human race has ignored or neglected His ordained ways and means; by which that Garden of Eden, wherein mankind awoke to life and light, ought to be naturally extended to all limits of earth, so that the confines of an earthly Paradise would be bounded only by the confines of dry land and seas?

To the man who with open eyes peruses such pages of history and turns over such leaves of Nature's books as are under purview of all men, the possibility of this entire domain given to man in earth, being conditioned as a garden, is as clear and certain as the practicability of leveling a tree to make it a bridge over a torrent, or the blasting of rocks by dynamite force, to make passage-way for steam-carriages.

Given to M. de Lesseps a bank account to draw upon for all the money he requires, and he builds us to order a Suez Canal; and, after a glance at other ground, he promises to unite Pacific and Atlantic Oceans by a canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

"Forty centuries," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "look down upon us!" because he stood at the bases of Egyptian pyramids to fight an utterly useless battle. Had that "new Sesostrius" commanded each corporal's guard of his French soldiery to march upon a single slab of pyramid masonry and convey it to Suez, he might have constructed a sea-wall and opened a canal from Red Sea to Mediterranean in the time he wasted for a single campaign.

How many millions of wasted human lives are represented by those Egyptian pyramids, that survive dynasties, hierarchies and hecatombs of immolated nations? And each man represented is representative of a human life lost, which, if it had been used to accomplish useful work, instead of abused to ordain useless and pernicious war, might have done a man's part toward making this earth a Garden of Eden.

When an Assyrian despot sought to please his wife, he ordained the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon," by compelling a myriad of laborers to

pile clay upon clay, in irrigated terrace mountain of verdure towered over sand to simulate those gardens of Persia a won after.

What if that Assyrian despot had bethought of employing his myriad of laborers in work, that of improving those sandy pl arable ground, by constructing a canal the waters of Euphrates and Tigris, that t be conducted in sluiceways to enrich wit deposits those unproductive areas that in of Abraham were pasture lands, and in of Noah, before he built his ark, were v fields to be reaped, that corn might fill mids, and yield subsistence for millions luvial mankind?

Beneath successive eruptions of Vesuvius and cities were consumed by fi before Pompeii and Herculaneum perished in lava and scoriac ashes. And, during Christian era since Pliny perished in v the destruction of Herculaneum, successive generations have gazed upon Vesuvius, and in armies of Roman Civilization and Barbarism, under light of Vesuvian flames engineer like M. de Lesseps—not even Lesseps himself—has suggested the project of tunneling Vesuvius to the heart of and opening a passage for lava flows; harmless deposit might ordain a cause Vesuvius to the ocean, with a trifle of di man's expense.

Men read in books of travel that trees at the summits of lofty mountains, and to fields beneath or seashores by incline so that an elevated plateau may be deforest growth, and its timber exported by "letting it slide." But there is no intimation print that M. de Lesseps proposes to recavalanchine ideas to mechanical practicing his viaduct from Atlantic to Pacific he imagines the feasibility of making such and natural means as inclined planes per work of a hundred steam-engines so long of laboring men can dig and shovel dirt upon planes, to be precipitated oceanward on eas easily as coal-heavers shunt their carbo into holds of a steamship.

Is Greenland, in our time, an inhospitable with a few sparsely-settled areas of production encroached upon yearly by ice floes? W

ame its name of Greenland? and why are s and traditions rife with reminiscences not many centuries ago, when Scandinavians, gratified by shiploads to settle on its goodly plains, and build their towns on its shores, pleasant sites inland? Because of ice-advancing southward, and changing climates, our philosophers tell us. True, O

But why did not men encroach upon northern lands and seas before icebergs move southward? Ay! before icebergs in Northern seas! For it is an ordinariness to make land, not ice; and where is possession of land to stir its inner fires of plowings, and to build his habitations and to light his domestic fires, and to excavate mines, and ignite the coals of his furnace-machine-working, there can be no accumulation of ices. Middle Europe, in mediæval times, was colder than Northern Europe now, and its productive areas were desolated by wars and wolves, under stress of cold and famine, invaded depopulated plains, and little dense woodlands of France and Italy; our day, the inhabitants breathe balmy winds, not tropical, that flow for gregarious man; cold wind and snow once lashed neglected

England, two centuries ago, and even the memory of living man, was conditioned with long and rigorous winters, heavy and icy winds. But Civilization and population substituting settled areas for wildernesses, produced such amelioration of climate as follows the march of mankind armed to surmount all obstacles by the ordained weapons of agriculture—implements of husbandry and machinery. When mankind in America shall become as mankind in Lower China, our Appalachian range of mountains will yield as delicately as the tea-districts of China and Japan; Manchuria, in the same parallels of latitude as the growing districts of China, is restricted

to the production of cereals, because of its sparse populations drained by constant emigration to the West. This day, on the track of a Pacific railroad to California, the most inclement weather accompanies winter months, while in summer the plains are parched to desert aridity. Settle twenty millions of an industrious laboring people between Omaha and Sacramento, and the plains will become a continuous summer-garden, with rigorous winters unknown. Is this assertion mere speculation? When Science shall master the secrets of Nature, to learn that all heat is normally conditioned in earth, and her central fires, we may comprehend a universal truth, *i.e.*, that volcanic movement is everywhere latent; and when we understand that volcanic fire is the base of all electric action, and that heat, in every particle of matter will beget heat when attrited with other particles (as savage aborigines know when they attrite two splinters of wood to generate fire), we shall not stop at that discernment, but go on with our ways and means to warm the entire earth, as we can warm any spot of Arctic soil where a hundred laborers shall wield their hammers and drag out molten ore from the furnaces of a rolling-mill.

There is no natural occasion for any acerbities of Nature, because all her emanations are amenities, so long as human beings subsist in harmony with Nature's unperturbed subsistence. But as sweet becomes sour, as decomposition generates acidity, so is every beneficent provision of Deity through Nature, perverted from its use to abuse, from its good to evil, because mankind, substituting acerbities for amenities in human relations, have departed from God and from the harmonies of his Creation. And the harmonies of Creation have become discords, to play their jarring parts in the jangle and clash, the hiss, the roar, and dissonant crash of a warring and discordant world, at odds with God, with Nature, and with itself—in a Civilization which is Barbarism set to organic stops.

TRITION is what we want and must have to do for anything. Hardship is the native dependence and self-reliance.

Man is not rising upward to be an angel, upon it, he is sinking downward to be a brute; he cannot stop at the beast.

A LIE is a hiltless sword, which is sure to cut the hand of him who strikes with it. It is better to find this out at first than afterward.

THE consecrated life is not a life of perpetual joy; it is an humble, pure, vehement life, all given up to the service of God and our brothers.

AMERICA'S SONG COMPOSERS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

XIV.—JAMES G. CLARK.



JAMES G. CLARK.

No introduction to the readers of the MONTHLY will be necessary for the subject of this sketch, Mr. James G. Clark. As poet and recitationist, song-composer and vocalist, he has made himself heard and known from one end of the land to the other. For many years he has recited his own poems and sung his own songs throughout nearly every State in the Union, until, with them, his face and voice have become familiar and home-like. To this acquaintance already made, it is but natural that the public should feel interested in adding some knowledge of the former life of one who has done so much to give them entertainment and enjoyment.

James G. Clark was born in Constantia, Oswego County, New York State; and there, on the shores

of the beautiful Oneida Lake, he spent his years until he attained his majority. His was a prominent farmer and surveyor, and his son's boyhood was passed between his studies assisting about the farm. It is to his mother perhaps that he owes principally his poetic musical tastes and inclinations, as they were in some degree inherited. She was of a highly sensitive, poetical and musical organization, and as a remarkably sweet and expressive singer. While attending to her household duties she was constantly singing, and her children were born with her gift, and were natural musicians. When she was but three years old she taught James, upon her knee, to sing Kirke White's "Song of Bethlehem" to the air of "Bonnie Doon."

ery word distinctly—a trait, by the way, marks his public entertainments. 'Tis it should be an uncommon one.

first led to compose music, or rather to it, by becoming acquainted with poems longed to sing, but for which he knew no among them were many of Tom Moore's. ics he would commit to memory, and at t play, at home, in the woods, or on the would sing them to melodies of his own ; for the music already set to them was to him. The poems of Tom Moore and , in little pocket volumes, were constant ns of his toil, and made all labor seem fter satisfying himself with the melodies et to his favorite poems, he would try t upon his companions, and then upon ts and an elder sister, Mrs. Haynes, to was devotedly attached. At home he have met with every encouragement, the nsidering his efforts something remark- boy of sixteen, as he then was. Of this writes, "My parents and this noble and ister saw promise in my crude efforts at on, and were always ready to lend me and sympathy. The idea of ever pub- y of my improvised tunes had not entered

I was fascinated with the wealth of im- of melody expressed in the poetry, and n almost involuntarily, simply because ed. to burst into melody of their own I repeated them over and over in soli- in company with other boys." The Moore that charmed and haunted him : "Araby's Daughter," "Dear Harp of ry," "The Minstrel Boy," "Let Erin the Days of Old," "O Breathe Not ," and that exquisite lyric referring to mmet's betrothed, "She is far from the e her young Hero sleeps."

all this time he never supposed that he bsequently set music to his own poems, hem and hear them sung by others in all he land. In fact, he seems to have had on in that direction, never having made pts in the way of poetry until after he teen years old. It was then the "spirit ions" began to appear and make them- , and resulted in innumerable verses on "The Tempest," "Lost Ships," and topics. They were crude enough, as

may be supposed, but always musical, for his ear was so attuned that he could not write otherwise. These he generally submitted to his father, who had some taste for poetry, and a rarely intelligent and critical mind ; but as for music, he never learned but three tunes in his life, and those his wife taught him, after many trials, that he might join in the family worship. To quote again from a letter of Mr. Clark: "My good father, of blessed memory, always found something to commend as well as criticise in my efforts, and like my mother and elder sister, always encouraged me. At last I wrote a poem of some three hundred lines, called 'The Maiden of the Wave, an Indian Tale of Oneida Lake.' It was mostly composed as I walked up and down the shores of that beautiful sheet of water 'by moonlight alone.' After rewriting and revising the poem, I took it to Syracuse, New York, and offered it in person to the *Daily Standard* for publication. It is now an influential Republican newspaper, but was then a little sheet, of limited circulation, edited by Moses Sommers, who is still on the staff. Mr. Sommers, who is one of the most genial and generous of men, treated the verdant and embarrassed young poet with great kindness and consideration, and after reading a few lines of the production, accepted it 'with thanks.' It was published, and made me for a time quite famous among the readers of the paper and in my native village."

Soon after this his father began to think it about time he should choose some business pursuit, and, to that end, he apprenticed him to a country merchant, a Mr. H. S. Conde, in the village of Central Square, some ten miles west of the old farm. Mr. Conde, an excellent and intelligent man, who perfectly understood his business, did his best to make of the young clerk a successful merchant ; but all his efforts were of little avail. It wasn't in our budding poet to "keep store" for a living. Nothing pleased him better than to be excused from business and to stroll off by himself through the beech and maple grove at the edge of the village, and dream over the poems and songs that, in spite of work, seemed striving for expression within him. And besides, he had something else to dream about. Yes, he was in love. But let him give his reminiscence in his own words: "I was in love with Deacon Macfarlane's sweet-faced adopted daughter, Mary. Between Mary in my heart, and the poetry in my head, I contrived to

be but a poor clerk for Mr. Conde. One night, after the store was closed, an intense longing came over me to see my ladye-love. She was 'only ten miles away,' like Sheridan. It was moonlight in June, and Mr. Conde's gray mare was in the barn. Asking no questions, for conscience' sake, concerning my right to appropriate the steed without permission, I saddled the creature and galloped off. I reached the house of my Mary at about midnight, and, as was my romantic custom, awoke the good Scotch family with a serenade. Mary dressed herself as speedily as possible and came down to the front door to meet me. After we had watched the moonlight on the lake for an hour or so, I bade her good-night, and returned to my place of business. It was after three o'clock in the morning before I and Conde's mare were safely stabled. The face of my employer looked serious when I met him that morning. It seems that one of the other clerks had seen my departure and arrival, and had told of it. The good-hearted merchant took me to one side, and, without once alluding to my escapade, quietly suggested that he had grave doubts about my being able to make a success of mercantile pursuits, and that I had better give it up. I agreed with him, as I had long been of the same opinion, but did not care to 'break it to him suddenly.' His action saved me the trouble. He was more than just to me in our settlement, and we parted good friends."

And so ended the attempt to make a business man of him. He now had time and opportunity to devote to his studies, that had been for some time neglected; and also to take thorough musical instruction under good masters, of which he eagerly availed himself. It was about this period that he wrote that beautiful and familiar hymn, "The Mountains of Life." His mother had suggested to him to write a hymn, and it was to gratify her that he undertook to do so. For months the subject haunted him, and at last the three stanzas were committed to paper, and presented to his mother for a first reading. "I shall never forget," he writes, "the effect they produced upon her. She read them over several times and literally baptized them in tears. It would seem as though the blessing she imparted to that poem was prophetic of its future career." "The Mountains of Life" was first published in the *Syracuse Journal*, and has since gone all over the land through the press, and in educational works and church tune books.

It has been plagiarized by a dozen hymn-writers and, as an eminent doctor of divinity has expressed it, "been seed-corn for the production of more than a score of popular hymns and revival songs."

It was not long after this that he composed, both words and music, that ever-popular song, "The Old Mountain Tree." It was published by Oliver Ditson, of Boston, who gave great encouragement to its young and inexperienced author, just started in life, and for which he still feels grateful. The song was received with great favor; and his ambition once fired by the spark of success, he had not long to wait for a new inspiration. "The Rover's Grave" was his next song, and equally well received; and then followed "The Rock of Liberty," and "Meet me by the running Brook."

These songs were first introduced to the public by "Ossian's Bards," a very popular concert troupe, of which Mr. Clark himself was musical director, and the famous humorist, Ossian E. Dodge, the organizer and proprietor.

When "Ossian's Bards" were disbanded, Mr. Clark took to the field alone, and has given musical readings and ballad entertainments throughout the States ever since, with the exception of a few months in 1859, when he was again associated with Mr. Dodge, with Mr. Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward") as advance agent. On this tour he met Coates Kinney, editor of the *Zenia* (Ohio) *News*, and author of that beautiful song, "Rain on the Roof." Mr. Clark set it to music, and the song became very popular, and has since gone into many music and glee books.

Mr. Clark's solo concerts, if they may so be termed, are in the form of musical lectures, combining lecturing, singing and recitation, so as to present a pleasing variety of sentiment, song and humor. They are in no way sensational, and never fail to attract and interest the more cultured and refined of the communities in which he gives his entertainment.

His last tour with Mr. Dodge was cut short by a cold on the lungs which led to a severe attack of lung fever. His family were then located at Dansville, New York, to which place he hastened. On the morning after his arrival he was prostrate with congested lungs; and for six days he fasted in order to break up the fever. It was during these six days that he composed the words and music of "The Beautiful Hills," perhaps the best song I

note. He says: As I lay upon my bed, the melody, and harmony were all as clearly distinctly revealed to me as though a band of had been rendering them within my hearing, before the impression left me, I had reduced it to music-paper. The song was afterwards published, and dedicated to Dr. James C. , in whose care I had been, and who had given me life."

Clark regards "The Beautiful Hills" as his most successful song, and one that has sold more largely than any other, unless it be "The Mountain Tree."

There are also "Where have the Beautiful Gone?" "'Tis to be Remembered," "Moonlight and Snow," and "We cannot give Thee Up," a number of songs, were all well received, while "The Battle Hymn of General Moore," one of the most perfect of his songs, was never generally popular.

Among his contributions to the songs of the day which were widely copied by the press, are "Let me die With my Face to the foe," "The Battle Hymn of General Moore," "The Voice of the Soldier" (afterwards re-issued as "Logan's Gathering"), a portrait of General Logan on the battle-field, and "The Children of the Battle-Field."

Mr. Clark almost invariably wrote the poetry as well as the music for his songs. Among the few songs, and which have been successes, might be mentioned the following songs, to which he supplied the music: "When the Mists have passed Away," by Anna Herbert; "Dare to say I love thee," by Horace M. Richards, and "Nowhere to go but to Mary Sarvossa, both temperance songs; "We've Drunk from the Same Canteen," a song, by General Charles G. Halpine (now O'Reilly)."

Among Mr. Clark's latest popular songs are "The Isles of the By-and-by," and "Where is the Love?" an exquisitely beautiful song, by Father John, the "poet-priest." He has also lately composed a campaign song, published by Root & Clark of Chicago, called "The Solid North," which promises to be very popular as a political campaign song.

It is upon Mr. Clark's more enduring fame will depend more on facility as a song-writer and abilities as a poet than as a composer of music. He says that his music is only the imperfect incarnation of sentiment embodied in lyric poetry by

himself and others, and that he is never satisfied with his efforts at musical composition. However that may be, the people seem to differ with him in that respect, for few there are whose melodies carry with them a greater charm or give more real, unalloyed enjoyment. They never have the general flashy popularity of many for a time better known but ephemeral productions; but they live, and are in demand by the intelligent and thoughtful year after year, when, as his publisher, Oliver Ditson, has remarked, "the so-called 'popular songs' are forgotten."

Some of his poems excel in beauty of figure and expression, and will always retain for their author a place in future poetical anthologies. Among his best-known poems, some of which travel annually through the press from one end of the Union to the other, are "Leona," "The Boatman's Dream," a glowing and beautiful tribute to the Martyr-President, the length of which only precludes its reproduction here; "Art thou Living Yet?" "Marion Moore," "November," "The Mountains of Life," "The Beautiful Hills," and "Going Home."

Mr. Clark's poems have never appeared in collected book form, though many of them have place in collections and school-readers. Several selections may be found, accompanied by a graphic sketch of the poet, in a volume lately issued by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, entitled "Waifs and their Authors," edited by A. A. Hopkins, of the *American Rural Home*, Rochester, New York.

He has lately written his most lengthy and important poem, called "The Mount of the Holy Cross," the subject being one of the Colorado mountains of that name, and composed while visiting in that region a short time since. The poem has not as yet been published, but is recited by Mr. Clark at his entertainments, receiving a gratifying reception, not the least of which being a complimentary letter from the poet Longfellow. It is Mr. Clark's intention to issue the "Mount of the Holy Cross" in book form, illustrated, during the coming season.

Mr. Clark is a man of family, being blessed with a wife and two children living. His present home is at Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he is on the editorial staff of the *Saturday Evening Spectator*, a first-class weekly, literary and family newspaper. At the age of sixteen he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church; but in a char-

acteristic letter, he says, "In religion I am an Independent—a sort of guerilla, fighting error of all kinds, but working either outside or inside of organizations as circumstances may direct. I respect all beliefs through which people find help and inspiration, from the Roman Catholic to the most liberal; but do not choose to confine myself to any one method or set of methods, believing that they all contain a mixture of truth and error, and not wishing to place myself in such relations to them that I will be blinded to the faults or virtues of any."

In the cause of good he has sung like a Sankey; in the cause of temperance he has talked like a Murphy. The portrait of Mr. Clark at the head of this article will give the reader a tolerably fair idea of his personal appearance. He is tall, nearly six feet in height, muscular and robust, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, and well-proportioned. His health is excellent, and he prides himself on having always been a total abstainer from stimulants and narcotics. His admirable organization gives him a remarkable power of endurance, whether the call be made upon his intellectual or physical faculties. In conversation he is remarkable for graceful fluency and brilliant expression, while few are gifted with a more ready wit, or with better faculty for agreeable repartee.

As an appropriate close to this sketch, no apology will be necessary to the reader for taking up the space of the MONTHLY by presenting an exquisite poem by Mr. Clark, "Going Home." This, with several others, will appear in the "Cyclopædia of British and American Poets," now in preparation by Epes Sargent, for publication by Harper & Brothers, New York:

GOING HOME.

Kiss me when my spirit flies—
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death
While I draw my parting breath,
And am borne to yonder shore
Where the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness into sight,
Out of weakness, war and pain
Into power, peace and gain;

Out of winter gale and gloom
Into summer breath and bloom;
From the wand'rings of the past
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go—
Nearer swells the solemn flow
Of the wondrous stream that rolls
By the border-land of souls—
I can catch sweet strains of songs
Floating down from distant throngs,
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea,
Over there will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the songs of two worlds meet—
We shall not be sundered long—
Like the fragments of a song,
Like the branches of a rill
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall blend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noontide of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze
Ere the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face,
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And my own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved ones waiting stand,
And the legions of the blest
There shall welcome you to rest—
They will know you when your eyes
On the isles of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May—
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel and know and see
God knew better far than we.

TWO PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. A. L. BASSETT.

I.

CHAPTER I.

exquisite evening in the early summer-lature had put on her fairest robe, self with flowers and scattered perfumes at softly fanned her cheek. The sky rest, most ethereal vail, dotted with clouds here and there, and the Blue ded its bare cliffs with a darkly-blueazy light, and looked down in smiling upon the "Valley of the Shenandoah" own now to the soldiers of the late upon the handsome young couple who zing admiringly upon sky and moun-

sons have left the cottage, you wrote es here now?" asked Harvey Allerton, s fair companion slowly approached a ouse only a step from the roadside. ' from Yankee-land, I believe; I don't ame—she's nobody," replied Edith idifferently, with the least particle of tone.

it a pity! I had hoped you would nice people there, as they are near : your neighbors."

emed fully to comprehend the mean-erm nobody—it was a common and-ve term in Virginia; it meant without sition, not in "our circle," and con-t worth knowing. The Old Dominion ar was very tenacious of the old tradi-t over by the cavaliers, and the aristo-ate occupied very much the position ish nobility in society—a position so recognized by every one that those genealogical claim to it considered it be spoken to at church, where rich and ogether, by their aristocratic neigh-ting no other recognition. Family rtainly somewhat pardonable in those cords of titles in their possession be- heir great, great, great-grandfathers, of the present nobles were unknown ld's court; even as a distinguished

officer in the British army and late member of Parliament once said to a Virginia gentleman, "Sir, your ancestors were at court and wearing coronets while mine were running about bare-footed in Scotland." So the F. F. V.'s, proud of their lineage, lived, married, and died in their own select circle.

When Edith called the unknown widow "nobody," Harvey felt no longer any interest in the occupant of the neat homestead, and the subject dropped without another remark from either party. They were close to the gate when Edith spoke, and, as Harvey carelessly replied, an involuntary impulse tempted Edith to look back, to penetrate the deep shadow of the grapevines clustering in heavy masses around the porch, and see if any one was in hearing. It seemed to her that she felt somebody looking at her. An exceedingly unpleasant sensation, the sensation of having unintentionally spoken rudely of a person who was listening to her remarks, came over the kind-hearted girl as she encountered the steady, half-scornful gaze of a pair of large brown eyes, the property of a young woman who was standing in the doorway, with her apron filled with flowers. She did not regret her speech, for it was only a plainly-expressed truth; but she had too much delicacy and kindness of feeling willingly to wound any one by speaking thus candidly in their presence, and therefore she did regret being overheard. Her first impulse was to tell Harvey what she had seen; but the second thought was better—why make him look back, as curiosity would assuredly tempt him to do? men were as weak and inconstant as women, and those brown eyes were uncommonly large and handsome. Why should his attention be called to them when her own dark-blue ones were ready to meet his with such true affection? No, there was no reason why she should mention having seen any one.

"Here is a splendid piece of road, cousin Harvey; let's have a gallop."

"Just as you please, *ma chere*. I always love a gallop with you, especially a long and fast one,

for it shakes down that mass of sunbeams confined in that odious net at the back of your head, and brings the roses into those cheeks, which are many shades too white. You don't take enough exercise to give you a healthy color. Mammy makes too much of a baby of you. I verily believe she would keep every breath of air from your lungs if she had her way, so much afraid is she of your taking cold."

Edith laughed merrily as she gave the reins to her horse; and as they dashed along she stole a hairpin or two from her shining braids of red-gold hair, just to make sure that it would sooner or later fall like a sunny cloud around her. In her childish innocence she sought to please by gratifying the wishes of her companion; coquetry had not yet taught her the surer art of perverseness.

She was only sixteen, and the young man at her side having counted his twenty-eighth birthday, called her in his heart "only a child—a dear, sweet, lovable child." It was the child's hand he held in a loose, cousinly and unconcealed grasp; but it was the woman's mind to which he addressed his conversation, to which he confided his hopes for the brilliant future in store for him, and this fascinated her.

"How do you like brown eyes, Cousin Harvey; brown eyes as big and dark as ripe chestnuts?" she asked, as the gallop subsided into a canter on the steep hill which announced their approach to Harper's Ferry.

"I greatly prefer blue."

"I didn't ask which you *preferred*—brown or blue," she said, with a little pout, put on to hide a smile, "I asked how you liked chestnut-brown eyes; great, big, reddish-brown eyes with lashes an inch long and a look that seems to go right through you."

"I don't like to feel transparent, Edie; it makes a fellow conscious that he's small, only five feet eight, when he'd like to stand six in his socks. I can't do better than repeat, I prefer blue eyes, eyes blue as Italia's cloudless skies, that seem to shrink from too bold a gaze and hide like gentians beneath the snowy lids." Harvey had dropped the careless tone in which he first spoke, and looked with unfeigned admiration at the soft, loving face, the tall, lithe figure so close to him.

Edith turned away her head; a perverse spirit seemed to possess her whenever she thought of

the steady gaze that followed them as they left the cottage behind; and so, after a moment's pause, she said, "But you do admire a rather *petite* style of beauty. I've heard you so often speak admiringly of Anna Byrd."

"Yes, as far as she is concerned, I do most intensely appreciate the exquisite symmetry of my little niece's figure; but don't you know how true it is 'we like best our opposites.' My model of beauty is quite five feet six or seven—which is it, pet?" He laughed as he caught her hand and bent his head over the waving, sunny curls which the breeze tossed to his lips. He meant nothing by his light caress, his flattering words; meant nothing only because his own heart was free; the same praise lavished upon another might have conveyed an intimation of deep affection. Poor Edith! who can blame her for believing he loved her—what more could he have said? Perhaps he caught a glimpse of her passing thoughts, for he held her hand only an instant, and a shadow flitted across his brow as she remained silent. "What made you ask me such questions, Edie? Do you know any little brown-eyed love of a girl whom you want to introduce?"

"No, indeed!" she answered, quickly. "None, all of my friends are good-sized blondes. I don't like dark eyes, and—well, I knew you didn't, I'd heard you say so before; but I did want to hear you abuse them this evening."

Harvey only laughed at her pettish but honest little speech, then pointed to the gathering clouds, declared himself enough of a Baptist to object to sprinkling, and added, "It would require a rapid ride at best to reach Waveland before the hour."

The evening meal over, Edith waited only for Harvey's early good-night, and was in her own room before the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away on the pike.

"Now, mammy dear, just send Jane away, and put me to bed yourself, please," said the motherless girl, as she threw her arms around her stately old nurse, who sat as erect in her shuck-bottom chair as any grandame of the olden time. Her dress was spotlessly neat, her cap border carefully crimped, and the handkerchief crossed on her bosom was white as snow.

"Yes, chile, to be sure I will. Jane, you can go; your mistress don't want you no more."

Mammy had been born and raised in the house

master's children, and did not talk of a negro, although her grammar says *a la Murray*.

"You may just do everything for me, Mammy! Please get off these horrid shoes which are so heavy; and then untangle this ribbon. I had to let it come down just to please my Polish cousin; but oh, its awful having it when one's so sleepy!"

"Mind. Mammy's darling child shan't be; just lie down on the couch, and I'll tangle it out."

"With her eyes closed on the white pillow, which her hair hung like a golden ringlet, and happy in spite of her fatigue. She opened her deep-blue eyes, and looked early into the tender face bending over her."

"Tell me something about the people in the city?"

"Well, they aren't nobody! They keeps ant, helps to clean up the house, and as they actually cooks themselves, on a thing they call a cooking-stove."

"Niggers! the idea of cooking, such weather at I reckon they're used to it, and it much. How many are there in the

"The mother and daughter, I heard Mollie went there to sell 'em some chickens, a young lady—they call her Miss Hattie—sweet and pretty that Mollie ran to her, 'd been you, and hugged her, and told her like a flower in the garden. La, bless the little thing was scared to death; and her mother to come help her, that crazy. Her mother seemed to be to the ways about here, and she told not to be scared, it was just a way had, she'd heard her son say so. Both made very nice apologies to she hasn't been there since; she said had been called a 'nigger' before by a lady; she was master's servant, his red woman, and she never meant to else. I told Mollie people from the 't know any better; but she can't get Betsy Ann lives with them, and she say treat her mighty well; but she's come, and I know she never did as before in her life. I never did hear

of one woman cooking and washing and ironing and helping to clean up the house!"

"Nor I, either," laughed Edith. "Now, mammy, this will do; go put your dear old self to bed, and I'll be asleep five minutes after I say my prayers."

Yes, Edith could sleep now. The graceful little figure, the great chestnut eyes were not dangerous. Harvey could not love any but a lady, and the life of the girl she had seen could not be a lady's life in her opinion—refinement and cooking could not go hand in hand.

Harvey sat smoking upon the piazza of his beautiful home long after Edith was asleep; and while the smoke curled in blue wreaths around his head, dimming the glory of the moonlight, he was busily thinking. Now and then a broken sentence would find utterance between his half-closed teeth, and float from his lips upon the wings of a perfumed cloud.

"By George! she's a beauty. The prettiest creature about here, certainly! Its horribly lonely in a house without any womenkind flying around; and they say its jolly having a wife running to meet you whenever you come home. Bless the child's heart! I believe—I believe—she—loves me!"

The sentences were broken, and the last words were whispered—whispered with a smile of satisfaction, as he tilted his chair back against the wall, and put his feet upon the iron railing around the porch.

The sun throws its dying rays upon the rocky surface of the Maryland Heights—as that part of the Blue Ridge is called on the northern side of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry—and the wonderful profile upon its steep, bare face, so like Washington's, stands out as if chiseled by some giant sculptor.

A large party of young people staying at Mr. Randolph's have been picnicing upon the Heights; and the long line of equestrians descending the mountain, looks charmingly picturesque in the rosy light of the sunset.

Edith thinks she has never been so happy before. Her hat is encircled with wild flowers which Harvey's own hand has snatched for her from the cliffs, and to-day his voice has a tone of tender earnestness in it which she has never heard before.

"Oh, cousin Harvey, don't you think we might ford the river? you said you had forded it once long ago, and Dixie scares at the bridge; do let's try it! I am sure I should enjoy it so much."

"You are sure you can manage Dixie, and that you won't be frightened, Edith?"

"Yes, yes, I am certain I can make Dixie behave; and nothing ever scares me."

"Well, then, we'll stop at that little house at the foot of the mountain, and inquire if its quite safe to attempt it," said Harvey, as they touched their horses with their whips and left their friends far behind.

In a few moments they stopped at the gate which led into a small yard surrounding the house, which was scarcely better than a servant's cabin. At the gate stood a brown pony, on which there was a neat side saddle; but neither Edith nor Harvey gave it a thought, for the old man who owned the premises had quickly responded to their call, and was answering their questions rather unsatisfactorily.

"Wall, its a good enough ford, or leastwise it used to be; but nobody crosses it since the bridge was built again. Danger? No, sir, no danger for you; but tain't handylike for the lady;" and the old fellow looked admiringly at Edith.

"There now, he says there's no danger; lets try it, please. I don't mind if I get my dress wet again; it can't be hurt now."

She looked at him so pleadingly in her childish glee, Allerton could not resist; and while their friends paused upon the bridge to see what had become of them, they rode up the canal a short distance, then plunged into the noisy, foaming waves of the broad Potomac, where it ripples and dances over the rocks in its bed, close to the long railroad bridge at the ferry.

Dixie arched her pretty neck, and lifted her feet daintily, as if she would have preferred dry land; but a touch of the whip in her mistress's hand sent her forward against her will, and with evident reluctance she followed close behind Allerton on his powerful gray.

Edith laughed merrily, and pushed bravely on, trying for a time to talk to her cousin; but before they reached the middle of the stream, the deafening roar of the falls prevented her hearing his replies, and she began to feel a little giddy. Oh, how wide the river was; it seemed as if they had been an hour crossing! Edith's head felt hot,

she stooped down and dipped her hand in the water which now rose nearly to her feet, and wet her hair on the temples, then bathed her forehead; that would surely relieve her. Harvey has left her far behind; he looks back and calls to her to follow him, to watch the ripples and she'll not lose the ford. She answers bravely, crying out as loudly and cheerily as she can, "Yes, yes, I'm coming;" but her voice and his sound weird and strange, mingled with the roar and gurgle of the water foaming over the rocks. Harvey again pushes on; she sees that he is moving only by the distance between them, which is increasing every moment; she sees the water rushing by, that is moving; but everything else seems standing still.

"Come, Edie, dear, come on faster," she hears in a voice faint and strange, as if it came from the other world; and still she cries, "I'm coming," yet cannot tell whether her horse is moving or not.

"Go on, Dixie," she says, firmly, almost fiercely. "I won't admit that I'm giddy! I won't have him think I'm frightened; for I'm not, only my head is swimming because I'm not used to it. Go on, Dixie!"

She knows she speaks angrily; but her voice dies away like a murmur amidst the hoarse laughter, the boisterous sport of the waves. Is she moving? Yes; for the horse's feet slip from the rocks, and she goes down, down, deeper and deeper, until she feels the water running over her knees, and it seems creeping upward toward her waist, it dashes a moment over her lap, then Dixie gives a plunge and again stands on the slippery rocks; and the water receding only rushes wildly around her feet. She has gathered her long riding skirt closely about her, so that her feet are uncovered, and her shoes are soon wet through and through. She does not mind this; but there is a rushing sound in her ears which prevents her from distinguishing any other distinctly. She is looking to see where the ripples are that she may follow Harvey, who is looking back anxiously. A few minutes before he had heard her answer, "I'm coming;" but she is so nearer him. Dixie is surely coming on; he sees the water splashed by her hoofs falling in a shower around the lovely face he believes he is beginning to love more than any other. True, there is a short distance between them; but he can easily go back to her, so he asks again, "A

ou coming?" and again waits, then moves slowly forward as she looks at him and smiles.

Dixie is not moving, she is only pawing the water and restlessly tossing her head. Edith thinks she is going forward, and smiles at Harvey. She knows he has spoken; but she can no longer hear what he says for the roaring in her ears; nor can she answer, for Dixie seems reeling beneath her weight, and her head goes round and round. She feels that death is near, she cannot sit upon her horse until Harvey reaches her; and she looks calmly away from the water up towards the deep-blue sky whither she is going, and forgets for an instant the worlds he is leaving behind.

A voice she loves calls her back to earth—to the consciousness of helplessness and danger. Harvey is only a few yards from her in reality; but his horse is swimming—he has lost the ford.

"There is nothing left for us to do but to swim to the shore; guide Dixie so that she'll follow my gray; don't be frightened, there's no danger; keep firm in your seat."

Edith only heard the words, "we must swim for the shore," and saw Harvey draw his feet up as high as possible upon his saddle as his horse began to swim.

Her voice does not tremble as she answers, calmly, "I can't—I'm giddy." Her pride was all gone now.

"Look away from the water; I'll come to you."

She looked up, but the words came too late; her pride had perhaps cost her her life. The water is still dashed in her face as Dixie impatiently paws the green rocks; but her eyes are closed, a cold dew stands on her forehead, she sways from side to side in her saddle. Gently she falls forward, still conscious of an effort to guide her head until it shall rest on her horse's neck; then darkness seemed to envelop her, and crush both mind and body beneath its black wings; and then she knew no more.

"I'll guide you to the other side," said a clear, sweet voice. "I saw you would miss the ford by going into the river where you did, for since the flood last year it has shifted. I determined to follow as soon as the lady's horse stopped. I guessed what was the matter, for I had my head to swim once. Come on, she's all right now."

Edith had opened her eyes to find Harvey's arms supporting her upon her saddle, and the girl

of the cottage, with the chestnut eyes, by her side on the pony she had seen just before plunging into the noisy river.

With Harvey's hand upon her bridle and her eyes turned away from the water, she is no longer giddy; and as they follow the brave girl riding in front of them she laughs at the idea of her "feint," as she calls it, and blames herself for being so foolish.

The shore was soon reached, and they hastened at once to the hotel, where their anxious friends were awaiting their arrival.

The stranger had said good-evening, and taken the rode homeward when they turned into the principal street of the little village; and, ungrateful or momentarily forgetful of her services, neither Edith nor Harvey alluded to her after she departed. Perchance the cool manner in which the girl declined their thanks for her services had rather annoyed the cordial and enthusiastic young Southerners. Edith had to allow her friends to visit beautiful "Jefferson's Rock" without her, while her skirts were being dried by the kitchen fire; and the moon was shining brightly before the weary excursionists reached home.

CHAPTER II.

HARVEY ALLERTON's gray riding-horse stands by the cottage gate, while he, beneath the shade of the grapevines, waits the answer to his knock upon the door. He waits only a few moments; there is a light tread in the hall, the latch is withdrawn, and he sees a pretty little figure, clad in white, standing before him.

"Miss Haywood, I presume? Allow me to introduce myself; my name is Allerton."

Miss Haywood bowed rather coldly.

"Will you walk in, Mr. Allerton?"

"She might have shaken hands with me," thought Harvey, as he followed her into the parlor. He glanced around with some surprise, and was conscious that he half-started and changed color as he took his seat upon a luxurious sofa, and found himself opposite an exquisite oil-painting hanging above a handsome piano; while on every side of the room hung fine engravings of world-renowned pictures; and books and magazines lay carelessly strewn around as if constantly in use.

Hattie Haywood noticed his evident astonishment, and a smile half-scornful, half-derisive

curled her red lips. Harvey caught the shadow of that smile, for it still lingered unconsciously upon her colorless cheeks as he turned toward her, and somewhat awkwardly apologized for his visit.

"I took the liberty of calling upon you, Miss Haywood, to express my own and Miss Randolph's thanks for your services on yesterday. My cousin was very anxious to enjoy the novelty of fording a river, and insisted upon my taking her across where I had once found a ford for myself; I yielded, never imagining that she would grow giddy. She is a beautiful rider, and perfectly fearless, and I thought she might venture. You came to our rescue just at the right moment; I had lost the ford, and should have had to take her upon my horse and thus swim across, which would not have been agreeable to her, and would greatly have mortified her pride."

"She would scarcely have liked her 'pride mortified.' I can understand that," said Hattie, with a smile, as she remembered Edith's words months before, when in the early springtime she had regretted that there was 'nobody' at the cottage whom she could visit. She remembered also Harvey's reply.

"How did you happen to see us and to follow?" asked Harvey, with some curiosity.

"Oh, I was on a visit to a poor sick woman at the house where you made your inquiries about the ford, and having crossed there once or twice myself, I thought I'd see if you took the right course; in a few moments I found you were going wrong, and determined to follow. It was just an impulse; I obeyed it, scarcely knowing why I did it, so you need not thank me." The words were spoken carelessly, and with utter indifference.

"You are accustomed to fording streams?"

"Yes; at the North I have crossed many a river on horseback; the Potomac tempted me because it was wider than most of our streams. I was more fortunate than you in the directions I received; I was told not to try the old ford, that it had shifted since the flood last fall."

"Do you like your new home, Miss Haywood? I fear you've found it lonely?"

"No, I do not like my home here; but I like the beautiful country, the mild climate. New England is too cold for me."

"May I ask what is your objection to your home; is the house uncomfortable?"

"You should not have asked to know my objection; but as you have, I'll answer honestly. The house does well enough, though entirely without conveniences. There were no stoves or furnaces when we came into it; the spring was a quarter of a mile from the house, from which we had to get our entire supply of water; the kitchen was quite a long walk from the dining-room, and there was no woodshed; but these defects could be remedied. It is the pride of the people who makes a residence here tedious and disagreeable."

"You don't know us, or you wouldn't talk so."

"Perhaps not. I've had no opportunity of knowing you who call yourselves the aristocracy of the country; and those of the second class whom I've met, though very good, kind, hospitable people, are not well educated, and therefore tire of their society. I shall be glad to turn my face northward again."

"You are going to leave us, then?"

"Yes, very soon, or I should not have spoken so freely. You asked an awkward question, but I've answered honestly and truthfully."

"Hattie, dear, its time you were getting ready for tea," said a feeble voice from the next room.

"Mother has been asleep; she doesn't know that any one is here," said Hattie, her voice softening. "I'm coming, mother," she then answered in a louder tone. "You'll stay to see Mr. Allerton?"

The question was asked politely, but not cordially, and yet Harvey stayed.

"We keep but one servant; on washing day she gets our meals ready," she said, pointedly, as she left the room.

She did not close the door behind her, and Harvey saw her fasten a neat apron around her waist as she laid the cloth upon the table, quickly put the plates, knives, spoons, etc. in their places. He could not help watching her intently, and replied almost at random to the remarks made by the fragile-looking lady while Hattie brought in and introduced as her mother before she began her work.

Harvey had never known a tea ready so quickly after an order was given for its preparation. There was nothing hot but the delicately-browned omelette, the tea and coffee; but the bread was cut in thin slices; the dishes of preserves were freshly filled, and in the centre of the table stood a tiny vase of flowers he had seen her arrange.

her return from the basement kitchen. He mentally decided he had never before eaten such a delicious meal, and ventured upon a few compliments after they had taken their seats around the tea table.

"What beautifully white bread; this is surely not of your manufacture, Miss Haywood?"

"Yes, I made it, and everything else you see upon the table." She spoke coldly, and her mother looked up in evident surprise.

"Hattie does everything about the house on Tuesdays," said Mrs. Haywood, gently. "Our income is small, and we economize when at home so that we may enjoy a trip somewhere every year. We are going soon to California. Hattie has been everywhere there is anything worth seeing on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and now she's bent on going to the Yosemite Valley; and I think the climate of the Pacific States will suit me better than Virginia. We came here because we had heard so much of the beauty of Harper's Ferry and the country around it, and we were not disappointed."

"I was in everything but the scenery," said Hattie, laughing. She had not liked being called "nobody," and she despised the people who had taken it for granted that she was not worth visiting because she lived differently from themselves; but she had vented her spite now upon Harvey, and was satisfied. She had shown him how she could be housemaid and cook, and now she was in a good humor, and would let him see her in another character.

Her cheeks were flushed from contact with the heated air of the kitchen, and her brown eyes flashed and glowered beneath their long black lashes, making her sweet face almost beautiful. Throwing a white net over the table, she entered the parlor and closed the door behind her.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Allerton?"

"Passionately fond of good music, such as I'm sure you can give me, Miss Haywood," he said, raising the lid of the piano. Yes, he thought she could do anything now.

She laughed again merrily, almost wickedly, as he took her seat at the instrument, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. When one is thoroughly master of their art, they have an air of conscious power which is visible in every movement; and Hattie's graceful posture, and the rapid, gentle motion of her hands showed in a

moment that she was no novice. She played without notes long, difficult selections from operas most exquisitely, while Harvey listened entranced. He had never heard any one in private play so well.

"Now, shall I sing for you?"

She scarcely waited for his eager "yes" before she placed a sheet of music before her and began that sweet air from *Trovatore*, "Breeze of the Night." Her voice was not powerful; but it was sweet and clear as a bird's, and perfectly cultivated.

The piano did not face the wall, and Harvey sat sunning himself in the light of those great chestnut eyes, as Edith called them; he felt sad, troubled, he knew not why.

The song ended, Hattie closed the instrument, and Harvey rose to say good-by.

"My first visit has been a long one, Miss Haywood, and yet I will not apologize for it; it has afforded me too much pleasure. May I come again soon?"

"Yes, come if you wish; we'll be glad to see you." Hattie had thawed, and spoke cordially.

It was still very early, not yet eight o'clock, and Harvey put spurs to his horse, and in fifteen minutes dismounted at Mr. Randolph's door.

"Just in time for supper, Harvey," said that gentleman, as he came forward to meet his guest. "Edith and the young folks have sat down to the table. You've been to tea? Well, never mind; come in and join us in a cup of coffee at any rate."

Harvey knew he must share their meal, or offend his hospitable friends; and so he made no farther objection, and was quickly ushered into a brilliantly lighted room where Edith sat at the head of a long, crowded table.

"What a contrast!" thought Harvey. "There the soft, cool twilight; here a dozen lamps or more. There a simple, light repast; here a feast of good things—hot bread of several kinds, roasted partridges, stewed oysters, salad, cake, and patience knows what at the other end of the table. There no one to wait on us; here two men and a boy, with a little fellow to keep the flies off. There"—he did not finish the last sentence; he could not compare, and he was not yet ready to contrast the pretty little figure at the head of the other table in her simple white dress with the beautiful girl in a rich silk robe presiding so gracefully here. He made his way to a seat near her.

"Won't you take something, Cousin Harvey?"

"Only a cup of coffee, please."

"Oh, you dislike these horrid set suppers as much as I do," she whispered; "but one must have them; it is always expected when you have company." She sighed. "I get so tired of them; the gentlemen eat just from habit, I believe, at these late meals, and the girls don't care for them. What a tyrant custom is! No one can be hungry now after a four o'clock dinner. Do people elsewhere live as we do?"

"I've been all through the South, Edith, and I find we all live pretty much alike; we spend our fortunes on our tables. North and West the people keep their money for more rational pleasures than mere pampering of the appetite and indulgence of the luxuriously-inclined body. We all have our faults, however; we are unwisely generous and self-indulgent, while their economy and constant care for the morrow makes them too often hard and selfish. They are better prepared for reverses than we are, because they are differently educated. What could you do if you were suddenly reduced to poverty, Edith?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I never did any work in my life. Mammy never lets me even make a cake, it hurts Sarah's feelings, she says; she imagines if I offer to help her that I think she can't do it by herself, and her pride is wounded. Jane makes all my clothes; so I couldn't be a dress-maker. I can crochet and embroider beautifully; but that is nothing."

"What do you do with all your time, if you never sew or cook?"

"Why, I've lots to do. I get out the provisions for the plantation; see the clothes for our servants cut out; make up medicine for the sick, and do ever so much else, besides reading a quantity. I don't see why you ask such questions. I know perfectly well that if I were poor and had to work, I could learn, and do as well as anybody; but what's the use of knowing what you are never likely to put into practice?"

Harvey did not answer; he felt proud of the

young girl's spirit. Her cheeks burned, and eyes flashed when she said she could learn, and believed she could.

A few moments later they adjourned to the parlor; Harvey again mentally contrasted it with another he had seen. A large handsome room, simply furnished; a mirror over the mantel, family portraits around. Mr. Randolph had pictures, he said, but could not afford them. He lived up to his income, and neither he nor his daughter had ever been beyond Niagara in short and infrequent trips to New York, but on account of this lack of ready money. There was a piano standing open near the window, just where as a child Harvey remembered, and he asked his cousin to play for him.

Edith played well and with taste, then she sang. Her voice was sweet, and she chose a simple Scotch ballad; for she had never taken a singing lesson. She had been educated at home by a Northern governess, who could only teach her instrumental music; so her really fine voice had not been cultivated, and knew not its own power.

"You have a splendid voice, Edie; what you never were able to improve it by taking lessons?"

With a woman's quick instinct, Edith looked at him earnestly, intently a moment, then turned away without a word. She had never received anything but unqualified praise from him before when she sang for him. She then made some excuse for leaving him, and joined a group who were getting up a dance, and was soon gaged in rushing through the mazy figures of the Virginia reel; but when she stopped for a moment to say good-night to Harvey a half-hour later, she looked calmly again into his face as she spoke quietly:

"You've called on Miss Haywood."

"Yes, I saw her this evening. She's a pretty lady, Edie; not the nobody we thought you'd visit her, won't you?"

"I don't know; I won't promise. I've been to many places to visit now I never get around. They're waiting for me. Good-night."

REMEMBER, when incited to slander, that it is only he among you who is without sin that may cast the first stone.

WHEN the tongue of slander stings the innocent, be thy comfort—they are not the worst on which the wasps alight.

CATHEDRALS AND CATHEDRAL TOWNS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

II.

WHOEVER would see Rome and its environs to the best advantage must ascend the tower of the Capitol or the dome of St. Peter's. Let us choose the latter, and enjoy a panorama which for its historical interest and classic associations can only find its counterpart around the Acropolis at Athens.

A broad, spiral inclined plane, of a grade so easy that you might drive up in a two-horse carriage, leads directly to the roof. After threading a labyrinth of passages, and mounting a series of staircases, we ascend between the double walls of the dome to the gallery, and from thence to the top of the lantern and up to the base of the ball. Going out to the balcony, a scene magnificent beyond description salutes the eye. The Seven-Hilled City, with the surrounding plain of her desolate Campagna, that stretched so far away in gentle undulations, lies spread out like a map at our feet. To the south lies the widespread plain of ancient Latium, the theatre upon which were fought the battles described in the last six books of the "Æneid." Far away to the southeast is the Alban Mount, and at its foot, skirted with a zone of

dusky forests, the Alban Lake, names so familiar and suggestive to the classical scholar. To the



TRAJAN'S COLUMN, ROME.

left of the lofty summit of Monte Pila, occupying the sunny crest of a hill, are the ruins of Tusculum, the scene of Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, and the birthplace of Cato. On the east stretch away the picturesque and woody heights of Tivoli, the "Superbum Tibur" of Virgil, amid whose beautiful scenery and beneath whose groves of pine and cypress Horace composed some of his most exquisite lyrics. In the charming vale beyond lay his Sabine farm. Looking northward the eye successively rests upon the conical peaks of Monte Genaro, the amphitheatric sweep of the Sabine mountains, the isolated summit of the classical Soracte and the wooded peak of Monte Musini, each representative of some scene of poetic or historic interest. Beyond is the blue ridge of the Apennines. To the northwest may be seen the distant range of La Tolfa, and nearer by the volcanic group, amid whose bold and barren summits nestles the lake of Bracciano. From this point the eye traverses the fertile valley of the Arnone till it joins the Mediterranean, and then ranges away to the dim and shadowy outline of the watery horizon.

As we contract the circle of vision the surrounding plain is strewn with the ruined monuments of that which once constituted Rome the mistress of the world. Among these, perhaps, to the general tourist, the most grand feature are the aqueducts, that with a succession of gigantic arches stride across the desolate Campagna like so many giants' causeways—the exaggerated ruins of 'Titanic structures that will tell their own stories for many centuries to come. Beneath us is the city of the Popes. The massive circular tower of Hadrian's mausoleum, or the castle of St. Angelo, confronts us from the east with its grim and warlike visage. It is surmounted with a bronze statue of the archangel Michael, and has been christened St. Angelo, from a traditionary account that during the prevalence of a pestilence at Rome the archangel appeared from its summit to Pope Gregory in the act of sheathing his sword, whereupon the plague was stayed. At its base flows the golden Tiber, which, spanned by numerous bridges, traverses the city in an irregular winding course, and divides it into two unequal divisions. Further on the eye rests upon the flowery crest of the Pincian Hill, the Bois de Bologne, or Hyde Park of the Roman capital. At its base, easily distinguished by the obelisk of red granite, is the

Piazza del Popolo, from which radiate the arteries of the city—among these the *Foro* Corso. Some distance to the right, on the point of the Quirinal, is the palace of the Pope, while far away to the southeast, crowning the summit of the Capitoline, may be seen the imposing façade and lofty tower of the Capitol, the great bell never tolls but to announce the death of the Pontiff, or the advent of the new Pope. This semicircular sweep brings us around a bend in the Tiber, near the boat-shaped island of the Bartolomeo. From this point, following the left bank of the river to the castle of St. Angelo, we complete a circle that embraces within its limit the greater part of the modern city of Rome. Beyond, and nearly encircling it, lies the city of the *Caesars*.

From the midst of the confused jumble of streets, squares, quadrangles and polygons appear from this height to have been thrown promiscuously together, numerous landmarks to detain the eye. Towers and domes, obelisks and triumphal columns everywhere relieve the otherwise monotonous aspect of brick and red stone. Here and there a slender shaft, terminating in an omnipresent gilt cross, shoots up into the air, giving a venerable aspect, that reminds you of the obelisk of Serapis. Conspicuous among the triumphal arches are those of Antonine and Trajan, the first surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of St. Peter, the other by that of St. Peter. Nearer by is the La Rotonda, or the Pantheon. For more than eighteen centuries it has withstood the ravages of fire and flood, siege and storm, inundation and earthquake, Goth and Vandal; the shrine of various creeds, from the pagan to the Christian, the temple of all gods, from Jupiter to Jehovah, has been desecrated and preserved by soldiers, looted and plundered by popes, and at last stripped of its ornaments to furnish shrines for St. Peter's and cannons for St. Angelo, it is still the best preserved monument of ancient Rome, universally recognized as the synonym for architectural beauty and symmetry. Behind the front of one of its chapels repose the ashes of Raphael, the shrine for such immortal dust! It was vain boast of Michael Angelo that he would have buried the Pantheon in the air. Here it is, and with its summit, more than four hundred feet above the pavement. The four surrounding columns might have graced as many elegant churches.



THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

they appear as mere belfries in comparison with the Pantheon. Beneath our feet is the sublimest structure that has ever been reared for Christian worship. Forty-three popes lived and died, and more than three centuries elapsed, from the laying of its foundation to its final completion. And yet, covering an area of eight English acres, it does not readily comprehend its immen-

mediately in front is the piazza of St. Peter's, flanked on either side by a semicircular colonnade resting in a covered gallery, and adorned with two noble fountains of Oriental granite, and the obelisk that once stood in the City of the Sun. To the left is the Vatican, an immense pile of various buildings which, with its labyrinth of passages and porticoes, cabinets and corridors, with its vast treasures of art and literature, far surpasses in interest every other palace in Christendom. Whether we consider the prominent position

it has occupied in the history of the Church or as a depository for the miracles of genius that have made Rome the centre both of ancient and modern art.

Before descending let us climb the ladder leading to the ball, and enter it by an aperture from below. It is a small chapel in itself, being eight feet in diameter, and capable of holding sixteen persons. Again descending, we pause for a few moments on the circular gallery that sweeps around the interior of the dome, and begin to form some conception of the magnitude of St. Peter's. The mosaics, which appear from the pavement below to be the most delicate frescoes, are found to be so coarsely executed that you fail to recognize them. The colossal statues beneath us have dwindled to mere statuettes, while the nasal chanting of pigmy priests disturbs us no more than the monotonous song of a chorus of katydid. The towering distance seems to drink

up all that would prove unpleasant to the eye or discordant to the ear.

It was in 1506 that Julius II. commanded Bramante to reconstruct the ancient basilica of St. Peter, the principal temple of the Christian religion, which was sinking into ruin. The history of this famous structure, exceeding in vastness any stone building in the world, is a long one. Bramante and the ambitious old Pope, his master, only lived to see the designs prepared and the foundation laid. Then followed a series of poets and painters and amateur architects, who were successively placed in charge, and carried forward the great work of construction. The first was Raphael, "the divine youth," elsewhere referred to, who was appointed to succeed Bramante in 1513. But the task did not seem suited to his abilities. Discussions arose as to the most feasible plans, and, while popes and their advisers were disputing, Raphael died. Peruzzi received the appointment, and, abandoning the nave designed by Bramante, returned to the Greek cross. And here we might state that the controversy over the Greek as against the Latin cross, in the construction of St. Peter's, lasted through four centuries, and though settled long since as a matter of fact, is still fresh as a matter of argument to-day. But Peruzzi also died in 1536 without having accomplished much. Sangallo came next. He restudied the whole design, and made a model of his idea on a large scale. In front of the Greek cross he added an immense *pronaos*, four hundred and fifty feet in width, and was about going on with other absurdities, when in 1546 he also died.

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and not only was nothing finished, but nothing very definite seemed to have been decided upon. It was then that Michael Angelo, already more than seventy years of age, was induced by the Pope to undertake the task. He determined to restrict it to the Greek cross, and for seventeen years worked with a giant energy that everywhere left traces of his genius and skill. As the "Last Judgment" was his greatest effort in painting, and his "Moses" the masterpiece of modern sculpture, so the dome of St. Peter's will stand forever as his crowning work in architecture. When he died, in 1564, there remained unfinished the eastern portico, the double spherical vault, and the cupola of the dome. But in spite of the shades of Michael Angelo and Bramante, the building was finally turned into a

Latin cross early in the seventeenth century by one Carlo Maderno, and the noble *pronaos* nearly consigned to oblivion. In 1666 added the piazza, a circular order of columns closing the fountains and the open space. And such is the architectural history of St. Peter's. The "largest and most magnificent temple ever reared by Christians in honor of their Lord," and only prevented from being the most perfect by the inherent vices of the school in which it was designed." All that wealth could purchase and authority command was, for a century and a half, laid under contribution in its erection. The cost of the building had long ago reached over ten millions of dollars, raised throughout the Catholic world by all the arts known to man.

The exterior length of St. Peter's is six hundred and twelve feet; that of the transept is one hundred feet. The width of the great nave is eighty-eight feet. The vault begins to rise one hundred and eleven feet above the ground. From this to the highest point there is a rise of seventy-one feet. The length of the dome is two hundred and thirty-three feet. The diameter of the cupola is four hundred and twelve feet above the ground. The surface of the whole building is two hundred and thirty thousand square feet. Mark Twain, who has visited the city as an historian is well known, relates that once ten thousand troops went to St. Peter's on a Sunday mass. Their commanding officer came to the door and not finding them, supposed they had not yet arrived. But they were in the church—less—they were in one of the arms of the dome.

Approaching St. Peter's from the east a glimpse is caught of the summit of the great dome which vainly tries to overcome the disadvantage of its position, in the centre of an immense roof, and appear majestic and imposing. One goes up the broad steps, and entering through a large section of the vast portal, the visitor has before him the nave of the basilica. He is so much with the vastness of the church that he forgets the insignificant size of the people, who seem to be walking about the altar far down the nave in perspective. It is difficult to realize the height of the Corinthian columns which separate the nave; that the acanthus leaves which support them are seven feet in length; that the sculptured figures of apostles that fill the

the pier arches are twenty feet tall; that the pen which the apostle Matthew holds in his hand is actually six feet long; and that the *baldachius* over the altar is nearly as high as Niagara! It is difficult to gain an impressive idea of the vast dimensions of this celebrated cathedral even when standing beneath its vaults. The chief claims which it has for attention lie in its immense size, its gorgeous details, and its historical and ecclesiastical importance.

Of course St. Peter's contains the usual amount of relics, among others the spear of the soldier, now canonized as a saint, who pierced the Saviour's side, the *sudarium*, or handkerchief containing an impression of the Saviour's features, and the identical chair in which St. Peter officiated as Pope. The sepulchral monuments are very numerous, and many of them well executed. Here not only the Popes from St. Peter to Gregory XVI. have been interred, but James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England, "names," says Lord Mahon, "which an Englishman can hardly read without a smile or a sigh." The stucco ornaments and statues of St. Peter's hardly seem worthy of such a shrine, however, and the bas-reliefs, especially those of Ganymede, Leda and her Swan, upon the bronze doors of the central entrance, seem to be in bad taste; but there is one little cherub face in the Tribune, so radiantly beautiful, so ecstatic, that every one is the happier for having seen it. Near the last pier on the right side of the nave is the bronze statue of the Apostle Peter; and the great toe of the extended foot, though replaced several times, has been worn away by the osculations of pious pilgrims till it is nearly as thin as a wafer.

The second great Renaissance Cathedral which, in architectural importance, if not in point of size, is a rival to St. Peter's, is St. Paul's, in London. As the former is the main centre and source of the Catholic, so is the latter the chief temple of the Protestant, religion. The history of the three Christian churches dedicated to St. Paul in London, extends through more than a thousand years. It is a somewhat singular fact that the cathedral, which in some form or other, has existed on the same site since the seventh century, has had a constant struggle for escape from destruction by fire. Five times it has been either wholly or partially destroyed by this enemy, and

twice the fire came from heaven. The first cathedral, which was erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, on the site of a Roman temple dedicated to Diana, lasted for five centuries, and was destroyed by the fire which devastated London in William the Conqueror's time. The next church, which was begun in 1007, remained standing until the great



TOMB OF STA. MARIA DEL POPOLO, IN THE CHURCH OF THAT NAME IN ROME.

fire in 1666. It was begun in the old Norman style, but by constant additions and modifications, grew at length into a magnificent Gothic structure, larger and more imposing than the beautiful Gothic models which still remain at Litchfield and Lincoln.

Following the Reformation, this cathedral seems to have undergone a period of extraordinary desecration. The ferment of men's minds caused by

that great religious event overthrew the feeling of sanctity for a building which had so long been devoted to the Catholic form of worship. In the early part of the seventeenth century St. Paul's became the recognized resort of wits and gallants; a rendezvous for the transaction of business; a gossip-shop for men of fashion; a place for gathering and exchanging news; and, if Evelyn is to be believed, actually a horse-market. The chapels were used for stores and lumber; the vaults for carpenters' shops and wine-cellars; and bakers baked their bread and pies in ovens excavated in the buttresses. Houses were built against the outer walls. Rope-dancing feats were performed upon the battlements before King Edward VI. At one time, during the rule of Cromwell it was even in danger of being sold to the Jews and converted into a synagogue. It was about this time that "Bankes's horse," a remarkable animal, trained by his master to perform various tricks, actually climbed, if diaries and books of the day are to be believed, St. Paul's steeple! How he performed this surprising feat is not clearly explained; but Middleton, in his "Blacke Booke," 1604, and Rowley, in his "Search for Money," 1600, and other contemporary writers, allude to it.

In 1444 this cathedral had another attack of its old enemy, fire, and the story is quaintly told by one of its historians. The next serious attack by fire was in 1666, when the whole edifice was destroyed, together with half of London. The work of rebuilding was begun almost immediately. It was entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, then in the height of his fame as an architect. He was instructed to prepare a "plan handsome and noble," which he proceeded to do, and presented his model to the king, by whom it was approved. But the clergy made objections, and Wren drew another plan, of which King Charles also expressed his admiration. It was this second design, with some alterations, which was carried out in the cathedral as it now stands. Other complete designs were also made by Wren, the original models of which are to be seen in the Kensington and British Museums.

A commission of six solemn old fossils, lords, deans, and archbishops was appointed by the king to thwart and distract the architect; and so well did they succeed that the remainder of his life was a constant struggle with opposition. The first

quarrel was about the iron fence surrounding the churchyard. Wren wanted iron, and the commissioners declared for cast-iron. Another dispute was over the matter of the balustrade which crowns the upper cornices. Wren contended that it was contrary to his design and principles of architecture; but his objection was disregarded, and the balustrade added. A few more quarrels, and in the year 1718, Wren was dismissed, and a favorite of the king put in his place. The favorite was William Benson, who has been immortalized by Pope's lines "Dunclad." The great architect died finally in retirement and disgrace. Benson was ignominiously expelled from his office after a year's service. But the dismissal of Wren was too late to work any serious injury to the building. His plan was already embodied in the stone. The cathedral was practically complete at the end of the century and a half that have elapsed, and have only demonstrated more clearly the genius of its builder.

It is a difficult and well-nigh impossible task to describe a great building like St. Paul's. One can bring it like a picture before the eye. Naturally, most of those who have not looked at the cathedral itself are familiar with its proportions by means of photographs and drawings. Its form is that of a long, or Latin cross. The extreme length is five hundred feet, and the extreme breadth across the transepts two hundred and fifty feet. The width of the nave is a hundred and eighty feet. The distance from the street to the top of the cross which surmounts the dome is three hundred and sixty-five feet. The church is externally, in two stories, the lower order of columns is Corinthian, and that of the upper Composite. The west front has a magnificent portico, consisting of two orders of fluted columns, and surmounted by a steeple, or campanile tower. The towers are surrounded by Corinthian columns. In the pediment of the portico is sculptured in bas-relief a scene representing the conversion of St. Paul. On the apex of the pediment is a colossal statue of St. Paul; and on the two sides are figures of the apostles Peter and James. The transepts terminate on the south and north by semicircular porticos, over which are statues of angels and apostles.

The most magnificent feature of the cathedral is the dome. From almost any quarter of

be seen, lifting its noble form far above out-begrimed buildings which surround it. Fifty feet above the roof of the church is a range of thirty-two beautiful marble columns of the Corinthian order. Higher up is a balcony adorned with a balustrade. Then comes the lead roof of the dome, from the centre of which rises a lantern, also adorned with Corinthian columns, the whole being terminated by a cross and cross. It is the proper thing for a tourist to spend half a day climbing into this tower where they can write their names with the hands who have gone before, and obtain a commanding view of London and parts adjacent. The method adopted by Wren for supporting the dome is one of which no other example exists, in India. The principle is the counteraction of the outward thrust by the suspension of an internal falling weight. In other words, the mass of masonry is so formed that its weight acts inward and keeps the whole in equilibrium. In this is the famous Whispering Gallery. It was the sign of the architect that the interior of the dome should be adorned with mosaics, after the manner of the basilican churches at Rome; but, for other plans for the adornment of the interior it was never carried out. The total cost of the edifice had reached ten millions of dollars years ago.

St. Paul's is even smaller than the great cathedrals at Milan, Cologne and Florence, yet so well are its architectural points maintained and its unity of design is so apparent, that the impression left upon the mind of the visitor is scarcely inferior to St. Peter's in size. St. Paul's is also a truer work of art than St. Peter's. It was designed and built by one man. St. Peter's had many architects, good, bad, and indifferent, and the work of construction lasted through five generations. In St. Paul's the beauty is at once impressed with the feeling that looking upon a religious structure adapted to the uses of Christian worship. In St. Peter's the eye has the constant reminder of the gorgeous altar, the painted saints, and the priestly attendants, and the impression that it is a great state-church, a pantheon, or a temple.

St. Isaac's Cathedral, at St. Petersburg, has aptly been called the St. Peter's of the North. Its situation is highly suitable, for, unlike St. Paul's in London, Notre Dame in Paris,

or St. Ouen in Rouen, it stands in the midst of one of the largest open spaces in the capital, surrounded by its finest buildings and monuments, and gives the tourist an idea of what Russian mines, quarries, and workmen can produce. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the model or the grandeur of its proportions. Major Ramel tells us that it looks like the work of Titans, and not of men.

No ornament meets the eye; the architect, Monsieur Montferrand, has left all the impression to be produced by the stupendous proportions of the edifice and the costliness of the materials. On the spot where the St. Isaac's Cathedral stands the Russians had been at work upon a place of worship for the last century. The original one was in wood, and was erected by Peter the Great in 1710; but this was subsequently destroyed, and the great Catherine commenced another, which was completed in 1801. That also vanished in its turn, and the present magnificent structure has been erected in the course of three reigns, having been commenced in 1819 and consecrated in 1858. To make a firm and solid foundation for the gigantic edifice, a whole forest of piles had to be driven into the swampy soil, at the enormous cost of one million of dollars.

It is constructed, as usual, in the form of a Greek cross of four equal sides, and each of the four grand entrances is approached from the level of the *Place* by three broad flights of steps, each whole flight being composed of one entire piece of granite formed out of masses of rock brought from Finland. These steps lead from the four sides of the building to the four principal entrances, each of which has a superb peristyle. The pillars of these peristyles strike the beholder with admiration. They are sixty feet in height and seven in diameter, all of them magnificent, round, and highly polished monoliths from Finland. They are crowned with Corinthian capitals of bronze, and support the enormous beam or frieze formed of six fine polished blocks. Over the peristyles, and at twice their height, rises the grand central cupola, higher than its width in the Byzantine proportion. It is supported by thirty polished granite columns, which, although gigantic in themselves, look small compared with those below. The cupola is of cast-iron, the first of that size ever constructed, and is covered with copper overlaid with gold, and glitters like the

sun over Mont Blanc. From its centre rises a small elegant rotunda, a miniature repetition of the whole, looking like a château on the mountain top. The whole is surmounted by a gigantic gilt bronze cross.

Major Ramel, ex-sub-director of the Imperial Iron Mines, says that the signification of the Crescent so frequently seen in combination with the Cross on Russian cupolas is not emblematical of the triumph of the Greek Church over Mohammedanism, after the expulsion of the Tartars from Russia, for it was a device used in the earliest Russian churches long before the invasion, and was imported from Byzantium on the introduction of Christianity.

Four smaller cupolas, similar to the central one, stand around and complete the harmony visible in every part. The ornamentations of the façade and windows, and the group of figures over the pediment of the grand portico, was designed and executed by Muno Le Maire, a French artist of rare merit. It represents the Angel at the Tomb, with the Magdalen and other females on one side, and the terrified soldiers in every attitude of consternation on the other. These bronze figures are twelve feet in height, and were cast at Munich. Entering the noble doorway, which is closed by a pair of magnificent bronze doors, thirty feet high and fourteen wide, and covered with basso-relievos representing the Ten Commandments, you find yourself in the most magnificent, sublime, and grand temple of the Most High. "In contemplating the dazzling splendor of the place," says a traveller, "one feels as if he had suddenly been translated to the Jerusalem above, of which the Beloved gives such a beautiful description in his last book."

Directly in front of you as you enter is the *Ikonostas*, or Screen of the Shrine, supported by magnificent columns of malachite thirty feet high and four in diameter; these columns are hollow cast-iron tubes covered with that beautiful stone, and they exceed anything of the kind in the world. The pillars on either side of the door of the *Ikonostas* are of lapis lazuli, said to have cost one hundred thousand rubles; but beautiful as they are, they have an incongruous appearance next the malachite. The royal doors of the *Ikonostas* are of gilt bronze, some twenty-four feet high by fourteen wide. The inmost shrine is placed in a small Grecian temple with a dome

supported by eight Corinthian columns of white marble, ten feet high, with gilt bases and capitals. The exterior of the dome is covered with a thin layer of gilding on a ground of malachite. The interior is of lapis lazuli, while the floor is of polished marbles of various colors, which have been found in the Russian Empire, and is raised on steps of polished porphyry presented to the Emperor by Prince Alexander who procured the malachite from his Siberia, and sent it to France to be worked. The value is estimated at one million rubles. Pictures on the walls are of the first order, and were executed by Russian artists.

The singing is said to be the most effective of the service. The choristers of cathedral rank in efficiency next after those of the imperial chapel at the Winter Palace. The ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church, at the cathedrals of England, and at Trinity Church in New York, the soprano parts are executed by women. Considerable expense is incurred for the best voices being everywhere sought and remunerated very liberally. They are not only for the choir, but for certain recitatives. Most of the prayers are also intoned, and the effect is said to be grand and sublime, as it is repeated in the ancient Slavonic.

One of the most impressive portions of the service is towards the close. The doors of the *Ikonostas* are then shut, the chanting choir and incense-bearers withdraw, and every one stands breathless with attention. At length the doors are reopened and thrown back by the metropolitan, carrying on his head an icon of the Virgin, and a large volume which he steadies with both hands, and bows forward and commences a long recitative which every one bends low in an attitude of humble adoration. The large volume is the Gospel, and the prayer is for the Czar. The cathedral is all ablaze with innumerable tapers, as each person on entering a church is wont to chase one or more and light it. This custom of tapers and lamps in Russian churches is a pleasing custom—the little flame is so simple a symbol of the continued life of the soul beyond all other material things flame is so representative of the spiritual. They have so closely adopted this idea that they have no interment, no baptism, no betrothing, in a sacred ceremony without taper or lamp.

he pledge of the presence of the Holy
hence illuminations play the most im-
portant part in the ceremonies of the Russo-Greek

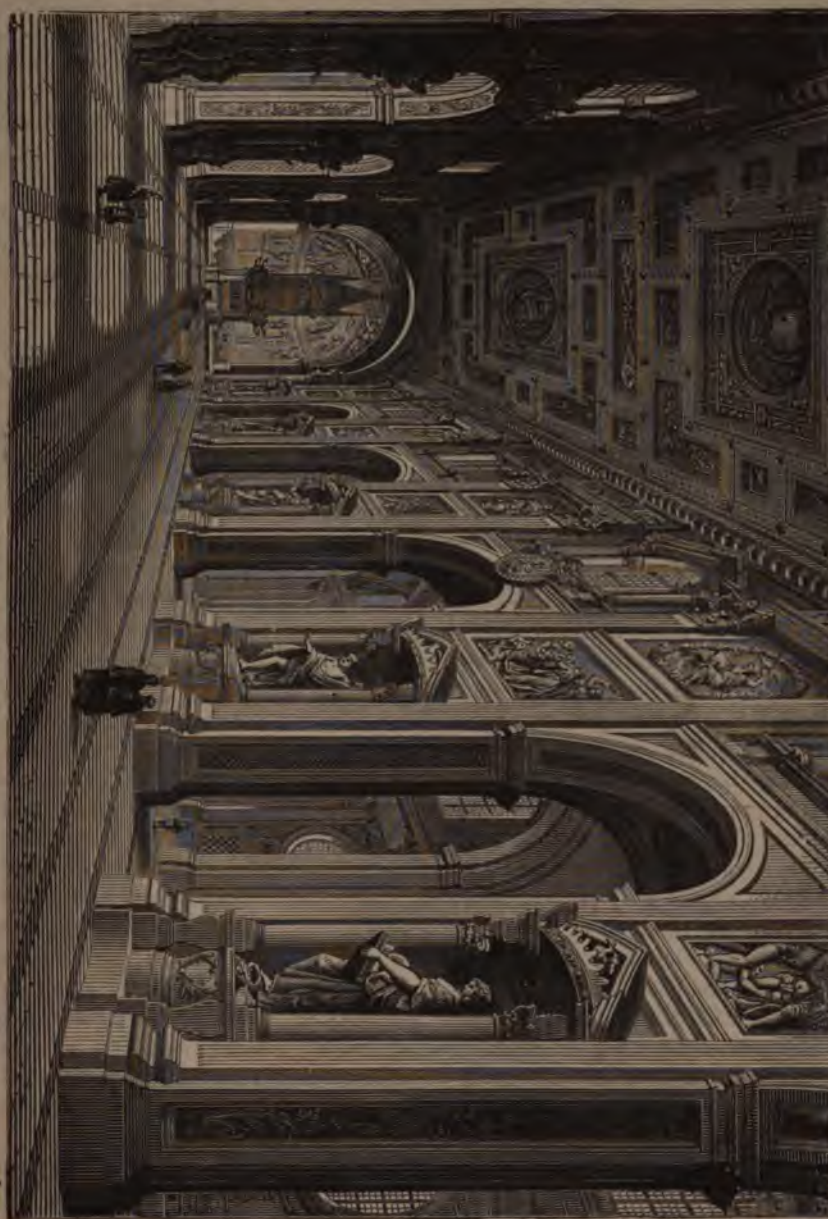
spection. In this small balcony we are suspended
like swallows against the mathematical monument.

On one of the lower galleries an angel, guarded
by lions which formerly roared, and holding a

prehensible
y, like all
and true,
minster of

At its
entrance
vin's sta-
ture of Jus-
the oppo-
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on which
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e wise vir-
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ate tones
one gi-
nphony.
clock, the

INTERIOR ST. JOHN LATEAN, ROME.



medieval times, is striking the twelfth
s clock was adapted by the aged mathe-
schwilgus to the present state of science,
will ascend the small winding staircase
into its four stories, for a closer in-

sceptre and bells in its hands, strikes the quarters,
and another turns round the hourglass. In an
upper space the four ages of life then step forward;
the child strikes the first quarter with its thyrsus
upon a bell, the youth strikes the half hour with

his arrow, the armed warrior the third quarter with his sword, and the old man the fourth with his crutch; then Death appears and strikes the hour with his bone; and as the sound of the last stroke dies away, the figure of Christ comes forward in a yet higher story, and raises its right arm as for a blessing; the twelve apostles, one after the other, pass before him, and in passing incline themselves before the Saviour, who, in conclusion, gives his blessing to the spectators. Their eyes, in the meanwhile, turn to the cock, who proudly sits high up in a small tower; he flaps his wings, stretches out his head and his tail, ruffles his neck, and thrice his shrill crowing sounds loud and clear.

Among the old paintings which adorn the case of the clock one of the most conspicuous is the portrait of Copernicus, according to whose system the planetarium which is over the gallery of the lions is erected. At the moment when Galileo was condemned, the scientific men of Strasburg protested against the judgment, and erected a monument to the Polish astronomer in this astral clock, which, like a trophy of truth, is placed in the sanctuary.

The exhibition being concluded, let us step into the interior of the astronomical works, which are wound up once in eight days, and in which endless combinations of wheels are revolving in perfect silence. A solemn and mysterious sensation seizes upon one here as if he were in the worship of the spirits of the hours. The conception is certainly a lofty one, that of showing forth the whole structure of the heavens. Behold that small wheel, the only purpose of which is to make a 2 take the place of a 1 when the second thousand years of the Christian era shall have elapsed! Often on New Year's night the whole is illuminated—the interior also—and all the aisles are crowded with spectators.

Many think that the cathedral at Milan surpasses all in magnificent effect; but the one at Strasburg can certainly boast of the highest spire in the world. This spire looks like a network of iron, so delicate is its construction: the perfect state in which it now is shows that the stone and work were both good. This spire is 440 feet higher than St. Paul's, and 24 higher than the great Pyramid. It was designed by Erwin, of Steinbach; he died in 1318. The work was continued by his son, and then by his daughter; but

it was a long time after their death before it was completed. The façade is very elaborate and very fine; it looks as if a network had been wrought over the walls, which is in fact the case, looking like cast-iron, so sharp are all the little stone columns still. In this front is a beautiful circular window, forty-eight feet in diameter, filled, as well as all the other windows, with rich painted glass. The doorways, as before stated, are full of ornaments, statues and statuettes, but all seem in harmony; the outside bristles with pinnacles; the inside is grand and majestic with its rich Gothic columns, while the beautiful painted windows give a charm to it different from almost anything we have ever seen. This famous minster was begun in 1018.

Strasburg has always been a busy town. It is noted for its *pâtés de foies gras*. Do you know what that is? A goose's liver swelled to a monstrous size. The bird is kept in a pen in which it is impossible to turn round, and fed and stuffed. In this way the liver attains its great size, and then the bird is killed.

The cathedral at Rheims is another splendid Gothic edifice; in fact it is called the finest shrine of masonry north of the Alps. It was begun in 1212; the towers are not yet finished, and are to be crowned by open-work spires. The façade, or principal front, is exceedingly fine; though full of ornament, statues and statuettes, there is remarkable unity of design throughout, and it has been said that not one was an after-thought—that the artist worked the whole out in his brain first, and then caused it to be done in stone. There is one grand porch, and another smaller on each side. Then above the main door are two superb round windows, a small one, and a large one above it more than forty feet in diameter, filled with the most brilliant painted glass. The length of the building is 466 feet, and height 121. The interior is simple compared to the florid style of the exterior, but there is much grandeur in the large nave.

Rheims is the metropolitan see of France, and the place of coronation of the French kings from the time of Philip Augustus to that of Charles X. with the exception of Henry IV and Louis XVI. It is said to have been selected for this distinct because it was the place of deposit of the *Sac Ampoule*, or holy flask of oil brought by a dove from heaven to St. Remi, as he was about to be

lovis, in 496! The revolutionists destroyed among other precious relics; but a small portion said to have been saved, and is now in safe keeping. The church at St. Rheims is an ancient one, begun in 1048. Its length is 550 feet. The choir is a beautiful example of the style. Rheims is the headquarters of the champagne manufacturers, but the fairs are mostly at Troyes, 25 miles from Rheims, on the main line railway.

The marvelous impression of the cathedral of Rheims is due to no one alone, but to the combination of perfect form, grandeur in construction, and beauty of coloring. It is not so much the awe one feels in the presence of a structure so great that we marvel at it could ever have been built, as a part of the countless centuries, all gone now, whose hands helped to build it through at least three complete generations. Add to the building the worshippers, the idle, the idlers, who, in a hundred years, have made it a shrine for prayers and their offerings; "think what joys have been wrought with the incense; of the lives that have received the baptism of touch on baby hands—that have knelt in confession; and

—that have come here crowned for bridal burial,—and the secret of the peculiarness begins to unfold itself." As we pass up the broad steps of the porch, and the heavy folds of the wide curtain that

swings before the largest of the five portals, enter the great, sombre, solemn temple. There is no sound save a faint, far-off murmur of voices or footsteps. The scattered people only make the spaces

LEANING TOWER AND CATHEDRAL AT PISA.



seem vaster; yet the mighty multitudes who have come and gone seem to throng it, and the place takes on a peculiar sacredness and sense of consecration rarely realized even in other cathedrals that can claim the same antiquity.

...the great carelessness was not to be seen in every particular of the building. It is a monument that every day of its life has been a great work. We are awed by the grandeur of its beauty when the light of the sun falls upon it, and it stands as a giant over the world, its strength seeming to be beyond the world's hands. Then the two thousand statues with which the top of the cathedral is adorned seemed to occupy some far-away world of their own.

Pisa, famous for its leaning tower, is reached by an hour's ride from Leghorn, and is one of the most interesting places in Europe. The cathedral, baptistery and campanile, or tower, stand in a line extending a distance of twelve hundred feet or more. The cathedral is built of white and buff marble, laid in alternate courses, and is profusely ornamented within and without. In elaborate minute sculpture and painting it has no equal out of Rome, if we except the exquisite cathedral at Milan, just described. The cathedral at Pisa is especially rich in mosaics. The building stands on the site of a villa of Hadrian; and a spectator placed in the centre, and looking toward the high altar, sees in the one view the three celebrated styles of mosaics: in the floor (which is said to have been also the floor of the villa) is the Roman mosaic of the encasement of the altar or chancel of the temple, and in the ceiling above is the Byzantine mosaic of Christ, St. John and the Virgin Mary. The dome has a striking and well-executed representation of the joy in heaven over the conversion of the Gentiles. The Coronation of the Virgin in the north transept is an exquisite piece of sculpture, consisting of a group of three figures in white marble; and within the transept is a Corinthian column which is the tallest column in the city, standing over a foot high; the shaft is of white marble, and the capital of Carrara marble. The principal door is a very ancient work of the thirteenth century, and is the story of the Virgin Mary, and whose swinging motion is the very essence of the theory of the pendulum. The nave of this church, as a whole, is a monument of the stupid persecutions which were compelled to undergo in his day, and which were the mistaken interpreters of the revelation.

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ptistery at Pisa is a separate building
cathedral, circular in form, 150 feet in
and 160 feet high. Its interior is not
amphitheatre, in
le of which is a
rn; large enough
mersion of adults,
le of this are four
haped fonts for the
of infants. Such
the explanation,
seems a little like
of the fellow in the
made a large hole
ouse to admit his
a smaller one for
s. Both are splen-
less structures, as
n Catholic Church
baptize by immer-
gallery or second
ounds the interior
uilding, and the
ve are hung with
portraits of dis-
men. The Sa-
o conducts people
he building calls
to a remarkable
ght out by sound-
cession several
he metrical scale,
sent back in beau-
lies, like the voices
balanced choir in

at Leaning Tower
cipal attraction in
is the tower and
he cathedral, built
n the latter, after
of the eleventh
It is nearly as high
Hill Monument,
ilt in stories like
with corridors out-
is surmounted by

of very heavy bells. The inclination
wer is fifteen feet from the perpendi-
Whether this inclination was designed,
en caused by its immense weight upon

so small a base without lateral support, is a
mooted question; but the majority think it was
designed. What could lead to so singular a



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

fancy? There are other leaning towers in Italy;
two at Bologna, but less notable than this at Pisa;
and at Venice it is rare to find one that is perpen-
dicular, though all were originally built so. The

surface of the wall constantly saturated with water, and thus affording an abundant support for such structures.

The *Campo santo*, an ancient burial place at Pisa, is a most unique and interesting place. It is not more than an acre in extent, and the earth of its surface was brought from Jerusalem, it is said, some six centuries ago. This is surrounded by a colonnade one story high, the outer wall of which is solid, and the inner wall opens through doors and windows upon the interior. The monuments are of great variety, and represent all periods of the art of sculpture from Egypt to the present day. The north side of the solid wall has some large and elaborate figures.

The cathedral at Naples is the richest, but the church of San Francesco di Paolo is the handsomest; the latter is built after the Pantheon at Rome, in a circular form, with a dome, and has five pillars all around it. There is a little old dilapidated chapel, called San Severo, which contains three veiled statues in marble. The first represents Modesty covered with a long veil, through which the form and features are distinctly visible; opposite is a figure covered with a strong net, which he is trying to throw off. He has succeeded in getting it off from his face and from a portion of his body. This represents a man trying to shake off the net of sin. The third is a dead Christ reposing on a bed and covered with a sheet, which adheres to the skin by the sweat of death. They are all wonderfully well done; but the last is perfectly marvelous, it seems so natural. It is said that an Englishman once offered its weight in silver for it. The patron saint of Naples is Saint Januarius. The cathedral is dedicated to him, and here is kept a portion of his blood in a phial; it is dried up, but the faithful believe that two or three times a year it becomes miraculously liquid.

A short distance from the city of Palermo, at the summit of a hill called Monteale, is an ancient cathedral of the eleventh century. It is a noble old building, with columns of Egyptian granite made, and a profusion of old mosaics, many of them remarkably quaint. The altar is magnificent, it is all of silver, with figures, and is a most elaborate as well as expensive affair. Palermo was once honored by the king's dwelling there. There is a royal villa about five miles from the

city, built in the shape of a pagoda, and quite a curiosity in its way.

Kief, Russia, is a thousand years old, and the most remarkable of the Russian sees. The glory of Kief is the sacred, for it is a city of legends, of churches, of monasteries and catacombs. Fifty thousand pilgrims come in summer to her shrine. Within an immense fortress are the cathedral and the monastery of Petscherskoi. The entrance is through a gateway ornamented with pictures of St. Anthony and St. Theodosius, the first abbot of the monastery. In the centre of the great enclosure is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, crowned with seven cupolas, connected by golden chains, and a superb belfry three hundred feet high, wherein are many bells, and on the smaller ones the "quarters" are softly struck. On the exterior of the structure are representations of celestial saints, and on the façade is a pictorial scene of great beauty. The interior is all that art and wealth could produce or devotion inspire. Scriptural scenes are portrayed upon the walls; gold and silver are applied to all decorative purposes, producing a resplendent effect; and a thousand lamps ever burn over the many splendid shrines. On either side of the cathedral are the dormitories of the Russian monks. On the right is the refectory, wherein many lay and clerical pilgrims are fed, while a monk reads to them the gospel for the day. In the rear of the church is an immense printing-office, for the publication of all the religious books known to the Greek Church.

From the summit of the tower of Ivan may be seen a commanding and entrancing view of Moscow. At the visitor's feet is the Cathedral of St. Michael, wherein the ancient Czars are buried; the Cathedral of the Annunciation, whose roof and nine towers are covered with gold; the imperial palace, resplendent with gold ornamentations, and its chapel with twelve golden turrets; the Cathedral of the Assumption, at whose altar the Czars are crowned, and whose massive dome seemed like a mass of gold. Each of the five gates of the Kremlin are visible. Beyond is the Cathedral of St. Basil, built by Ivan the Terrible, in commemoration of his sons; the spacious Humming Hospital, with its twelve thousand children; the Simonoff Monastery, whose imposing tower is three hundred and thirty feet high; hundreds of parish churches, with cupola and turret meet the gaze; the Moskra, winding quietly

the hills, and far away to the northeast the Hills, from the summit of which the first saw and shouted, "Moscow!" The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael is a high, structure, built in 1505, and crowned with red domes. It is the mausoleum of the emperors down to Peter the Great. To the left of the *Ikonoostas* is the coffin of Ivan the Terrible, placed between the coffins of his two sons. The altar screen is very grand; one of the panels contains a drop of the blood of John the

few steps off is the Cathedral of the Annunciation, at whose altar the emperors are baptized. The pavement is paved with jasper and set therein the effigies of the emperors. Within the porch is a fine representation of the Greek philosopher, as heralds of the East. Crossing the pavement, we enter the Cathedral of the Holy Spirit, wherein the emperors are buried, and within are the tombs of the Greek emperors. Built some time

in the fourteenth century, it is a noble structure in the Byzantine and Lombard style. High up in the apse is the chapel, where, as at the head of the Russian Church, the primates were seated. In a small chapel to the left of the main altar are preserved the traditional nail of the Crucifixion, and a portion of the Saviour's robe, presented for the kisses of the people. On the wall is a picture of the Virgin, said to have been painted by St. Luke, the jewels in which are valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One of the emeralds is worth fifty thousand dollars. This is the most precious picture in Russia. Here also is a picture painted by the mother of Peter the Great, so large and is so thickly studded with diamonds and other precious stones that it weighs

one hundred pounds, and requires two men to carry it; while in all the piers, the walls and ceiling, there is a rich display of frescoes on a gold ground. Here is the silver coffin of the Metropolitan Peter, who dared to reprove the Emperor, Ivan the Terrible, for his sins, and did so in this very cathedral. He fell a martyr to his fidelity, but the people revere his memory. A portion of his forehead, an inch in diameter, is exposed to view, which the Czar and his people



OLD ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

tenderly kiss. Adjoining this cathedral is the sacristy, which is the depository of the magnificent robes and mitres of the Russian primates. Here is a vestment of crimson velvet, embroidered all over with large pearls, plates of gold, and studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, almandines and garnets. This gorgeous pontifical robe of the Metropolitan Denys weighs fifty-four pounds. In another room is the mitre of the Patriarch Job, which is so richly adorned with sapphires, pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds that it is the most valuable of the seven there preserved. In a third room is the three large vessels in which is prepared the chrism, or sacred oil, used in the baptism of Russian children, in the consecration of churches, and at the coronation of the emperors. It is composed of thirty different elements, such

as olive oil, white wine, and a variety of aromatic gums. When the priest baptizes a child he dips a feather into the oil, and then anoints the eyes, that he may only see good; the ears, that he may only admit what is pure; the mouth, that he may speak what becomes a Christian; the hands, that he may do no wrong; and the feet, that he may walk in the paths of virtue. These curious things are interesting as illustrative of the religious life of Russia, and as indices of the degree of vital Christianity in the Greek Church.

The Duomo or Cathedral at Florence, is a large building, 520 feet long and 310 feet wide, surmounted by one of the most imposing towers in the world. The cupola is 138 feet in diameter and 333 feet high. The Dome of St. Peter's in Rome was patterned after it. Michael Angelo often sat for hours gazing at it, and expressed his admiration in the highest terms. Brunelleschi, the architect of this cathedral, is commemorated by a statue in a sitting posture, compass in hand, looking up to the dome, and Arnolfo, his assistant, is placed on a pedestal by his side in an appropriate place in the square a few rods from the building. Near by was the stone projecting from the wall where the poet Dante used also to sit and admire this dome and compose his poems; but it is now removed to an adjoining house. Within are monuments of its principal architects, mosaics and paintings of saints and scriptural scenes. On Easter eve this church is crowded by farmers to witness the return of the artificial dove, which glides along the nave and sets fire to a combustible car in the street outside and again enters the church. The whole is an ingenious contrivance of the priests or nobles to encourage the hopes of the laborers in the future harvest. They think that if the dove fails to return to the altar, the harvest for that season will prove a failure.

Eighteen miles east of Florence is the convent of Vallambrosa, in a singularly romantic valley, shady and sequestered, which was undoubtedly

visited by Milton before he used that simile "Paradise Lost" comparing the legions of the great Fiend to its leaves. Monks now live there, enjoying the rich incomes secured by donations of the founder, the nobleman, herto. The church of St. John at Florence is octagonal in shape, originally built in the thirteenth century, and repaired in 1213. All the churches in the city, some four thousand yearly, are repaired here. In this church are the celebrated Bronze Doors with scriptural decorations. The south door cost Andrew Pisano two years of labor. The second door was executed by Lorenzo Ghiberti, and it was Michael Angelo pronounced this door with its decorations of forming the entrance to Paradise. The north door, representing scenes from the life of the Apostles, and the Christian Fathers, and the St. Augustine, is also by Ghiberti. Many of these doors are frequently taken.

The Church of San Croce, or the Holy Cross, presents a mosaic front of black and white marble. It has been called the Westminister Abbey of Florence, from the fact that it abounds with monuments of distinguished men. It contains, as Byron writes,

Ashes which make it holier dust, which is
Even in itself an immortality.

Here repose

Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his

The starry Galileo's, with his woes;

Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence

The Church of San Lorenzo is one of the most ancient in Italy, having been erected in the fourth century, and rebuilt in 1423. It contains the magnificent tombs of the Medici family, the most powerful and magnificent patrons of literature and art. The tomb of Guiliamo are Michael Angelo's celebrated statues of Day and Night. It is almost impossible to put so much meaning in allegorical statues as is expressed by these of the master genius.

It is of little consequence by what name you call the first Nature, the divine Reason that presides over the universe and fills all parts of it. He is still the same God.

We write our mercies in the dust; but our obligations we engrave in marble. Our memory remembers the former; but we are strangely forgetful of the latter.

THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE REVEALED.

By MRS. J. R. HASKINS.

I.

CHAPTER I.—WARNING VOICES.

beautiful she looked, as she stood on the hill, one arm thrown caressingly over her splendid horse, her black dress in contrast with his white silver coat. Her eye riveted on the wide expanse below, and lo! fairer visions of Nature's glories hold the senses. The city, lying in quiet retirement beneath the river, winding like the vail of a dream escaped from its fastenings, while beyond, on hills and gorgeous forests of a neighboring land cast the mirage of their beauty over the surface of the placid waters, and unfurled their banners in homage to the bright May queen, did not come with troops of maids to visit them. Sad, so troubled was the expression of the girl's eyes, so nervous the twitchings around her sensitive mouth, that an observer might soon have guessed that neither the beauty or repose of the scene on which she gazed occupied any portion of her thoughts. Far, far beyond, away, she strove to pierce with her eager vision the dim clouds of the future, was her mind bent; she tried to read on the satin sheen of the river's surface her own coming life; striving to catch the many-voiced dryads, whose May-song came to her ear from the forest that formed the background of the spot upon which she stood, she wished to whisper that would confirm or dispel the doubts and fears with which she was wrestling.

Large tear-drops coursed their way down her cheeks, and fell as she bent her head on the neck of her dumb friend. He uttered a low moan, as if in sympathy with her unspoken words, and this mute utterance seemed to arouse comfort in her. At the same moment some audible sound had evidently attracted the attention of Gray Eagle, for he suddenly snuffed the air and threw up his head like a war-horse at the sound of the bugle.

Was his instinct at fault; for slowly emerged from a bridle-path that skirted one side of the hill appeared walking, as if in deep thought, followed by the bridle a fine black horse, a young

man, a fair counterpart in symmetry of form, beauty and regularity of feature to the young girl, who still seemed unconscious of everything save her own perturbed thoughts.

Weary with standing, she had taken a seat on a grassy knoll, leaving Gray Eagle to wander wherever he found the grass sweetest; while around her the bright uplifted eyes of the blue clustering forget-me-nots, the delicate-tinted anemone and the white star of Bethlehem studded the grassy carpet on which she sat. So preoccupied were her thoughts that she heard not the approaching footstep nor saw the long shadow that moved across the grass until it became stationary at her side; when, as if thought had become too painful to bear longer, she suddenly clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, if I only knew what to do!"

"And has this hour of reflection proved barren of all result?" said the voice at her side. "I had hoped, dear Edith, to find you as fortified by your decision as I am by mine. Do? Why, act as your own heart and your affection for me prompt, and be guided by a love that can only think and plan for your happiness. Ah, Edith, if you would only trust me!" and he threw himself by her side on the grass, and took her little white hand that had been dallying with the flowers.

"See there!" she exclaimed, with a sigh, as she gathered the forget-me-nots and pale star-flowers she had crushed unconsciously in her hands; "are you not afraid to trust your happiness to my keeping, after such an ominous warning?"

"No, Edith, I have no fears; it is you that are afraid of trusting me. Were it my heart, instead of those senseless flowers, you had thus wounded, I should still know neither doubt nor fear. But think; are you not, by your indecision and apparent indifference to my wishes, torturing me, even as these flowers?"

"Had I only your happiness and my own, Clarence, to consider, my indecision might be deemed a weakness; but when you know how

many conflicting feelings and duties are contending for the mastery, you should pity rather than blame me. I am young, and have been very thoughtless. Heretofore my life has glided so calmly on that I have never found any deeper subject of thought than the petty nothings of my everyday surroundings. But now, in this last hour of musing and conflict, there have been revealed to me greater depths in my heart, and in sounding them I tremble at their ominous echoes. How can I then set at defiance all these warnings, all lessons and principles of my life? You know how stern and relentless my father can be when his passions are aroused; and though he has ever been loving and indulgent to me, yet learning from his own lips his insuperable though unaccountable opposition to our marriage, I feel that I dare not disobey him; the tornado of his wrath and the sad look from my mother's eyes would, I believe, kill me. No, no; don't ask me, Clarence, for such a proof of the sincerity of my love;" and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

There was a moment's painful silence; then sadly Clarence spoke: "For God's sake, Edith love, don't grieve so; when I see your tears all sense of my purpose seems to leave me;" and he drew her closer to his heart and soothed her by every promise and endearment that could meet the moment's need. At length, finding her calm and more composed, he said: "I might be more influenced by what you say and feel, were there a particle of reason in your father's late course in this affair. From my boyhood, as you know, I have always been a marked favorite with him. He has ever been most anxious to have us interested in each other, and even when he could not have been blind to our growing affection, so far from disapproving, he seemed rather to encourage it. Indeed, I believed it was his most earnest desire to see our lives united. The change in him, dating from the day I asked your hand, is beyond my comprehension. He then acted more like a deranged than a sane man, and gave evidence of a depth of feeling and passion I never dreamed existed in his imperturbable nature. He will give no reason for his refusal; and when pressed with an earnestness of feeling that had grown desperate, I urged his former affection and interest for me, and his evident desire for our mutual affection, he fell back in his chair like a man struck with palsy, while his white, trembling

lips kept repeating, 'Oh, my God! oh, my God! what a blind fool I have been!' What price can account for this sudden change; the happiness of two lives to be sacrificed senseless whim of a man who is lost to considerations, save the indulgence of his own dices?"

It was the old story; the voice of the destined to keep time with the march of the world and to gem the human heart, even as the stars do the heavens. Much more was said on each side, each arguing step by step, until wearied with the contest between love and duty, she turned a deaf ear to her guardian angel, at the promise which was destined to channel the peaceful current of her life into a river of turbulent waters, on whose bosom only hopes should float out to the great ocean of eternity forever more.

Thus the pair sat and planned the fulfillment of the part which they then believed would be the crowning point of future bliss, and if the lingering doubt and mistrust in the mind of the girl, the clarion sounds of jubilation alone filled the heart of Clarence over the termination of his hard-fought conflict. Even the whole soul of a woman, and whether her intuitive prescience may be destined to ruin her life, make no more impression on the more selfish mind of man than the dew of a leaf upon a field of daisies. He never rows trouble from "still, small voices" or ominous omens, but marches straight on with firm and head erect to the citadel wherein lies the treasure which alone can yield the realization of his hopes and desires. Withdrawing his eyes from her face, the splendor of the sun on the lovely landscape beneath fell from his sight.

"See Edith!" he cried, as he sprang to his feet, the very elasticity of triumph in his voice; "see the glory of the heavens, and accept it as an omen of your future life; at that part which will be entrusted to my keeping. Henceforth only purple and gold; no more gray clouds after to-morrow's sun has set where is your horse? thanks to my foretelling and the branch of that tree, Black Prince but Gray is off on a foraging expedition; so I must find him, or we will be v

home, and this, our stolen tryst, will double."

Once more, all her feelings now in a hopeful love-lit stream, the full glory she now took possession of Edith's senses beautiful and grand, and cast its radiance in every secret nook and fear-haunted chamber, expelling by its magic brightness the gloom that only a short time before had there been. She had no thought of time, no feeling of weariness, though she watched the brightly and swiftly transforming their hue and shape under the shadows and more weird forms. She would not break the spell of ineffable enchantment that enthralled her, even though her father's stern and probable anger thrust themselves between her and love's young dream. At last the clatter of the horses' feet and the voice of Clarence came clear and loud a verse of the favorite poem in vogue, the "Mistletoe Bough," dispersed her reverie, and rising hastily mounted her horse and rode as gayly and rapidly home, unconscious, blind to the golden opportunities that lay behind her, and a shield between herself and the irreparable-morrow.

CHAPTER II.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

NEVILLE was an only daughter, and the love of her parents with one brother, a cripple from his birth. Possibly a portion of the mother's love was given to him as compensation for his infirmity; but upon her she bestowed the full measure of their affection in her beauty, in her strength of mind and dignity of bearing; characteristics developed in her early childhood, and increased with each growing year. The daughter of a rich man, no unsatisfied exposure had been allowed to mar the development of her beauty. Ever happy, always resting on the lintel of her heart, she caught up every shadow that threatened on her young life, and turned them into kind sparks ere they could form themselves into shapes of gloom. Her father perceptive of reading early manifested by Edith, desired to give her every opportunity to cultivate and properly direct this taste. Being desirous of making her a strong-woman, he yet wished to see her well accomplished, knowing full well that

though a woman's duties and narrow sphere may compel her to the constant practice of the utilitarian alone, yet that even such a destiny, unassisted by the power of the culture of her inner life, cannot always secure either her own or the happiness of those to whom she is appointed ministering spirit.

Edith fulfilled her father's hopes by her assiduity in the pursuit of her studies, and though light of heart and always gay, yet a close observer could see that the lightness was not from want of depth, nor the gaiety from levity of mind. Her affection for her father had been from infancy the steadiest and most influential feeling of her heart. Her faith in his superiority over all the world; her unflinching confidence in the right and perfection of his every act and word, stood side by side with her religion. She loved earnestly, too, her mother, and made her the participant of all her childish whims and irritable moods; but for serious council, assistance in her studies, or the solution of those questioning longings, those *Icarus* flights to which the imagination of all young girls is so prone, her father's study was the temple, and he the priest through whom the oracle must speak.

There was an indescribable charm about this man, felt by all who approached him, and yet it was hard to tell, whether once being thoroughly known, he was to be most loved or feared. He was singularly handsome in countenance, yet his was one of those faces upon which some sharp heavy blow seemed to have fixed the expression forever; eyes large and dreamy, always gazing as if looking for something beyond the object upon which they rested, making those who met them for the first time feel that they penetrated their very soul. You saw the earnest, determined, unyielding character of the man in the compressed lips and little twitching lines that guarded the mouth.

Devoted to his profession of law, and wrapped in his books, people did not wonder at his indifference and habitual taciturnity in the social world; yet calm, cold and reticent as he uniformly was, it needed but a case that could interest and arouse him, to call into action all his wonderful faculties, and transform him into the great natural orator he really was. Then thoughts rich in metaphor, deep in science, profound in all the philosophy of the ancient and modern schools

fell from his lips; and many a case was won by the power, fervor, and subtlety of this man's eloquence alone; the right of the cause merged in the might of oratorical power. The impenetrability of Mr. Neville's character, his isolation from all friendships and convivial companionships, his quiet tastes and habits, all gave rise to many speculations and conjectures as to the cause that had wrought so sudden a change in one who had been known by many from his youth—a youth, too, that had been specially marked by a geniality of temperament, an *abandon* of spirits, and an interest in all the attractions of the social world that are apt to take hold of a young ardent mind.

This change dated from an absence of a few months from home, an absence, he said, occasioned by business. Whatever its nature or circumstance, he returned with all the glow of his young life gone out, and enshrouded in the gloom of a premature age and melancholy, which his oldest and best friends could never persuade him to account for or lay aside. Those who attempted to banter him upon his change, met a look in his eye that deterred a second effort; and others who felt they might take the liberty of a question or a reproof, soon found the one deemed impertinent and the other unavailing.

So by degrees he was left to his own moods and the mystery of his life—the ghastly skeleton always in his house looked at himself alone. After several years of entire seclusion from all society—years which he devoted to close study, the results of which placed him in the front rank of forensic talent in his native State—he astonished the world by stepping suddenly from his study and books to the foot of the altar, where he pledged himself to love, honor and cherish the woman that stood by his side.

She was a stranger in the place, had been visiting the family of Mrs. Neville's cousin, and as that was the only house which he frequented socially, the match was readily accounted for. Mary Burton was young, not what the world calls beautiful, but possessed an amiable pleasing countenance, true index of her disposition. She was one of those persons without force or purpose in life, who would like even the trouble of thinking done for them; anxious to serve others, but never feeling sure of the right time or place. Such a choice was not the one the world expected so superior a man as Mr. Neville to make, therefore

Mrs. Grundy was both astonished and offended and although he had been considered too minded to be influenced by mere mercenary considerations, yet the only possible solution given was the reputed wealth of the bride.

Whatever the influence may have been, certain that he made her a kind and considerate husband, and this seemed to be all that was necessary to insure the happiness of a woman who content to accept such external acts in lieu of strong demonstrative love so essential to the and perfect bliss of most women's lives. Absorbed in her home duties, revering her husband as a heaven-descended god, her life passed smoothly and contentedly on, never troubled by a thought that her mission had ever been intended for anything higher or more ennobling than the senseless round of exclusive domestic life.

Among Edith's earliest, pleasantest recollections were certain drives taken in the country with her father to visit the family of Clara Livingston, whose home was about eight miles from Mr. Neville's city residence. It was a beautiful spot, abounding in every charm that Nature hand in hand with Art, could yield. All children naturally love the country. Possessing as they do so much of the truth and beauty of their home, it is not a wonder that their inner hearts go out in warm throbbing love toward earthly semblance of heaven. Edith's ideal of perfect happiness was comprised in these drives and a promise to take her to see Clarence at his bright home was sufficient inducement to any amount of good behavior from the little girl. Her first clear and positive memory of Clarence made its impression when she was four years old. Something very tender and demonstrative in her father's manner to the child excited her suspicions that he loved Clarence much as he did her, and for an instant a pang of jealousy shot through her young heart, and falling into tears she pushed him rudely from her father's knee, where he always perched himself, feeling sure, both from the affectionate gaze and city toy he always received, that he was a welcome guest. Edith's wrath, however, on that occasion was soon appeased by her father's reproof, and Clarence's evident regret, which pressed itself in a large bunch of flowers and a little white rabbit, which presentation soon drove away her pang of jealous anger.

votion of Clarence to the little lady was not serious, always playing the rôle of Edith with the spirit of a *preux chevalier*. No one could win him from her side, and the society of his sisters, devoted as they were to him, never afforded him the satisfaction which Edith, though she was as tyrannical in her demands on his time and patience, and as susceptible in her whims as a young *Pompadour*.

Clarence was twelve years old when he was sent to school; and as the distance to his home was too great to be made during the first months, Mr. Livingston consented to Edith's expressed wish of Mr. Neville to let the boy to make his home with him. This was readily carried, and though Clarence was then a "boy," and Edith only a "baby" in the eyes of the generality of the sex who had reached their mature years, yet he was ever her first choice for a playmate, and always ready to amuse and gratify her to her heart's content; his sturdy and cheerful character, his sunny cheerfulness of disposition harmonizing with her varied moods.

At the close of a year all these happy days were brought to a close by Clarence's removal to college, and thereafter only from time to time in the next six years did he see his early friend. In his twentieth year he graduated with honor, and left his alma mater loved and regretted by all. Ever the champion of the oppressed, sympathizer and comforter of the home-sorrowful, the pleasant, genial companion in the minor class, no wonder that his tutors and friends deemed no honors too high for him, and no regret too deep for his loss.

On his short visit home Clarence became restless at his idleness, and anxious to begin at once his battle of life. His father, leaving him to his own unbiased choice, was all the while watching him, and ceased when he found that his inclination led him to the study of the law. Mr. Livingston seemed equally gratified, for his interest in the law had never ceased; so at his earnest request, backed by Clarence's entreaties, he accepted of his son's offer. His advent at this time was particularly welcome to Edith. She was at the age when an elder brother or a beautiful and very convenient appendage for the end of dancing-school soirées, sleighing parties, and the whole list of usual enjoyments natural to youth. Finding no interest in these amuse-

ments, Clarence rarely shared them; but he never failed to be at hand to escort Edith whenever her fancy prompted her to go. The natural consequence of this association is evident.

A girl inevitably and invariably falls in love, or she thinks she does, with the first chevalier who devotes himself to her service; and he who first upholds her dependence and answers her momentary need is the one who realizes the ideal of her golden-woofed dreams.

"Ferdinand and Miranda" are not confined to a desert island, but live in every house where young lives breathe and dream in the Eden of their own trusting hearts. It is true that Edith felt somewhat privileged, from old habit and association, to make Clarence available in this way; but at this time her demands were made with more reserve, and not, as they were in earlier years, required as a right. In a short time, however, her character and tastes underwent a great change. She lost her relish for the juvenile reunions, became more taciturn and thoughtful, more devoted to her books and spent more time in her father's study. She took long walks in the country over the hills, and held many serious philosophical conversations with Clarence; but his temperament was too buoyant and variable, too completely under the influence of present happiness to encourage a turn of thought and feeling which might, he feared, if indulged become morbid. Two years thus passed away. Young Livingston had finished his law course, and Mr. Neville retained him in his office as a partner. This astonished many, for the post was one that had been sought both for its honors and emoluments, only to be refused to many older and wiser. Livingston feeling now doubly assured of Mr. Neville's favor and interest, even as he was confident of his daughter's love, believed that the time had come for its realization. On what hidden rocks that faith was wrecked, in what dark waters those hopes engulfed, we have already seen.

CHAPTER III.—TO-MORROW.

DURING the ride homeward from Oak Hill, Clarence had arranged and discussed all the plans for the morrow's drama, whilst Edith, with everything present and future *cauleur de v* quiesced, promising to perform faithfully with courage. Parting at the house of Mr. Neville, Edith hastily changed her riding habit.

dress, and hurried home, in some trepidation, as to the remarks and inquiries that the lateness of the hour might prompt father or mother to make. Fortunately her mother had just returned from her weekly Dorcas society, and her father was closely engaged with a client in his study, so she escaped all danger of a cross-examination, which would evidently have betrayed one so unaccustomed to the practice of deception, and so painfully conscious of its error. As soon as she felt relieved from the social duties of the evening she hastened to her own room, dismissed her maid, stirred the fire, for the May night was chilly, drew up her own little easy-chair to the hearth, then gave free scope to the thoughts which had been beating so tumultuously against the constraint of her mother's presence. But in vain she now tried to shape them into some form and regularity; the tumult of feeling defied all effort. At one moment as the pain and uncertainty of her meditations on Oak Hill rose to her mind, she repented her promise to Clarence. The sorrow her disobedience and dissimulation would cause her parents, the shame that flushed her own cheek even as she thought of the morrow's contemplated step, made her waver, and at one moment determine to withdraw her consent.

Then came in turn the thought of Clarence's regrets and disappointment, until the conflict thus raging between inclination and duty became almost insupportable, and drove her for refuge to the remembrance of all the arguments and deep feeling urged so eloquently by Clarence but a few hours ago. Now, as then, they turned the wavering scales, and the mists began to disappear, and give place to the bright hopes and promises so glowingly held out by him into whose keeping her happiness was henceforth to be given. The darkness of the night alone now hung between her and the elf-land of to-morrow; then and there the pain and disquiet of present and future would be lost in the fruition of accomplished love. The imagination of youth can never separate the real from the ideal. The glow and glamour of the one envelops in soft, rosy mist the hard, dark angles of the other. Toward the shores of reality then she looked with wistful, longing eyes, waiting impatiently for the time to come when her eager, bounding feet shall press its flowery turf. On this fair, delusive mirage was Edith's mental vision now fixed. So bright it looked in the

distance, so redolent of all delight, those shadows once reached, every joy that life holds within its folds would fill her grasping hand, and neither hunger nor thirst for the unattainable and dim could reach her heart forevermore. Lulled into security and a sense of right by these sophistical musings, she made her final preparations for the morning's drama, and laid herself composedly down to sleep, turning a deaf ear to the low-voiced entreaty and warning of her guardian angel.

Faithful to her promise, she met Clarence at the appointed hour at the house of a common friend, and then made those solemn vows that were destined to find no reality beyond the page that bore the record of their two names. After a short interview of mingled happiness and fear they separated, arranging to meet again in a few hours—Edith, confident in her power to mollify her father's anger and convince him of the uselessness of all further opposition and ill-will, now that it must prove an unavailing remedy to the evil. Yet it was with a throbbing heart and mental prayers for courage that she took her way to her mother's room, determined to make her first startling communication to her, anticipating only a few words of gentle remonstrance on her error. But when she made her confession, she was terrified at the manifestations of alarm which it evoked; for the wife's instincts had long ago discovered some far deeper feeling and reason than either whim or caprice for her husband's determined and stern opposition to this marriage. Her father was hastily summoned, and learning the cause (but before Edith could recover herself sufficiently to find words in which to make her explanation), he became so suddenly transformed before her, and the tide of passion was so uncountably fearful, such a commingling of anger, sorrow, and self-upbraiding, that Edith's nerves already strung to their utmost tension by the violent excitement of late events, suddenly gave way and she was carried in the trembling arms of her father in a state of insensibility to her own room. When she recovered, she found only her mother weeping over her. Just as she was about to speak Mrs. Neville was summoned to the hall, and after a short consultation with some one there, she returned, kissed her child tenderly, and as it passed over, Edith heard the key of her door turn slowly in the lock, and she knew herself a prisoner.

and her father, heretofore her best friend, or now.

But, her strength now fully recovered, and of indignation drowned every other sentiment in turn, this gave place to a dread of aimless, impending calamity, of which signs were but the prelude. She strained to catch every sound, hoping thus to gain insight to her fate; but save the heavy tread of an invisible sentinel, as he paced the hall outside her room, the stillness of death reigned about the house. As she was yet eagerly gazing, a long, loud peal from the hall bell broke the quiet, and set the heart of the listener beating like an avalanche, for she knew only too well whose hand had sent that summons, and she hurried and buried her face in the pillows, anxious to hear some sound of the wail that would follow the burial of those dead hopes. At the funeral knell he had so unconsciously

heard, the town clock struck twelve, and simultaneously the roll of a carriage stopped at the door. She could weigh its meaning, her father called to her from her room. One look at his stern, white face and the words she thought to speak were lost in the presence of an expression of grief as intense as her own. "Put on your shawl and come with me." Edith obeyed, following him into the hall; when she came to her mother's room, and as he expected her to pass it, she paused, and uttered one word "Mother!" with choking voice, which she could not utter. There was a moment's hesitation on the part of Mr. Neville, as if in conflict of feeling either to be mastered or yielded to. At length he spoke, "Your mother is too ill to be disturbed; come;" and he took her cold, trembling hand, led her down the steps, and placed her in the carriage, taking his seat opposite to her. When Edith recovered from the surprise of this change in her situation, when she had stopped, and the gleam of water, and the light of a steamboat close at hand shone through the carriage windows. Hurrying her out, he took her hand, led her over the gangway, up the stairs, and ere they reached the cabin, the motion of the engine told her that she was some way from home, hope, and all she held dear.

At these events were transpiring with our

heroine, no less momentous were the passing of the hours to Clarence Livingston. The time that had elapsed from his parting with his young bride to the hour which had been named for their reunion in her father's house, flew swiftly on the wings of hope; for Clarence never allowed his mind to see or feel a trouble when there was the smallest loophole left to admit a joy. Apart from his desire for a peaceful settlement of the difficulty for Edith's sake, he was most truly attached to Mr. Neville, valued his friendship above that of every other man, and had been really grieved by his late estrangement. It was then with mingled feelings that he reached the spot and rang that summons which borrowed its tone from the joy peels of his own heart. As the door slowly opened, and the frightened face of the faithful old servant met his eager gaze, he divined at a glance that something was wrong. Before he could speak, the old man in evident excitement, said:

"Oh, Massa Clarence, you can't come in. Dere's awful times in dis house, and I spec you knows de reason of it all better dan I does."

"But I must come in, Jerry, and see your master; go tell him that I beg only a few moments conversation with him."

"'Taint no use," replied the man; "he tole me ef yer came to tell you he wouldn't see yer. It's just as well, massa Clarence, for I tells ye he's in a awful state. I always knowed there was plenty of biling water in him; but I never seed de kiver off de pot afore now."

Livingston knew Mr. Neville's disposition too well to force himself upon him in his present state of feeling; so after many injunctions and promises to Jerry to keep him advised and convey some information from him to Edith in the course of the day, he turned sadly away from the door, anxious and uneasy, but still hopeful that a few hours would change the present unpromising aspect of affairs. However, as hour after hour passed, and an occasional interview with Jerry at the side door convinced him of the desperate turn affairs had taken, when he found it impossible to hold any communication with Edith, then his strong buoyant hopes gave way to a gloomy despair that defied all his efforts either to control or allay. He wandered like an uneasy spirit round and round the square, watching the house in a vain hope that some signal from Edith might meet his eye. Darkness closed in, and found him still

and, perhaps, earnestly exhausted, with the Gay's luminous smile, he accepted a friend, the only witness of the marriage, leaving Murray at his non-appearance, exhausted and found him in this state late in the night, and after many persuasive and hopeful reasoning, for the morrow's better success, in-
vited him to go home with him and seek the rest and recuperation his overtasked energies so im-
periously required.

It, one short hour after this summons of
she whose presence he so longed once a
behold had passed beyond his reach for
weary, sorrowing months. In vain all in
all search—she was gone; that alone was
and his heart took up the cry and echoed
dreary days and sleepless nights the last
Edith as she was borne away from him and
—"Whither! oh, whither!"

AUTHORSHIP AND LITERATURE.

BY WARD ERNEST SMITH.

II.

Words of an abstract, general nature should precede those of a concrete character. As we cannot appreciate a weak thought when coming immediately after a terrible one, but can appreciate both when the lesser precedes the greater, so too can we only grasp the full force of a sentence when general words, which suggest but faint images to the mind, are presented before words of a specific character, which call up brighter and more vivid images, and consequently make a stronger impression. For obvious reasons, we should never set forth our weaker thoughts first, and then our stronger and more powerful ones, as this would be like presenting the child to the parent before the parent.

[illegible]

stock. Shakspeare, Milton, and in fact greater poets are prodigal in this use of figurative expression; as an instance, take the much-quoted phrase from Bulwer, "The pen is mightier than the sword." This mode of giving the concrete calls up specific images; while the abstract manner, that "Intelligence is mightier than force," does not, and consequently is lacking in vividness and power. It seems to come to man to use the symbols of nature to give vividness to the expression of our thoughts and feelings; and in the use of figurative terms drawn from our experience of human life that lifts up and gives to our thoughts an imaginative tinge of near interest.

The mind in receiving impressions spends its force in realizing them, and this is continually being spent while the mind is engaged. But in translating words into thought, the mind loses this mental energy, and thus its nervous sensitiveness to such impressions. This loss of nervous force it takes time to get back to making good and accurate. But for this it requires time and the sensitiveness of the brain, it is the acute nerves, is illustrated by the fact that the acute nerves—the optic nerves—have received that after gazing at a bright light, other and lesser lights are not so bright as they had time to regain their sensitiveness—other words, until our nerves have had an opportunity to draw up their nervous force and replace that also the same with our sense of hearing and ta-

ing noise deafens and takes away our power distinguishing gentle sounds, and the longer ringing noise continues, the more time must elapse before our sense of perfect hearing can return. This loss of sensitiveness of hearing power, explains why we cannot apprehend weak thought coming after a strong or strong one, without the lapse of time in which the sensitive force which it took to register strong thought—just as the lapse of time is needed to distinguish faint sounds after a strong roar. It is for this reason that in writing we should present the lesser before the greater, the whole rising in interest and strength as we proceed. Each sentence and paragraph, therefore, should tend to a climax; but practically it should make the whole, rather than itself, rise to a climax.

Writing does not progress from the less to the more, not only is the impression received weakened, but if it is so in an extreme case, absurdity is produced, instead of the effect intended.

A strong and impressive passage, when followed by something much less strong and impressive, will produce a sense of the ludicrous in the reader, as the latter is insignificant and the former of great weight. This phase of wit or humor has been carried to an extreme by our so-called humorous writers. Much, if not most of the humor of Artemus Ward, is owing to the application of this principle. He used it with the greatest skill. How utterly ridiculous are the observations of the genial showman's observers who have read his writings know.

When attention is confined to impressions of a single kind, we lose the power to fully realize each impression, and if the attention is kept continually on the same point for any length of time, the sensitive nervous force becomes exhausted and we cannot recuperate it, and the result is, a dullness and a wandering of the mind. Who who has attended worship at some country church where the minister has hammered away at one and the same eternal strain which seems the property of country parsons, proceeding to expound the same slim text from first to thirty-firstly, and then to put the same ideas into his hearers, until the hearer becomes incapable of grasping further, and the speaker's voice sounds afar off, and the head droops in sleep? In fact, this is a loss of the sensibilities of the mind fully ac-

counts for the habits of drowsing in some churches. The droning tone of certain preachers, who strain to keep the attention by keeping it in one groove, is as soporific as the itinerant mesmerist who has his performers gaze steadily at one spot; or the practice of sleepless persons repeating figures over and over, or imagining they see sheep after sheep leaping through a hole in a fence, until the powers of attention are exhausted, and they fall asleep.

As after eating honey we fail to detect the presence of sugar in our tea, so, as we have said, if the same kind of impressions are made on the mind, they will become less and less vivid as our sensitiveness decreases. But as our sense of taste, when cloyed with sweets can distinguish bitter things with added power, so, too, when the continuity of the same line of thought becomes wearisome, relief can be experienced by turning the attention to a different or opposite line of thought, and the more opposite the two lines of thought are, the more relief will be obtained and the more vivid will be the result. Our best speakers and lecturers have been those who diversified their discourse by apt sayings, anecdotes, and quiet humor, and who have kept the attention of their hearers by not pursuing one line of thought into the ground. Thus we see why contrast, whether in life or letters, heightens effect. We all know that anything that is ludicrous in itself becomes more so when placed beside that which is solemn or lugubrious. The humorous characters in a tragedy always seem more funny than the same characters in a comedy—the graver portions of the play throwing into relief and adding to the effect of the lighter parts. This is seen in the gravediggers in *Hamlet*. Would their quips and jokes seem half so droll were it not for the scene and the place?

One reason why many good writers cannot produce works of great merit, is, I cannot but think, because of this lack of contrast in their writings, a want of broadness and comprehensiveness. Their characters are too much alike, they are described much alike, they talk much alike, their thoughts, sentiments, emotions, (alas! too often the authors, not the distinct characters), are not sufficiently diverse to allow one character to act on another, and the mind, consequently, is run along on a level, and never rises to the height of vividness; the characters defining themselves so faintly, that we cannot long distinguish, as

at his post, almost exhausted with the day's tumult of feeling. At length a friend, the only witness of his marriage, feeling uneasy at his non-appearance, searched and found him in this state late in the night, and after many persuasions and hopeful reasonings for the morrow's better success, induced him to go home with him and seek the rest and nourishment his overtaken energies so imperatively required.

In one
she with
behold
weary,
all seem
and his
dreary
Edith
— "Wh

AUTHORSHIP AND LITERATURE

By WARD ERNEST SMITH

II.

Words of an abstract, general nature should precede those of a concrete character. As we cannot appreciate a weak thought when coming immediately after a terrible one, but can appreciate both when the lesser precedes the greater, so too can we only grasp the full force of a sentence when general words, which suggest but faint images to the mind, are presented before words of a specific character, which call up brighter and more vivid images, and consequently make a stronger impression. For obvious reasons, we should strive to give our weaker thoughts first; when there are two or more propositions in a sentence the principal one should be last, and all that determine its meaning first.

We all use figurative language to a greater or less extent. By a figure of speech we may condense into a word or two a thought which no amount of unfigurative words could so well represent. Nothing is so forcible and vivid as figurative language, and it is forcible and vivid for the same reason which makes short and specific words impressive, viz.: because figures of speech are economies of speech, and consequently economies of thought.

By the use of figures, abstract thoughts may be given a concrete expression. Many thoughts of no great force in their abstract form, become when presented in a figurative manner a part of the common speech, and are used almost invariably in preference to the abstract presentation of the thoughts. Literature abounds in thoughts so presented and which are in current use. As figures are the colors, as it were, of the poets, we are indebted to them for the major portion of our

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of stories, poor in all other respects, have been old and eagerly devoured by readers, and voted to be the apex of authorship. The excitement of the mind occasioned by the studied increase of the reader's suspense in those works in which the plot is all, and in which everything is subordinated to the purpose of keeping the reader on the *qui vive*, has no doubt been carried to an injurious extent; and the result of the perusal of such is a morbid state of the mind, which calls for stronger and more sensational working up of plot to satisfy its longings. But a vast amount of fiction, which would otherwise have sunk in the sea of oblivion, has been floated on the surface of literature simply because, by natural or artificial arrangement of incidents, they have excited the suspense, and consequently the interest of the reader in a manner that leads him to the termination. Indeed, a moment's thought will show that it is largely suspense that gives us absorbing interest in any course of events in life, in love, in law, in business, or in politics. The merchant on the brink of ruin feels relieved when that ruin comes; and it is a

well-known fact that murderers have often said that hanging was nothing compared to the terrible pressure of suspense endured during the progress of their trial and when their fate hung in the balance. In fiction an author should keep in view the probable action of the course of his story on the mind of the reader; and a due consideration in this respect will lead him to so mold his plot as will excite a natural suspense, both as to the termination of incident and the ultimate unfoldment of character.

To recapitulate briefly: the success of the action of a story is achieved by the selection of those incidents and scenes which in life have the strongest interest to the reader; and such a gradual progression and development of them—one following naturally after or being the result of a previous, the weaker preceding the stronger, and the whole rising in interest, the unity of the work being completed only by the final portion—as will carry the mind forward with increasing absorption to the end.

KATE'S CAMEOS.

BY MARIAN FORD.

"Kate!"

"Kate!"

"KATE!"

Three voices in one breath uttered the name in a crescendo of amazement.

"Well, my dears, don't look as if I'd told you I had just committed a murder, and hidden my victim in the well."

The speaker, a tall, graceful blonde of twenty, turned a laughing face toward her three companions; but there was a suspicious glitter in the blue eyes, and the tones of the clear voice were a little unsteady.

"You see, girls," she continued, rapidly, "it is no use to conceal the truth; something must be done to make money. We haven't a hundred dollars in the world. But for Maud's generosity—no, don't interrupt me, Maud; you'll never convince me that you gave up Saratoga, and came here for the summer just from pure love of country quiet—we should not be able to live even

in this tiny cottage, the last remnant of property Virgil Vaughn could leave his daughters."

"But to go to the Centennial and exhibit Mr. Sullivan's goods all day—oh, Kate, I can't have it!" cried Julia, a pretty girl of eighteen. "Just think, Maud, Kate all alone in that crowd! Pray, dear, listen; do something else, give music lessons, teach French and German!"—

"In this little village? I've tried; nobody wants to learn. No, Julia," she added, resolutely, "Mr. Sullivan means kindly. He pities us, I suppose," here a sudden flush crimsoned the girl's very temples, "and when I went to the city yesterday to ask him to purchase the set of cameos I bought in Rome—my great extravagance while I was abroad—he told me he wanted a lady to show his jewelry at the Exhibition, and after a great deal of stammering, offered me the place, my expenses paid, and twenty dollars a week. It would have been worse than foolish, wicked, to refuse."

the next morning—she had purposely given her young sisters little time for expostulation. The train was speeding towards Philadelphia. The domes and steeples of the city rose before her, and her heart involuntarily sank, and for a few moments her courage failed at the thought of the many difficulties and annoyances she could not escape. Julia's words, "Have you any idea what you may meet him?" repeated themselves over and over in her brain with cruel iteration. Her face flushed, and the corners of her mouth drooped with a weary, infinitely pathetic expression, as memory painted in vivid hues the lover's noble features and dark, soft eyes, recalling those eyes, shining with the look of passion only on the one woman who is all the world to him, her heart cried out against the fate that had struggled fiercely against the belief that her father's wealth had made her Ross Dunmore's "Queen Katherine." Tears sprang to her eyes as she remembered the low fond tones in which he had murmured the pet name.

At that instant the train rushed into the station, and Kate, with the rest of the passengers, stepped out. Standing a moment, irresolute which way to go, and pushed to and fro by the hurrying crowd of Centennial travellers, elegantly dressed men and ladies, countrymen with sunburnt faces and red hands, busy porters bearing huge trunks on their shoulders, her ear was caught by the low voice of a woman's voice, "Home at last, how I do hate to travel in such warm weather!" A party of fashionables were just leaving the Pullman drawing-room car, a luxury which Kate's means had compelled her to forego. A man in a tasteful travelling suit, of brown velvet, with a white hair led the way, leaning on the arm of a tall, stylish man. His head was turned at every movement of the lithe, athletic man, too familiar to Kate for her to mistake him for an instant. Ross Dunmore! She grew faint; she had overrated her strength. The sight of the well-known form roused such a fever of eager longing for one glimpse of the man so dear to her, that she had need to summon all her pride, all the memory of the bitter lessons she had done her, the cold heartlessness of her father, to stifle the wild cry upon her lips. A moment more, and a sturdy porter pushed her forward, and her tall figure vanished, and she was wearily making her way through the throng to the line of

horse-cars that ran to the Centennial Buildings. Just as she entered, an elegant private carriage dashed by—a gentleman seated within leaned forward to arrange the travelling satchels and shawls lying in a heap opposite to him. Ross Dunmore's face again! Kate, with a deadly faintness at her heart, was glad to drop into the seat some kindly soul, touched by the girl's pale face, struggled up to offer.

The sudden stopping of the car roused Kate from her sad thoughts. She had sent her baggage to the quiet boarding-house recommended by Mr. Sullivan, and now proceeded at once to the building where her new duties awaited her, the superb Main Hall. Dazzled and almost bewildered by the brilliant colors, the glitter of steel, silver and burnished copper that greeted her eyes, she passed slowly onward, only pausing now and then to admire the wonderful ingenuity with which some of the most commonplace articles were made to vie in attractiveness with their more costly neighbors, until she reached the portion of the building occupied by the jewelers, and to her great relief found that the place assigned to Mr. Sullivan was somewhat secluded. With rare good taste he had fitted up his pavilion with deep maroon hangings; while instead of dazzling the eyes of the spectators by a large display of showy ornaments, he had selected a few of the finest gems in his collection, arranged with the utmost care, evidently desiring to win the approval of connoisseurs rather than the admiration of the crowd. Diamonds of the finest water, affixed to gold wires, quivered like dew-drops, flashing with every hue of the rainbow; rare pearls, whose delicate pink hue vied with the tint of the inner petals of a rose, made many a fair one break the tenth commandment; but choicest of all were the exquisitely carved cameos, ranged one above another on crimson velvet, some unset, some surrounded by a more or less elaborate frame of gold. Among these jewels Kate's cameos, a set of pin and earrings, elicited universal admiration. Mr. Sullivan had kindly offered to place them with his own, frankly telling the young girl that he had nothing to equal them, and could not afford to pay their real value; but doubtless if displayed at the Centennial, some one of wealth and taste would gladly secure ornaments of such rare beauty. The design was a most singular one, the bars of a prison, behind which sat a man fettered with heavy chains, while an angel opened

the door of the dungeon. The stones had been carved to order for Kate by the best master of the art in Rome, at a price which startled even the rich banker's daughter; but declaring it would be "her one extravagance abroad," and delighted with the exquisite delicacy of the work, she had not hesitated to secure the jewels. How well she remembered the night they had been sent home, only a day before her sudden departure from the "Eternal City;" how eagerly Ross Dunmore had admired them, whispering, with a lover's fondness, that "they were royal gems, just fit for his Queen Katherine."

The memory of that night came over Kate with a keen pang as she saw the jewels resting on the crimson velvet cushion; but she resolutely shut out the thought, and fixed her mind upon her duties. At first her color came and went and her heart throbbed painfully, dreading to see in each new-comer Ross Dunmore's well-known figure; but as hour after hour, day after day elapsed, the anxious fear vanished, and she began to enjoy watching the crowd that passed and repassed or entered the pretty pavilion to inspect the rare jewels it contained. Many an eye wandered from the glitter of diamonds to the soft lustre of pearls to admire the elegant girl in the simple black dress with the coronet of fair hair crowning her graceful head, ever ready to answer questions or give information, but whose quiet dignity effectually repressed the slightest attempt at familiar conversation.

Several weeks had passed. Kate had become accustomed to her new life, and wrote home merry accounts of the various little incidents of each day, carefully putting out of sight the annoyances that could not fail to be painfully felt—the long ride in the crowded car, where some insolent fellow boldly stared her out of countenance, the fatigue of standing hour after hour, repeating the same information to fresh listeners—and telling her dear ones the rare delight she experienced when she could sometimes slip into Memorial Hall and forget past, present and future in gazing at its treasures of art.

She was one day seated before one of her favorite pictures, "My lady is a widow and childless," watching with earnest eyes the sad, yearning expression of the fair face framed in a widow's cap turned towards the merry, happy laborer's family outside the wall of her wide park, when a group

of fashionably-dressed people passed rapidly by, and a woman's voice, whose tones seemed so familiar, cried:

"Make haste, Ross; I want to see the marriage of the Prince of Wales.' I think it is in the next room."

"Why, Adele, we've seen so many pictures that it has grown as familiar and tiresome as the most hackneyed tune ever ground out of an organ," replied a voice, that banished every trace of color from Kate's face.

She looked up—the group was just passing through the crowded doorway some twenty feet from where she sat; Ross Dunmore's head was above the throng. He turned at the sound of their eyes met—she saw his flash with the light, saw him make a hasty movement, and in an instant's pause fled, escaping the building long ere he could have disengaged himself from the crowd to follow, had that been his wish.

Wish? Why should he seek her? What excuse could he offer for his desertion? What was an interview avail, save to rouse bitter feelings? Kate's pride was once more in arms—she would have died rather than give him one glimmer of heart.

Panting for breath and deadly pale she rushed to her post, to spend a day of torture, watching every footstep, listening for every voice, might have time to escape Ross Dunmore's approach; but the hours dragged slowly on till half o'clock, without any fresh cause of alarm, when he was at last released. Doubtless he had recognized her, but merely been startled by the uncanny resemblance. He would not have to find proud Kate Vaughn, his "Queen Katherine," an exhibitor at the World's Fair.

Again days passed monotonously alike, and again Kate ceased to watch anxiously for the known face. She would be safe while he lasted. Ross Dunmore no doubt was busy in Newport, or promenading with some new beauty at Saratoga; some new "beauty and heirloom" thought, bitterly.

The scorching July days passed slowly, the heat was almost unbearable. Kate's strength and spirits failed, but she still wrote brave letters to the sisters in the little cottage. "I was perfectly well; the buildings were not so very much felt,"

their anxious inquiries, entreaties to go to that wretched place and come home," and his angry remonstrances and reproaches. But, partly to satisfy these entreaties, partly because she could never quite shake off her fear of an accidental meeting with Ross Dunmore, partly because sudden attacks of faintness reminded her that the deadly heats of summer were ruining her health, the health so precious to a working woman," she wrote that she would join them in the cottage as soon as the jewels were sold. "Two thousand dollars is the price set upon them," she added, "and if he will open his purse-strings, I'll stop him, an avaricious little miser you call me, and let me rest a few weeks, till we can decide what is next to be done—open a shop, perhaps, and use the two thousand dollars to stock it. I can turn the little experience I've gained to my own account."

On the day after this letter was written cooler weather brought refreshment to the gasping denizens of the city, and a larger number of visitors thronged the Exhibition Buildings. Kate was standing at one end of the pavilion, waiting for the thousandth time to a question about the value of the largest of the diamond rings quivering on their golden stems, when Adele Tremaine's voice—strange how she had to shiver at its tones—cried, behind her: "Here's Sullivan's at last, Mr. Trevor! I did hunt everywhere for it when we were a few weeks ago; but its a little out of Everybody at Long Branch has been talking about the exquisite comes—you know Sullivan said to have better taste in selecting and setting gems than any jeweler in this country—determined to take advantage of the cool weather and come to the city for a day. Ross, my fellow, wouldn't escort me." "I can't expect me to feel very indignant on that score, since it afforded me the pleasure of coming in his place," replied her companion, smiling; "and now, Miss Tremaine, let us examine the wonderful gems that have been brought to exchange the cool breezes of Long Branch for this warmest of cities."

The mist that had dimmed Kate's eyes cleared and she unconsciously uttered a sigh of relief. Ross was not here, and perhaps Adele would not notice her. She was standing at the

other end of the pavilion exclaiming over the comes, and inquiring the prices of the gentlemanly clerk who shared Kate's labors. "Two thousand dollars! Quite beyond my purse," Kate heard her say; and her companion, who was evidently on very intimate terms, replied:

"Tell Ross how much you admire them; they would be a charming present for a certain occasion."

"Which perhaps will exist only in the imagination of our dear five hundred friends," returned the lady with a coquettish laugh.

Kate involuntarily turned, and their eyes met. Adele Tremaine started violently, her face flushed crimson; but she vouchsafed no sign of recognition. This was the first time any one had given Miss Vaughn cause to feel her altered position; few of her fashionable acquaintances had visited the Exhibition during the summer, and not one had shown proof of such utter want of heart.

Yet the flush, the haste with which, accompanied by her companion—a total stranger to Kate—Adele left the pavilion, seemed more like fear than pride. Kate often found herself pondering over the strange, startled look that had flashed across Adele's face and wondering at its meaning.

Two days after, when the heat had returned with still greater intensity, Kate walked wearily down the long hall to the pavilion, and was eagerly greeted by her companion.

"I have pleasant news for you this morning, Miss Vaughn; the comes are sold!" he exclaimed.

"Sold!" cried Kate, her pale face flushing with joy at the thought of an escape from the heat and din which, with her fast-failing strength, were speedily becoming actual torture to her sensitive nerves.

"Yes, and the gentleman paid for them at once, and left his address. I believe," he continued, smiling, "they must be intended for a wedding present, he seemed so anxious to secure them. Here is the card."

He held out the slip of pasteboard. The letters danced before Kate's eyes. Ross Dunmore! So it was true. The "certain occasion" to which she had heard Adele Tremaine's companion significantly allude, was his marriage. The comes, her comes, were to be his wedding-gift to his bride, to Adele. This was too much to bear. Her heart throbbed till she felt as if she were suffocating, her eyes grew dim, everything whirled in

dizzy circles around her, and she heard, as if at a great distance, a voice offering her a chair. Controlling herself by a violent effort, she tried to collect her failing senses; gradually the faintness passed away, and she gratefully accepted her fellow-clerk's offer to procure a glass of water, glad to be left a few moments to her own thoughts. But it seemed to her that scarcely an instant had elapsed when he again stood before her. Without glancing up, she mechanically held out her hand for the goblet—it was clasped in a close, warm pressure. She indignantly looked up into Ross Dunmore's eyes.

"Kate! Kate!" he exclaimed, in the low, fond tones she so well remembered, "My darling, have I found you at last? How could you leave me without one line, one word of farewell? Ever since you vanished like a wraith that evening in Rome, I have searched in vain; the earth seemed to have swallowed you up. My darling, how could you let your pride come between us—insult me by imagining Ross Dunmore sought you for your fortune, not yourself? You have given me a bitter trial, but you too have suffered, dear, for you love me, Kate; you confessed it the night before we parted. Do you think I will ever give you back your word?"

Kate stood gazing at him in utter bewilderment; at last her white lips murmured: "The letter! You never had my letter!"

"What letter?"

"The letter I wrote in Rome before I left. I gave it to Miss Tremaine. Oh! Ross, Ross, is it really true? You did not wilfully desert me—are not engaged to Adele Tremaine?"

Ross Dunmore gazed at her in speechless astonishment. "A letter? You gave Adele Tremaine a letter for me? She dared—oh! if she were not a woman, if I could call her to an account for this treachery. I see it all now; her sweet sympathy, her suggestions that you might have gone here or there. But how could I suspect a lady, my own cousin, of such baseness? But strangely enough," he continued, "it was through her I found you at last, Queen Katherine."

At this moment Mr. Sullivan's clerk came up with the glass of water, the lovers hastily strove to conceal their agitation and assume the air of uncon-

cern which the nineteenth century, on the stoicism of the Indians, considers the mark of good breeding, and the effort was so successful, that the young man saw only that Vaughn had unexpectedly met an old friend who good-naturedly offered to remain at the pavilion, if she wished to walk through the garden with him.

They quickly sought a distant corner of the Hall, which at this early hour was empty, and there mutual explanations were given.

Mr. Trevor on his return to Long Island joined Adele in her enthusiastic praise of the cameos with so much eagerness, that he asked some careless questions about them.

He was supplied by giving a minute description of the cameo, its design, and Ross, noting the resemblance to the set purchased by Kate in Rome, felt a thrill with a wild hope. Leaving Long Island by the first train, he instantly sought for Vaughn's pavilion, recognized the jeweller, and cautious questions drew from the clerk all the particulars about the matter. Then, retiring somewhat, he watched for Kate's arrival, and approached as soon as she was left alone.

"I stood so long behind the case of the cameos," he concluded, "that I really believe I thought I had designs on his wares, for he took his eyes from me. But I was not only want the jewel that belongs to me, but my own—are you not, Kate?"

The look with which Kate raised her head to his appeared to be a sufficient answer.

That very evening the inmates of the asylum in Westchester County rushed out to welcome their beloved Kate, who was brought from the carriage by a tall stranger, a Quaker, however, who quickly became at home in the family circle, where the discussions, turning upon the best location for a school, were devoted to solving the question of the speedily arrangements could be made for the wedding. At this wedding, in spite of the fact that such superb gems would be quite out of place in her simple travelling dress, everybody was so struck by the bride's ornaments should be magnificent jewels exhibited at the Cameo Fair, that Kate's cameos.

DWELLERS IN SILENCE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

THERE are to-day in this fair world of ours not less than half a million persons who live in an atmosphere of silence that is painful even to think of.

Looking back over a period of twenty-five years passed in daily intercourse with those who never heard my voice, I call to mind many interesting facts about deaf mutes. I look upon their present condition as one of the great landmarks in the world's progress. There is hardly a State in our country that does not provide instruction for them. Their rights as human beings are acknowledged and respected; but it has not always been so. In the best days of Greece and Rome the most acute thinkers of those times declared that the instruction of the deaf and dumb was an impossibility. Two lines from the poet Lucretius express their conception of the situation.

"To instruct the deaf, no art could reach;
No care improve them, and no wisdom teach."

Modern civilization has shown that the deaf *can* be reached, that they *can* be improved, and that they *can* be taught all they need to know as rational and accountable beings. But under the old Roman code it was held even by wise and learned men that deaf mutes from birth were wholly incapable of instruction. They were not regarded as accountable moral agents. As they were not held to moral responsibility, as a matter of course they were not considered capable of enjoying any legal rights, and were looked upon as entitled to none, except those of the most trifling kind.

In the days of Justinian the idea prevailed that speech was a gift of Nature, inherent in all men, and not an attainment learned through the ear. Hence, he who had no speech could not be regarded as a man, for he lacked the one great gift of Nature that to the ancient mind seemed the dividing line between man and the brute. The code of Justinian assumed that no valid contract could be made, or assent given, except by means of words spoken or written. Undue importance was then attached to the possession of speech. It was thought that the idea of justice, or injustice, or any other moral or religious idea, could only reach the mind by means of words. That idea

of course was utterly erroneous. The possession of a moral and religious sense does not depend on the possession of verbal language, and to-day the once despised mute can buy and sell and execute contracts and deposit his vote in the ballot-box, and no man thinks of challenging his right to do so. Under the feudal monarchies of Europe, in some cases a deaf mute was declared incapable of succeeding to an inheritance. What a disgrace to the framers of law were such enactments as that! Such a state of things would almost justify the threat of Peter the Great against the legal profession. "Are these all lawyers?" said he, one day when visiting the Courts at Westminster. "What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back." And we should want to hang all our lawyers to-day if they gave us such laws as cursed Europe in the feudal age; for we want our children to inherit whatever we leave them, even if it be of no more value than the second-best bed that Shakspeare left to Anne Hathaway, his wife.

Mutes in ancient times were looked upon as persons incapable of managing their own affairs, and as such they were to be kept under perpetual guardianship. Their marriages were not recognized as valid in France until so late as 1658. Civil disabilities were not the only difficulty that deaf mutes had to contend with before the language of signs had been so perfected that an interpreter could be found to translate the marriage service for them. As far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth there is the record of a marriage between two uneducated deaf mutes. Unable to follow the *viva voce* marriage service, the undaunted groom expressed his mind in the following novel manner. First he embraced the bride with his arms; took her by the hand and put a ring on her finger; laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands toward heaven; then to show that he would dwell with her to the end of his life, he closed his eyes with his hands, dug imaginary earth as if for a grave, and pulled upon an invisible rope as if he were tolling a bell. What the bride did history has not recorded; but

it has recorded the fact that Thomas Filsby and Ursula Russett were married without a word spoken by either. Let us hope that both have at last, in a better world, found words wherewith to break the silence they kept so long on earth.

A home in which no word is spoken, where no voice wakes the echoes, would seem at first thought little better than a sepulchre; but I have seen such homes, and I know that some of them contain as much happiness as those that resound with human voices. In fact, I doubt not that husbands and wives who can hear and speak sometimes envy the mute the quiet that he enjoys, and almost wish that in the great copartnership of life they were blessed with a silent partner. The eyes can be closed against unpleasant communications; but there is not cotton enough in all the sunny South to fortify the ear against the unwelcome voice of a croaking grumbler or a vixenish shrew.

It seems a wonder that neither the Greeks or the Romans ever undertook the education of the deaf and dumb. The wonder seems still greater when we see how near they were to the discovery of the art which now confers such untold blessings upon the mute. Pantomimic entertainments were common among the Greeks and Romans. No people ever lived who delighted more in spectacular entertainments. Witness the gladiatorial fights and the wild combats of ferocious animals in the Flavian Amphitheatre. It was what they saw rather than what they heard at such entertainments that pleased them. Let us see what pantomime was among this ancient people.

In the time of Augustus there was a class of actors called pantomimes; though we now mean the acting itself, and not the actor, when we use the term pantomime. The Roman actor in his dress and manner of acting resembled the modern ballet dancer. His movements were regulated by music. The Emperor Nero himself condescended to appear upon the Roman stage as a pantomime. This word means simply *all imitation*. Pantomime is therefore the expression of thought, of emotion, of passion, of action in silence, and is accomplished by gesticulation, and by attitude alone. They wore masks on the stage in those days, and therefore all the wonderful power of facial expression was lost upon the spectators.

It was chiefly by the skillful use of their hands and fingers that they expressed themselves. Pantomimic exhibitions were bitterly denounced by

the early Christian writers, and with good reason for as their dress was made to reveal rather than to conceal the beauty of the human form, and females began at a very early date to display themselves as pantomimes, evil tendencies were multiplied to an incredible extent. When the art expression was carried so far that actors on the stage could, by their attitudes and gestures, represent whole plays so vividly as to make them intelligible to the spectators, it seems very strange that no one should have seen in this pantomimic art a key by which the door leading to the human mind could have been opened. Grecian and Roman art held that key, but never thought of using it. Doubtless mutes were sometimes present when pantomime displayed itself upon the Roman stage; doubtless they saw its wonderful effects with as keen a thrill of delight as any one; but no one took the hint; no one put the two things together and said, "the mute can understand pantomime let us use it as an instrument to convey thought to him." The actor of pantomime upon the Roman stage might have reached the deaf and dumb only the thought had ever occurred to him. So nearly was the art of instructing the mute discovered by the ancients; so nearly was it approached by a people renowned for culture and refinement. It is an old proverb that extremes meet. That adage was verified in perhaps a still nearer approach to a great discovery by a people the very opposite of the ancient Greeks and Romans, viz., the aborigines of the New World. The Indians of the West, we are told in "Long Expedition to the Rocky Mountains," developed a language of signs so copious that tribes speaking different languages could express a large number of ideas so plainly as to be understood by each other. I may here state that the mute, taught to write the Spanish language, and writing no other could, if opportunity should offer, converse in signs with the mute taught to write the French language, and no other; and should there come to these two, other mutes from various localities each taught to write a different language, they would all immediately fall back upon the natural language of signs, and would understand each other better than the native Parisian can understand the boarding-school French of the English-speaking snob who is making the tour of Europe with a very meagre stock of French phrases in his head.

We have seen how nearly the ancients came to making the discovery of the art of instructing the deaf and dumb without actually making that discovery. How came the art of instructing them to be discovered? And who took the first step in this important contribution to the world's progress? There was an important principle discovered long before its application to the education of the deaf and dumb was ever thought of. The nineteenth century is wiser than the sixteenth, and many things that every school-boy knows now, were then matters of grave speculation among thoughtful men. Take an illustration. There are hundreds of people who can read French, but who cannot speak it. Give them a French book, and they will put it into good English for you, with no trouble whatever. Introduce a live Frenchman, and set his active tongue in motion, and they no more comprehend what he says than they do the Chinese characters on a tea-chest. Now, what does this illustration illustrate? Why, simply this, that written or printed words impart ideas, independently of sound. Shakspeare tells us that "life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Sound signified everything to the most acute minds of the sixteenth century, and to those living before it. Thought is usually connected with sound. The order of things is this; the steps from the visible printed page to the invisible thought are as follows: Writing and printing go back to speech, and speech goes back to thought—a journey of just two steps. But we can omit one of these steps as easily as an active boy can omit one stair in his passage from the parlor to his chamber. We can omit speech and connect the written or printed page directly with thought. That simple principle was at first clearly apprehended by Jerome Cardan; and because previous generations never caught the idea that written words could be connected with thought without the intervention of speech, they never attempted to instruct the deaf and dumb.

Every science rests upon fundamental principles. So does every art. And those principles once discovered, progress becomes easy and rapid. The two great truths—the two fundamental principles on which the instruction of the deaf and dumb rests—are both simple ones, and it seems a wonder now that they were not discovered sooner. The first great truth is this: that the language of

pantomime, a language addressed entirely to the eye, can convey thought to one whose ear is closed just as well as to one whose ear is open; sound having nothing to do with it, only the quick eye is needed to comprehend it. The general belief of the ancients was that the instruction of the mute was hopeless. This seems indeed surprising in the light of such a fact as the following. Let us recall the testimony of Cicero and Lucian to the wonderful, indeed the almost incredible, perfection to which the pantomimic art had been carried on the Roman stage. Rome was of course often visited by kings and other high dignitaries from other countries. Naturally they would witness those wonderful performances upon the stage of which I have been speaking. On one occasion a king from the borders of the Euxine, seeing a pantomimic representation at Rome, begged Nero to give him the performer whose art so captivated him. And what did he make this request for? That he might go home and be amused? No; he had a higher object—a really useful purpose. He wished to use the actor, who by pantomime could so easily make himself understood and yet never speak a word, as an interpreter with the various tribes and nations that paid tribute to him at home. Strange indeed that the applicability of pantomime to the instruction of the deaf and dumb was never noticed!

And it seems still stranger when we consider another remarkable case recorded by Pliny. He is speaking of the most eminent painters at Rome, and among them he mentions Quintus Pedius. This young man was a mute, and had made great proficiency in the art of painting—an art in which excellence cannot be attained without considerable intellectual development. Where and how did he get that intellectual development? He got it through the language of pantomime, for he was known from his family connections to have been a frequenter of the Roman stage. The second fundamental principle in the instruction of mutes is that ideas may be attached directly to written words without the intervention of sounds. Let us consider that proposition for a moment. Take a poem, every line of which thrills you as you read it. Read it in silence, and what takes place. Read it, if you choose, as I once read the "Lady of the Lake," seated on a huge rock in the edge of a forest, with the valley of the Oriskany at my feet, the blue Deerfield hills, just faintly discer-

nible in the distance, and the yellow light of sunset resting like a benediction upon the hill-sides. Read such a poem in silence, and the music of the rhythm charms you still. You hear mentally every word, and though your lips are silent, the chambers of your soul are full of sound. Now take a mute and place him before a picture. Let him stand, as I have done, before Lessing's great work, "The Martyrdom of Huss." He sees a man tied to a stake, and scowling fiends with lighted fagots approaching him. He sees an Austrian duke on horseback as master of those horrid ceremonies. Now that picture tells him a story that he can understand. He attaches a meaning to every figure on the canvas, though he may not be able to recognize the written name of a single one of them. He sees a fire in the picture. Show him the written word "fire," and he does not know what you mean. Show him the object and the written word, and very easily will he learn to associate the one with the other. Very soon will he learn to know what the written character calls for. It becomes a picture to him, and the curved lines that form the letters in that little word soon come to suggest the burning element as readily as the picture did. And yet he does not associate that word with sound. Cardan certainly discovered the theoretical principle that written characters, not used as the representatives of sounds, could be used as the representatives of ideas.

Connect with that principle, as an instrument to be used in imparting instruction, the expressive

language of pantomime, and the hitherto impossible task of educating the mute is made easy, and takes its place among the arts that benefit mankind. Many persons suppose that thought cannot be conveyed with much rapidity by means of the language of signs. They are surprised when told that it is possible, for one who knows how to use it, to stand side by side with a speaker, and by means of gestures convey the utterances of that speaker to an assembly of deaf mutes as fast as they fall from his lips. This process of reporting is a complicated one, and is often rather fatiguing to the reporter. The sentences of the speaker are not reproduced word for word in the sign language, but an instantaneous translation of his thought is made. His expressions are to be analyzed—the emphatic ideas seized and clothed in signs and the modifications added, while at the same time the translator may sometimes have to listen to the next thought, and prepare for its connection with the present one. His task is to transfer thought from a language rich in abstract terms to one highly pictorial—to make this thought intelligible to an exceptional class of minds, and to accomplish this as rapidly as the sentences flow. Of course no organ of expression to the eye can be ignored. Hand, foot, movement of body and facial expression are brought into active exercise. Graceful gesticulation is therefore common among the deaf and dumb, who, though speechless, can yet express their ideas with clearness, force and beauty.

ROSE-WATER.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

I.

WHENE'ER to love my Love who's in the town
I come with knocking heart unto her door,
And stand and wait, till down the happy floor
I hear the rustle of her sweetest gown,
I know that, scarce her gentle hand in mine,
And scarce her eyes into my eyes will shine,
Ere that faint fragrance, like an ambient self,
A Puck, a presence of a witching elf,
Envirning the real maid I adore,
Will reach some occult sense that I possess,
And straightway I must love my true one less,
Because I love a fragrant something more!

II.

I long to meet my Love beside the sea!
Because, as once I strolled, at twilight gray,
Along the margin of a breezy bay,
A lovely barefoot lady spoke to me.
I care not to recall her shy request,
But that she was with such sweet trueness blest!
Herself, and nothing more, herself was all.
"Lady," I said (for she was fair and tall),
"I have a Love I would were just like thee!
Pray, tell me where they make maids real and sweet?"
"I know not, sir, if it be in a street—
I have been watching rose-light on the sea!"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A Centenarian Necrology.—We are indebted to Lyman H. Bagg, Esq., of New York City, for a brief series of papers upon this interesting subject, and which will appear in these columns from time to time. The first or opening paper of the series is here given:

In the long list of centenarians whose deaths have been recorded by the American newspapers of the past two years, the first place belongs to Lomer Griffin, who died at Lodi, Ohio, toward the end of last September, in his 107th year. *Harper's Weekly* of May 1, 1875, published his portrait, together with that of his third son, Willis Griffin, aged 74; his share in the celebration of July 4, 1876, at Akron, Ohio, again drew him to public attention, and the *Cleveland Herald* finally printed an elaborate obituary. "Chedor-loamer Griffin, the son of Nathaniel Griffin, by Abigail his wife, was born in Simsbury, the 22d of April, 1772," say the official archives of Granby, Connecticut; and this Nathaniel was a great grandson of John Griffin, who emigrated from England about 1640, and soon after settled at Windsor, Connecticut. The future centenarian seems to have early shaken off the first part of his baptismal name, for he is called Lomer Griffin in the record of his marriage to Miss Charity Moore, April 15, 1797. He served in Captain Moser Heyden's militia company from August to October, 1813, and on the strength of this applied to the government in 1830 for bounty land, and again last spring for a money pension, under an act of Congress passed a short time before. The claim was quickly granted, and for the remaining few months of his life he was the oldest pensioner on the rolls. His wife died in 1830, a dozen years after their removal to Ohio, leaving seven grown-up children, three of whom outlived him. He married Charity Lyman, June 16, 1832, and had by her two children; and, after being a widower several years, he married Jemima Taft, November 14, 1844, by whom he had three more children, making a dozen altogether. She still survives, at the age of about 66. Lomer Griffin was always a moderate whisky drinker until within four years of his death, when he decided to "reform;" but he never used tobacco. He was never confined to the bed by illness for so much as a single day in all his life, and though at about the age of 60 his right arm was so badly shattered by a falling tree as to necessitate amputation, he still had the ability to shave himself, swing an axe, and work effectively about his garden for forty years afterwards. He voted for John Adams in 1796, and successively for the Presidential candidates of the Federalists, Democrats, Whigs and Republicans. A serious shock to his nerves, resulting from a fall, was the immediate cause of his death; but he continued to breathe for a week after he had ceased to take any nourishment, and for several days after his limbs and part of his body had become cold.

BATTLE-SCARRED VETERANS.

Nearly a dozen other centenarian survivors of the War of 1812 have passed away during the two years' interval—the

most notable one in respect to the time of his birth being William Goodman, who was born July 4, 1776, and who died at Little Britain, New York, September 22, 1877. Joseph King died at Chicago, November 22, 1877, aged 101 years, 5 months. Jacob M. Jacobs, a sailor in that war, died at Oswego, February 4, 1878, aged 100. Nathan Schofield, whose 100th birthday was celebrated at the almshouse of East Haddam, Connecticut, in December, 1876, died there in April, 1878. Dr. Luther Harvey, who died at Monroe, Michigan, on the 16th of last September, aged 100, was an eye-witness of Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie in 1813; and still another fellow-soldier, Gibson Gray of Irwin County, Georgia, died last December, on the first day of his 101st year, having retained his bodily vigor till the very last. Joseph Faulkner, one of the crew of the British ship Shannon, which sunk the Chesapeake, died about the first day of last year, at Windsor, Nova Scotia, aged 102 years, 10 months; and it may be presumed that Augustin St. Pierre, who died at Montreal, April 10, 1878, aged 105, and was described as "a veteran of 1812," also fought on the side of the British. Mary, the widow of Benjamin Griffin, who served in that war, died at Londonderry, New Hampshire, April 5, 1878, aged 100 years, 3 months. The widow of Captain Daniel Dobbins, who died at Erie on the 26th of last January, in her 100th year, was living there when Commodore Perry defeated the British at Put-in-Bay, and was well acquainted with him and his officers, her husband having helped equip the fleet. Lafayette was a guest at their house in 1824. Her mental vigor and vivid recollections of the past were retained until within a short time of her death.

Mrs. Mary Goodale, who died at Pequonnoc Bridge, near Norwich, Connecticut, March 30th, was born at Groton, June 21st, 1775. Her first husband, named Howlett, was killed on a man-of-war in 1813, and since the death of her second, many years ago, she had been cared for by her grandchildren. Thomas Grimaldi, who died at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 23d, 1877, was born at Falmouth, England, December 28th, 1771, served as warrant carpenter in the British Navy for forty years, and said that his narrowest escape from capture was in a fight with an American privateer in the war of 1812. In 1856 he left England for Lynchburg, Virginia, with his son, T. F. Grimaldi, moving thence to Knoxville in 1870, where the son still resides. The centenarian lived a temperate and exemplary life, except that he was accustomed to use large quantities of tobacco. *The World* investigated his case, in the vain hope of proving him to be the long-lost brother of the famous Italian clown, Joe Grimaldi, and reprinted Dickens's story of the disappearance of that brother from the door of Drury Lane Theatre in November, 1803. James Dickson, who died at Palmerston, Ontario, in March, 1878, was a native of Ireland, and a soldier under Nelson. One report gave Armagh as his birthplace, and 112 years as his age; another report said Newry, and 119 years. He was the

father of fourteen children, of whom eight were living. Last on the list of ancient warriors may be named Sac Osterman, a German who served with Napoleon in his Russian campaign, emigrated to Chicago in 1850, and died there at the age of 102, on the 29th of last month.

A NEW YORK HERMIT AND MASSACHUSETTS FARMER.

Dr. Henry P. Blackwell, who died at Troy early in June, 1877, aged 107, had not only seen service as a soldier, but had also been by turns farmer, coachmaker, tailor, botanic physician, prophet and hermit. He said his grandfather lived to be 127, both his parents lived to be 117, and he himself was the youngest of their twenty-one children. His aunt's children numbered twenty-three, and a brother of 115 years survived him. Emigrating from Ireland in 1815, he lost his wife about ten years later, and arrived in Troy in 1830. He lived in a little old house, which he allowed no other human being to enter; but was a devout member of St. John's Church, from which his funeral was finally held. "He foretold the battle of Waterloo, and our own rebellion, which were pictured to him in the clouds," and said the explanation of his long life was this, that "he did not lose his rest, nor go to balls and parties and get drunk." A newspaper allusion to him in the spring of 1875 said he had just celebrated his 108th birthday, and gave his name as John Henry Blackwell. Another John Blackwell, a native of Limerick, died at Ops, Ontario, last June, aged 106, leaving behind him 6 children, 57 grandchildren, 75 great grandchildren, and 2 great, great grandchildren. Israel Bagg, who died at Bernardston, Massachusetts, on the 27th of last July, was born at West Springfield, Massachusetts, April 14th, 1777, as proved by the most incontrovertible documentary evidence. A printed genealogy of the family showed that he was the great, great grandson of John Bagg who married Hannah Burb at Springfield, December 24th, 1657. His own parents were married January 11th, 1776, and moved about four years later to Bernardston, where his mother died in 1832 at the age of 78, and his father in 1838 at the age of 86. He himself, like his ancestors, led the uneventful career of a farmer, and outlived all his seven children save the daughter in whose house he died. He was a regular church-goer, abstemious in his habits, but used a pipe as a solace in his later years. An accident deprived him of the sight of one eye at about the age of sixty, though it was not until thirty five years afterwards that he definitely gave up active work on the farm. A photograph of him was taken on his centennial birthday, when two of his brothers, aged eighty three and eighty, were among those in attendance.

Could you give me any information concerning one Richard Saunders, an American, who lived in Philadelphia during the early colonial days; or refer me to any authority or authorities where I may obtain the same? PRESIDENT.

Rochester, N. Y.

The Richard Saunders our correspondent refers to is evidently the man so favorably known in later times as Benjamin Franklin. It was the *petit* name under which he, in

1732, commenced the publication of his well-known almanac commonly called, "Poor Richard's Almanac." If there was another Richard Saunders, we have no knowledge of such one, neither can we refer our correspondent to any authority other than "ye ancient City Directory."

It is said by late historic discoveries, that Henrietta, wife of Charles I. of England, had little affection for her unfortunate husband; and that by her treacherous dealings and delays, that she might prolong her stay in France, she helped precipitate his melancholy fate. Does the following quartet of Nostradamus refer to the catastrophe of Charles's death? and was the *red-haired man* Oliver Cromwell? It is at any rate a curious and interesting item:

On coming too late, the execution shall be done
The wind being contrary, and letters intercepted by the way
The Conspiritors fourteen of a sect.
By the *red-haired man* the undertaking shall be made,
Charles put to death 1649.

Nostradamus prophesied in 1555.

Here is another significant prophecy, which the progress of civilization seems fairly to realize. Not by the flow of blood, or the lack of substance has great Rome been shorn of her power, but by the "*sharp of letters*," the diffusion of knowledge amongst the people. Overwhelming as is still the power of this vast organization, it has yet been penetrated by the *sharp iron*, thrust even to the hilt of man's growing sense of freedom and right to think for himself despite of Hierarchies. The wonder is, that a man living in the times of the Medici, and the era of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, should have foreseen this emancipation.

"Oh! great Rome: thy ruine draweth near—
Not of thy walls, thy blood, or substance—
The *sharp of letters* shall make so horrid a notch—
Sharp iron, thrust in, all to the heft."

—*Prophecies of Nostradamus, 1555.*

Patchogue, N. Y.

E. O. S.

The Mother of Napoleon.—She seems never to have been startled or elated by the wonderful elevation of her family. Some even accused her of being miserly, to which she replied, "It behooves me to be saving of money, for some time all these kings and queens will be coming back upon me."

There is a curious fact related of her last hours. Finding her end approaching, she called for a basin of water, and in a grave, solemn way, as if it were a religious ceremony, washed her hands. This reminds one of the action of Pilate, who unable to save Jesus Christ, gave him up to the Jews, washing his hands of all that might ensue. Did the mother of Napoleon thus wash her hands of all the doings of her children? E. O. S.

Patchogue, N. Y.

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BETWEEN THE SUSQUEHANNA AND THE SCHUYLKILL.

By W. G. SHAWMUT.



THE OLD TURNPIKE.

ONE beautiful bright day in June, a very good friend of mine, whom I have known for many years, invited me to make him a visit to his newly-purchased country-seat. No sooner had the words escaped his lips than delightful visions of rural life came before me—fields of golden corn, emerald green meadows, brooks singing their songs of gladness, flowers filling the air with sweetness, and birds with their merry song; then, too, the thought of sweet butter and milk, strawberries and luscious cream, and other delicately-tempting dishes began to lure me to a somewhat too eager

acceptance of his hearty hospitality; but, hearing in mind that it is not just the thing to be too demonstratively willing to accept an invitation even from a friend—which policy, by the by, must have been originated by Chesterfield or some other equally cold-blooded courtier with more head than heart—I was about to make a feint of declining, but the dear old fellow seized me by the arm. “You *must* go, sir,” said he, “that’s settled; but by way of extra inducement, among other things, I’ll take you over the most charming ride you ever had in your life.”

With an incredulous smile at this on my part, he notwithstanding hurried me along.

"But where are your horses?" I inquired, still holding back, by way of a demur.

blows at fifty miles an hour." And I began to descant about shady groves and streams, and all those charming features associates with country life. But by the

mind was well occupied with other inducement, to me more enticing even than Nature's smiling face—it was a pair of bright blue eyes, which I believe he himself was the while would inspire me with life and beauty for a ride of twenty miles. In an open street car, we found ourselves at the spacious depot of Philadelphia and West Chester just in time to catch a train.

"We're lucky," I said, "in such good time."

"There's no luck in it," my friend replied. "The trains run ways in time here, because they are running continually."

I had never been over the river before, and as I had heard of the fertility and delightfulness of Delaware and Chester, I began to lend a willing ear to their praises from my too eloquent friend, who had fallen into the habit of calling me "Bob."

"Bob," though, on account of my age and attainments, I had thought it an unwarrantable liberty; but then you can't tell, and gunning and fishing a man for years, though he be the most reverend and respectable "seigneur," but must perforce call him by his well-clipped nickname.

How he does enjoy being called "Bob!" It seems to have a wonderful exhilarating and invigorating effect. However, I did not think that the sound of "Bob" was so delightful a twinkle in the aforesaid pair of blue eyes.

"Oh, pshaw!" he answered, impatiently. "Come along! Why, the old iron horse, of course, that puffs and snorts and screams, and

whether I should have mentioned the matter at all.

The cars had just whistled out of



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, FROSTY VIEW.

he began thus: "Of course, you know"—
 't remember any one else who always comes
 that way, maybe my readers do; my
 , perhaps, always does.

Of course," I answered, as he
 mirthful glance toward me.
 ah! Don't chaff. I was go-
 mention that this railroad
 changed hands; its to be run
 old foggy style no longer.
 of men full of business life
 energy, have taken the thing
 their hands, and you may
 t to see soon a double track
 this line, and an otherwise
 and liberal order of things
 ally."

my attention had not been
 cted at this moment, Bob
 have treated me to the long
 improvements in process of
 letion on this road; but the
 and imposing buildings of
 mshouse, and the picturesque
 es of the Woodlands Ceme-
 which were on our right,
 t my attention. Looking
 gh the open window on the
 the fine view of the Schuyl-
 the Marine Hospital on the
 ide, the splendid bridges of
 Pennsylvania and Junction
 ad, made up, as the cars
 rapidly by, a panorama so
 edly interesting and inspirit-
 s to bring my friend, at all
 s, to a few moments' silence.
 scarcely had time to discuss
 gle feature or association of
 varied views before the shrill
 le of the locomotive sounded
 stop, and we began to slow
 for Angora, the first import-
 ation on the line. Here we
 d Cobb's Creek, the divid-
 ne between the city and the
 y, between the Twenty-sev-
 ard and Delaware County.

had now begun to approach some beautiful
 scenery. Sweet-smelling flowers and rich,
 lawns adorn the elegant homes that are

clustered about the neat little village of Angora.
 Nor is this place interesting alone for its natural
 beauty. There is an importance about this mod-
 ern site which one cannot fail to realize when one



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, REAR VIEW, SHOWING PLAYGROUND.

hears the noisy whir of the cotton-mills, and sees
 the thrift and prosperity of the people. As we
 moved away from Angora, we caught a glance at

frequent intervals of a fine, well-made road, which I was informed was the Baltimore turnpike, and was always found in splendid condition, summer and winter. A few moments more, and we had reached Fernwood. Now, one cannot fail to realize that he is in the country. The eye is gladdened with one universal green; the fragrant odors from fields and meadows, the deep colors of the luxuriant woodlands, steal upon us with exhilarating refreshment.

Toot! toot! toot! And we were off again, stopping at Lansdowne, and then on to Kellysville, where a charming valley of emerald green introduced a pleasing variety to the scene. Hitherto the country through which we passed had been comparatively level, but now a landscape opened up where

"Dear to fancy's eye the varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale and sparkling brook between."

In fact, I was so captivated with the natural beauty of the country about us that I could not but sympathize with my friend in the enthusiasm with which he described all that I saw.

"And do you know," said he, "that in point of time you can more conveniently live about here than in almost any part of the suburban quarters? There are no delays in travelling over the distance; the trains run remarkably on time, and then you have all the comforts of the steam-cars as against the comfortless street cars pulled by overladen and jaded beasts."

"But what about the expense?" I asked.

The question afforded my friend rare amusement; and drawing himself up, with a glow of enthusiasm on his face, he commenced:

"Why, my dear fellow, you can ride from hereabouts in and out for less than a single round trip on the street cars. In such an undulating country as this, with fertile plains, smiling valleys, and sloping hills, you have every opportunity for choice of residence. If the rich landscape and the park-like beauty of these rural spots do not tempt you, there are, you will find, delightful villages of from six hundred to a thousand inhabitants, and possessing pretty little churches, schools, lyceums, libraries, gas, water—all, in fact, of the conveniences of modern life. The high table-lands of West Chester offer, too, a very decided attraction. I could hardly wish a more agreeable spot, if I were fond of country life, and was in a position to work a large farm. To be

sure, it places one in a very awkward predicament if illness at any time should require a doctor's services; yet there is so little sickness here, that really doctors and undertakers would find it quite impossible to thrive. Its where you have the sewers, the cesspools, the dirty alleys and streets, the dust, the smoke, the filthy gutters, the heart-burning and heart-withering excitements of the city that doctors thrive; and undertakers always cluster around the followers of Esculapius."

Now, my readers, you will no doubt say that I have transgressed my resolution, and given you rather more of Bob's eloquence than I set out to do. His remarks were brought to a temporary close by my offering him a cigar. We accordingly adjourned into a very comfortably-furnished smoking car, which I may say is deemed a necessary adjunct to every train running on the line.

There sat just in front of me an old gentleman, evidently a farmer to the homestead born, whose age, I should judge, was close upon seventy, and which seemed to sit as light upon him as the elastic joyousness of youth. This hale old fellow was enjoying the felicity of chuckling to himself; a sound, hearty chuckle, too, which ended every now and then in a loud "guffaw." There is something so contagious about genuine, demonstrative delight that I found myself relaxing rather too far into the old fellow's good humor, though absolutely ignorant of and free from any participation in its cause.

However, my good friend Bob soon came to my relief. He knew the old gentleman, as he seemed to know everybody else in the smoking car.

"Why, Mr. Rustwick! What's the matter, old fellow? Its not often one sees a man in such a hearty good humor. You've been striking a lucky bargain to-day, eh?"

"Why, butter's up! and eggs is up! and milk and cream is up! and the new men's up to laying a double track! and freight ain't up; and fares ain't up! and that's the upshot of it all!"

Upon such hastily-uttered expressions, Daddy William—for by that lovable title he was known to his old friends—began to rub his horny hands together with such intense satisfaction that I thought a spark would fly off and light upon the rubicund tip of Bob's nose. So soon as the old gentleman's enthusiasm had somewhat abated, he was asked "whether lands had gone up."

"No, indeed; and more's the pity," he answered; "though when them city folks sails down upon us, like a swarm of seven-year locusts, how they'll jump! Why, now, gentlemen, you can

all of it is as rich as the cream it makes. Why, look about you, and don't you see the whole country is like a garden. But what now does a city man who buys a two-acre lot care about sile?



BURN-BURN, DR. GIVEN'S HOSPITAL FOR NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASE.

buy reasonable by the acre; but take my word, in less than seven years' time you'll have to pay unreasonable for it by the foot. And is it about the 'sile,' you ask? Well, the 'sile' is as varied as the country about. There's loams, and clays, and a mixture between the two; and pretty much

Why, he can make a sile; his pigs and his poultry, his horse and his cow will make a sile in a season. Now, there's my Eliza Jane has gone an' married a city chap, and its a real amazement what new-fangled things he's got about him. He didn't stop after he'd made a sile; but next thing he

road, must have brooded long and well on the hearts of those who have brought this institution into its present power of doing so. A few words from a late report will give us a sense of the originality which marks its administration, and the liberality it meets with at the hands of the "Friends:"

It will be remembered that three years ago the old Latin, or Modern Classical course was

its character at the different stages of its development carefully noted. It certainly cannot be said that Swarthmore does not offer suitable opportunity for the study of the mother tongue and its noble literature."

And again, as to the union of the theoretical and technical method of education, we are told that "Occupations which were formerly but trades, depending mainly on manual skill, and requiring



BROOKE HALL, MISS EASTMAN'S SCHOOL, MEDIA.

and, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science. This seems to have met a real want on the part of students who have not found what was wanted in the purely classical or the scientific course. In it the modern languages, English, French, and German are substituted for the ancient languages, and especial attention is paid to the study of English. It may not be generally known that opportunities are offered in this department. Here a more general knowledge of literature, with names and dates, is not considered sufficient, but during a four years' course representative authors as Chaucer, Spenser, Cowper and Wordsworth, are read with careful attention required in the study of Greek and Latin classics. The history and of the language itself are considered, and

only a small amount of mental exertion, have now risen to the importance of professions, based upon some branch of science; the knowledge of which is necessary to their highest and most successful pursuit. To furnish the preparation required for the successful practice of these new professions, special schools and scientific courses of study have been established."

Our interest was such as would have kept us even longer at Swarthmore; but time was precious, and we had to be moving on. We soon were hurried across Crum Creek, and by the adjoining station, which marks the middle of a long line of manufacturing establishments, and now in a few moments we were slackening speed to stop at Media. Here Bob, beginning to feel some premonitory symptoms of a weakening of

the "inner man," suggested that we should stop a little longer than the train, and replenish our craving appetite, with the additional pleasure of seeing something of one of the loveliest towns in the State. Media has not only natural attractions to make it a favorite summer resort for Philadelphians, but its streets, houses, schools, institutions, and social features, are an evidence of a cleanly, thrifty, educated, and genial people. The town is just one of those places thoroughly adapted for an institution for young ladies such as that known as Brooke Hall, now under the sole control of Miss Eastman. There are delightful walks, with all the charm of rural scenery, shady nooks by mineral springs, pure, bracing air, and all the advantages of suburban life, without being shut out from the conveniences of easy communication with the city. The lively appreciation of all that concerns intellectual advancement and social reform is well displayed in the work done by the Institute of Science, and in those noble institutions for the intemperate and weak-minded, viz., the Sanitarium and the Training School. One can hardly estimate the vast amount of good done by either one of these charitable institutions. The handsome buildings that adorn their sites, the enchanting natural and artificial surroundings, are a faithful reminder of the noble work that man, in sympathy with Nature, can accomplish. If the little capital of Delaware County could boast of nothing else, the inestimable good it is doing for the drunkard and the idiot ought to place it foremost among the towns of America in charitableness and usefulness. The population of Media has been all along increasing, until now it has nearly doubled itself, and is close upon two thousand. Nor has it yet stopped in its advance, for you can notice from the busy hum around the station, on the streets, and in the stores, the industrial principle which will eventually develop into an unlimited growth.

With certain feelings of reluctance we leave Media, and speed rapidly over the "iron highway," past Greenwood and through Glen Riddle, where our attention was drawn to a large number of cotton- and woolen-mills. Nor was the eye relieved of such even when we had arrived at the next station, Lenni, where we were shown some factories of that gallant old gentleman and general, Patterson, who sends large quantities of cotton and woolen cloths from his mills.

At the Baltimore junction, where the Baltimore Central Road connects, and thence runs through a reach of fertile farms to the banks of the Susquehanna until it meets the main line, we were reminded of the fact that now all the lines of rails that are developing this section of the country—between the Delaware and a long radius north of the Chesapeake—are under one management, which, during a long career of successful and able administration has made the very initials of P. W. and B. a synonym of stability united with steady, enterprising advancement.

The country in the neighborhood of Glen Mills is delightfully charming. Sparkling streams are winding their way through the narrow glens or down the sunny slopes. Here and there the old gray rocks look out through the dense foliage; pleasant farms smile upon us from valley and hill-slope; we long to climb an adjacent height and view the beautiful panorama of Nature's richness that shines beamingly upon meadows of grass and fields of ripening grain. We need not be told that we are in the midst of an important butter-producing country, for the eye catches continued glances of luxuriant pasture-land and hundreds of grazing kine.

We have gradually been working our way up a gentle incline, and by the time we have reached Street-road station we find ourselves in an elevated, open country, amid charming country-seats and farms with their outstretching acres of pasture and tillage-land and orchards. Agriculture is here scientifically pursued by several gentlemen of means, education, and experience. Both in the cultivation of the soil and in stock-breeding, all the tried results of modern farming are brought into play, and one may see on the estates of Mr. Sharpless or on that of Mr. Hickman as fine specimens of husbandry as are to be met with in any State.

On our visit along the road to the celebrated farm and fine cattle-grazing grounds of Mr. Samuel J. Sharpless, we were able to inspect—what we had heard so much about—his superior breed of pure Jersey cattle. This farm comprising some two hundred acres, in a rolling country, abounding in rich pastures, with an abundance of good water, is especially adapted to the breeding of fine stock. The complete and well-ordered arrangement of the farm buildings cannot fail to claim particular attention. Here we saw the cele-

brated bull Lenape, three years old on April 5th. He is beautifully developed, of a solid fawn color, and with one of the finest heads. He was born of a crack family, his father being the registered bull Vermont, and mother, imported Magna, a cow that made in June, 1877, nearly sixteen pounds of butter a week. Lenape was one of the choice ones at the State Fair in 1879, and he received the premium for the best bull over two years old. Beauclerc, a solid, colored bull, coming five years old, while not showing the quality of Lenape, is

and at the State Fair in 1879 was awarded the first prize as the best cow between three and four years. She was bred by the famous Jersey breeder, Philip Aubin, of Trinity, and is descended from one of the best families on the island. "And such a milker!" said John Brannan, one of Mr. Sharpless's old employes; "why, she never goes dry, and when on pasture she thinks nothing of giving from sixteen to eighteen quarts a day." Ester of Lenape is in calf by Lenape. For beauty, however, Ester's companion, Lily Lenape, will bear



IMPORTED JERSEY COW, NIOBE, 99.

(Awarded First Prize as best Jersey Cow, at the Centennial Exhibition, September, 1876.)

quite a desirable bull to have in a herd. He is heavy and compactly made, is very deep in front, and is in good order. No bull has better breeding, his mother being Mr. Sharpless's famous butter cow imported Niobe, that was awarded the prize offered by the American Jersey Cattle Club as the best cow at the Centennial.

One could hardly fail to notice the neat forms and coats of the cows. Ester of Lenape stands undisputedly at the head of the herd. She is within a couple of months of being four years old, and is dark fawn in color, with four white fetlocks and a small marking on left rump. Apart from her milking qualities, she is a neatly-formed cow,

off the palm. Both cows were imported together, but Lily is a month younger. She is a cream fawn, black switch, with white fleck on left side of belly. She possesses a prettily-shaped head, prominent milk vein, and good escutcheon. Her average milking capacity is sixteen quarts. She is in calf by Lenape. The admirers of fine stock who attended the Centennial Exhibition will remember Jewel Beauty, that received the highest award on that great occasion.

Mr. Sharpless has, with a success equal to his enterprise, continued through a long period of years a course of really able management in the rearing of fine stock—cows that will give eigh-

teen to twenty quarts of milk a day, and bulls that bear comparison with any in the country.

On such a farm men from the West and the South find what they need when they have a true idea of stocking their places with something that will be a credit to the country around them, as it has already been to that around Mr. Sharpless's farm.

Besides Jerseys, Mr. Sharpless has a large flock of Southdown sheep, many of which are the descendants of imported "Prince Arthur," bred by Lord Walsingham.

The present stock ram imported "Stalwart," bred by Henry Webb, is a fine specimen of this breed. He was awarded the first prize at the last exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.

The Southdowns have long been recognized as the leading breed of mutton sheep, and are besides good wool producers.

In this neighborhood we were tempted to pay a visit to Westtown School, which for well-nigh a century has been a celebrated institution for the education of Quaker children. There is here every variety of scenery and rural pastime. The building stands on a property of several hundred acres, which comprise a part of the richest and most charming country in the State. Boys and girls, children of rich and poor alike, are here taught the elements of a sound education, and trained to a sense of the value of moral rectitude, and of justifying their special inclinations. In recreation hours there is a merry sound of voices, and the scholars are romping about the fields, woods, and streams, or playing some of the numerous games provided for their amusement. No boy or girl could leave such a spot without taking away most delightful associations. There is room at the school for about three hundred pupils, and the instruction is so thorough, and the expenses of tuition so comparatively light, that very few of the Friends fail to avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

The train now brings us into historic country, and we shortly find ourselves, after a journey of about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, in the charming little town of West Chester. It would be as idle to attempt a description of the delightful features of this garden of Pennsylvania, as it would be to recall all the incidents that have made the neighboring soil so memorable. Still, a

word or two may be suggestive. 'The town itself is a model of neatness and attractive beauty; its people give evidence of unusual culture and general refinement, counting among their men of distinction such names as Dr. William Darlington, Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Hartman, Jefferis, and Hoopes. The social attractions are such as are to be found in very few towns of the size; and an invigorating air, a lovely situation, excellent sanitary arrangements, and easy access to Philadelphia ought to make West Chester not only one of the most healthful, but altogether one of the most desirable places of residence either in summer or winter. But while the town is so fascinating, the suburbs are, if possible, even more interesting. The river Brandywine that runs westward of the town through land of surpassing richness and beauty, the neighboring farms occupying the sites of ancient possessions with which so much interest of the Revolutionary days is associated, the antique and historical buildings that still stand as a memorial to the great men who figured in the struggles of 1777—all these must have an inexpressible charm as one stands upon the crest of Market Street Hill, and dwells for a moment upon the scene lying before him. Meadows, wooded copses, flowering fields and gardens, shady paths, stretched over an exquisitely beautiful rolling country, over many a spot on which patriots now sleep who fought so nobly in defence of their country's rights, "mark the ground," says a writer, "where one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution was fought, and one of its most disastrous defeats encountered by our army under Washington. Standing by the old Birmingham Meeting House, which became at last the focus of the fight, you look away westward, and mark the rising ground over which the American right wing was rapidly driven in; you gaze with interest upon the stone wall behind which the patriots threw themselves, and maintained the stubborn fight until the day was lost elsewhere. The rank grass around you covers the hasty graves of many hundreds of the combatants of that day who sleep side by side."

Before we left this region of country we had occasion to take a trip over the Baltimore Central, which is under the same able and efficient management as is the other road. Leaving Lenni on the West Chester line, we sped through a splendid country, dotted over with thriving towns and villages. We made a stop at Oxford, where

some fifteen or eighteen hundred people pursue the various industries which are rapidly developing the prosperous growth of these neighborhoods. Further on, at Port Deposit, we tapped the noble Susquehanna that leads down from many generous lands, which drift their products to the railroad there. The very name of Susquehanna, poetic in itself, suggests some scenes of fact and fancy that are familiar to us all. The massacre there, romantically depicted in the long-lived lines of Gertrude of Wyoming, are to our sense a better expression of the genius of Thomas Campbell than his much appreciated "Pleasures of Hope." It is pleasant to remember a stanza, while standing on the very shores:

"On Susquehanna's shores, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild flowers on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Still thou wert once the loveliest land of all."

If the poet could now see the lovely valleys that lay along this stream to-day, and the development of the last half of the hundred years since then, some little astonishment would characterize his expressions at the wonderful genius of railroad men, as well as the remarkable discoveries that we called their energies into action.

On our return trip from Port Deposit, we travelled northward past Rock Run, Rowlandville, Liberty Grove, Colona and Rising Sun, which are all in our sister State of Maryland. Then crossing the line again at "State line," we find

ourselves once more in the old Keystone of the Arch.

Rolling along a few miles further, and we pass Lincoln University, established for the higher education of colored men, and another of those noble institutions of learning, of which there are along these lines of road not a few. Whistling past Elkview, Penn, West Grove, Avondale, Toughkenamon, and Kennett, the birthplace of the lamented Bayard Taylor, where such a traveller perchance would find himself at home, after steaming by Rosedale, Fairville, and some particularly fine stretches of country, we arrived at Chadd's Ford, where Knyphausen amused our army that fatal autumn day with feints of crossing, until his chief had thrown his main body, by detour, upon our right at Birmingham. Here you may still see the outline of our works of defence.

Our journey now lay through pleasing bits of scenery, and soon we were again in view of the celebrated Chester Heights, from which we had before witnessed so interesting a panorama. We were now on the home stretch, and setting out once more at the junction of the Philadelphia and West Chester Road we journeyed eastward, passing a list of little stations that feed the traffic of the road with busy trade, and soon reach Lamokin—the southern station of Chester town. Here we make the junction with the parent road, within whose grasp are firmly held the links that make the union between the North and West and South.

ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

By R. F. ELLISON.

THE saying, "Cut off your nose to spite your face," could not find a fitter application than in relation to that strip of Mexican territory known as the "Free Zone." The history of this little bit of land, which is only five miles in width and about two hundred in length, extending along the Rio Grande, is briefly this: Years ago Mexico sought to benefit her own commerce and annoy that of the United States by making all places in this strip free ports of entry. The idea was that by giving easy entrance without duties to all foreign products there would spring up a lucrative trade in English, French, and German goods,

which, by means of smugglers, would be easily introduced into the United States, to the great advantage of Mexico and the detriment of our national revenue. At that time the very sparsely-settled Texan frontier offered smugglers every facility. These opportunities, although attended by many mixed dangers, were not neglected, and that border-land could furnish the outline of many a wild romance. Now, although the order of things is somewhat changed, the "Zona Libre" still exists, and little change is observable in the character of its inhabitants. It is rather a curious speculation—that of distinctions of nationalities;

and in this case it is an interesting one, so greatly dissimilar in manners, morals, and customs are these people and their American neighbors.

It is not a description of the scenery of a land that gives an insight into the character of a people, and therefore I shall say very little of this. Nor does the geographical position more than hint at their habits, and this I have already touched upon; so that I can now enter into their home life—their industries, pleasures, and passions. This stretch of territory is generally flat, and only interesting because of its peculiarly rich vegetation, which partakes very much of a tropical character. The season here is almost continual summer, and is rather divided into the wet and dry periods than marked by cold and heat, for even the “northers” which blow, and which are the only cause of a lowered temperature, are generally accompanied by rain. The “northers” blowing from the cold regions of the north make their appearance without any prelude, and convert in five minutes a warm summer-like day into a winter’s chill and shiver, causing others besides the comical, hairless Mexican dogs to seek warm corners and make use of any available covering. The ranches are located with a view to easily obtaining water both for people and stock, as, apart from that in the river, it is not very abundant, and is found not in springs or overflowing creeks, but in water-holes which frequently during the heated seasons become dry. Then, flocks and herds are moved and taken to the river to be watered. These flocks and herds are very hardy, thrifty animals, and consist of the native sheep, often those of improved breed, goats—both the common, and those crossed with the Angora. These latter, by the by, have very fine-haired, silky pelts, and, when young, are soft, white, delicate, and beautiful. These goats and sheep are herded together in flocks of from fifteen hundred or less to two thousand in number, and managed by a single shepherd with his dogs. Now these shepherds are utterly devoid of any romance such as unsophisticated hearts would like to attribute to them. True, they sometimes play the flute, but that is very rare; but the instrument with which they are most familiar is the small accordion, which is capable of producing the most profoundly doleful music; and there are some whose talent reaches to the jew’s-harp or a native musical instrument consisting of a single string stretched on a long, tight rounded withe, after the

manner of an archer’s long bow, and all the teeth; but as this can only be heard by a player or one very close to him—and in such a position that one is seldom tempted to go there can be little said of its sweetness. The costume would but little aid in the work of the fabric of fancy, for it is generally dingy and always dirty, consisting of a great pair of breeches, often covered by a pair of overalls of either sheepskin, goat’s pelt, or that of cat or peccary; add to this a soiled shirt of calico in large figures than of other countries, round the waist a bright-colored sash of fabric, a pair of—no, not shoes, but a something like the antique sandal, a tough rawhide, forming a sole, tied to the feet by thongs of leather; a handkerchief, or fringed bright bordered towel, around the neck (no means have we forgotten it) a hat—and, notwithstanding the general finery, the balance of our shepherd’s costume, demands respect, for on it he lavishes his money and his pride. Often his hat has cost all the balance of his dress, for not only does he give his whole month’s wages, or even more for this one broad-brimmed fine piece of cloth with its gold and silver-thread embroidery and fully-worked “toquia;” and the “toquia” is an unimportant part of the hat; indeed what is like a dervish without a beard. You want to know what this article is; all the chances are in favor of your not knowing, so I describe it as the circular snake-like piñon which circles the crown of the hat (as the band does ours), and is used when necessary to hold the hat on the head. This shepherd is polite, always offers you a cigarette or pipe for you for tobacco.

He carries a pistol, with a companion knife, and can produce when occasion demands a pack of Spanish playing-cards, which are of material than ours, and are much more highly figured, bearing, instead of a doubtful king, a finely-dressed and golden-crowned individual in sitting posture. No queen has women are unworthy—and instead, a cavewoman mounted takes the place. The jack is a drawn knave aping the dignities of the king, and the spots are clubs, not of an unsightly black, but well-drawn pictures of real clubs; so that the swords, which take the place of our spades,

the cups which usurp the office of our hearts, and often indicate the condition of the players. Instead of diamonds there are representatives in gold of antique coins, which would harrow the soul of any numismatist to decipher. These cards are forty-eight in number. The shepherds, as in fact all Mexicans, are inveterate gamblers. However, flocks and their shepherds are not alone the occupants of the broad, grassy stretches of prairie. Herds of cattle and horses appropriate to themselves certain ranges, and keep within their circuit with very little herding. The cattle roam at will, but the bands of horses are by a curious method kept under very strict supervision. Twenty-five mares are put in charge of a stallion, and he manages herds and maintains order with wonderful sagacity, keeps out all strange animals, and does not allow the herd to go beyond the accustomed range. They bear the owner's brand, which is the only satisfactory means of distinction where the animals are so numerous and so seldom seen. The cattle are similarly marked, yet a great deal of trouble is given by some fraudulently changing the brands, or else by thievish depredations.

The animals are branded once a year, and the occasion marks the busiest time with the rancheros. These latter have not improved their mode of living commensurately with the circling years, and in many things still cling to the primitive ways of their forefathers. The houses in which they live could only be used in a climate such as theirs, for they are very slight protection. I speak now particularly of the jacals. I think to the inventive mind of the Mexican belongs this style of architecture exclusively. I believe from no other nationality has such an unsightly combination of discomfort ever emanated. The jacal is built somewhat after the manner of a stockade; but has a character, however, quite unique in itself. A line of posts is set upright in the ground side by side as close as the irregularity of shape and knots will allow, and following the line of the intended building. Vacant spaces are left for a door, of which there is seldom more than one. These posts are about eight feet in height above the ground, and over them is placed a roof, high-pitched, and formed of withes and long bunches of grass, very neatly secured in place by fibres of the Spanish bayonet, forming quite a picturesque thatch. The interstices between the posts form-

ing the walls are filled in with mud, which is sometimes whitewashed on the interior, but oftener this is not the case. The jacal contains usually only one room, in which all the family sleep when the weather is inclement; for at other times the majority make their beds on sheepskins spread outside. The floor is simply earth tramped down, and usually very irregular. Attached to the house, for such it is called, is a little shed, thatched in the same way as the jacal, and used as a kitchen; sometimes an adjoining little hut is built for that purpose. In front of, and often extending around the side of these houses, is what they term a "portal;" that is, a sort of shed or arbor made of posts and covered with limbs from leafy bushes and trees, or else with cornstalks containing the blades and grain, each ear of which is carefully fixed so as to hang down. This method is adopted as the only means of preserving the corn from the weevil, and thus serves a double purpose. Sometimes there is ventilation and light only through the door, and maybe a window unglazed about two feet square serves the purpose, or again the broken chinks in the wall may supply the need. Furniture is not very extensively displayed, nor is it of a character likely to attract attention. A box serves as a chair, but more frequently a sheepskin or a block of wood is made a substitute for that, unless, as in our case, one uses the bed as a seat. These beds have mattresses of wool, and are covered with quilts of bright colors, usually with grotesque little figures of men, birds or horses sewed on them. Sometimes a nicely-woven Mexican blanket takes the place of the quilt, and they are always seen hanging in the jacals. The blankets are very nicely made of the native wools, spun and woven by hand. They are much lighter in weight than an ordinary blanket, and being waterproof are used either as cloaks or coverings of any kind. They have an opening in the centre to allow the head to pass through, while the blanket falls in folds around the person.

The rancheros are very hospitable. A stranger is always welcome, and their endeavor is to give and do the very best in their power. It is usual after the greeting, at whatever hour it may be, to offer a cup of coffee, which is at all times ready; then comes the inevitable cigarette. They are a cheerful, careless people, and, Indian-like, never trouble about the morrow, thoroughly believing

that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." In the matter of religion they are pretty well agreed. Their creed is Catholicism. A Protestant is a renegade. They hold fast to the tenets and practices of the Roman Church, nor do they indulge less than other countries in the ceremonies and superstitious observances of saint-worship. To such extent does their superstition run, that wood cut prints of saints are placed in vases in their houses, garlanded with bits of ribbon or colored paper, and held in holy reverence. Like Indians, they eat with their fingers, ignoring totally knives and forks, and using as a substitute for bread their national pancake, the "tortilla." This national pancake is typical; it is flat, without salt, and particularly tough and coarse. It is made simply of corn boiled in lime-water, and ground, while wet, to a paste, which is patted out into thin, round cakes, placed on a griddle without grease, and cooked. These are torn into pieces, and one piece is used to push the meat or condiment on the other, and then the meat and tortilla are eaten together.

In agriculture they are too in the rudiments, and the plow in use, and which they very appropriately term "cat's claw," is simply a sharpened stick, shod with a piece of iron about an inch and a half wide, capable of scraping a furrow two inches deep and of about the same width. It reminds one of the plows pictured in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

From the ranch we naturally drift into the town. Its inhabitants are mixed, consisting chiefly of people, dogs, and vermin. There is little doubt as to which predominates. These towns are built without regard to regularity, and the principal part always surrounds the "plaza," or public square, which no town is without. This plaza is the general meeting-place on all occasions, and is used as well for a market-place. Here, too, come and camp the barrilleros, or itinerant vendors, from the interior of Mexico. They arrive on foot, with their wares packed on little asses, which, by the by, are veritable "beasts of burden" in Mexico. These wares consist of various kinds of pottery, which these people use more especially for culinary purposes. It is cheap ware, of red clay, both glazed and unglazed, and ornamented with rude designs. Then they bring long strings of garlic, red pepper dried, cured herbs, both for seasoning and medicinal purposes, sweet gum, the product

of a tree much used by the women and children, dried rose leaves, certain dried fruit and peculiar cheese, very sweet and palatable, made of the fruit of the Castilian prickly pear. This species of cactus is distinguished from the common by the absence of thorns and the excellence of the fruit. Broad, closely-woven palmetto hats they bring which are in much demand. Then, too, in the season enter the plaza with their huge Chihuahua wagons burdened with the golden fruit, the orange vendors from the district of China. These oranges are peculiarly solid, and of notably fine flavor. So too with their pretty prisoners come the bird-sellers, with all the characteristics of gypsy life. Men and women roam the country together, and both steal with equal dexterity.

It is in the plaza also the "mescal sellers" bring their barrels and skins of liquor for sale. It is often brought in goat skins, such as the Arabs use for transporting water. This mescal is a strong spirituous liquor, as powerful in its effect as whisky. Its taste is unlike any other drink, but it is very much prized and used in Mexico in place of whisky. It is made from the juice of the maguey, and in the preparation two other drinks are produced. The sap as it comes sweet and refreshing from the basin hollowed out in the centre of the plant's base is known as "honey-water;" this is slightly fermented, and produces "pulque," a kind of hard cider, and it in turn is distilled into "mescal."

The streets of the towns are very crooked, narrow, and unpaved; the houses are like those in the ranches; some, indeed, are of white limestone, more generally one story in height, but never higher than two stories. In the more expensive houses, and in the stores, the windows are generally unglazed, and all barred by heavy iron gratings, giving them a prison-like look, and reminding one of Clay's description of this people as "a nation of blanketed thieves and hooded harlots." The furniture is much after the fashion of that in the ranches, but with rather more attempt at display and a freer use of common American articles. They understand very little of what we know as the comforts of life. Their customs are in many ways the counterpart of those of their Castilian cousins, for many of these people have a large share of Spanish blood. Yet for all this they are not over-partial to the Spaniards; they evince a marked contempt for the

and a hearty hatred for Americans with they are brought in contact. They are anish in their way of dealing with the heart, and their diplomacy frequently in-oung girls who are never taught to depend selves, and believe the opportunity is suffi-cuse for anything. The young girls are cated, or very slightly, except to play the und are never allowed to receive a gentle-less the rest of the family are present, or ents some elderly woman to act as duenna. re not permitted to attend a place of ent unless with the parent or family; nor coming for any one but a near relative to hem to or from a ball, etc. In the ball- e girls sit in rows against the walls until taken out to dance, and then the long-ortunity has come, and more sweet words , more hearts throb responsive, more hopes r shaken, and more mischief planned in ort moments of the waltz than in as many

irls are usually dark-complexioned, pretty, vely eyes, glossy hair, very white teeth, gely to the lime in the "tortilla," which so constantly; trim, elegant figures, and apely hands and feet, in which they take ide. But they very early lose their beauty. nate, early marriage, and a life of drudgery ch to do with this. Altogether, they are althy, and the women are troubled with he diseases so prevalent among women of limates. With them morality is little more name. In conversation they are very id their license often takes them beyond the of decency. They have no notion of ret of language, and little of idea. An un-woman with a child is not an unusual thing, breach of this kind looked on with the same with which we are wont to regard it. Wed-re with them, as with all nations, the im-event in life, and are celebrated with as ow and pomp as the wealth or poverty of racting parties will allow. They consider riage complete unless solemnized by a for priests they hold in great reverence, them before lawyers and physicians, who cond and third place respectively. The e is followed by a ball, which is kept the next morning, and the wedding pair er expected to leave the room until the

guests have all dispersed. Bridal tours are not in vogue. The wedding feast is very simple, usually of cold meats and sweets, with hot choco-late—a drink entirely prepared at home from the cocoanut. On the next morning a breakfast is given, when the table is graced with a dish de-serving a national reputation. A fat young kid, stuffed with almonds, raisins, etc., and really de-licious, is baked whole. The groom is expected to furnish the bride with all materials for her bridal outfit, and not seldom does he give the father a present of money. One article without which the Mexican woman never goes is the shawl, which she uses with much grace. It answers as a cover-ing for the head, and is a fitting substitute for the bonnet, in which they are seldom to be seen. The relations between the members of a family are much of a patriarchal character, the father govern-ing the sons and providing for them, while they work for him contentedly and without care. Mid-day always finds a surcease of all labor; the siesta is as regular as the dinner, and in these hot cli-mates one might deem it a necessary refreshment. Gambling is very extensively practiced, and its votaries are tolerated to an astonishing degree. They dress well, are gentlemanly in their manners, and are very philosophic in their way of bearing good or bad fortune. They are at the bottom of the various revolutionary movements, yet openly avow that it is not that they do not believe in the efficiency of the existing Government. Their ac-tion is simply guided by the conviction that upon the success of such movements depend their ma-terial interests. The street sights are often novel. Among the women it is the custom to sit before the door in the afternoon and comb out each other's hair, searching at the same time for those intruders which are invariably present. The young men lounge and smoke at the doors and corners. The cigarette is indeed produced at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. Even the merchant finds it an *amiante* in his negotia-tions, which, by the by, are extraordinarily de-liberate. Trading with them is unprofitable only when coupled with unbounded patience. They will talk of everything except trade; are indiffer-ent to the value of time, and really are most tantalizing to outsiders unfamiliar with their apathetic nature. On Sundays the young men take pride in parading the streets on horseback, and the trappings of some are very elegant. Most of the *habitués*

are made by hand at Parras, a town especially noted for the manufacture of this article. They are worth about twenty-five dollars; but, before used, are elegantly mounted with solid silver designs wrought by hand, and often flowered with gold. I think one of the most tasteful I ever saw was formed of the graceful curves which so distinguish the Parras tree, while the pommel was of ebony, carved in the shape of a frog squatting, which was supported, on a neck, bound with solid silver. On either side of the fork of the saddle were handsome silver roses, elegantly wrought, and from the centre of which hung pendant silver chains. The cantle was bound with bands of silver, and under it, forming a circle, there was a trapping worked out of the same metal in imitation of a large cord. The stirrups were of steel, flowered with silver, about three inches wide and lined with leather. The other work consisted of large double skirts of stamped leather, remarkably soft, and of light color; the stirrup and sweat-leather very wide, and of the same soft leather, and embroidered in gold and silver thread. The saddle blankets, of brilliant colors, were fringed and embroidered with elaborate care. The horses are, in most cases, far less expensive than the trappings. They are small, but frequently of very beautiful proportions; many being the result of a

cross between the native stock and the stallion, which alone the French took over with them when they invaded Mexico under Maximilian. The cavaliers were equipped with large steel spurs, not figured, held in place by broad straps worked in worsted and silver. Sunday was the day for bull-fights, which are but a feeble imitation of what one sees in Spain. Occasionally an unusually fierce bull stimulates excitement and makes the coarse fighting "picador" glance prettily in the sun. The "fandango," when the weather is fine, continues through the rest of the day and goes into the next. The "fandango" is given in the open air, and the hard, clean square forms the dancing place. Illuminated with lanterns and coal-oil torches, the scene is lively, and an occasional pistol-shot with a loud "whoop" to the intense glee of the half-drunken owner lends a feeling of reality to the whole.

This is but a rough outline of the Bazaar, yet it may serve to give the reader some notion about a land where there is comparatively little crime, licentiousness, and immorality than in any other country claiming to be the civilized peoples of the world.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN WORTHY.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

THERE is much of romance, of heroism, of chivalric renown connected with the name of Virginia. In all this Western World there is no land so historical as this. What pictures of old-time grandeur, of baronial magnificence, pass before the mind's eye as we recall the name! What visions of beautiful, stately women; of noble, magnanimous men! There is a halo of romance about the name of the ancient Virginian gentlemen. They stand out like portraits on some old cameos, vivid reminders of the days of coaches-and-six, silk stockings, hair-powder, and what is generally termed "aristocracy," Lees, Fairfaxes, Byrds, Randolphs, Blands, Pages, Masons, and Washingtons. What a list of great names, and how completely, when we think of them, are we

carried from the present to the past, past, when Virginia was the Old Dominion.

With some minds there exists a feeling like towards the aristocratic Virginians, who have been regarded as a proud, haughty, tyrannical master, completely filled with a sense of importance and wholly oblivious to any other consideration. This is an unfair prejudice. Those aristocratic Virginian gentlemen were not aristocrats in a vicious sense. There is nothing to them that they were an arrogant, bad, or despotic men. It was natural enough that they had the sense of their social importance. With great mansions, indented servants, power and authority, gave them a title to this knowledge that they were better, richer

made them desirous of proving it to the expensive clothing, elegant equipages, coats-of-arms, and all those outward symbols of wealth and rank have ever delighted in. "Social degrees" are keenly appreciated in and that the Virginian landholder should be proud of his superiority and tenacious of his social and political privileges was a matter of course.

And Virginia owes all of her fame and glory to these men. They possessed intelligence, energy, and good sense. Some of them were highly educated. That they should have been regarded as leaders and administrators of the colony, as burgesses, agents to England, and as members of Congress, governors, and presidents, was perfectly consistent with their nature. And in all of these capacities they showed honesty and ability, not shaming the example of the English worthies from whom they came. Beside all this they were generous, unselfish, kind, and hospitable. Their great mansions were always open to the poor of the neighborhood, and the wayfarer never came empty-handed away. Such was the character of the Virginian aristocrat.

One of this class, a man of unbounded energy, and distinguished career in his brief sketch is devoted. I refer to Lord Fairfax, sixth baron of Cameron, whose intellectual endowments as well as his title and vast possessions, was one of the great men of colonial Virginia. He was a good soldier, one of the stateliest, most hospitable, and magnificent of gentlemen. In the annals of Virginian history he was like a star, and to-day the memory of the rich and noble Lord Fairfax is not forgotten.

The Fairfaxes were an ancient and honorable family, and castle, and Parliament, and battle-field, of the family have won a high reputation in history. Sir Thomas Fairfax, in the seventeenth century, signalized himself as a military leader; he was engaged in all the European wars, and participated in the sack of Rome and the battle of Blenheim. This grim, iron-hearted warrior was the father of the illustrious youth, who enjoyed high rank in the Elizabethan period. Sweet Fairfax! his eclogues are now forgotten, but he has recently been revived by the new edition of his unequalled translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered."

In the following generation the reputation of the race was sustained by a grand-nephew of the poet, Thomas, the parliamentary general in the civil wars of Charles I. He fought well in that struggle, and earned the name of a skillful soldier. But he was rash and eccentric, and made some serious mistakes in his lifetime. His memory, however, was never haunted with the death of the royal martyr. Neither was he present at the trial which resulted in Charles's condemnation, and when his name was called on the vote there was no response. Suddenly the silence was broken by a woman's voice, that cried: "Cromwell, thou art a traitor! The general has too much wit to be here." It was the voice of Lady Fairfax. She was of the noble blood of the De Veres, and "Tom Fairfax" had sacrificed the paternal acres of "Denton" in Yorkshire to secure an outlay sufficient for consummating this lofty alliance. Nevertheless, Elizabeth Fairfax was worthy even of a greater sacrifice, for she was one of the noblest ladies of that age.

Our Virginian Fairfax was a nephew of the general of the Commonwealth forces. He was born some time in the year 1692, and obtained his education at Oxford, the great seat of English learning from the time of the third Edward. Early in life he became connected with the army, his father having obtained for him a commission in the royal regiment of the Blues. But he developed strong tastes in an opposite direction, and after a while sold out from the Horse Guards. The whirlpool of fashion held attractions for him, and he became noted as a man of wit and an admirer of beauty. Season after season the young lord went up to court, where he applied himself to the congenial occupation of playing the gallant. Beautiful countesses smiled upon him, and the young scion of a noble line seemed riding on the highest wave of popularity and happiness.

With the diversified talents which had ever distinguished his race, Thomas Fairfax exhibited a taste for letters. A leader in society, he also became a favorite in literature. It was in the good Queen Anne's reign, and the revolution had just begun in English essay-writing. The young lord became intimate with Gay, Pope, Steele, and Addison, and, at the suggestion of the latter, contributed some papers to the *Spectator*. Had he been "stuck" to literature he might have won a distinction equal to any of his contemporaries, for

his essays are not in any way distinguishable from those of Addison and Steele. It is no small measure of wonder, however, that a young lord like him was induced to write at all. For one of his exalted lineage to descend to the task of doing that which was left to the fraternity of Grub-street was certainly indicative, considering the ideas of the time, of great condescension and good humor on his part. It is almost a pity, I think, that he had not kept on and rivaled in a friendly way the Fieldings, and Drydens, and Addisons of that age. But Providence saw fit to place his lot in a different sphere. He was to train up the founder of a nation.

Among the circle of brilliant countesses, the heir of the line of Cameron met one lovely face that held him in enchantment. He had long since tired of holding fans for countess this and countess that, or writing sonnets to pretty marchionesses; he now desired a wife to do the honors of his baronial establishment. He paid assiduous court to the lady, who received his addresses favorably, and at length the wedding-day was appointed. Great preparations were made for the marriage. Lord Fairfax, splendidly dressed and with a magnificent equipage, went to bring home madam, his countess. Judge of his surprise and disappointment when he found the fickle lady had accepted a ducal coronet, leaving him entirely in the cold, so to speak. From that moment the young lord was the gay gallant no longer; he grew cynical and misanthropic, and forswore female society forever. In fact, disgusted with the world, he began to look around for some spot where, surrounded by other scenes, he might forget the past. He was not long in finding it.

He had inherited from his mother, the daughter of Lord Culpepper, who had governed Virginia during the latter part of the preceding century, large estates in that new country, which the latter had acquired partly by a royal grant and partly by purchase. They comprised thousands of acres, five million seven hundred thousand in all, occupying nearly the whole territory lying between the Rappahannock and the Potomac from source to mouth. These lands were valuable, and he had a brother already there who had built an elegant country-seat at "Belvoir," on the Potomac, and lived in hospitable state like an English lord. Lord Fairfax was fired with the idea of making a home in the wilderness, and so bidding farewell

to countesses, and wits, and gallants, and all the brilliant splendors of the English court, he came to Virginia.

Fairfax was greatly impressed with the magnificence of the Virginian country and the grandeur of his own domains. His lordly title and the vastness of his possessions made him the first man in the colony, and in fact in America, and he might have led society at the provincial capital had he chosen to. But he was tired of fashionable life, and though he never forgot to be the courteous, hospitable gentleman, he much preferred the pleasures of country life to the graces of elegant society. He remained for several years with his brother at "Belvoir," where he supplied himself with dogs, horses, and handsome equipages, and engaged in fox-hunting and other field sports of which the true English gentleman is so fond. Here he first saw George Washington, upon whose destiny he was to exert a marvelous influence, and thus upon the fate of North America.

"Belvoir," the seat of Sir William Fairfax, was about fifteen miles below Mount Vernon, the home of Laurence Washington. The two families were on terms of great intimacy, Laurence having married Miss Anne Fairfax, daughter of Sir William. George Washington, then a youth of sixteen, was living with his brother, and was often a frequent visitor at "Belvoir," where Lord Fairfax became well acquainted with him, and grew in time to have a great fancy for him. He saw that he was a youth of extraordinary parts, and was impressed with the manly character that he exhibited. Fairfax sometimes invited him to accompany him in his hunting expeditions; he regaled him with stories of court and forest life, and Washington repaid the earl's kindness by a gratitude and respect that survived all political differences of opinion, and terminated only with the death of the former. Desiring to have his wild lands surveyed, and learning that surveying was a favorite pursuit of his young friend, Fairfax proposed to him that he should lay out the territory beyond the Blue Ridge. Washington readily accepted the proposal, and, accompanied by his friend, George Fairfax, son of the owner of Belvoir, he departed on his hazardous enterprise. This was the starting-point in Washington's career. The young surveyor in his difficult undertaking acquired that experience and knowledge which procured him a commission on the frontier, the

ving his way to the honorable reputation he won in the French war, and ultimately to the generalship of the American army. "Humanly speaking," says a gifted writer, "Lord Fairfax was the secret influence which shaped the whole career of Washington."

The report of the young surveyor was so favorable and satisfactory that his employer determined to visit the region himself and build a residence here. He accordingly soon after removed to a spot within twelve miles of Winchester, and erected some buildings preliminary to the construction of the intended mansion. He put up a suitable house for his servants, and stables for his horses, and kennels for his dogs, and also a small structure apart from the rest for his own abode. On the roof of this dwelling were perched two belfries which contained bells that were used to call together his numerous retainers, or alarm the neighborhood when the forays of Delaware or Tuscarora warriors crossed the border. "Greenway Court," after an old English castle, was the cognomen which his lordship bestowed upon the place. The baron intended at first to construct a large mansion after the style of English country residences on his estates, and so magnificent was the scale on which he formed the plan that he set apart a fertile tract of ten thousand acres to constitute the manor; but for some reason never explained the building was not erected.

Here, apart from all the world, in the midst of this magnificent domain, surrounded by his hounds and dependents, Lord Fairfax lived the remainder of his life. He sustained a sort of rude feudal court in the wilderness, and dispensed a truly baronial hospitality. A thousand servants waited upon him, and his table was profusely spread every day in the year with the best that field and forest and stream could afford. Every visitor was entertained with the greatest liberality. Washington was frequently his guest, and acquired from him his taste for the chase. The royal governors of the Old Dominion were also frequent visitors, tarrying long whiles in the autumn to enjoy the hunting days.

That the baron enjoyed life in his wild retreat is manifest. He was an ardent lover of the chase, and in his wild lands the privileges for hunting fox or deer were unsurpassed. Fond of horses and dogs, the master of Greenway Court gathered those animals about him at his quarters in unpre-

cedented numbers. Whenever he slept he was always sentinelled by a hundred great hunting hounds. Every luxury that he desired was at his command, for his means were almost boundless. A jovial hunting companion and an admirable story-teller, as well as a courteous and lavish host, he was ever surrounded by those whose tastes were similar. Gay must have been those hunting excursions into the summer forest, the encounters with Indians, half-breeds and squaws, the conversations by the sparkling camp-fires, the jests and laughter—all past and forgotten a hundred and twenty years and more!

How the present contrasted with the past! To have seen him in his rough hunting garb who would have believed him ever to have been a gay gallant at court? And indeed the two figures were hardly identical. Drab and fur had taken the place of gold lace and velvet, an otter-skin cap served instead of the plumed hat, long hunting boots coming to the knees were worn in preference to diamond-buckled shoes, and the man who had tripped delicately in the most fashionable saloons of London, bowed smilingly above the jeweled hands of haughty duchesses, and exchanged polished repartee with the gentlemanly Mr. Addison and the satirical Bolingbroke, now derived his keenest pleasures in the society of men as rude as the panther and bear of the forest; and in a wild country surrounded by savage beasts and Indians, far away from his English birthplace, found a life more congenial than any of his earlier experiences at palace and court.

All of Lord Fairfax's former tastes had not, however, completely left him. His partiality for letters was still a part of his life. In his library, incongruously mixed with muskets, fishing rods, foxtails and deer antlers, were a few choice volumes which had survived the abrupt peregrinations of the wandering nobleman. All of the choice works of the English authors, Shakspeare, Fielding, the *Spectator*, Dryden, together with a few Latin and Greek classics, and several books of divinity comprised his stock of reading. Many an hour when wearied of the chase or the coarse conversation of his companions, the self-exiled lord retired to his study to revel no doubt over the fascinating splendors of the great epic bard, the unequalled dramas of Shakspeare and the correct prose of Addison. Gazing at the volumes or reading their contents he might perhaps go back

again to his early life, and summon before him the whole train of brilliant experiences through which he had passed. In Helen he saw the personification of that fickle-mindedness and ambition or both which had embittered his own life. The Addisonian diction of the Spectator would recall vividly the presence of those great writers with whom he had associated so intimately. There, too, was the grave of his own ambition, when in earlier, brighter years he had aspired to mount the Parnassian height. But it was all past. A woman's caprice had entirely changed his course of life. The man who might have shone as a leader in society, or rivaled Addison with the pen, or Bolingbroke in parliament, was an outcast, a recluse who had buried his talents in this far-away American wilderness.

Yet much as that great disappointment of his life had soured his naturally amiable disposition, it had not entirely eradicated some of the nobler attractions of the scholar, the gentleman, and the noble Englishman. His generosity is exemplified in the surrender of his large estates in England to his brother, and in his frequent gifts of lands to his poor neighbors in Virginia. Moreover, he always retained a befitting self-respect, as became his rank and position. Although a plain hunter in the valley, he always journeyed in great style. Whenever he visited the cities or his brother nabobs he rode in a splendid coach drawn by six horses, equipage and steeds brilliant with gold. And richly dressed, his stately figure erect in velvet and lace, diamonds flashing on knee and shoe and hat, looking like some great lord going up to parliament, Fairfax himself looked out of his great vehicle, and returned with courtly bows the wondering gaze of the country populace.

During the panic on the Virginian frontier after Braddock's defeat at Monongahela, Lord Fairfax organized a troop of horse, and though advised to desert his residence refused to do so. He was afterwards named by Governor Dinwiddie as lord-lieutenant of Frederic County, which position he retained till the beginning of the Revolution. He was a decided royalist, and adhered to the cause of the king through all that grand drama beginning on the green of Lexington and ending on the banks of the York. The news of the surrender of Cornwallis struck him a death-blow. He could hardly believe it at first; but when he realized the truth he settled down in a sort of

faint. His old body-servant came to his assistance. "Take me to bed, Joe," said the aged royalist; "it is time for me to die!" Like the aged Hebrew pontiff who fell stricken at the dread tidings from Ebenezer's fatal field, the proud old nobleman had received a blow greater than he could bear. The sense of disgrace, defeat, and mortification preyed upon him, and he did not long survive. At his burial all Virginia turned out to do honor to the man they all loved. Though he was a Tory, he had been so popular that no one ever thought to molest him; and now that he was dead all political differences of belief were forgotten. Washington was there, strong and stately in his prime of manhood and the flush of victory, to shed a silent tear over the corpse of his old friend. Grizzly men of the forest who had hunted with him in former days, servants who had followed him from the old world, and hundreds of the neighboring peasantry who were indebted to him for their homes and a thousand deeds of kindness, wept at his grave.

And thus it all ended in the tomb. Ninety years of varied life had passed, and Lord Fairfax's checkered career was over. How strange it all was, the life of this man! reading more like a page of romance than a leaf from staid history. Born an English noble, he had been courtier and wit at a royal court; now his grave was in this trans-Atlantic land, where for forty years his life had been cast. The friend of a king, he had seen that king's son defied and humbled by the man whose youth he had trained. Ah! how wondrously time brings round its work! what changes lie in a lifetime! Thomas Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, potent and rich, had patronized a young lad and given him a start in life. Forty years roll around, and the great noble was dying in obscurity and loneliness, while the boy he had befriended stood forth the conqueror of a king, the pride of a great nation, the grandest figure in all the world. These two men were representatives of the two eras. The stately and gorgeous prejudices of the Past stood revealed in the proud old baron; the faith and principles of the progressive Future in the hero of Mount Vernon.

Washington has paid the debt he owed the baron. How it would have stung to the quick the proud heart of the noble who traced his descent through a long line of potent ancestors to have known that his memory was dependent on

the young surveyor whose early friend but rank and wealth have their limits. a thousand kings who reigned when he died. Who knows their names or their faces? Lord Fairfax, however, will not be forgotten. He was friendly to a fatherless boy, whose name is engraved in the Pantheon of the Republic with a pen of iron. But it is as the friend of Washington that his name will be remembered in oblivion. As an English nobleman

he did nothing for which to be remembered; as the lord proprietor of the "Northern Neck" and the vast tracts beyond the Alleghanies, he secured a reputation that few generations only have obliterated; but as the friend of our Pater Patriæ he won immortality. The representative of a haughty English family left no surer passport to fame than the fact that he was the patron of a Virginian boy.

CERTAIN TENDENCIES OF THE DAY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

THE human body is a curious study. The blood which runs through it may be tainted with impurity without our being aware of it. The main indications of disease upon the surface are a sore that comes to the surface is a sign of something wrong somewhere and somehow a sin has been committed against the laws of health. The great arteries and veins, and the body in which a single soul dwells, are wonderfully alike. Social sins and social diseases are so many evidences of bad government. As Hamlet said, "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark." No one can follow the events of the day, reading the details of the news without seeing that there is something wrong in the state of society.

The surface of society at the present time is blotched and spotted with fiery signs. The blood is coursing through all the veins of the body politic. History is a mirror, because it takes us to the birth hour of a nation, to the cradle of a nation, and sometimes takes us to the funeral of a nation. The great convulsions as mighty as the earthquakes of Mount Ætna, we are led to ask if there is anything wrong in society, as now constituted, any elements that may set history to repeating its destructive power. We are living in the midst of peculiar times and in the midst of peculiar circumstances.

Look for a moment at the ballot-box, the great rallying point for all the classes that infest society. The vote of the poorest man that ever lived weighs no more than the vote of the lowest and vilest rascal. An American once called upon Thomas Carlyle, and he answered in the following manner, "Weel,

sir, and so ye come frae that big coonty where the vote of the grandest scoondral on airth is equal to that of Jesus Christ." The outlook on the suffrage question is not as encouraging as it was years ago. We have thrown open new avenues to the ballot-box, and have hedged about that high privilege with hardly any restriction whatever; and there are those who are saying, "*Place aux dames*;" make room for the women at the ballot-box, and let them vote, too.

The relations between capital and labor are unpleasant. There is no more difficult economical question before the public than how to adjust them; for there are more men who have their labor to offer in the market of the world than there are who have capital to employ it. We have been for years under the pressure of hard times, and the pressure of hard times will sometimes bring even an honest man almost to the hard condition of a colored brother in Georgia, who said, "I nebber seed such times since I been born; work all day and steal all night, and blessed if I can hardly make a livin'."

"I do not altogether like your country," said a young Englishman to an American. "Why not?" "Because you have no gentry in it." "What do you mean by gentry?" "Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well, gentry, you know, are those who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah! then," exclaimed the American, "we have plenty of gentry in America; but we don't call them gentry, we call them tramps." The country swarms with such gentry. In some

localities the tramps who rap at the back-door far outnumber the callers who ring the bell at the front. Their petitions for aid sometimes lack the element of logical consistency. "Madam," said one of this roving fraternity, "would you give me an old pair of trousers, for I'm starving to death." They roam about from place to place, and farmers who have suffered from their depredations can testify that "on the Sabbath day they go through the corn and pluck the ears of corn and eat," and they go through orchards and henyards in the same way, treating all things things they want as a sea captain said the inhabitants of Dahomey did when he was asked, "Do they keep the Sabbath?" "Yes," said he, "and everything else they can lay their hands on." Tramps are an organized body. Let a riot break out in any of our large cities, and how quickly would a wild throng of tramps come pouring in to rob and plunder!

The pauper differs from the tramp. The class that he belongs to lacks the element of malignant ugliness; but the existence of so large a number as we have is, at least indirectly, a source of some danger. The world is full of *isms*—some good, and others good for nothing. Squalid poverty has taken a seat, and not a back seat either, among the *isms*; and so we have *pauperism*, and of all the *isms* in the world this has the largest and most unlovely following. Look at it once, and as the long, unwashed, uncombed, and tattered line passes, you can see in it a resurrection of Falstaff's army; and of that army Falstaff said, "No eye hath seen such scarecrows: There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders without sleeves. And the shirt—to say the truth—stolen from my host at St. Albans." We must recognize the fact that we have in our country a large number of persons who eat and drink at other people's expense. Facts are very stubborn things. Let us look for a moment at some stubborn facts in regard to pauperism. In 1870 our population was 38,000,000. During that year 116,000 persons were supported as paupers. Divide that number up and see how it averages. This is the result. Each community of 300 persons has on its hands, all the time, one person who lives at their expense. Our paupers are the dead-wood of society. They contribute little or nothing to the real strength of the country. Hence, even in the most passive condition they

can be put in, even if they only sit still while the taxpayers pour food into the hopper of their hungry mouths, they are of danger.

Let us turn now from our paupers and another feature in the condition of the We are told in the report of the ninth what our population is, and we have a infer from that, that we now number not 50,000,000. Most men have some ruling—some governing idea; and the same rule apply to different nationalities. Each thing distinctive, and each seeks to its own thought as it reaches out for place among the nations of the earth. It the French that, when they form a society their first effort in building is a ball-room the Englishman is a tavern: while the first that an American puts up is a schoolhouse says of the typical Yankee, "Put him on of Juan Fernandez and he would make a book first and a salt-pan afterwards."

And that is only another way of saying would put education first and the making second. Does that spirit hold its own to may seem uncalled for to speak of ignorance one of the dangerous tendencies of the census gives us, in round numbers, who are ten years old and upward, who enrolled among the illiterate class. Number of men in our country who sign names with two short lines crossing each not small. Late in life a man began to letters, and when he came to the letter brightened up, and exclaimed, "that's my name; I've seen him sign it many a time have in our country 5,000,000 who would father's name in the letter X if they should go to school. With our free-school system successful operation; with universities and that are the admiration of the world, if were equally distributed, we should find group of ten persons, one who could Lafayette was right when he said, "Education the only soil on which a Republic will liberty flourish."

Take the three classes that I have spoken of the illiterates, the tramps, and the paupers there be a better soil in which to sow those wild Communistic ideas which have much trouble in the old world, and that

to give trouble in the near future here? It is said that every man holds within him a fiend. So does society hold the possibility of madness; and history is full of instances in which society has gone wild in frantic endeavors to attain a good end by *questionable* methods.

There is a fiend now in society with the white face and mad eyes, preaching the destruction of society, and that fiend is Communism. There is a class of persons whose speculations and whose ultimate purposes have for a long time past attracted considerable attention. They are far more violent classes than the one referred to, but none more dangerous. Communism is an idea that has taken root on American soil. Its purpose is to reorganize society. It would put the distribution of property, and the regulation of employment into the hands of the government, and would dispense with all those theories of social and political economy that are supposed to keep society together.

Let us trace for a moment the growing tendency of the American people to gather into cities; let us see how sure it is by figures, and we shall be surprised how very strong it is, and how steady is the current that sets in the one direction of concentration.

In 1790, 1-30th of our population was found in cities. In 1800, we find 1-25th in cities. In 1820, the proportion is 1-20th. In 1830, it has grown to 1-16th. In 1840, one person out of twelve is to be found living in a city. In 1860 the proportion has grown to 1-8th. In 1870 it was more than 1-5th. What it is to-day we do not know exactly; but judging from what has been, nearly 1-4th of our entire population must be gathered in our cities. This tendency to concentration of great numbers in cities

is one which seems bound to increase, just as we see that it has done for almost a hundred years. Just as a river widens and deepens as it approaches the sea, just so, as time goes on, the current of life that sets in from the country to the city will be broader and deeper. Let us see what cities mean. Moral and physical disorders always multiply as population concentrates in given localities. Cities engender the most repulsive forms of vice. The dangerous classes and the perishing classes congregate there. To keep these tendencies within proper bounds—to preserve society from hopeless corruption under them—that is a task which will tax the best thought of the country more and more as our numbers increase. Trace these evil tendencies to their source as you would a stream to its fountain-head, and what do we find the source to be? We find two sources; one is popular ignorance, and the other a corrupted, debauched public conscience. We must get back to something like the Sabbath of the fathers before we can have such high-toned morality in the body politic as will make men look at all the great questions of the day from the moral standpoint, and we have got to make our educational arrangements broad enough and cheap enough to meet the wants of the poorest, as well as good enough to meet the wants of the richest. Ignorance is bad enough and dangerous enough; but our greatest peril is from the lack of those fine moral qualities in the public mind that, when lacking in the individual, leave him on the road to ruin. We have slept over these dangerous tendencies a good while, and we need not be surprised if, at some time, they break out in ways that will give us an awakening as startling as the Indians at midnight sometimes gave our Puritan forefathers.

EDUCATION is not merely the sharpening of the intellect and the loading of the memory, but it is the polish of the mind also. And the mind is polished by association with women of all classes, with men below and above in social standing. The hollow tongue of Time is a perpetual knell, which toll peals for a hope the less.

PROGRESS is the father of most that is good in this world as you have seen the awkward fingers and the tools of a prisoner cut and fashion the

most delicate pieces of carved work, or achieve the most prodigious underground labors, and cut through walls of masonry, and saw iron bars and fetters; 'tis misfortune that awakes ingenuity, or fortitude, or endurance in hearts where these qualities had never come to life, but for the circumstance which gave them a being.

THE man who values wealth more than knowledge is like a fool who throws away the nut and keeps the shell.

LORD ERWALD'S LAST RIDE.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

THE misty morn in festoons hung
 Across a gray and golden sky,
 Ere sweetly had the bugles rung
 In all the vales of Aberthney.
 Oh, how the fogs on Acworth Hill
 Rolled upward, winged with clarion sound,
 While, at the breezes' varying will,
 Came lay on bay of throated hound,
 Gurgling across the stillness vast
 In rapturous volume, deep and clear—
 Till their hot cry was drowned, at last,
 In the red life-blood of the deer!

"Ho! Wind the bugle—to the Hill!"
 Lord Erwald from his courser cried.
 "My wealth to him who first shall fill
 His cup in yonder blood-red tide!"
 He spake, and spurred his eager steed;
 For well he knew, that Norman old,
 That, be the contest fire or speed,
 His courser would redeem his gold.

An instant flashed the rapid fire
 From stone to stone of that steep pass.—
 As sun-sprites leap from spire to spire,
 And hear a million priests at mass!
 Then in the distance died away
 The rapid footbeats of the steed.—
 My Lord of Erwald chased the day,
 And trod its vestment, as it fled.

Athwart the ridge they saw him climb.—
 A spectral rider in the air;
 While faintly fell the rapid chime
 Of footfalls on a granite stair.
 He raised his bugle—and they heard!
 Its silvery cadence when it fell!
 (As when the wondering ear is stirred!
 After the swinging of the bell.)
 He rode like fire; he swept like snow
 Along those heights so grand and still,
 Steadfastly gazing up, as though
 The gates of heaven were on the hill.

He vanished; the spell is over.
 Faint grow his bugle's dying strains.
 The dizzying clumber sways no more
 Against yon boundless azure plains.

Lord Erwald met the rising sun
 Upon the red crown of the Hill;
 He stood against the kindly one,
 And neither monarch had his will.
 Then spurred Lord Erwald, near the crest
 As when with his redoubtful cry,
 And henceforth close his sun-breast
 As to meet the sun's own eye.
 He bent the massive bow of chase
 During a long and fearful game,
 Upright as stood the world of men,
 He won the victory of that game—
 When, at a bound, he leapt to flight
 Swept his bow like a scythe of death,
 And one fell stroke, with his right
 Rose from the earth a living light.
 Lord Erwald's bow, that grew so red—
 Then glowed with an intensest red.

As the warm embers' rosy gold
 Gleams, when the fitful flashes tire.
 A wild, stern ecstasy of will
 Flooded his heart with aught but fear.
 He thundered down that rocky hill,
 And left the spectres in the rear!

Silently as the floating leaves
 Bedim the autumn air with gold,
 Yet steadily as sunshine weaves
 Their fluttering shadows on the mold,
 The fiends came on. Lord Erwald turned
 And saw the ghastly eyes upcast;
 A torch upon their bosoms burned,
 That paled and faded strangely fast,
 And as the flickering cinders fell,
 The spectres groaned and stretched their hands;
 While down the almost midnight dell
 Long vistas swarmed with ghostly bands.

The hounds were still: the hunt seemed o'er.
 In dens the fleeing deer were laid;
 And yet a weirder chase swept sore
 A-down that strange and silent glade.
 Lord Erwald's breast was white with foam
 From the wild courser's panting lip,
 But still he drove his steel spurs home
 In the good steed's blood-spattered hip.
 The fiends were distanced; but there sprang
 Two spectres more, with torch-lit breasts;
 And that fierce depth of shadow rang
 With the wail of its unearthly guests.

Night brought Lord Erwald's dragged steed
 Unto the drawbridge of the tower—
 From bloody bit and bridle freed,
 But the saddle slippery still with gore,
 Wild were his eyes with weary fire,
 His corded limbs were cold and hard.
 He crossed the drawbridge, to expire
 Within the hushed and dark courtyard!

"To horse! to horse!" The castle rang
 With iron echoes from the feet
 Of maddened chargers, as they sprang
 Spurred, ere the rider reached his seat!
 Away! away! like gusty air
 Before the tempest's swaying form,
 While in the gloomy hills afar
 Retreat the footsteps of the storm.
 They scoured the dells of Acworth Hill;
 And in the wildest, deepest place
 They found Lord Erwald, stiff and still,
 With the death-sweat frozen on his face,
 Clutched in his hand, the golden cup
 Which he had sworn should swim with blood.
 And, as they stooped to raise him up,
 The life-wine spilled in ruby flood!
 Whence was it pressed—

Nay! nay! be still,
 Lest we should stir a mystery,
 And the dim spectres of the Hill
 Mount ghostly steeds and bid us flee!
 O may Lord Erwald's soul be shriven
 And lightened of its awful spell,
 Whether that chase sweeps up to heaven,
 Or surges at the gates of hell!

TWO PORTRAITS.

By MRS. A. L. BASSETT.

III.

CHAPTER VI.

June roses again filled earth and intoxicating fragrance, until both fallen asleep in the stillness of the

There was no fluttering of leaves to break the silence, and flowers drooped their heads wearily, as if ruggling existence.

been oppressively warm, and Hating in the moonlight on the broad husband's stately home, comes to hat it is no wonder every one been sky loses the vigorous energy cooler climate and more bracing he had felt greatly debilitated from red hot spell of weather which had an usual, and still showed no signs ven for a season, and had unrea-

herself for an inertness it was imcome, though so contrary to her w she begins to make excuses for look with a smile rather than a aidens when she finds them dozing . Her duties as a Southern matron erous than she had expected, and perform them faithfully she soon had less time than formerly for the er literary and musical tastes. An letter just written to her mother, for some months absent on a visit n relatives, will give some idea of in her new home.

l of care as the superintendent of You cannot imagine how igno-ss our servants are, and, worst of ently they refuse to learn how to themselves. They come to me for ring perfect faith in my skill as dressmaker, milliner, cook, etc.; ggest the possibility of their learn- intly warning me they laugh ver- they could never do anything half d content themselves with praising

my skill in their usual amusing and extravagant style.

"You remember how Harvey laughed at my zeal in trying to teach them to read and write, informing me that all of his lady friends and relatives had made the same vain attempt, and that they would have to be forced to study, and punished if they refused, if I succeeded even with the more intelligent ones among them. Well, I believed him prejudiced, and felt confident of my ability to interest the fifteen young men and women who eagerly entered my class. I was really vexed when Harvey continued to tease me about my 'missionary labors,' and offered me fifty dollars for each pupil I could bribe to persevere until he or she could read and write with ease. You can imagine my mortification when my scholars began to doze over their books, and then, one by one, sneak off, until out of sight and hearing, whenever the study hour came. I have only one who has continued faithful for the whole eight months—my maid Dolly—and she makes slow progress. All of my scholars could memorize quickly, and repeat, like parrots, the verses of hymns and holy scripture taught them; but the words seemed to convey no meaning to their minds; they were unable to comprehend them, except in the most childish manner possible. And, mother, is it not terrible! I cannot trust the best of them! They would not touch my purse, nor our silver, nor my jewelry, for any consideration; they have 'too much respect for themselves,' they often tell me, when I thank them for returning the notes half-washed to pieces they find in Harvey's summer vest pockets, or pick up on his bureau where he leaves them when changing his dress; and yet I have to lock up the flour, coffee, sugar, candles, everything that belongs in the pantry, or they would be stolen by wholesale. Harvey's mammy carried the key-banket as long as she lived; when she died we found our expenses suddenly doubled, for I could not get used to locking up such things; but I was found it a

the lash, which, however, did not touch the fat, sleek sides of the horses, and Bill and Betsy trotted briskly off over the rocky road that led to the mill-pike.

Mr. Randolph himself opened the door for Hattie upon her arrival at Waveland, and with the liberty of a near relative (such he considered himself since her marriage), gave her a cordial embrace and a kiss, as he welcomed her to his home with many warm expressions of affection.

"I don't know what Edith is about, Hattie; he has been shut up in the storeroom ever since breakfast, busy about something. Let's go and surprise her. I'm sure she does not know you're here, and she'll be so delighted to see you."

Mr. Randolph led the way to the basement dining-room into which opened the large storeroom, where Edith was so busily engaged that for a moment she did not notice their approach. Hattie was both amused and puzzled by the expression of annoyance upon Edith's face as she stood with flushed face looking at her hands thickly covered with flour dough.

"What are you about, Edie darling?" asked her father.

Edith looked up in evident confusion, and seeing Hattie standing close by, she blushed deeply. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, and laughingly held up her hands, as she exclaimed:

"You have come in good time, Hattie! I am in perfect despair! I can't get this stuff from my hands, though I have nearly cut my fingers off in my vain attempt to scrape it away with a knife." Then seeing Hattie's puzzled face, she explained the cause of her discomfort, again blushing at the confession of her ignorance and inexperience. "Our cook has been giving us miserable bread, and I could not endure it any longer. Now, I knew what beautiful bread you made when your cook was sick, and I never heard you say it was any trouble, so I determined to make some without saying anything to mammy or Patsy about it; but I can't do it; it sticks so to my hands! How am I to get it off?"

"Ah! I see what is the matter," said Hattie, trying not to show her amusement. "In the first place, your dough is too wet, and as to your hands, just take a little dry flour and rub them together, and you will soon be relieved of this

trouble. But what is this melted lard for? Not for your light bread I hope?"

Edith meekly replied she thought she must melt it to mix it in; then pushing the cause of her disturbance to the farther end of the table, she exclaimed:

"Let's go and get cool; I don't think I like bread-making."

"Give me an apron, and I'll make it for you in fifteen minutes, and then you will know how to manage the next time you feel like attempting it," said Hattie.

Edith at first refused to consent to this proposition; but when Hattie insisted, she yielded, and looked on with interest and admiration at the ease with which the task was accomplished. Mr. Randolph was also an amused spectator, and at the conclusion of the scene slapped his daughter playfully on the shoulder, asking why she could not do it as well.

"Because I've never been taught," she replied; "and with two cooks in the kitchen there has never been any necessity for my doing such work. But I ought to know how to do it, if there should be any such necessity, and I mean to learn. Now, Hattie, come up stairs, and when you have rested I'll get you to show me how to dress my new bonnet, and alter my dress that Millie has nearly ruined for me. You see, I would not pay three or four dollars to have my bonnet dressed by the milliner in town when I saw how pretty yours was, and heard Cousin Harvey say you had made it yourself; and neither would I take my dress to the mantua-maker. Millie generally does my plain dresses very well; but her efforts to copy that last suit of yours resulted fatally for my pretty silk. Perhaps you can show me how to remedy the evil, and save me the expense of buying another."

"Why, Hattie seems to know how to do every thing," said Mr. Randolph, admiringly.

"I believe she does," replied Edith, "and it is what we all ought to know. We Southern girls will have to take lessons from her until we are better educated in this respect. We can learn, and we will be thankful we have the need of such knowledge. And it has always seemed to me as if there was so much else to be done."

"Ah! it is just that, dear Edie, I never see beyond a lecture, and did you great improve because of my ignorance, but now I know you

have care enough in looking after and thinking for so many servants. They are so ignorant, and, alas! require such watching it takes up all of one's time. Why, we could never get along as comfortably as we do at the North with one servant, if that one required the assistance and looking after they need here. My good Dolly takes the whole morning to put my room in order, because I invariably have to send her back to sweep and dust after she has pronounced it clean."

The girls now went up to Edith's pretty shaded chamber, and chatted gayly over their work until the three o'clock dinner was announced, after which they spent the warm afternoon in deshabille, first dozing awhile, then reading aloud from a favorite author, until the setting sun made Hattie bid farewell to her friends, and hasten home to meet her husband, who seemed daily nearer and dearer to her fond, loving heart.

CHAPTER VII.

JUNE roses breathe out their perfume on the moonlit night, and the mocking-bird trills its sweetest notes on the honeysuckle that sways backward and forward near the cottage walls; while within Harvey Allerton and his bride receive the congratulations of their friends. Edith, as first bridesmaid, has had many duties to perform for both bride and groom; and no one could guess that her heart is not as merry as her smile as she flits here and there, the life of the company, the "observed of all observers;" the white jessamine that twines around her short curls is not sweeter or fairer than she.

"Edie, darling cousin, I owe my wife to you, and I would thank you for her; but for your insisting upon fording the Potomac we would never have met. I loved her from the moment that she followed her womanly instinct and came to your assistance; but never until that night when you so nobly saved her life, did I dream I should win her. Do you know she heard us call her 'nobody' and could not quite forgive it; she treated me coldly a long time to show me that she did not care for my attentions. Do you remember our ride and our talk about brown eyes?" he asked, laughingly.

"Yes; I remember," Edith answered, looking for a moment intently into Harvey's face, then smiled as if satisfied with her investigation, and pointed to Hattie—"Your wife is calling you."

"He does not suspect me," she murmured softly

to herself. No, Harvey had never had cause to suspect that she cared for him from the day that they forded the river; and being free from manly vanity he had often said to himself after meeting Hattie, "I'm glad I was mistaken; she's only fond of me as she is of her other cousins; dear, warm-hearted child."

Edith has stolen from the noisy parlor and sits beneath the shadow of the vines on a side porch, with her head leaning on her hand. Servants are coming and going across the farther end of the porch, to look in for a moment through the parlor windows at the bridal party; and she does not notice steps coming closer to her, until a hand is laid gently upon her bowed head.

"Child, what troubles you?"

She looked up and smiled; she liked Edgar; she liked the brotherly manner in which this young man, fifteen years older than herself, had learned to treat her during the weary weeks of her convalescence; and had been well pleased to meet him again.

"Nothing troubles me; I was only thinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"Of a dream I had long ago, a queer dream. Shall I tell you of it?"

"Yes, little girl, tell me your dream and let me interpret it for you."

"It seems to me as if it had already partially come true. You've heard about my attempt at fording the river? Well, that night I dreamed that I was again in the midst of that rushing, roaring stream; and that again my head reeled; my limbs gave way beneath me, and for a moment the waves rushed madly over me. It seemed to me that as I went down, deeper and deeper, I felt a change coming over me; I felt my own spirit leaving me, and another, calm and passionless, taking its place. You can't imagine what a strange sensation it was; how I tried to cling to that which had been my own, and turned with absolute loathing from what would take possession of me. I don't think I've ever been so wild and childish since then. It was a queer dream."

"There is an hour, or a day perhaps, in every life when such a change as you describe comes over each of us—when the existence without thought ceases, and the graver, sadder life of manhood or womanhood begins. Sometimes it comes with a great shock or sudden grief; again it is scarcely perceptible, and only remembered

its effect has become apparent upon our . Sometimes it comes with a thrill of pleasure—sometimes with an agonized pain. Why came in a dream of the night I know not; as some circumstance, unimportant in itself, roused a presentiment of that which would, and thus shaped your dream. Shall I tell when I began to feel as I had never felt before—when life became sadly real to me?" asked Haywood.

He bowed her head, but did not speak.

It was when a panel of the door of your room closed in before I could reach you, and I saw a smoking mass upon the floor, over which were bending, while the long curls falling round you were one moment a blaze of light and a crisp, dark shadow upon your gleaming throat. I can never forget the face circled by flames turned toward me. With one pang of intense agony the old frivolous life went from me, the passing pleasure which each fair face that I had seen upon in my wanderings had given me, I had left me forever; and my heart awoke from its idle dreaming to the wretchedness of life and loving. Edith, from that moment I've loved you, and love without hope is misery. The untried freedom with which you treat me tells me there is no place in your heart. Yes, I see it in your face; you do not love me!"

When she bowed her head in assent, and was

have but one hope. May I ask one more question? You love no one else?"

Edith raised her head proudly.

"That is a question you have no right to ask." "Perhaps not; it was my only hope, and I cling to it. I leave at sunrise to-morrow, and my ship—we will be off soon on a three years' voyage—don't part from me in anger; we may meet again."

"I am not angry; there is no friend whom I regret more to lose than you, Mr. Haywood."

"Men easily forget; you'll enjoy your voyage and come home only my friend, won't you?" "I answered sadly, "It is impossible."

Years have passed since that June in 1860; the devastating war has swept over the South, and the fair Valley of the Shenandoah, the Indians' "Land of Stars," has shared in its sad fate, and lost much of its brightness and glory. The

beautiful home of the Hon. Harvey Allerton, member of the Confederate Congress, had been burned to the ground in '63 by a party of marauders, though his brave little wife stood in the doorway and bitterly resented the dastardly deed of her fellow-countrymen. Hattie had clung until then with earnest tenacity to the land of her birth, and believed the South in the wrong; but from the hour she left the blackened ruins of her home in the chill of a winter's night, she had changed her creed; and no Southern woman wept more sadly over the surrender of Lee's army and the downfall of the Confederacy. Mr. Randolph's house had been pillaged again and again when the enemy's troops held possession of Harper's Ferry; but it escaped the flames. His servants' quarters were now all empty, and only the cook and mammy remained at Waveland. There is no money with which to hire labor, and Edith has learned dress-making and millinery without much trouble, and thinks a cooking-stove a great institution when Eliza is washing and she has to help old mammy get dinner. She finds her hands less soft and white than they were six years ago, but her face is as fair, her figure rounder, her cheeks more rosy; and she declares she is as happy as she was then, though not so thoughtlessly merry. "One's troubles do not press sorely if you're only patient," she says, when mammy laments over her having to work, and refuses to comprehend how it is possible for old master to be poor.

Edith has never met Edgar Haywood again; she knows from his letters to his sister that his ship was not allowed to leave the East India fleet during the war, because it was commanded by a Southerner; she has heard of his return to his native land broken down in health by long exposure to tropical suns; but beyond this she knows nothing of him.

Harvey and his wife, with their two children, are living at the cottage while his house is being rebuilt; but Edith is closely confined at home by her father's failing health (Mr. Randolph had never recovered from the effect of his sudden reduction from wealth to comparative poverty), and it so happens that she has seen little of them during the long, wet spring.

It was a charming evening in early June when Edith went out upon the porch after kissing her father good-night, and sat down upon the steps. It was only nine o'clock, and the moon was shin-

ing so brightly she could not think of going to her room so early; she felt very lonely, and wished there was a friend at hand to share her pleasant seat. Many suitors had poured their story of love into her ear in the past years, but upon none had she smiled, though the child's fond fancy for the cousin whom she had known from infancy had been buried in the flames that followed her plunge into the snowdrift on her seventeenth birthday. No one had ever known that the fever which they attributed to the burns was caused by the snow that had wet her satin-slipped feet. Edith has proved herself one of that rare class of women who cease to love when they find their love will not be returned. She had loved Harvey believing that he had chosen her for his wife, and the pang caused by the discovery of her mistake had given her intense but short suffering; for one of her proud, chaste spirit it was impossible to care for him when he had bestowed his heart upon another. So the cold waves of the river, the hot breath of the flames had between them destroyed the dream of her young life; and now, the excitement of the war over, which had deadened every other emotion, and made one's own life and hopes as nothing in the fierce death-throes of a nation, she finds herself at twenty-three very lonely and somewhat sad.

Suddenly a shadow falls between her and the moonlight, and a thin hand clasps her own:

"I've lived to see you once more, Edith; now I'm content to die, if it is heaven's will!"

She started, and almost screamed, for she did not at the first glance recognize the bronzed face of the speaker; but the tones of his voice were recognized in a moment.

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Haywood; I did not know you were expected, much less that you had come to the cottage. You've been ill; but surely you are better now?"

"Yes, better; but far from well. I've had to leave the navy, and as mother and Hattie have made their home in Virginia, I've come to live near them, and have bought the farm adjoining Allerton's. You won't object to me as a neighbor, will you?" he asked, eagerly.

Her cheeks flushed a little; but she was determined not to be embarrassed, so answered cheerfully:

"No, indeed; we'll be glad to have you there; so many of our old family residences have had to

be sold by their once wealthy owners to the highest bidders, we have a number of miserable, unrefined speculators around us; we will be very glad to see a friend in poor Mr. Harrison's hands, some mansion."

"That is your only reason for being glad, then," he said, bitterly. "It was just such a night as this six years ago that you wounded me with your cruel words, 'Men soon forget.' Edith, I've never been able to forget; your memory has been my guardian angel, it has often kept me from evil. I could not die until I had seen and blessed you for this; your unselfishness, your patience, your guilelessness showed me woman as I had never found her in the gay world, and from you I learned how to 'suffer and be strong.' I've left my bed to-night to meet you; but the fever is returning upon me, I must go back to it now before I'm missed. If I die, remember I loved you to the last. Good-by!"

He stooped down and kissed a curl straying over her shoulder, then hurried down the steps and was gone.

"Dear Edith, come to us! Edgar is here, and is dying; he begs to see you. Don't refuse his last request!"

HATTIE."

This was the brief note handed her on the evening of the third day after Edgar's visit. Her face turned deadly pale, and she looked up at the blue sky as she clasped her hands tightly together and murmured a prayer for the dying. There was resignation, but utter wretchedness in the tone in which she spoke as she threw her shawl around her:

"It was never intended for me to be happy."

In the soft, luminous light of the summer's night, Edgar had found her alone. He had left her dreaming, with the sweetest hope beside her.

"I knew you would come! I dreamed, Edith, I dreamed that in the years to come, when the grass was growing upon my grave, you would love me." The words came slowly and with difficulty from the parched lips of the sufferer.

Hattie had left the room, her eyes heavy with tears as Edith entered; and Edgar had held out his hand and eagerly clasped the cold fingers that gently pressed his own as he spoke. His cheeks were crimson, his dark eyes glowing with the fierce light of the fever that burnt in his veins, and his black hair was thrown back carelessly from the white forehead.

Haywood came from a distant window and her arms around Edith; she had heard all she had seen Edith's lips tremble, her eyes with tears.

"My child, no one will ever love you as I do; none but my noble boy could have loved you six years without hope. Tell him to love you! I don't believe the doctor—he's wrong; he only needs something to rouse him from the lethargy in which he has been lying since the clock last night, from which your coming entirely awakened him. See! he's sinking into that dreadful stupor, even while he is in your hand! Speak to him! Save him, or he will break!"

The poor mother's face was scarcely more expressive than that of the young girl's, which was like the sick man. His eyes had lost their lustre, and the film seemed drawn over them, and the eyelids slowly closing; only the blessing of God and the powerful excitement would ever open them again. Edith had not thought in her dream of this. It had been pleasant to know he still lived; she had even thought that some day he might possibly return that love, but not now; she only just come to her that happiness in a home all her own was something to be looked forward to in the future. Now she was called upon to decide at once the fate for the future. She could not speak; she only removed Mrs. Haywood's arms from the bed, she knelt at the bedside, holding her hot hand between her own, clasped and pressed in fervent prayer. She prayed fervently for strength to decide and act aright, her eyes glistening on her cheeks, and then, calm and pale, she said, gently: "My dear, leave us alone a little while; I will love my boy."

Haywood gave an exclamation of joy, and then warmly, said:

"I go to pray for my children; I know that he will recover."

Left alone with the sleeper, Edith knew there was not a moment to be lost if he was ever to awake again on earth, and with one glance heavenward, one earnest cry, "Help me!" she stooped and kissed the hot brow, and called him tenderly by name, "Edgar, my love, awake; I cannot let you die."

A start, a quivering of the lips told that he was not deaf to the clear ringing tones of her soft voice. She spoke again, something whispered in his ear, while the crimson blood dyed cheek and brow; and the heavy lids slowly and with a great effort were uplifted, and a pair of dewy brown eyes fixed themselves in a long and loving gaze upon the sweet face so near them. Slowly and with difficulty Edgar whispered, "You love me?" in a tone of absolute rapture.

A half hour later the doctor sprang from his carriage at the cottage door, fearing to find his patient rapidly sinking; but after a short visit he warmly congratulated Mrs. Haywood upon his improvement. "The crisis is past; you have no further cause for anxiety. Only nurse him carefully, and keep him cheerful, and he will be up in ten days." The doctor's directions were faithfully carried out, and the result was a speedy convalescence.

At the wedding at Waveland in October, Harvey was particularly happy and merry. Putting one arm around his wife, the other around his cousin, he exclaimed, "'Honors are easy!' It is impossible to decide which is the bravest, the Yankee or Rebel, or which has won the richest prize in the matrimonial lottery."

The girls joined in the laugh at their expense, each merrily according to the other the laurel crown; but each insisting with womanly loyalty and pertinacity upon the superior merits of their respective husbands.

CTIONS sent by Providence melt the confidence of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens purifies gold; and in the strong manifestation of Divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment and David his pardon.

INTELLECTUAL and moral excellences are the two poles of the axis around which the globe of humanity revolves.

A WOMAN without religion is a flower without scent.

A DREAM.

By J. S. W.

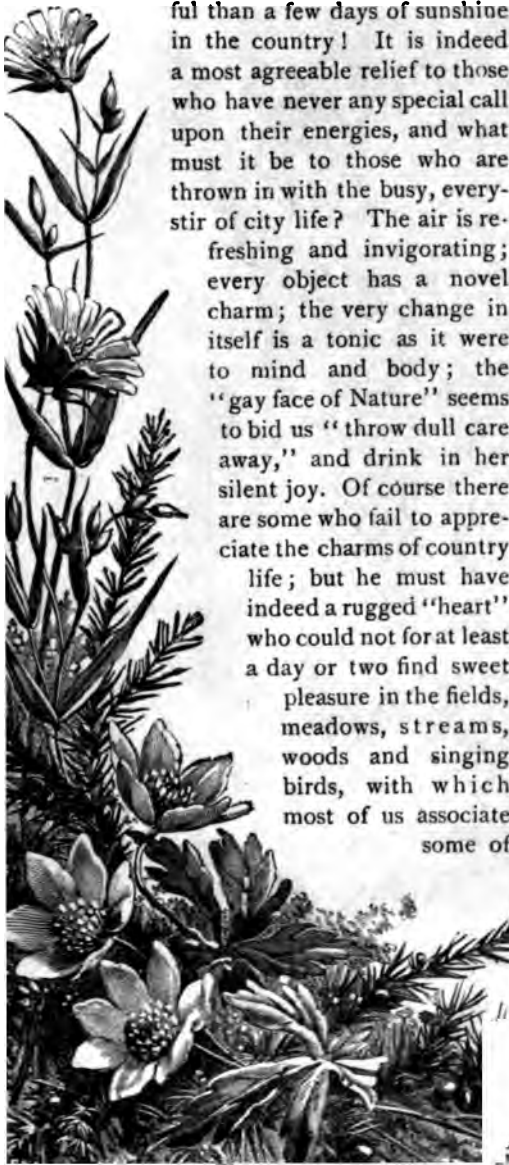


IN the quiet nook of a lone retreat,
'Neath the shade of the spreading tree,
A tiny streamlet winds its way
To depths of yonder sea.

Fain would I know the whisper'd tale
That marks its onward course;
Perchance, 'tis but the messenger
'Twixt peace and sad remorse.

COUNTRY RAMBLES.

By CYRIL RAYMOND.



WHAT can be more delightful than a few days of sunshine in the country! It is indeed a most agreeable relief to those who have never any special call upon their energies, and what must it be to those who are thrown in with the busy, every-stir of city life? The air is refreshing and invigorating; every object has a novel charm; the very change in itself is a tonic as it were to mind and body; the "gay face of Nature" seems to bid us "throw dull care away," and drink in her silent joy. Of course there are some who fail to appreciate the charms of country life; but he must have indeed a rugged "heart" who could not for at least a day or two find sweet pleasure in the fields, meadows, streams, woods and singing birds, with which most of us associate some of

us have no doubt gone and taken part in this interesting occupation. The back-country people will tell you that on frosty nights the sap runs most freely, so that there is a glowing camp-fire to give cheer as well as warmth to the merry gathering of young and old about the maples. We will recall such a visit to a famous little spot some three miles back from a farm-house where we once stopped. The first thing that the men did was to make troughs from logs of wood, each large enough to hold a bucketful of sap, and then spouts from narrow pieces of wood. After making a triangular incision in the maple, the sap flowed freely down these spouts into the troughs, and when these were filled their contents were transferred to enormous kettles suspended over a blazing fire from a stout pole resting on two forked branches. As the sap boiled, the clearing off was managed by pouring in beaten eggs when the sap commenced to get thick, or to reach the consistency of syrup. The settlers amused us very much by the ingenious devices they had for telling when the process was complete. One in particular was to bore small holes in a flat piece of wood, blowing on it after dipping it in the syrup. If the sap was boiled enough we would see the sugar going through the long holes in bubbles. If ever you have an opportunity of accompanying the settlers in their yearly visits to the "sugaries," don't fail to avail yourself of it, for the experience is one you will never regret.

In the spring Nature's resurrection reveals the budding trees and shrubs; farmers are then preparing the soil; birds are returning to their last year's haunts, and filling the air with their merry songs; streams flow rap-

happiest hours. There are certain distinct moods when one should visit the country. With the opening of spring, and while often the snow lies thick in the fields and woods, the season of maple-sugar making commences, and many of
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idly along the hillsides and meadows; here and there the angler is seen patiently trailing his fly, or watching the float as it moves leisurely along with the stream. As a boy one remembers being greatly in doubt as to whether spring

was really preferable to the other seasons. However, it always came as a great relief after a long, dreary winter, and if not a special joy in itself, frolicking about the fields, playing marbles, swimming, flying kites, whatever form of sport or recreation they may take up, there is always



UNDER THE OAKS.

was certainly welcomed as the harbinger of some months' good fun. But to tell the truth, all times have stores of mirth and amusement for children. Whether it be skating, coasting, fascination which is sure to last until a change of season brings a change of programme. When there is undoubtedly a great deal of unpleasantness about the earlier part of spring; but

in the near approach of summer there was a
 ely charm about rural life that is indeed so
 pting as to make everybody, rich and poor,
 k forward to the time that is to give a day's or
 k's "outing" in the country.

If it is to our good fortune to "put up" at a
 m-house, then we may expect to enjoy to our
 art's content the sweet simplicity of bucolic
 e. We may never need to feel time drag heavily

up on a patch of recently-burnt land. Early in
 the morning the men start off, with scythes slung
 over their shoulders, and with their bags of pro-
 visions. What a charming sight it is to come
 upon a field of ripe wheat in the midst of thick
 woods! It is not unlike that cheering effect pro-
 duced by a few maples or birches, as seen through
 a dense copse of fir-trees. Pleasure derives a zest
 in variety alone, and certainly there is enough of



ON THE RIVER.

our shoulders. If we do not find sufficient
 action in "taking it easy," there is every
 n of sport and pastime for young and old.
 e farmer is at work, it may be, in the fields
 hering in his hay. One can scarcely resist
 ding a helping hand, if he is not content to
 tch the men as they rake the hay in cocks or
 cks, or pitch it upon the seemingly over-freighted
 ts. As the grain ripens, there arrives a season
 still more pleasurable excitement. Some dis-
 tance back in the woods, it may be, there is a
 ld of wheat, ready for the sickle, that has grown

this on such a day in the woods. The mower
 goes on with his work, and we are tempted to the
 neighboring trout-brook. Perhaps the sound of
 the woodman's axe, echoing solemnly through the
 forest, comes to our ears as we trail the fly, or sit
 in placid enjoyment within our camp of spruce-
 boughs. Who that has enjoyed even a day of
 camp-life can fail to look back with the most agree-
 able associations upon his experience! Everything
 about us seems to speak in sympathetic voice;
 and if we have been having trials to harass our
 thoughts, or morbid despondency to wear down

our better natures, it would seem that no mode of life could make our minds freer, or our spirits more buoyant. Yet there is a mysterious solemn hum of countless insects, are all hushed in silence. There is now naught to break the stillness of the hour save the hooting of the night-owl, and the



"HARVESTING."

nity about the woods as evening draws on, and

"Drowsy tinklings have lulled the distant folds."

The song of the birds, the sound of the woodman's axe, the loud tap of the woodpecker, the

babbling song of the stream, blending with the low-breathing moan of the spectre-like trees.

Few, of course, go into the woods without bringing home some token of their rambles in the way



THE OLD MILL.

of wild flowers, insects, etc. When the pond-lilies are in flower, it is indeed an enviable amusement to go with a little party of excursionists to some lake in the woods and gather the opening buds that dot the surface of the water with their snow-white petals. Or if the season is autumn, there is still a fascination about the woods. The maple, the beech, the elm, and the chestnut have each changed their summer dress and appeared in gorgeous tints of yellow, red, and brown. We love to look upon this decaying face of Nature, to gather the leaves of delicate hues, and bear them away in branches to deck our homes. Yes, the woods always, even in winter, have pleasant associations. As children, we have watched the little squirrel jumping from bough to bough, or have romped about the mossy beds or fallen leaves, and gathered bunches of wild flowers or baskets of berries. And now the returning thoughts of lake and brook, of the excitement of moose-hunting, and the nights of Indian life in the backwoods, still make us long, as the season comes round, to flee from the noise, glare, and bustle of city life, and spend another night in the uncontaminated wigwam.

To really enjoy country life one should rise early, and be out in the fields and meadows, when

"Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing."

There is then an indescribable freshness in the air, the birds are singing their sweetest songs, and fragrant perfumes from dew-besprinkled flowers and plants, fill the air. The farmer's family are all about and busy. One is at the well, another in the fields; one is milking, another is churning; the farmer is getting his appliances ready for the day's work; the farmer's wife and daughter are preparing the early breakfast. We are often told, and with a good deal of truth, that there is no time like the early morning in which to accomplish anything we have in mind. If this is not found true in all cases, it certainly must be realized as a fact by all who have known what it is to rise with the sun in the country. To people unaccustomed to be up early the exertion of getting out of bed at four or five o'clock is at first very trying, and may be injurious, if too long a time elapses, or if exercise be taken before eating. It is no wonder, indeed, that early risers speak cynically of those who fail to sympathize with them. They feel that they have seen and enjoyed something

of which their lazy friends can form no conception. How strange it seems! Yet, really, there are comparatively few people in our cities who can boast of having seen the sun rise. Once witness this sight, and once accustom yourself to early rising, and you will find that you will be justifying your time more than you could ever have realized. The approach of noon brings on heat, a slackening of the spirits and of the limbs, and rather unfits one for undertaking any work with true energy. It is, indeed, the duller part of the day in the country. As evening comes on the associations of farm life have their peculiar charm. While yet the western sky is red with the setting sun, when the bat is on the wing, and the

"Beetle with his drowsy hum, hath rung night's yawning peal,"

the milkmaid is wending her way to the pasture-gate, where the cows stand ready to pass the barrier; the farmer is seeking recreation in the bosom of his family, ere his cherub-checked children have gone to their little cots. It may be that you have some good-natured old soul to sit with you on the door-step and recount the marvellous experiences of his long life. His tales are doubly enchanting told as they are beneath the mysterious influence of a summer night, when darkness is spread abroad like a pall, when the winds have slunk to their secret caves, when a few bright stars dot heaven's arch, when the birds have ceased their song, and the silence is only broken by the discordant notes of the frogs and the rustling of the trees.

A visit to the country is made particularly enjoyable if there is a river within easy access, where one can boat or bathe. It gives a variety not only to natural scenery, but to physical recreation. One is fortunate if he can find a canoe or a small row-boat in the country. They are not, however, uncommon. Possibly your visit may be to a place where Indians are encamped, and a birch-bark canoe is easily attainable. Most of our readers have no doubt experienced the fairy-like movement of this little craft, and perhaps have learned the curious action by which it is propelled. It generally holds three or four, and with a little care is much more agreeable than large boats for expeditions in and about the shady nooks of streams. To bathe from a canoe needs of course some experience; but when once that is acquired, there can be no better means of enjoying a swim. You



A SUMMER DAY IN THE FIELDS.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

majority of readers have no objection to turn aside from the contemplation of serious and eminently-practical matters to a survey of curious facts. Moreover, we without hope that the strange incidents forth may prove an incalculable boon to that unfortunate class called *hypochondriacs*, curing them of one of the most painful pressing maladies that ever afflicted the human race.

Holland, in a learned and able treatise given to the world some years ago, has pointed out the influence of mental attention on the bodily organs, and that there are few persons who do not suffer from some irritation, or some imaginary feeling, to which their attention is much directed. Thus, owing to some unusual position, we sitting at the heart or at the temples, we imagine there is something alarming; the symptoms are altered if we think about it. If the mouth is dry we immediately swallow the saliva and render it so. If we fancy a cough, we cough immediately and clear our passages. If we suppose any source of irritation in the skin, we involuntarily apply oil to rub the part. Nothing is more common among medical students, when first studying indigestion, than for them to imagine themselves to be the victims of each in succession. Under certain conditions of the system, it is known that actual pain may be produced in the head by fixing our attention upon it. Hyochondriacs are martyrs to these erroneous impressions. Inform a valetudinarian that he will have a rheumatic or neuralgic pain on a certain day and it is more than probable that the predictions of his imagination will award to him the power of unveiling the future. Sir Benjamin Brodie has given some singular cases where nervous pains have actually led to tenderness and swelling of the integuments covering the bones. Were a complete history given to the world of the transactions of the "code of honor" it would meet with numerous instances where persons have supposed themselves mortally

wounded, and have fallen down as dead, without having received the slightest injury.

The following facts will illustrate the power of imagination in diversified forms. How fancy will put life into young limbs Thomas Fuller shows by an incident he gives: "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to be carried, which, because of their multitude, he could not do; but he told them he would provide them with horses to ride on. Then, cutting little wands out of the hedges as nags for them, and a large one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home."

Rev. E. T. Taylor—or, as he was more affectionately called and more extensively known, "Father Taylor"—is said to have related the following amusing incident in a lecture: "It happened years ago, in the days of old-fashioned meeting-houses, with their pews like pens, and their pulpits perched up at an elevation which placed them without the pale of human sympathy, and when a fire for warming a church was a thing unheard of, that some enterprising young men who had worshipped in such a church determined to have the house warmed by stoves. But the project encountered the most violent opposition from all the old people. They declared that it should not be; that the stoves were not a gospel ordinance; that the congregation must suffocate. The young men, however, prevailed; and one Sabbath the congregation beheld in church two formidable black stoves, with the pipe traversing the entire length of the house. The old men and women looked on with horror, and held their breath for the result. The exercises of the morning proceeded. Soon a lady fainted away, and another gasped for breath; they were carried out of the church. At last a stout, burly man swooned and fell. The frightened minister at once dismissed the congregation, and there was a general rush of the indignant people toward the stoves. The windows were thrown open, and they were about to precipitate the offenders from the house, when he, and

behold! the stoves were cold! and not a particle of fire had been kindled in either of them. The masons had not had quite time to finish putting them up, and no fire had been made. The triumph of the young advocates of stoves was complete."

The author remembers an old lady who belonged to the class called "fussy folks," and who would often insist on having a fire kindled in her stove in warm weather, much to the displeasure of the housekeeper. The old lady regarded herself as a feeble invalid, and lay a-bed a large portion of the time. She had a very mischievous grandson, who learned to successfully play the following ruse: When she called for a fire he would place, unperceived by her, a *lighted lantern* inside the stove. In a few minutes the old lady would call in stentorian tone to the young scapegoat, "Frank, Frank, come and shut off the draft; my room is getting too warm!"

Some years ago the following was extensively copied from one paper to another: "Elijah Barnes of Pennsylvania, killed a rattlesnake in his field, without any injury to himself, and immediately after put on his son's waistcoat, both being of one color. He returned to his house, and on attempting to button his waistcoat he found to his astonishment that it was too small. His imagination was now wrought to a high pitch, and he instantly conceived the idea that he had been bitten imperceptibly by the snake, and was thus swollen from its poison. He grew suddenly ill, and took to his bed. The family, in great alarm, summoned three physicians, and the usual remedies were prescribed and administered. The patient, however, grew worse and worse every minute, till at last his son came home with his father's waistcoat dangling about him. The mystery was instantly unfolded, and the patient, being relieved from his imaginary apprehensions, dismissed the physicians, and was restored to health."

Frances Power Cobbe once visited a friend troubled with a nervous ailment. She lay in a bed facing a large old mirror, whose gilt wood-frame, of Chinese design, presented a series of innumerable spikes, pinnacles, and pagodas. On being asked how she was feeling, the poor invalid complained of much internal distress, but added, with touching simplicity, "And it is no great wonder, I am sure (whisper)! I've swallowed that looking-glass!"

The analogy between insanity and a state of

prolonged dream is very striking. The delusions of insanity seem, in fact, little else but a series of such myths accounting for either sensations or sentiments as those ascribed to dreaming. The maniac sees and hears more than a man asleep, and his sensations consequently give rise to numberless delusions. He is also usually possessed by some morbid moral sentiment, such as suspicion, hatred, avarice, or extravagant self-esteem (helped by Dr. Carpenter nearly always to precede an intellectual failure), and these sentiments similarly give rise to their appropriate delusions. In the first case, we have maniacs like the poor lady who wrote her confessions to Dr. Forbes Winslow ("Obscure Diseases of the Brain"), and who describes how, on being taken to an asylum, the pillars before the door, the plowed field in front, and other details, successively suggested to her the belief that she was in a Roman convent, where she would be "scourged and taken to purgatory," and in a medical college where the inmates were undergoing a process preparatory to dissection! In the second case, that of morbid sentiments, we have insane delusions, like those which prompted the suspicious Rousseau to accuse Hume of poisoning him, and all the mournfully grotesque train of the victims of pride who fill our pauper hospitals with kings, queens, and prophets. Merely suppose these poor maniacs are recounting dreams, and there would be little to remark about them except their persistent character.

It is singular how dreams lend themselves easily to the myth-making process; but preëminently dreams originating in sensation or in sentiment do so. Nothing can better illustrate the sensation myth than the well-known story recorded of himself by Reid. "The only distinct dream I had ever since I was about sixteen, as far as I remember, was two years ago. I had got my head blistered for a fall. A plaster which was put on it after the blister pained me excessively for the whole night. In the morning I slept a little, and dreamed very distinctly that I had fallen into the hands of a party of Indians, and was scalped." The longing of affection for the return of the dead has, perhaps more than any other sentiment, the power of creating myths of reunion, whose dissipation on awakening are among the keenest agonies of bereavement. By a singular semi-survival of memory, through such dreams we seem always to be dimly aware that the person whose

turn we greet so rapturously has been dead; and the obvious incongruity of our circumstances, our loss, and the very sorrow we confide at once to their tenderness, with the sight of them again in their familiar places, drives our imagination to such shifts to explain it. Sometimes the beloved has been abroad, and is come home; sometimes the death was a mistake, and some one else was buried in that grave wherein we saw the coffin lowered; sometimes a friendly physician has carried away the patient to his own home, and brought us there after long months to find him recovered by his care.

But to return more specially to the subject-matter. Says a physician, "In the early part of my practice, I was called into a neighboring town to visit a patient. It being about the middle of the day, the gentleman of the house, who was over sixty years of age, invited me to dine. While at dinner he says:

"I don't know that you will like your dinner."

"Why, yes," says I, "I do, I like it very well; it is very good."

"I guess," said he, "you don't know what you are eating."

"Why, yes," said I, "I do; it is some new corned beef."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "it is horse-meat."

"I replied, 'I don't believe it.'

"It is," said he; "I declare it is some of my old mare."

"I was not much acquainted with him at that time. I looked at him, supposing him to be joking; but could not discover a muscle of his face to change or alter. I had just taken another piece on my plate, and a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth; and, in fact, it was horse-meat, sure enough. I could taste it as plainly as I chewed it, and the more disagreeably it tasted.

I continued picking and tasting a little sauce which I could not swallow; but the meat, as the negro said, would 'no go.' I at last gave a wallow, as I do with a dose of physic. I thought that I should have thrown the whole contents of my stomach up on the table. Glad was I when dinner was over. It being cold weather, the old man went to smoking and telling stories. At last he said:

"I won't leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you you had horse-meat for dinner,

and so it was. I told you it was some of my old mare, and so it was; for I swopped her away for a steer, and that was some of the beef."

"I have ever since been glad that the old gentleman put the joke upon me; for I never otherwise should have known how far imagination could have carried me."

A druggist named Mackfarlan once stated that on a certain occasion a butcher was brought into his shop from the market opposite, suffering from a terrible accident. On trying to hook up a heavy piece of meat above his head he had slipped, and the sharp hook penetrated his arm, so that he himself was suspended. On being examined he was pale, almost pulseless, and expressed himself as suffering acute agony. The arm could not be moved without causing excessive pain, and in cutting off the sleeve he frequently cried out; yet when the arm was exposed it was found to be uninjured; the hook only traversed the sleeve of the coat.

A Luchese peasant, shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days; but the dog was not to be found, and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from disappearing, was mad, and within a day or two after this idea had struck him he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent, and he raved and had all the evidence of a violent distemper. As he was lying with his door open, to let in the last air that he was about to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to his bedside, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he at least was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved in an instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head into a basin of water, and thus refreshed, walked into the room to the astonishment of his family. The above statement is from a memoir by Professor Barbatina. It is not improbable that many attacks of a disease so strongly dependent on the imagination might be cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.

Some years ago a statement was made by a clergyman to the effect that suspicions were enter-

tained in his parish that a woman was supposed to have murdered her newly-born infant. The coffin was exhumed, and the procurator-fiscal, who attended with the medical men to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odor of decomposition, which made him feel faint, and in consequence he withdrew. But on opening the coffin it was found to be empty, and it was afterward ascertained that no child had been born, and consequently no murder had been committed.

A curious experiment was tried several years ago in Russia with some murderers. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds, where four persons had died with cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were in fact new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours. This statement is given on the authority of the London *Medical Times*.

The following is not a new story, for we must have heard it not much less than thirty years ago. But it is appropriate to this paper, and for this reason it is given. A celebrated physician and author of an excellent work on the effects of the imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his propositions. To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to die. Permission being given, an assassin of distinguished rank was given over to the physician. Our savant sought the culprit, and thus addressed him:

"Sir: several persons who are interested in your family have prevailed on the judge not to require you to mount the scaffold and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death within the precincts of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual and free from pain."

The criminal submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was

made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged; he was strapped to the table; and, at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pen. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so contrived as to flow gently into a basin placed to receive it. The patient, believing it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak; and the conversation of the doctors, in an undertone, confirmed him in this opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should have been condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."

"Hush," said the other; then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "How many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"

"Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted, and that man is now in a hopeless state."

The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountain, the sound of which was also gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the doomed man that, although of very strong constitution, he fainted and died without having lost a drop of blood. In our boyhood we used to hear the story of a gentleman who had his son apprenticed to a physician. When our young Galen had attained his majority his fond sire went to the house of his master and inquired, "Well, doctor, have you taught my son all you know?" "All but one very important secret in the practice," was the reply. "But this secret I cannot impart without an extra fee." "But my son must know everything essential to his profession. What is the amount of your fee?" A heavy sum was named. It was promptly paid; when the sly and foxy old doctor, addressing his almost accomplished pupil, imparted the finishing stroke by the following marvelous revelation: "Jack, never forget—conceit kills, and conceit cures."

Now we are very much mistaken if the preceding facts do not demonstrate the soundness of the last great medical doctrine this sage practitioner imparted to his pupil.

THE REWARD OF GOLDEN PIPPIN.

BY ETHEL TANE.

autumn I spent not a few sunny hours in an ancient English orchard, and the very f the apple-trees whispered me this story: time ago a high bushy hedge grew where the mossy southern wall of the orchard, it off from the meadows behind. A glo- d hedge—one tangle of hawthorns, black- briar roses, blackberry bushes and hazels; -sweet, too, with its fragrant creamy heads oms, and the pink stars of the ragged robin g here and there among the greenery. ing taking root in or under that hedge to flourish wonderfully; every pair of ; had plenty of cousins settled there; all h in friends and kindred save one little a.

x feet from the hedge stood the orchard's w of apple-trees. They chatted among es, stood still to be admired on fine days, e glad to toss their branches about when g winds came to play with them. They pay much attention to the hedge, and e never noticed their poor relation among s; and no wonder. The young crab had oduce his first head of blossoms.

e little sapling was never weary of watch- all cousins. He expected some day to be ful tree like them, and to be laden with huge yellow fruit (the orchard was famous that apple-growing region); but first he strong and old enough to blossom. And ame a certain lovely April when he felt stirring with unusual quickness through re, throbbing like young blood. He the budding apple-trees with a closer kindred; he too had some tiny green of promise.

Jack Frost make one of those willful l strides, and crush them to death be- icy fingers? No; each succeeding day ner than the one before, the celandines he grass every morning with their glossy aces, and at last an experienced old bee he buds at sundown, after giving them a spection, with the muttered comment: st look you up betimes to-morrow."

Next morning, very early, before one celandine had opened in the dewy grass, the nearest apple-tree noticed a bunch of crab blossoms in the hedge, and greeted his little relative at once.

"Good morning," he said, cheerily. "Good morning, Cousin Crab."

The little tree looked up surprised.

"You speak very kindly, handsome cousin; but how do you know my family name so well? I don't know yours."

The big tree laughed gently, shaking a shower of rose-tinted petals on the sleepy celandines beneath.

"My family is a new one, only heard of yesterday; but your's is the old original stock. All we apples were crabs once upon a time—except indeed in the garden of Paradise," he added, under his breath; "there were no crabs there. My name, if you care to know it, is Golden Pippin. And now, little cousin, let me tell you how glad I am to see one of our race growing up in the old hedge. Ah! here comes the earliest bee to-day. Good-morning, madam; you are bound for my Cousin Crab. Won't you give me a call on the way?"

"Not a turn of my eye!" buzzed the lady.

And she was right. There are no flowers like those that have felt but one morning's dew on their unfolded petals. They are as full of pure, fresh honey, as children's hearts of love.

As the bee sucked away, Crab was in a maze of happiness. What joy it was to be claimed as friend and cousin by the tall, handsome Apple! how pleasant to feel the little honey maker busy at his blossoms, and giving him, thereby, the sweet consciousness of usefulness.

By this time everything was awake. The dew-drops had mounted up into the blue sky to linger there till sundown; the celandines were staring steadily after them, and a gentle hum of conversation had begun all along the hedge. Hawthorns and blackthorns, briony and bind-weed, had plenty to gossip about this morning, for they quickly noticed their neglected hedge-fellow talking with beautiful Golden Pippin.

"Do you see," cried a young briony, "he has

actually persuaded the apple to give him several clusters of blossoms!"

"So he has! What will the gardener say to losing some dozen of choice fruit?"

"You are both talking nonsense," put in an old blackthorn, tartly. "Those blossoms are the young tree's own. I have noticed it budding for some time past. But you are like most people; you can see nothing in the bud."

"Then why do they look like *apple*-blossoms—rather pale ones certainly—but clearly nothing else? We all know that apples never grow wild."

No, apples never grow wild; all the bushes were sure of *that*, for none of them had ever seen a crab tree before our little friend pushed his way up among them from a chance-sown pip. But the two tall poplars overhead exchanged a quiet smile as they listened to the conversation going on round their feet, and presently one of them spoke.

"Six meadows from here there winds a green lane, and its hedges are thickly sprinkled with wild apple-blossoms. I see them while I speak, little friends."

Of course this settled the question, and the bushes soon spoke of other matters.

From this day Crab began to find a great and pleasant change in his companions' treatment of himself. "Golden Pippin likes to talk to him, so he must be worth talking to." This was how the bushes reasoned.

Not long after, Jack Frost really did pay that region a flying visit on his spring journey to the North Pole, and spent the whole night in stripping the flowering trees. Poor little Crab could have cried when he found that all his blossoms were taken, but Golden Pippin's calm cheerfulness under a much more serious loss shamed him into composure. The other apples were loud in complaint.

"One would think you were a stone," they said to Golden Pippin, "instead of a sensitive tree, full of young sap. Don't you remember how much we get noticed and praised every autumn? Don't you see that no one will so much as look at us this year?"

"Yes, I know all that," said Golden Pippin, softly; "but, to tell the honest truth, brothers, I'm rather glad it has happened so this year. That little fellow in the hedge yonder—he still fancies he is as good an apple as any of us, so he cannot but suffer when he finds his mistake and sees all the praise which is lavished on us, while no one

notices him. It will come very hard, and I want him to be really fond of us all before then."

So spoke Golden Pippin; but quite a chorus of sharp voices answered him. Why should a crab trouble himself about apples of high degree such as they?

"Let him associate with the other hedge bushes," said a cooking-apple contemptuously, "with those who are as wild as himself."

"Brother, they cannot satisfy him," said Golden Pippin, gravely. "Our forefathers, the princely crabs, were never quite contented with their homes in the beautiful forests of the young world, for an instinct told them they were capable of better things. And this little crab cannot be quite happy in the hedge."

These words, gently spoken, produced a good effect. One and another of the orchard trees began to notice their poor relation, then to pet and make much of him. Thus kindly treated, his life became a very joyous one. Moreover, he flourished wondrously, and grew unusually tall and strong for so young a sapling. Innocent happiness, we know, helps to make people healthy.

That summer was very sultry, and several terrible thunder-storms swept over the country. During the very last of them beautiful Golden Pippin was struck by lightning, maimed of his larger branches, and left a mere wreck. He would live on; his remaining boughs might still be fruitful, but he was now a blot on the orchard instead of a beauty.

All sympathized with him; none so sorrowfully as little Crab.

Golden Pippin was grateful, but he could take no rest or peace till the gardener's visit was over. "Ah!" sighed my tale-teller, the ancient apple-tree, "none of us ever forgot that day."

It was a blue, brilliant morning after the storm, and the gardener and under-gardener were soon descried crossing the wet grass. As they approached, the younger man uttered an exclamation.

"The Golden Pippin is blasted and spoilt altogether."

"Is it as bad as that, Tom?" mumbled the gardener, peering anxiously at his favorite tree. "My sight gets dimmer every day, seems to me."

"It won't ever be worth much again, nor ever look handsome," was Tom's decided reply. "Shall I cut it down, sir?"

ing thing within hearing, from the
to the ragged-robins, waited breath-
old man's answer.

d a full minute, leaning on his ash-
dying Golden Pippin's charred figure.
I speak, the words came slowly :

om, may be you might."
emned tree's branches stirred, as a
er ran through them. Crab gazed on his
echless horror; he did not notice that
ardener was now looking at himself.
n uncommon fine sapling that one
' cried the young man. "'Twould
al stock if we liked to take a graft
lden Pippin."

The gardener was delighted, and Tom had his
way. In a few years another handsome tree stood
where Golden Pippin had once chatted so kindly
with his little cousin. Another, yet the same; for
the life and individuality of the good-natured
apple remained in the graft they bound upon the
crab stock, and was lovingly preserved and nour-
ished by that other life he had helped to make so
vigorous.

"That is my story," concluded the ancient
apple-tree. "My trunk was once the crab's
smooth stem, but now none know me, save as
Golden Pippin."

And he dropped an enormous yellow apple in
my lap.

THE PENN'S VALLEY CAVE.

BY LEIGH S. NORTH.

teen miles from the picturesque town
e, Pennsylvania, is situated one of the
ered wonders of Nature—newly-dis-
he sense that, although known perhaps
years to people in the neighboring
as only within a few years been opened
al public.

ing, fertile valley spreads for miles in
on until it touches the mountain slopes
d the horizon, and, as in the case of
en, gives no hint to the casual passer-
rvels which perhaps lie almost beneath
From the highway one passes into the
sweet with clover, and after crossing
slopes, stands in half amaze and looks
o an amphitheatre to the green water
is feet, and into the dark opening of
He descends the long flight of steps,
ack again up the sloping bank with its
aceful ferns and moss and the waving
blue sky and masses of snowy, floating
e drowsy August noon was around him
at the top, the thermometer indicating
ghty and ninety degrees, and now
et below he feels as though he has
the shadows of an autumn evening.
e, flat-bottomed boat awaits him and
ions, the tall boatman with the long

paddle in his hand and a lantern at his feet, two
tallow dips in blocks of wood prepared to make
their feeble fight with the Egyptian darkness be-
yond. Surely the Styx and Charon are before
him!

The rocky strata tilted at an angle roofs in the
opening, through which the party, having em-
barked, slowly make their way. Bunches of stal-
actites, white and light-brown, hang like drooping
foliage from the rocks at the side and above the
head, while like wreathed festoons or the delicate
tracery of frost still higher they gleam white and
fantastic in a sort of bas-relief against the black
rocks. Here and there a ray from the lantern
strikes some angle of crystal, which flashes back a
sparkle of light.

On and on, slowly gliding, the stalagmites rising
in groups or single columns on each side like sen-
tinels. The boatman raises his long paddle and
strikes against a mass which hangs low overhead,
and a sound like the booming of a great bell
echoes and dies away.

Meanwhile, at some yards from this entrance, a
smaller detachment of the party have made their
way into what is called "the dry cave." Each in
turn drops down into a sort of pit in the ground
a distance of some feet, and then makes his way
backwards through a hole in the rocks till he

emerges into an open space and again attains his upright position. The candles carried by a few of the party faintly illumine the darkness, just sufficiently to give one an idea of space to see the immense rocks scattered here and there, and to make his way climbing up, slipping down, as the case may be, by a path which one takes by faith rather than sight; a path whose difficulties viewed by daylight might have prevented the attempt, at least by the less adventurous. On what principle the cave is denominated "dry" it would be hard to determine, so moist or muddy is every spot that the foot or hand touches.

At last it opens out into the the other cave, and from the top of a high precipitous rock the party gaze down into the water below. One false step, and sure destruction awaits its victim. A gleam of light faintly indicates the mouth of the cave. Just at this moment the boat enters what is called the Narrows, which hardly allow room for it to pass; while looking up those in it catch a glimpse of the dimly illumined group above. "It looks like a scene in a theatre" is the remark which passes around. Overcoats are buttoned closely, and wraps are at a premium, there being a difference of some thirty degrees in the temperature between the interior of the cave and the external air.

The channel widens out again, and the dim roof is more than twenty-five feet overhead as the boat slowly moves forward. Then some one suddenly shouts aloud, and as it echoes and dies away voice after voice joins in, and it seems to those above on the rock as if Indian war-whoops were rending the air. Then another starts some familiar chorus, and all take up the strain. How rich and full and beautiful it sounds! No music-hall of man's workmanship has such fine acoustic properties, and each one listens to his own voice in surprise at the new power and sweetness it seems to have developed. Back and forth, each party in turn catching up and following, rolls the volume of sound; the whole atmosphere seems full of music, and then those on the rock are

silent and listen, while the boat is lost to sight, and the melody becomes fainter and fainter. Some years ago several bands of music went into the cave and played with remarkably fine effect.

The boatman strikes here and there, and in one place the sound that answers is like a chime of bells, in another the roll of a drum. Arches, alcoves, and indications of yet unexplored recesses appear on every side, and strange figures gleam white and ghostly around. In one place a cascade seems to have fallen asleep and hushed in murmur, or with Death's finger been silenced forever into a stony quiet. And now overhead a long ridge of teeth menaces destruction. Is it a giant's saw, or the jaw of some primeval monster, which threatens to close and swallow them up? A single bat comes forth from his gloomy abode and circles slowly round. Still on and on till at last the pile of driftwood against the rocky wall in front indicates that the end is reached, some half a mile from the entrance. Then they turn round and slowly wend their way back again, while the boatman watches so keenly lest any projecting point should be broken off and carried away as a souvenir, that such intention, if it be latent in the mind of any member of the party, is abandoned.

At the foot of the rocks, at the Narrows, the boat stops, and down an inclined plane slip or slide the rest of the company and join the crew. The entrance which at first seemed a mere speck of light grows brighter, a pale-green light seems to envelop it, there is a shimmer on the water which turns from black to dark green; then the ferns again, then a glimpse of the sky, and then a flood of warmth and light, and they are in the outer world. The more timid perhaps draw a sigh of relief, which is scarcely increased, however, by the information that the oldest inhabitants of the valley firmly believed that those who dared to enter the cave never lived long after their return; but there was a satisfaction in the thought that if this were the case some of the neighboring towns would be partly depopulated. "Macy loves company."

On the slopes of the volcano of San Salvador, in Central America, exists an intermittent spring, which the natives call the "Fugitive River." During seven consecutive years it flows freely, when, at a fixed time, the water suddenly disappears, and

the bed of the river becomes dry. At the end of the other period of seven years the water begins to flow again. The last suspension was from 1873 to 1880, and in January of this year the water promptly reappeared.

THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE REVEALED.

BY MRS. J. R. HASKINS.

III.

CHAPTER VI.—FAST AND VIGIL.

few days after the last scene recorded be-
Mr. Neville and his daughter, Edith found
thrown upon her own resources and alone.
ommenced the struggle for the performance
promises she had made her father, which
ndered all the more painful and difficult
entirely unaided by counsel, sympathy or

one lost in some mountain defile, surrounded
ful chasms, and threatening avalanche of
r rock, groping the way in terrified uncer-
lest a false step should plunge the wanderer
e very danger he was striving to avoid—
; inexpressibly for the sound of a human
or the sure foot of some experienced guide;
ffered and battled our heroine with the
ding emotions and conflicting duties of her
osition. So implicit heretofore had been
th in her father's motives and principles,
e had ever been ready to accept his dictum
d unquestioning confidence. Now that this
as put to the severest test, the earnestness
appeal, the habitual unselfishness of his
n for her, and the depth of his own emo-
ven though demanding the immolation of
e's best treasures, yielding her like Iphige-
he sacrifice—all these combined to convince
the sufficiency and depth of his reasons for
demands upon her power of patient endu-
and submissive faith. She inherited too
of her father's force of character to yield to
t feelings of terror and anguish that glared
from

t desolate land of woe
: whose burning sands she was forced to go."

saw in time that her only hope of ultimate
; would be in constant watchfulness of her
eelings, combined with unfailing action.
ne opportunities in abundance would have
; but here, her line seemed almost too cir-
ibed to leave any hope of success. Still,
conscientious, determined will, ways and

means rarely fail, through the blessing of God, to
meet the earnest endeavor of a soul in need.

For a time Edith applied herself more diligently
to her needle; but this sedentary occupation only
fed thought and furnished food for repining tears.
Next she wearied herself with long walks, always,
however, within the boundaries of her uncle's
farm, for she shrank from the prying eyes of
strangers. Between these occupations and the
books in the library she divided her time; but
her progress was so slow, her assent to the torture
of her doom still so reluctantly given, that she de-
spaired of ever finding that rest and peace of
mind that were the promised reward of filial duty
accomplished. At length, driven to extremity,
she remembered the great interest her mother
always appeared to take in the performance of her
domestic duties. She at once determined to avail
herself, through the good-will of the old house-
keeper, of this yet unexplored field. To her ex-
pressed wish to be initiated in the mysteries of
cuisine and confection, as well as the extra activity
of the dairy, she received a hearty welcome, and
was at once inducted in these arts by the old
woman, who said with a chuckle that "dere was
no harm done in humoring dis whim ob de young
missus, but it was clar to be seen dat nothing was
to be expected of dat pale face and dem poor little
white hands." It was not long, however, before
Aunt Susan recanted, expressing both surprise and
delight at the wonderful proficiency of her pupil.

Between these new diversions Edith managed
to live in patient endurance through the days,
and sometimes in the midst of these occupations
would feel convinced that the rest she so yearn-
ingly sought was at last falling softly upon her.
But the night! the long, weary, ghost-conjuring
night would prove the uselessness, the vapid empti-
ness of the day's gains. She was tempted likewise
to give up the contest, to break her promise to her
father, to doubt where she had always trusted;
but above all a hope would creep insidiously into
her weary heart that Clarence might yet, before

There were moments when Edith felt the need of some congenial, sympathetic friend that might help to uphold if not allay her isolated weariness; not looking for such in her present locality, she was glad when her uncle took it upon himself to decline the advances made by the families in the neighborhood, for her moods most frequently rendered the presence of uncongenial people more burden than a relief. In such a struggle the bright days of summer paled into autumn's more golden hue, and Edith paced the balcony, watching the changing heavens and listening to the low moaning winds, that struck upon her eaves like the plaint of a lost spirit, chiming and harmonizing with the thoughts and memories of a worn heart.

She was roused from her reverie by a figure entering the gate, and coming at full gallop up the avenue. The long flowing skirt and the jaunty velvet cap, which failed to hold in check a wealth of golden curls, convinced Edith that this visitor was for herself alone. But little time was left to conjecture ere a clear, ringing voice sang out, "Hebe, which room does Miss Neville occupy?" and before she heard the reply, this unceremonious visitor was tapping with her whip on the door, and before she could recover her surprise heard herself saluted as "Cousin Edith," receiving at the same time a hearty kiss upon her upturned cheek.

"Now, you think me very unceremonious and untrifled, don't you? but it is my way, my dear, and if we become good friends, as I mean to, shall, you will become used to all my independent ways and notions. I have been dying to see you these many months. Poor child! you do really look moped to death, and white and frail like the first snow-drop of spring. I hope I have not frightened you by my outlandish manners?"

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Edith, trying to recover herself. "Only you have taken me by surprise; it is so long since I have seen any one that I find myself rather more nervous and at a loss for words than is comfortable. But you call me 'cousin'; apart from Uncle Ralph, I was not aware there was any one here to claim me."

"And has he never spoken to you of Sallie Graham? Now, that is strange, even for him; more so as he is to people in general, I am really one of the few he condescends to tolerate, not positively like. As to my right to call you

cousin, I am the niece of his wife—sufficient claim according to our custom. You had better accept the offer; you will find me better than nobody if you are destined to spend the winter in this dreary castle of Otronto. But whether you will or not, I have quite made up my mind to help you bear your weary captivity, and Uncle Ralph knows better than to thwart me in any of my fixed purposes. I am much more unmanageable than was poor Aunt Mary, who wouldn't now be lying under the field of daisies if she had possessed a little of my spirit; and you for all the world look like just such another, and I do believe would let those barbarous men kill you off, too, by slow torture. But I am worrying you with my chatter, so I'll be quiet, and give you time to recover from your astonishment, whilst I take off my hat; for you must know I intend to make you such a visit as will insure in the future either our like or dislike for each other's society."

The girl was so frank, earnest and genial, that Edith began to feel quite a heart-warming toward her, and before the visit ended she found herself wondering at the strange interest she already felt in this new-found friend.

At the termination of the visit, just as Sallie reached the foot of the staircase, accompanied by Edith, they met Ralph Neville. Edith observed with a sinking heart the scowl upon his brow, and read in that dark cloud a veto upon the pleasure of Sallie's visits.

"So it is you, Miss Impudence!" he exclaimed, as he saw her bright face, while at the same time the heavy frown gave way to an expression less alarming. "Where did you come from, and what put it into your mischievous head to come here without waiting for an invitation?"

"Now, Uncle Ralph, are you not ashamed to give such a greeting to an affectionate niece who could not wait twenty-four hours without seeing her beloved uncle; and finding him gone, you cannot suppose me such a heathen as to forget the courtesies due to his guest!"

The old man really seemed amused if not pleased, and before this feeling could pass, Sallie took his arm, and walked rapidly through the hall, talking very earnestly as she went, and evidently from time to time combating some argument to which Mr. Neville adhered. That she had won the day was evident to Edith; for as she mounted her horse, she gayly waved her riding

whip, and with an "*Au revoir, ma chère*," was gone.

Edith never could induce Sallie to repeat the conversation held with her uncle on that occasion. She would only say, "I won my point, as I told you I should, spite of a flat refusal at first; and never was knight more defiant in behalf of his lady love, or more leal, now that is won, than I mean to be to you, you poor persecuted darling; so rest content with these assurances, and never mind how it was all accomplished."

True to her word, Sallie devoted much of her time to Edith, and the glorious October days were passed by the friends in long rides and rambles through the fast-changing woods, gathering the gold and scarlet leaves and berries to preserve them ere the winter frosts could blight their brilliant beauty. Edith was too young to be insensible to the influence of so cheering a companion, and too loving by nature to feel ungrateful for the boon. Though the one sad memory formed the undertone of all her thoughts and actions, still she was better able to regulate the feeling that arose out of her old life, until by degrees she found herself able to take an interest in her books and the multiplicity of little duties that in her moments of desperation she had assumed. Thus waned the bright autumn and the sad, soothing influence of the hazy Indian-summer days.

Edith feared that the short, cold days of December would put an end to Sallie's visits; but she little comprehended the elastic hardy nature of her friend. The constant companion of Nature from her infancy, its winds and snows had no terrors for her. Safe on the back of her horse, she could defy and glory in any strife of the elements less violent than a tornado, and gather beauty from the shifting scenes of heaven's wrath, or hear sermons in the wailing of the trees and the plaintive rustling of the scattered and dying leaves. Just one week before Christmas, she rushed almost breathless upon Edith, her face radiant with the glow of health and the spirit she had caught from air and exercise, and announced herself as a visitor "for a whole week."

"They are going to have a family gathering," she said, "at grandpa's in F—, and as I have been there nearly every year since I was born, I must made up my mind to vary the season for once, and spend it with you. Of course I am scolded by all, and called a stubborn, contrary girl; but I

argued there was more merit in comfort than afflicted than faring sumptuously, and so allowed, as I always am, to have my own Here I am, and mean to have a nice, cozy time."

Edith expressed the delight she really felt in this new mark of disinterested friendship, and made every effort to prove her gratitude by quiet cheerfulness and constant attention to Sallie's entertainment.

It was Christmas Eve, and the girls had spent the day in assisting Aunt Susan in her preparations for the morrow's feast; for Sallie decided she must have a good dinner, or it would not be Christmas for her.

"You see, Edith," she said, "I am not one of your sublimated mortals, that can exchange sentiment for a substance; and though I think my heart ought by all means be fed with its food, I also believe that the stomach is an organ that has quite as much to do with our mental as our physical condition, and therefore must be well cared for. You smile, Edith; but tell me, have you ever saw anybody in a bad humor after a good dinner?"

Mr. Neville had gone to a punch-drink in the neighborhood; so the two friends ensconced themselves cozily for the evening in Edith's study. Phebe was bustling around preparing the tea, while the teakettle was singing before a wood fire on the hearth, and the whole atmosphere of the room was suggestive of true comfort and perfect contentment.

Whilst Sallie, ever restless, was walking up and down the room, she at last halted before a hanging shelves on which were arranged her books. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Why, here's Madame de Staël's '*Allemagne*!' I didn't know that you read so well enough, Edith, to master this work."

"Oh, yes," replied Edith, "and I feel very thankful for the power, since it has opened up such a treat."

"Your mind has more depth than mine," said Sallie, "for I never could get through that book. There are too many philosophical disquisitions and metaphysical depths for me. Then I can't get over my notion that the Germans are a kind of outside barbarian, notwithstanding she proves to the contrary. But although I like her book, yet I envy her talents, if not the fame and happiness they get her."

, I grant you," said Edith; "but the is questionable. Certainly they are not us terms. There may be instances in of men when they become such, but I will search the page of history in vain em combined in the life of even our

your assertion, or I shan't believe it." I to mind the lives of the queens of now survey the private history of Mrs. Mrs. Norton, 'L. E. L.,' and others too to mention, and tell me if you think ness of their lives commensurate with rary talents and fame? Believe me, ther great talents nor high position, as list of the queens of England testify, e more peace of mind or enjoyment of falls to the lot of the poorest and most ountry girl in our midst." r," said Sallie, "you have the best of ent; but Madame de Staël is an excep-ur rule."

r case, much will depend upon what you he chief ingredients of happiness. If ation and adulation of the world com- hen I grant she was happy. But such can never satisfy a true heart, and there uch sentiment, too many strong pas-er nature to rest content with these. herself that the cravings and longings of s to be loved as she could love; and she Talleyrand that she would give all her l fame in exchange for the beauty and alities of her friend, Madame Récamier. d round of duty formed the rôle of her ge, and this was divided by a rush and issipation and excitement that as years became necessary to her existence. With us she could never live alone, for red but a small and cold niche in her t, and without that who can be truly There was Madame Roland, too, who high pinnacle only to fall under the e guillotine. Far better would it have er, in her hour of deepest woe, if she ed the pure earnest faith of her early ys, in lieu of the skepticism and politi- e into which her misguided talents and lunged her. It is very entrancing, no ollow such characters through the bril- heir hours of fame when the footlights

are all aglow, and the audience enthralled. Such a scene is apt to make the contrast of an ordinary life seem both dreary and unsatisfactory. But dazzling and captivating as they then appear, what does it all amount to when the lights are gone out and the curtain dropped and the death angel stands waiting his prize? Not one consolation, not one prerogative more can such summon to their aid, than is the right of the poorest Alpine peasant who never read the title-page of a book; who never saw anything grander than his own mountain summit, or heard any voice more eloquent than the roar of their white-mouthed avalanches. More, infinitely more, do such lives lose when called upon to lay down their earth-gemmed crowns—but the gain! Who can doubt upon which head the starry coronet will fall! Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

There was a pause, Sallie seemingly quite moved, and Edith much excited by her own earnestness.

At length Sallie said: "You have almost converted me, Edith, from any desire of following in the wake of de Staël & Co. You have astonished me, too, by this new glimpse of your mental powers. I thought there was too much romance and sentiment in your nature to leave room for such serious thought."

"If I have any merit," Edith replied, "it is entirely due to my dear father, who early led my mind to study and reflection, not usually thought necessary in the education of a girl."

"Well, you have given me such an appropriate subject for my night's meditation, that I'll not break the spell by further talk, but take myself at once to bed. So good-night, my dear, and may the morrow's dawn bring you a promise of glad tidings; your beauty win for you as many friends as it did for Récamier, and your share of talents make you happier than de Staël with all her genius."

So saying Sallie kissed her friend, picked up her light, and took her way thoughtfully to her own room.

CHAPTER VII.—BURIED HOPES.

IT must not be supposed that in all these weary months Mr. Neville had failed in constant remembrance of his daughter. Letters frequent and voluminous reached her from both parents, and did much in sustaining her spirits and encourag-

were made for her return home. The only drawback to her pleasure at this announcement was the thought of parting from Sallie; and as the day approached, it really marred all the brighter anticipations connected with the change of scene and association. When the farewells were being said, Sallie stifled her own feelings to cheer Edith, assuring her with the promise of a visit some time during the summer.

"Don't flatter yourself," she said, gayly, "that you are now seeing the last of me, for I have many days of torment yet in store for you, otherwise my record of eternal friendship will be broken, in the letter if not in spirit."

Even the parting from her uncle and the servants caused a pang to the tender heart of Edith. At the moment only pleasant memories were in the ascendant, and she was quite willing to forgive and forget all her uncle's early harshness and want of sympathy as she kissed him good-by, only remembering the many acts of kindness that had characterized his manner to her during the last months of her visit.

It would be travelling over an old road to follow them on their journey, therefore we will leave our travellers and look once more after the fate and fortune of Clarence Livingston, which forms an important part of this tale.

We saw him last rushing with phrenzied speed from the presence of her who but a few moments before he would have given his life to see and be ever near. In the agonized state of feeling that sprung from the unexpected result of this longed-for interview, he seemed to be impelled by but one idea—flight—to keep in motion, to be free from the sound of other voices or the gaze of other eyes. Thus he had urged on unmercifully, at the same speed, the noble brute that bore him, until the complete exhaustion of the animal aroused him to a sense of humanity, and the necessity of rest and refreshment. Stopping at a wayside inn, he retired to a private room, where he endeavored to collect his half-crazed thoughts; but only a dreadful nightmare sense of some horrible weight seemed to possess him, without the power of analyzing its quality or measuring its effects. He only knew that, instead of floating on a calm, open sea, with the stars looking lovingly down upon two young happy hearts, only darkness was above and around him, the roar of the breakers as in his ear, the precious freight was all en-

gulphed by the angry waters, and a hopeless doom was fast closing over the floating fragments. Thus passed two hours, when the necessity for action again aroused him from his dream, and finding his horse sufficiently refreshed, he was once more on the road. This time he went leisurely along, not wishing to enter the town during daylight, for he shrank, as one always does in sorrow, from the encounter of strange eyes. He greeted, with a dumb sense of pleasure, the gathering darkness, and the cold January winds that at any other time would have made him shiver. When arrived he walked to the private door of the hotel; but seeing a figure standing on the threshold, he was about turning away to avoid an encounter, when the voice of Bertram, cheerful and congratulatory in tone, arrested his steps.

Bertram had very naturally attributed his protracted stay to a successful and happy interview with his bride; but no sooner had he recognized the figure of Clarence, and felt his bantering light-hearted words checked by the hard, silent pressure of his hand, than he at once comprehended enough of the truth to make him silent and subdued. Upon entering together their private room, Bertram was struck with the ghastly, exhausted condition of his friend's countenance. Without a word he left the room and soon returned, bearing in his own hands some refreshment, which he insisted upon Clarence taking.

What is the spell we feel at the sound of a human voice, or in an act that speaks only of a tender sympathy that so overcomes the heart when steeped in a heavy sorrow? Hard, dry and despairing, when wrestling alone with a mortal anguish, a gentle tone or a thoughtful act suddenly breaks the barriers, and the pent-up, scalding tears gush forth. Thus this naturally simple act on the part of Bertram completely unmanned Clarence, and he wept the hot, scalding, despairing tears that only a strong man can shed. There is but little relief in such tears; we only know the agony that calls them forth, but feel no lull after the storm, no sense of a burden laid forever down.

Leaving him alone with his unspoken grief for several hours, Bertram at length thought, as the night waned, that it would be better to break the spell, and force upon Clarence's attention the necessity of some plan of action for the morrow.

By degrees he won his attention, gathered the substance of the day's experience, and with his

clear mind and ready resources at once marked out a plan for the future that should at least help to blunt such memories, even though it might not entirely erase them.

"You know my project, Clarence, when I met you, was to spend two years in Europe. Now there is nothing to prevent the fulfillment of this plan, and what better for you than to accompany me?"

"It is what I should wish above all things, and willingly consent to," replied Clarence, "only that in my case this plan involves so many preliminaries, and I haven't the energy to undertake them."

"Leave that all to me, then, for you know I am blessed with a superabundance of resources, and can settle everything necessary for both. A letter to your father will explain all, and through Mr. Foster you can make arrangements for your bank account." Clarence passively submitted to the stronger will.

Arrived once more at L—, and dreading the questions and sympathy of his sisters, he went to a hotel, leaving Bertram to communicate to his family the unfortunate and unaccountable turn in his affairs. Everything was done by his sisters to lighten his affliction and hasten his departure. Sailing from New Orleans, Clarence felt a sense

of relief as the certainty dawned upon him, cutting the wide sea between himself and his hopes.

As the two friends wandered from land to land, many stirring scenes, many strange sight thrilling beauties of Nature and art filled passing hours. But not until the glories of Rhineland broke upon the view of Clarence until he found himself face to face, almost for a part of its wild legendary lore, did his thought and feelings become identified with the scene. Here he found answering voices of spirit-yearning. Here he lingered, until the spot with its wild traditions became his cheering associates. Among the ruins of Rheineck he loved best to wander, and repeat and again the legend that consecrated the land and island.

Under such influences we shall now leave Clarence Livingston; nor shall we meet again until time shall have turned the current of his teaching him the great lesson which comes or later to all—how to suffer less acutely, to endure more heroically; how to conquer a hard love, without losing that fidelity of remembrance which should make it the purifying influence of an after life.

THE BURIAL OF THE GYPSY QUEEN.

By LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

"MAKE way for royalty!" a sovereign comes
Robed in the proud regalia of a throne;
The blood of kings within her frozen veins,
A queenly heart encased in breast of stone!

"Room for the Queen!" Queen of a wildwood court;
Her throne, the fields,—her canopy, the skies;
Her jewels, every fragrant, bright-hued flower
That on earth's emerald velvet proudly lies!

"Room for the Queen!" She comes, but ah! how still,
How passionless, how grandly calm her face!
The hand that grasped the sceptre strangely cold,
The brow uncrowned, save with Death's regal grace!

"Room for the Queen!" what means that sad, wild cry
Like wail of wounded birds that hover low?
The solemn rendering, "Dust to kindred dust,"
The prayer that rises like a requiem slow?

"Room for the Queen!" The forest shades are
The robin carols from each swinging bough,
Why drag so heavily her courtiers' feet?
Why walks the king with shadowed cheek and

Alas! alas! a mightier King than he
Hath claimed the wildwood sovereign for His
His crown is on her brow; His signet ring
Hath sealed this compact; she is His alone!

Alas! alas! that royalty itself
Must bow before a King who claims us all!
That crown and sceptre, regal state and pride
Must hide within the coffin and the pall!

Alas! alas! for royalty itself
If this were all; this crownless, dreamless sleep
If He, the Lord of Death and King of kings,
Who gives our treasures, might not take and

AUTHORS, AND THEIR WAYS OF WORKING.

BY A. B. HARRIS.

publication of memoirs, reminiscences, and the prevalence of literary people goes on for longer in the way it has done for a few years than the world will become well acquainted with its peculiarities, the likes and dislikes, and foibles of many of the individuals who have had the good (or ill) fortune to be celebrated. It may be gossip, but it is the gossip of the better sort; and if we are certainly in good company. The details of all these little details as if it had a name; but how about those who are perished? What would Miss Mitford, who has said if she had foreseen that her father, and his ingratitude and rejection and shallowness of character brought to light? Would Rogers have been saying hateful things if he could now they would look in print? And Mr. Savage Landor have shown a better example had known how he was to be sifted? Did Wordsworth have done if he had put the stories of his little meannesses passed down to posterity in company with immortal lines on "Revisiting Tintern" and "Happy Warrior," and those noble monuments of his! And would not poor L. suffered yet more deeply than she did anticipated that after many years she would have the whole story of her disappearance and the name of her lost lover?

but wonder if these persons, and so many who have had so much written about them, have been aware that observing eyes, quick ears listening, and busy hands were in everything they did and said, and that the world would see it. In view of the half truths sometimes told which are less than no truth, the "damning with praise" of some biographers, the mystifications of some others and the moralizing victims, how many a man and woman would have to say, "Deliver me from my sins." It is convincing proof that spirits do exist, that some whose

"bones are dust,"

whose

"souls are with the saints, we trust,"

are not now tormenting those who have written their lives. It has undoubtedly been the fear of being misrepresented which has driven some men into writing their autobiographies. Their prominence in the world of letters was such that they knew they could not be let alone; they felt that writers of their lives would be on their track like wolves, or "ere the shoes were old" which followed them to their graves, and not daring to risk themselves, they did it in self-preservation, while others from overestimating their own importance, and some to benefit the race, as individuals bequeathed their bodies for dissection for the good of medical science.

There is one thing which writers seem to have been almost universally willing that the public should know, and that is their method of work. As many of the names which are numbered among the immortals in the republic of letters (and many that are not) pass in review before us, we have opportunity to see by what patient persistence some of them achieved success, and under what circumstances they wrote. Young aspirants who read the books of famous authors are apt to think that they had nothing to do but imagine the story or poem, put it in tangible shape, find a publisher at once, and at once receive liberal payment; whereas it is not often so. Many have dragged along for years, perhaps under various assumed names, groping their way, as one might say, until at last they struck into the right path. Their success did not come in a day, or in one year, or many. The juvenile pieces of most of our best poets are hardly worth reading, except as they help to prove what advance has been made. They indicate no extraordinary ability; the writers had talent or genius, and made the best use of it. The progress can often be traced, and there is no mystery about it.

Mrs. Stowe says she was more than twenty years writing before she ever put much into print; and an excellent reason why she became so successful

was because she had been so long preparing to be. She read good authors (there was not so much trash for young persons, or for any one in those days), acquired ease of expression, and when she had something which people wanted to hear, she had learned an agreeable and plain way of saying it. Her success, pecuniary as well as otherwise, represented, to use her own words, "a great deal of cost, study, and labor." Miss Alcott, who suddenly became so popular, had been a writer for years. She made a fortunate hit in "Little Women;" but though she might have written that book rapidly and readily, a long course of study and discipline, years of culture and experience were really in it. Hawthorne, in his "Note Book," speaks of the "dismal chamber where fame was won," after long trial, long waiting, endeavor, and disappointments, and heart-sickness, the slow result of time and mental toil—a late though sure return for so much wear of spirit and brain.

And fame did not come to Thackeray on easy terms. He did work as an editor at the age of twenty-two, and tried literary ventures of several kinds, never finding the right thing, however, till in 1846, at thirty-five, "Vanity Fair" was given to the world after being declined by at least one publisher. It is the same truth in his case as of the writers above named, and of so many others—there were years of hard labor and discipline back of it; the preparation for a great success. In the four famous books, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes," he found his recompense. Carlyle, who is, or was (for his writing days are nearly over), a very hard worker and very deliberate, being fifteen years about his "Life of Frederick the Great," had the MS. of "Sartor Resartus" more than once returned to him, and by no means made haste toward the desired goal. And Henry Thomas Buckle spent a score of years in getting ready to begin his "History of Civilization," and then "committed the result of his ten-hours-a-day labor to the press," in the first volume, never having printed, "we believe," says his biographer, "a line till then, or allowing anything to interfere with the great task he had in hand."

Some of the best writers, whether of prose or verse, have written carefully after mature deliberation, according to a plan which was clearly in their minds before they began, and then have critically

finished what they had put on paper, going over it again and again, keeping it by them a long time, and erasing and revising, while others have dashed off a story or a poem almost as by inspiration. But in spite of what may be proved by these latter cases, it is the rule that good work is comparatively slow; and for accuracy and finish, time as well as patience and culture and skill are needed.

Macaulay in writing his history, first possessed himself of the episodes, then sketched the story, securing the leading ideas and epithets; and at this stage of proceedings his manuscript was, as he said, "dashes and flourishes." This rough draught he wrote out with innumerable erasures and revisions and interlineations, and he would work "only at his best." His minutes from the libraries he consulted were noted down in "a multitude of pocket-books of every possible shape and color," of which "a dozen still remain." There were not many days after he was fairly engaged on the history when he was not able to write several pages, and he said he "was not tied to time, or obliged to write for money, and did not want to write when the work dragged." He asks, "how can a man expect that others will be amused by reading what he finds it dull to compose?" and says, "There are people who can carry on twenty works at a time. . . Southey would write on the 'History of Brazil' before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the 'History of the Peruvian War' till dinner, and an article for the 'Quarterly Review' in the evening. But I am of a different temper. I never work but please myself until my subject has for the time driven every other out of my head. When I pass from one work to another, a good deal of time is lost in the transit."

The rapidity and versatility of Southey were commented upon by others besides this illustrious historian. It was a matter of wonder to Landor, who was an intimate friend of the former, that he could keep so many things along at the same time and pass from one to another in that way. The facts in the case were that Southey naturally was fast (when only twenty years old completed his first poem, "Wat Tyler," in three months) and in his maturer life was compelled to be urgent and make good speed in order to support many persons as there were, through the carelessness of others, dependent on him for their

and then he had such exceeding love for it he labored on many things because his in the work, and he hoped for a return future day, believing that he was "planting while my cotemporaries are setting seeds." Many of his poems he wrote, and paid by Landor, who was rich as he and who was steadfast to him for the more years of their acquaintance—an seemingly founded on the law of opposites the one was so amiable and the other the reverse. Southey said about "The Kehama," that if he (Landor) "likes it earnest, I will get up at six every morning two fresh hours of morning work to be completed;" and in this manner he lived it, "borrowing hours from sleep," repeatedly spoke of it afterwards as having ten early without any interference with his work, which went on as if he had no opposition in his thoughts." He minded about interruptions when writing prose, "Now poetry is the only thing which I impose if any person be present, because figures and eyes require a freedom which of any human presence would restrain," referred to some guest at his house who early hour as well as he did himself, and his way into the library to the master's comfort—by all of which it will be seen why he was very communicative about his

says: "How you can write two poems I cannot conceive. I could write his poetry; but I could not divide passions. When I write a poem my hearty feelings are in it. I never compose a verse within doors, except in bed sometimes don't know what the satirists would say now that most of my verse sprang from a mole-hill. Many hundreds, a good many I have written. I have foregone the want of a pencil and a dry seat." Landor, such an out-of-door composer, as he his first poem, which attracted notice, after reading "Paradise Lost" which recited aloud to him, "very many on me, over sandy sea and down covered roses only and a row of some few plants." and as he looked on his eye and to observe a very common scene

Swansea; and he often said in after life "that he was never happier than when thus writing it, and not exchanging twelve sentences with men." He writes to his intimate friend about his tragedy of "Count Julian," that "in forty hours I have done over one thousand lines. Little of the original plan is retained; but about three thousand verses are unaltered, or nearly so; but it cannot be well done written with such amazing rapidity," to which Southey replies that he had never done more than twelve hundred lines a week, and intimates that such work had cost so much passion and so much of the reasoning faculty. Landor, in continuing this expression of opinions and statement about habits, goes on to add that he "labored days and nights almost without intermission in correcting this same drama; "My hours" (in the composition) "were four or five together, after long walks, in which I brought before me the various characters, the very tones of their voices, their forms, complexion, and step. In the daytime I labored, and at night unburdened my mind, shedding many tears;" and he alludes to the fact that people laughed about Voltaire because he wept "over the representation of his own tragedies," and thinks he was sincere then if never at any other time.

He said he wanted outward help for writing poetry, such as he could get in the open air in his walks out in the sun. "Quiet and silent nights are the next things needful" to this lover of the lanes and the hedge-rows, the woods and meadows. Then, given all these favoring conditions, he was able to write rapidly. His tragedy "Andrzej of Hungary" was "conceived, planned, and executed in thirteen days; transcribed (the work of the business) in six." "I have weeded out and weeded out, and have rejected as much as you would furnish any friend for another piece as good as this." He always threw away a great deal, like Dr. Channing mercilessly cutting out passage after passage, which is as trying a piece of self-sacrifice as most authors can be capable of. When he was engaged upon some of his "Conversations," at the advanced age of eighty-two, he says: "I wrote one day and corrected the next, and some days do a little of both, analyzing and rejecting some and none essentially to make them perfect, simple and perfect." "Now he lay awake at night thinking over from a chapter, having just read Mrs. Jackson's biography of her, and after

tea on Sunday began the drama, "and before I rose from my bed on Monday morning, I had written above a hundred and fifty verses as good as any I ever wrote in my life, excepting my 'Death of Clytemnestra.' Of course I slept but little. In fact, I scarcely slept at all by night while the people of my brain are talking." After he left his wife, these creatures of his imagination were more real than living persons to him; so that he was ready to be a voice for them, and "whenever pen and ink was accessible to him, and a sheet of paper, he was equipped for every enterprise." And he was so anxious to be absolutely original, taking coloring from no other author's thoughts, and keeping free from any influence, that when preparing to write on any subject, "I abstain a long while from every kind of reading lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to imitate the gait or learn any tricks of others."

This faculty of entering into the characters of his creation, as though they were actual living beings, was something he shared in common with many authors; and it was especially true of Dickens, who entered into his work with such an intensity of feeling that he laughed and wept over and with the people he had himself called into existence. He says he wound up the last page of the "Chimes" with a "real, good cry." He, too, tells of his modes of getting started in his work. When he was "full of it," as he says, meaning "Chuzzlewit," he was up early in the morning, and "I blazed away till last nine night, only stopping ten minutes for dinner. I suppose I wrote eight printed pages of 'Chuzzlewit' yesterday." He does not appear to have had any so strong local attachments that he was at all discomposed or thrown off his bias by change of place or circumstances as some are. "One of his first anxieties," says Forster, "was the selection of a name for his book;" and like Landor and Thackeray, he made a study of the names of his characters. The title he presented to himself in all available and some unavailable forms, and he could not get fairly launched until his mind was pretty well made up.

Though we know far less about the great-hearted, tender, keen-eyed Thackeray—most charitable while most discriminating of satirists, the man without sham—we are told that his people were

so real to him that he once pointed out to a friend "the very house in Russell Square where his imaginary Sedleys lived." And we have his words about the "Newcomes," where he says, "Two years ago, walking with my children in some pleasant fields near to Berne, in Switzerland, I strayed from them into a little wood, coming out of it presently told them how they had been revealed to me somehow, which for the last and-twenty months the reader has been pleased to follow. As I write the last line with a rather heavy heart, Pendennis and Laura and Ethel and the others fade away into fable-land. I hardly know whether they are not true; whether they do not live in some place or other somewhere. They were alive, and I heard their voices; but five minutes since was told to me by their grief."

We get but a few glimpses of the man through the reminiscences of this friend and that, as he was not communicative about himself. He was delicate in his own personality, not a little inclined to keep shut within himself, and it was not for any one to pass the barrier of reserve by which he could entrench himself; he won not to him in familiar, boyish ways, or kept them at a distance as he chose. But we have some intimacies of the way in which he wrote. He worked steadily and "always in the day, not at night," and he was employed upon "Esmond" was pleased if he wrote six pages in a day, and retouched, writing always with great thought and habitual correctness of expression. His work would of itself show this; always neat and capable of great beauty and minuteness. He never threw away his ideas, but worked them out sooner or later, and the production he had in hand he carried with him, so that "when a thought or a turn of a word struck him it was once recorded." A gentleman who acted as amanuensis while he was preparing his lecture on the "Four Georges," says he usually found him in his bed chamber, ready for business early in the morning, and he would dictate while walking, sitting, standing, lying down, often changing position, stopping perhaps to light a cigar; after smoking a few minutes he would go on with renewed vigor. He spoke in a clear, delicate manner, was easy to follow, and "weighed his words before he gave them breath." When writing himself he was continually making caricatures along the margin of his manuscripts; his

did not let a pencil alone, and he often scrawled figures as illustrate his books, with pen and on the sheets or on any bit of paper that came hand.

Among several points of resemblance between Mackerray and poor Goldsmith, it is curious that one of them should be this careful mental wording the thoughts before putting them on paper. When Goldsmith was living in Green Arborport, struggling for a bare living, he wrote some of his histories, and so clear were his ideas that every paragraph was ready just as it was to stand before he dipped his pen in the ink; there were almost no erasures, and he was in the habit of filling out all the page, leaving no margin for notes. When on his History of England, he read Burke and others in the morning, then perhaps walked out into the country with a friend, and used his sleeping hours to write. He thought he could do his task better for taking time to think it over. While writing his poems he had a different course, and was hardly seen by his friends for two or three months at a time. He would stroll about the court with paper and pencil in hand and take notes, as some thought occurred to him, making haste to put it down; in this way he gradually prepared his sketches for the "Deserted Village"—the hints for it having been gathered during many of those excursions which he so greatly delighted in, and when he seemed to those who met him strangely wrapped up in his own thoughts, a dreaming man sauntering about the fields with a book under his arm. On his poems he spent much labor, and those he wrote from the first thoughts, in lines wide enough apart to allow of changes. And changes he made without number, being so fastidious that the spaces were so filled that scarcely an original line remained as it had been. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was written while hiding from his creditors, and he spent his forenoons in his room, breakfasting on cheap food, and dressed shabbily; and strange to say, he was so doubtful about the merit of this immortal work that he kept the manuscript nearly two years before he dared risk the expense of publishing.

Rogers, though by no means a man of genius, was another of the careful, deliberate writers. His "Pleasures of Memory" he had on hand seventeen years, writing, rewriting, carefully elaborating and finishing with unsurpassed nicety.

And Sheridan was so exacting about his own

productions that he said of "The School for Scandal" that he was nineteen years "endeavoring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." He was one of the tremendous workers if occasion required, and would rise very early, "light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked."

Wordsworth lamented his own slowness, and talked about "the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses;" sometimes he was "whole weeks employed in shaping two or three lines" before he could suit himself "with their structure, attributing much of his trouble to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language." He complained at the same time of his poor pay, and also of his own handwriting; "my manuscripts are so ill-penned and slurred that they are useless to all but myself."

His neighbor, Harriet Martineau, did not believe in all that altering and polishing, but let her own pages stay nearly as they were written, convinced that the changing and finishing destroyed all the spirit and vigor of the composition. For thirty-five years she wrote on a flat table or on a blotter, or on a book held in her left hand before it occurred to her to "provide herself with a proper desk." Having remedied this tardy deficiency, she procured "French paper, good ink, and always quills," and then she was fully furnished with all the mechanical appliances needful, and went on with more energy and success than ever, so sure of her thought before she began, so accurate a thinker, so practiced in saying just the thing she wanted to say in the fit words, and no other and no more, that she could well afford to ridicule the ceremonious preparation of Rogers, and speak of the melancholy toil at authorship of Carlyle. She said that in writing her "History of the Peace" she was satisfied "with seven manuscript pages per day;" but in general did not like "to fall short of ten or twelve," and that interruption was most fatal to composition. "The dissipation of mind caused by interruption is worse fatigue than that of continuous attention"—a statement to whose truth many can attest.

Byron's method of dashing off stanza after stanza is well known. Shelley wrote at a white heat, all his mind and might and strength in the present work, exhausting himself mentally, emotionally

and physically. Scott, who talked about himself as if he was somebody else, and about his books as he would those of any other author, said, "I write very quick; that comes from being brought up under an attorney." Cowper puts on record that despair drove him to writing as an amusement, and poetry was the most agreeable amusement. "Had I not endeavored to perform my best, it would not have amused me at all." When translating Homer this was his custom: "I make it a point to bestow my utmost attention upon it, and to give it all the finishing that the most scrupulous accuracy can command. As soon as breakfast is over I retire to my nutshell of a summer-house, which is my verse manufactory, and here I abide, seldom less than three hours, and not often more. In the afternoon I retire to it again . . . and give all the daylight except while taking a walk to Homer."

It is curious to compare his way with that of Theodore Parker, who could be slow or rapid as the case warranted; but who said that he learned "that it pays to take pains with writing; to take care and review and cut away superfluities." The manner in which he usually prepared a sermon is communicated in his own words: "I commence writing it at the beginning of the week, and leave a page or two for Saturday night; then, when all is done, and the last tear shed over it—for I seldom get through without moistening my ink a little in that way—I put all the signs of my week's toil aside, and gird up my soul for the other duties of Sunday, which are also great joys." Of his sermon on Daniel Webster, which it took him two and a half hours to deliver, and would have needed three-quarters of an hour more if he had preached the whole, "At eleven o'clock Wednesday not a line of it was written; at two P.M. Saturday, not a line unwritten." "I can write a sermon that takes an hour to preach at one sitting, and not leave my chair; and he was willing to lend the same to a friend, but he would not be able to read it." "I have about one thousand and one contractions, and make a dash into a sentence, and thus it goes. I can make it out, but I alone."

Some authors have their matter all ready in their heads, like William Black, who writes it by installments, continuing at his task till he wears himself out, then takes a respite and dashes off the next; or have it all sketched out, begin anywhere, at a corner, as one might say, and fill in a certain amount of space at a sitting, as Bulwer

did. And now and then a man can write the end of his story before the rest is done, which has an illustration in James Fenimore Cooper, who wrote the first volume of "The Spy," and it was printed and laid aside several months before the second was begun, and as he was about sending the manuscript of the second to the printer, the latter became alarmed, fearing there would be too much of it, and that it would not sell; whereupon to quiet him, the author wrote the last chapter, had the pages fitted, and then filled in between till he had written enough to occupy the volume left. When Dr. Palfrey was preparing his History of New England, he grouped all the States generalized from them, then put it in type to be one or two copies struck off, that he might come from the printed page before he had it set up in its final shape.

By their own word of mouth, or from credible eye-witnesses, we may know enough to satisfy the most craving curiosity concerning the habits and chosen ways of authors on both continents.

Madame de Stael sometimes wrote in bed, when she received her visitors, after a French fashion. Hans Andersen, while rambling out of doors, would pick up a weed, a piece of broken pottery, a cast-off toy, a pebble, or a faded flower, carry it mechanically, and talk of its little joys and sorrows as if it were a living creature, and then write the simple narrative, putting into it all the reality and interest which have made such stories as "The Top and Ball," "The Constant Tin Soldier," and scores of others, so fascinating.

Bulwer and D'Israeli liked luxurious surroundings; but L. E. L., who had a charming boudoir as it was the fashion of her day to call a lady parlor, retired for work to a meagre little closet of a sleeping-room; and James Montgomery lived when writing some of his best things, in "one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all Sheffield."

Crabbe and Mrs. Hemans and Hawthorne found winter the most congenial time; and it was winter that Tom Moore composed "Lalla Rookh" in a lonesome little house in Derbyshire, though one of his favorite homes was at Sloperston, where he had what he called "a cottage of gentility" and liked to put his fancies into rhyme while walking; but a dreaded task was the copying for the press; the mechanical part was hateful to him. "I do really think," he says, "transcribing must be the punishment for bad poets in hell; there is nothing so tiresome."

BLARNEY CASTLE.

BY JOSIE KEEN.



THOSE who visit Ireland, and especially the city of Cork, will naturally extend their pilgrimage a little further to view the far-famed Blarney Castle, long mentioned in song and legend. Centuries ago, when people were obliged to build strong fortifications of stone in order to

protect themselves against their neighbors, one Cormack McCarthy, of the royal line of Irish nobility, selected a site for a castle. The place selected was five miles from the city of Cork, a prominent point commanding a widely-extended view of the surrounding valleys and hills. Here in due time rose the solid walls, battlements, and massive donjon tower of Blarney Castle. There were also the lookout tower, where a guard paced to and fro, banquet rooms, and chambers entered by secret passages, and dungeons hopelessly strong, with an underground passage of nearly a mile. And here, it is said, Cormack McCarthy and his retinue lived and died, defying all enemies; and when the soldiers of Cromwell came to storm the stronghold, they received a bath of molten lead,

and quickly retired; thus, without gunpowder or heavy cannon, the castle was made impregnable. It was, however, supposed to have been forfeited from the original owners in 1689 by Lord Clancarty, and afterwards purchased by an ancestor of Mr. Jeffreys.

Of the original fortress there remains only a large massive square tower, a sort of donjon or keep, covered with its vail of ivy. Time, that silent power which makes the hair grow gray and the steps of the strong become feeble, did what the enemies of Blarney could not do. A window casement crumbled; here and there a stone dropped out; the ivy grew upon the roughening walls; room after room was regarded as unsafe; the family went into smaller quarters, and finally the floors fell with a crash, and Blarney Castle became a ruin, but a very picturesque one.

The main tower, still standing, is about one hundred and twenty feet in height, and stands on the north side of a precipitous ridge of limestone rock rising from a deep valley. A part of its base is washed by a small and beautifully clear river called the Aw Martin. Near it are the famous groves of Blarney, literally a thick shrubbery of large laurel trees.

Mr. Richard Alfred Milliker, a poetical lawyer of Cork, being struck with the amusing extravagance of some doggerel rhymes composed by an itinerant cobbler in favor of Castle Hyde near Farmoy, in which he speaks of

"The trout and the salmon
A playing backgammon
All by the banks of sweet Castle Hyde,"

wrote, about the year 1789, "The Groves of Blarney," as a burlesque, in the same metre. In the following year it was heard at Cork by the late Mr. Matthews, a comedian, who sang it frequently at private parties. It was afterwards sung on the stage, and by none more effectively, we are told, than the late Tyrone Power.

To return to the Castle. Who has not heard of the Blarney stone?

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
O, he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber,
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer
To be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone."

The top of the tower is surrounded with a parapet, breast-high. On the summit, some say, is the famous stone which is supposed to confer on the person kissing it, the peculiar property of saying anything by way of coaxing, compliment, or praise most agreeable to the hearer.

Various are the traditions respecting the origin of the term blarney. The most plausible, related by Crofton Croker, declared that in 1602, when the Spaniards were exciting the Irish chieftains to harass the English authorities, Cormack Desmond M'Carthy held, among other dependencies, the Castle of Blarney, and had concluded an armistice with the Lord President on condition of surrendering this fort to an English garrison. Day after day did his lordship look for the fulfilment of this compact, while the Irish chief continually put him off with soft promises and delusive delays, until at last the Lord President became the laughing-stock of Queen Elizabeth's ministers, and Blarney talk proverbial.

"In the 'Prout Papers' is an ingenious attempt to show that the Blarney stone was originally brought over by a colony of Phœnicians who are said to have peopled that island. And indeed, that the inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage, who were long its custodians, made great use of the privilege, as the proverbs, *Punica fides*, *Tyriosque bilingues*, clearly testify; and that a body of Carthaginian adventures stole away the stone to Minorca, where Port Mahon was settled by the clan of the O'Mahoneys, and afterward, driven into Cork Harbor, deposited the treasure in the present spot, the shadiest groves of its vicinity; and that the famous song, 'The Groves of Blarney,' instead of being an original composition, was translated from the Greek."

We have already given a different version as to the origin of the song. But, of course, among numerous legends handed down to us, it is often times exceedingly difficult to determine which is really the correct one. The most popular belief however, is that the stone always rested some where near the summit of the tower, which, from

; somewhat inaccessible, few have the
o test its virtues.

using description of this famous stone is
an authentic writer. He says: "The
Blarney stone is not the one commonly
s such upon the summit of the tower, but
form part of the wall several feet below
entative, and only to be touched by the
ie person being held over the parapet by
—an operation so dangerous and unplea-
rely to be resorted to."

er writer says: "I will give one solution
igin of the Blarney stone, which has only
ty to recommend itself. Upon the bat-
of the main building, yet beneath its
ry, is a stone that bears the inscription
ilder's name. By the time the castle was
these words, time-worn and moss grown,
d to read. Some enthusiastic Irishman,
love of the departed glory of his country
his soul, determined to read and kiss the
one of the brave defenders of the soil.
ing he was obliged to suspend himself
upper story by his feet, and run the risk
dashed to pieces on the stones, over a
feet below. The feat was accomplished
and his appreciative brothers of the soil
r. regarded him as invincible, and all-
ng in all that he would undertake; and
n of this deed has rendered the poetry
permanent."

inding staircase leading to the top of the
said to be still perfect, and many a pil-
tempted to ascend them, if not actually

Blarney stone, said to impart peculiar
of speech. What is called impudence is
many of you doubtless know, supposed to

be bestowed, when not naturally and nationally
inherited, by a dip in the river Shannon, a cere-
mony probably traceable to the dipping of Achilles
in the Styx.

Among the many pilgrimages to Blarney, none
has been more memorable than that of Sir Walter
Scott, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Edge-
worth, and Mr. Lockhart, in 1825. "They had
a right mirthful picnic among the groves," says
Lockhart, "and Sir Walter scrambled up to the
top of the castle and kissed, with due faith and
devotion, the famous Blarney stone—one salute
of which is said to emancipate the pilgrim from
all future visitation of *mauvais honte*."

It is believed in Ireland that "a shot from one
of Cromwell's cannons loosened the stone; but it
is thought doubtful whether Cromwell ever visited
Blarney; and it was Lord Broghill who became
master of the castle in 1646. However this may
be, it has been quite currently reported that the
castle at one time was besieged and taken by
Cromwell and his patriots, who imprisoned the
McCarthy and his patriots in the donjon, and
despatched them by pouring hot lead upon their
heads from a lofty balcony in the court-yard,
which is still shown."

A different version, our readers will perceive,
from the one first given, in which the McCarthys
were supposed to have driven away Cromwell's
soldiers by pouring molten lead upon them. Also
that it was forfeited from the original owners in
1689 by Lord Clancarty. We, however, give
both versions as we find them.

According to superstitious belief, the place has
since been infected with witches, who nightly
hold high carnival among the moss-grown cells, and
work mystic spells upon the simple-minded folk.

A WILL OF HER OWN.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

at on earth are you doing here?" ex-
rs. Johnson in surprise, entering the half-
parlor twenty minutes before dinner time,
ng her brother-in-law sitting alone in the
kness. "I didn't know you were home
store."

lgernon Johnson looks up rather guiltily,

. XV.—15

and stammers out that he is not feeling "quite up
to the mark."

"What is the matter?" inquires the lady, solici-
tously, yet with a vague suspicion that his excuse
is a ruse, and that he has a purpose in coming
home early and waiting in the parlor at this par-
ticular time. "I hope you are not really ill."

"Oh, nothing serious," returns he; "a slight headache, that's all. I have had a rather busy time over the books" (he is a book-keeper), "and I am feeling the effects of it. If I have twenty minutes quiet, perhaps I may feel better."

"Nonsense!" laughing. "Excuse me saying so, Algy, but I think your flirtation with the widow is affecting you much more than your struggles with the books. It is really disgraceful, Mr. Johnson, the way in which you are 'carrying on' with that young woman. It must have been after twelve o'clock before you left the parlor last night; and the whole house is talking about it."

The young man looks up again. This time his face wears an expression of annoyance.

"People in a boarding-house always will talk," he says. "I am sure I can see no harm in conversing with Mrs. Lovelace; she is certainly a very agreeable lady."

"She is, Algy," answers his sister-in-law, "very agreeable; and that is just the reason you ought to be careful. She is certainly a lady; but my opinion is she is a coquette, and its dangerous to play with fire, you know."

"Mrs. Johnson, I thank you very much for your warning, but I must say it is uncalled for. I am quite able to take care of myself."

"Oh, dear me! I didn't know it had gone that far, or I shouldn't have interfered. It must be something really serious, with you at least. Algy, my dear brother, I will leave you to 'paddle your own canoe;' with which slang phrase Mrs. Johnson whisks out of the room as suddenly as she whisked into it, leaving Mr. Algernon to solitudes and to headaches.

"Confound the thing!" he mutters. "Why can't every one tend to their own business, and not be continually worrying about some one else's. Elsie is generally very good; but she is certainly taking too much interest in this affair, and its time I gave her a setting down. What if I *do* talk to Mrs. Lovelace more than to the old-maid boarders who abound here! What if I *did* take Mrs. Lovelace to church last Sunday evening! And what if Mrs. Lovelace and I *did* sit together in the parlor last night for an hour after the other boarders had gone to their rooms! I'm sure its nobody's business. Mrs. Lovelace is pretty, she is intelligent, she is charming. Ruskin says it is the first duty of a girl to be charming. Mrs. Lovelace has certainly done her duty in that respect. I can

hardly think of her as a widow; she is so young, so bright, and so jolly. I hope and pray she is not out to dinner. Confound it! why didn't I think to ask her last night! If I don't see her now before dinner I'll have no opportunity, for I must go to the lodge to-night, and she's never up when I leave in the morning; and after to-morrow there won't be any seats worth having for this week."

There is a sound of rustling skirts on the stairway, and Mr. Johnson's reverie comes to a sudden close. The next moment

"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty,"

comes into the room. Johnson is on his feet in an instant.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Lovelace," he says, smiling very blandly, and pushing forward an armchair; "have this seat, won't you? You'll find it very comfortable."

"Thanks, Mr. Johnson. You are very kind."

It is a deliciously sweet and clear voice, and it causes Mr. Johnson's heart to beat more quickly, as he fancies there is a tender cadence in it for him that it contains for no other. He is flattering himself that Mrs. Lovelace, if not exactly in love with him, admires his handsome face (he considers it handsome; in reality, his features lack refinement; they are broad and coarse), his well-proportioned figure (he considers it well-proportioned; an anatomist would say his limbs are too short for his thick-set body, and that his whole appearance is clumsy), and his gentlemanly manners and witty conversation (he thinks himself gentlemanly and witty; though, in fact, his manners lack polish, and his conversation is not remarkable for brilliancy).

Mrs. Lovelace seats herself in the proffered chair, and bestows on the young man one of her sweetest smiles.

"Isn't it rather dark here?" she asks. "I suppose Mrs. Jenkins doesn't like us to use much gas; but I can't abide this dull light; it gives me the blues. Won't you kindly turn it up, Mr. Johnson?"

"With pleasure," replies Algernon, stretching his short limbs to their utmost in his endeavor to reach the chandelier.

"It is rather high for you, isn't it?" says Mrs. Lovelace.

Mr. Johnson cannot bear his height even him

gly, and, making a final effort, he
: very tips of his toes and, turning the
jets blaze forth brilliantly.

shows Mrs. Lovelace to be a fair lady
ize, with a soft pink and white com-
e laughing blue eyes, a nose just the
ussé, a small kissable mouth, and with
er chubby chin. She is certainly not
three; she *may* be only eighteen.

ie! Well done!" she exclaims, clap-
all white hands, "Mr. Johnson, you
t."

ou," Mr. Johnson says, bowing and
gh in his heart he feels rather an-
: applause, "I can't see, Mrs. Love-
ndeliers should be placed so high; can

I can," Mrs. Lovelace returns with a
: in her eyes; "it is so that *tall* men
: their heads against them."

siderate!" taking a seat.

ng you now, am I not?" She goes
can't help it Mr. Johnson. I must
really do *so* admire tall men."

nen—" begins Algernon.

ow," she interrupts, "I will hear
ist them. I like tall men. I will
ded not to like them. I have a will
ou know."

your own!" repeats the young man,
ad you told me. Indeed I should
nown it. You do not appear at all
I am afraid you do yourself an injus-
velace."

not know me yet, Mr. Johnson. I
an assure you; and I am proud of it."
u are not strong-minded."
his point."

ce on the mantel indicates twenty
ix; at half-past promptly the dinner-
its summons pealing through the

elace," says Mr. Johnson, having
conclusion that it is about time to
ject for which he devised this meet-
u heard Gerster yet?"

," returns she, gayly, "I have not;
e truth, I'm rather ashamed to say
very one asks me that now; and I
: up my mind that I *will* hear her.
id a will of my own."

"I should be very happy," twisting his head on
one side and assuming what he thinks to be a
seductive smile, "to accompany you at any time."

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson; you are very kind."

"Would Friday evening be convenient?" asks
he.

"I can think of nothing at present that will
prevent me going; but," she continues, while

"Smiles

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimples sleek,"

overspread her fair face, "something *may* occur,
and then I shall be unable to go. I will accept
your invitation on the condition that you allow
me the privilege of taking a notion to stay at
home at the last minute. You must remember my
will."

Algernon's heart is glad. He willingly accepts
the terms.

"It will be such a pleasure to have your com-
pany that I have no objection to accepting the
conditions," he says. "The little uncertainty
will make the enjoyment of your society—should
nothing occur, which I trust there will not—all
the greater," and having delivered himself of this
roundabout, vague sentence, which he considers
very gallant, he gives his head a final shake, ex-
hibits his uneven teeth for the twentieth time in
the last ten minutes and sits gazing at the lovely
widow, his eyes seeming to

"Devour her, o'er and o'er, with vast delight."

There is the sound of a key in the front door,
and the next moment two gentlemen boarders
coming into the parlor, break up the *tête-à-tête*.

On the morning following, Mr. Johnson happens
to be the first at the breakfast-table. He is seated
near Mrs. Jenkins, who, in all the glory of a black
alpaca dress and gray finger puffs, is asking him
whether he will have beesteak or fried fish.

"Steak, if you please," he answers, glancing at
the headlines of the leading articles in the morning
paper which he holds before him.

"You are down early this morning, Mr. John-
son," says the landlady, handing him his plate,
"and you did not retire until late either."

Mr. Johnson looks at the row of chairs on either
side of the table, which, draped with a snowy
cloth, extends the entire length of the long dreary
dining-room.

"I am number one, to-day, am I?" he says, as

"n't you talk without paying me a compliment. Indeed, you surpass the French in gal-

ould like to pay you a greater compliment ave ever yet had the pleasure of paying," he says, seriously, still gazing intently

r, let me tell you," she puts in, mischiev- don't be too complimentary, or I won't or the consequences. Remember, always er, Mr. Johnson, that I have a will of my f I say I won't have any compliments, I

r will doesn't frighten me in the least e replies, intent upon making his declara- "I shall pay you the compliment, be the ences what they may; but I hope and trust I be such as to make me as happy as you are, and as you seem to be."

are I beware!" hums Mrs. Lovelace, touch- notes on the piano.

other words of the old song come to Mr. 's mind:

"Trust her not,
She's fooling thee; she fooling thee!"

i warning? he thinks; can she mean this : to him not to go too far, not to make a himself. Whether or not it is so meant, not heed it. Headlong he dives into the e has for days been turning over in his

re you not seen, Mrs. Lovelace," he says, tely, laying his hand over and clasping ich still rests on the ivory keys, "that I ove with you? Could you not tell from avior, from my conversation, that I was o win you? Won't you?"—

, Mr. Johnson," exclaims the widow, at his excitement. "I would much rather ld not say what you were going to. Haven't I you? You do not yet understand me, I tell you, I have a will of my own, and I "

. Lovelace." the young man goes on, not o the least for her warning. "I have heard about your will, that is the end all its ter- don't care if you are a widow, I must tell I love you, and that I want you to be my

ver. If he had not exactly asked her to e has made her understand what he wishes.

He has certainly committed himself. Mrs. Love lace hears him passively.

"No discomposure stirs her features."

She gently draws her hand from his clasp, and looks up at him with a pitying smile.

"You are very kind, Mr. Johnson," she says, as she has said fifty times before. 'This is her formula. She uses it when she is offered a chair; she uses it when she is given a man's love. "You are very kind. I appreciate your compliment; but it is out of the question that I accept. A woman with such a will as I have cannot marry."

"But I do not mind your will," pleads the young man, earnestly. "I have no doubt you exaggerated it. I know you are as amiable as can be. Your will is only a myth."

"A myth!" she exclaims; "my will is no myth. No, Mr. Johnson, as much as I admire you as a gentleman, I could not think of marry- ing you. Indeed, there is a law that forbids my marrying at all—a law which states quite plainly that any woman with a will of her own shall not marry."

"I beg your pardon," exclaims Johnson, an- noyed that his love should be thus made a joke of, "I don't know much about law, but I know there is no such law as that."

"But I assure you there is," replies the lady, her eyes snapping nervously as she glances first at the man before her, and then at the clock on the mantel shelf. Even as she speaks there is a most vigorous pull at the door bell. She is on her feet in an instant, and out in the hall before Johnson can think what she is about to do. He is won- dering what it all means. Why she should thus rudely leave him at a moment which to him is the most important of his life, he cannot imagine. Is she the proper person to tend the door? Is it not something extraordinary for her to be thus ex- cited? These thoughts run through his brain in an instant. Then he hears her merry laugh, and with it comes the deep tones of a man's voice. The next moment, and Mrs. Lovelace, her face wreathed in smiles, leads into the parlor a gentle- man, tall, dark and handsome, and goes with him straight to where Mr. Johnson, puzzled, bewild- ered, amazed, is rapidly standing in the very spot where she left him.

"Mr. Johnson," she says, smiling her sweetest, "let me present to you my husband, who has just returned from England. Perhaps you will believe

understand my words of a few moments ago, better understand what I have been telling you for weeks, when I say that Mr. Lovelace's name is William, and that I consider him a *Will of my own*."

The next morning there is a gentle knock at Mr. Johnson's bed-room door. He has just given the finishing touches to his hair preparatory to descending to look for Mrs. Jenkins, and to inform her that he has decided to change his place of abode. He is rather surprised that any one should wish to see him thus early, and hastily pulling on his coat he proceeds to open the door. It is his sister-in-law, who, with face enshrouded in sympathy, trips quietly in, and seats herself on one side of the tumbled bed.

"I've sneaked up here to have a chat with you before you go to breakfast," she says, in a low tone.

"But I'm not going to breakfast," answers he, standing with his hands in his pockets and looking very determined. "I wouldn't go into that dining-room again for any amount of money. After the fool I"—

"There, there," interrupts the lady, "don't say a word. I know all about it."

"You do? Yes, of course; I knew you would. Everybody has heard it by this time. I won't stay in the house a minute longer than I can help. I don't care to be the laughing-stock of fifteen boarders. Yes, Elsie, I'm off immediately."

"Don't talk so loudly; you'll waken the folks in the next room, and I don't wish to have any one know I'm paying you such an early visit."

Algernon lowers his voice.

"Well," he says, beginning to walk up and down the room, "what is the chat to be about?"

"I want to tell you," replies Mrs. Johnson, "all about this little hoax. To begin with, you remember I warned you of this widow, as we thought she was, but you wouldn't heed my warning."

"Don't throw that up to me. It's bad enough without it. I admit I have been a fool."

"All right, then, Algy. I won't mention the warning; but last night Mrs. Jenkins came to me and told me all about it. I don't know how it happened, but I took Mrs. Lovelace to be a widow when she first came here—I suppose it was because she wears mourning—and I told you she was such.

Somehow Mrs. Jenkins heard it, and she told Lovelace that we understood her to be a widow, and Mrs. Lovelace thought it would be a good idea to pretend to be one. She is young, and lively, and she thought it fine fun to

"It was no fun for me," puts in the man.

"You might have guessed she was only a fool. Any one with half an eye could have seen

"But I hadn't even quarter of an eye. I was in love; and love is blind."

"Poor fellow!"

"Don't make fun of me," exclaims he, starting in his walk. "Elsie, you don't know how I feel over this."

"I'm sure you must feel awfully. It puts you in a terribly awkward position; but then you are not as bad off as you might be, for you promised faithfully not to mention it to any one, and Mrs. Jenkins has done the same. Mr. Lovelace knows nothing at all about it. I hear you were rather surprised at your confused manner when you were introduced to me, and at your hurry to get out of the room; but really he does not mind the flirtation, and you may rest assured I will not tell him, for they say he is exceedingly jealous. He is Mrs. Jenkins's nephew, and has been abroad for several months, something like the estate of an uncle, who died some time ago, and for whom Mrs. Lovelace is in mourning. When he returns, I hear, with quite a legacy. Mrs. Lovelace has been looking for him for three years ever since she came here. Yesterday she wrote me a letter, saying by what steamer he was coming, and finding the steamer was due, she left her room and went to the telegraph office to notify him of his arrival. She got the telegraph just after he came, saying it had passed quarantine, and so she went to the parlor awaiting the appearance of him when you made your proposal. Now you know all about it. Surely you will not think it was my fault. You can't afford to leave such a boarding-house on this account."

"No money would pay me to stay," says he, resolutely, taking up his overcoat and putting it on. "I am bent on going, Elsie. In the end I have a will of my own."

An hour later Mr. Johnson has gone.

Mrs. Jenkins has lost a boarder.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ezzer Cobb, at the age of 107, quaintly
 "It is not often that men die at my
 Who and what was Ebenezer Cobb?
gue, N. Y. E. O. S.

r Cobb was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts,
 1, 1694, and was ten years contemporary with
 White, of Marshfield, the first son of New Eng-
 was born on board the Mayflower in Cape Cod
 vember, 1620. He died at Kingston, December
 aged 107 years. It is said of him that he was
 throughout life, and declared in his last year that
 same attachment to life as ever. Apprehending
 f his life to be approaching, he shrewdly replied
 e who made a remark upon his expected dissolu-
 s very rarely that persons of my age die." The
 f our correspondent therefore admits of a correc-

Centenarian Necrology.—With this num-
 onclude Mr. Lyman H. Bagg's valuable
 esting articles on centenarians, in which
 ought before our readers some well-sifted
 l related some telling points in the life
 acter of the happy individuals who have
 to the age of fivescore years.

A GROUP OF AGED WOMEN.

rtha Frizzell Morey, who died at Stratford, New
 , in March, 1878, in the house where she had
 : than half a century, celebrated her centennial
 ere in April, 1876, surrounded by three genera-
 r descendants, who had assembled from half a
 erent States. A native of Gill, Massachusetts,
 twenty-five, she lived with her husband 70 years,
 im eight children, of whom a majority still sur-
 mother, Patty Bartlett Frizzell, lived to the age
 Mrs. Abigail Lovering, who died last May at
 nine, was present at the State fair on her 100th
 eptember 1st, 1876, showing people how to knit
 nd her living descendants were said at that time
 161, representing four generations. She joined
 gational Church, May 27th, 1877. Mrs. Phebe
 ho died at Montpelier, Vermont, last October,
 her 100th birthday the previous April, when her
 s published in *Harper's Weekly*. Though blind
 ears, her health had generally been good. Mrs.
 Birch, who died at Newtown, Connecticut, the
 b, had a sermon preached in honor of her 100th
 unday, November 19th, 1877, and a month later
 a public dinner at the village hotel. She left 144
 s, and her faculties were almost unimpaired.
 e Gregory, who died at Danbury, Connecticut,
 7th, celebrated her 100th birthday there last

August. Mrs. Fry, who died that month, at South Albion,
 New York, as a result of breaking her hip at Oswego a few
 weeks before, was born September 10th, 1770, and had
 often been mentioned in the papers. She remembered
 sleeping in the woods with scouting parties who were in
 pursuit of Indians during the Revolutionary war; was a
 persistent tobacco user, and weighed but 90 pounds.

Mrs. Lucy Nichols, who died at Waterbury, Connecticut,
 last January, celebrated her 100th birthday there February
 17th, 1877. Born at Hamden, Connecticut, married at 21,
 she had nine children, and survived all save a son in whose
 house she died, and a daughter residing in Ohio, whom she
 visited there 65 years ago. "She was always of a fretful
 and fault-finding disposition, and never entered a railway
 car." Mrs. Susanna Clark, who died at North Sharon,
 Maine, on the 16th of last May, celebrated her 102d birth-
 day December 1st, 1877. Mrs. Phebe Haley, who died
 last August at North Pownal, Vermont, aged 105, lived
 seventy-three years with her husband, who died at the age
 of 90, and bore him fourteen children, of whom three sons
 of fourscore outlived her. "Though she was of a gentle and
 religious disposition, her husband and sons were of violent
 temper and addicted to strong drink from their youth up."
 Mrs. Sarah Patton, who died at Montreal in October, 1877,
 celebrated her 101st birthday at Chester, New Hampshire, in
 June, 1875, and was then described as well and active.
 She had been for some time known as the oldest woman in
 Rockingham County. Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, who died at
 Charleston, Rhode Island, in November, 1877, was born
 June 22d, 1772, at Voluntun, Connecticut, the daughter of
 Jonathan and Mary Gates, who died before she was ten
 years old; and her husband, Abraham Allen, whom she
 married in 1795, died in 1836. The deaths of thirty-four
 other venerable widows can merely be catalogued in their
 order, with little or no remark: At Orrington, Maine, April
 18th, 1877, Mrs. Ruth M. Freeman, aged 99 years, 9
 months; at Wiltonville, Connecticut, May 22d, Mrs. Nancy
 Child, 101 years, 1 month, 6 days, for sixty years a resident
 of the village, with her son Waldo, aged 72; at Nantucket,
 July 3, Mrs. Mary Nevins, 100; at Albany, July 4, Mrs.
 Hannah Coon, 101, whose descendants comprised 61 grand-
 children and more than 200 great-grandchildren; at Phila-
 delphia, July 6, Mrs. Susan Hagues, 105; at South Law-
 rence, Massachusetts, July 29, Mrs. R. Bradley, 105 years,
 10 months; at Ripley, Ohio, August 17, Mrs. Elizabeth
 Thomas, 106; at St. Joseph's Home, this city, October 10,
 Martha Morris, 100; at Duxbury, Vermont, November 2,
 Catherine Ryan, 100; at New Haven, Connecticut, Novem-
 ber 9, Mrs. Margaret Bannon, 102; at Pierrepont, New
 York, about November 15, Mrs. Mary B. G. Tanner, 101
 years, 11 months, a direct descendant of King Henry VIII.;
 at Charlotte, North Carolina, November 17, Mrs. Margaret
 Gray, 116; at Stephentown, New York, December 15, Mrs.
 Abigail Bennett, 100 years, 2 months; at Clinton, Maine,

January 17, 1878, Mrs. Roxanna Foss, 99; at Mansfield, Massachusetts, about January 10, Mrs. Polly Sherman, 102, widow of Captain Asa Sherman, who died a few years before, aged 97; at the Samaritan Home for the Aged, this city, April 28, Sophia C. Thompson, 101; at Exeter, New Hampshire, about May 10, Mrs. Mehitabel Smith, 100; at Altoona, Pennsylvania, about May 20, Mrs. Margaret Cohill, 105; at Philadelphia (520 South 20th street), June 1, Mrs. Rachel Cruger, 102 years, 5 months, a native of Berks County, whose eyes were closed by a daughter of 82; at Brooklyn (16 Schemerhorn street), about June 1, Margaret Skillman Cumberson, 101 years, 5 months, 19 days; at Billerica, Massachusetts, about July 1, Mrs. Mary Hildrith Champrey, 100, who lost her second husband nearly 50 years before; at Sterling, Massachusetts, July 20, Mrs. M. Mahan, 100; at Knowlton, New Jersey, July 26, Mrs. Mary Bartholomew, 105; at Butler, Pennsylvania, about August 20, Martha Russell, 103; at Lowell, Massachusetts in October, Mrs. Trueland, 103; near Atlanta, Georgia, in October, a white woman (name not reported), 103; at Bloomington, Indiana, in November, Mrs. Nancy Slocumb, 103; at Alton, New Hampshire, in January, 1879, Mrs. Patience Avery, 100; at Graniteville, South Carolina, January 26, Mrs. Elizabeth Leopard, 107, who was able to read her Bible, without spectacles the Sunday before she died; at Worcester, Massachusetts, February 2, Mrs. Mary Cuddy, 104 years, 8 months; at the Uxbridge, Massachusetts, almshouse, March 14, Mrs. Polly Kempton, 102; at Tamworth, New Hampshire, about March 18, Mrs. Judith Beede, 102. All the foregoing are believed to have been widows, though in the case of a few names the "Mrs." is not definitely given by the record; but there still remain to be named, four centenarian maids: Miss Betsy Jones, of Royalton, Vermont, who was born March 6, 1777, and died May 2, 1877; Miss Clara Andrews, who died at Southington, Connecticut, November 2, 1877, aged 99 years, 6 months; Miss Margaret Higley, who died at South Canaan, Connecticut, last August, also in her 100th year (her mother died at 102 and her grandmother at 100); and Miss Sophia Kemper, who died January 21, at the residence of her nephew, Colonel T. R. Sitgreaves, Spring Garden street, Easton, Pennsylvania, in her 102d year, "possessed of a clear memory and unimpaired intellect up to the time of her death."

SOME ANCIENT IRISH.

William Moan, who died in this city (360 West Sixteenth street), April 30, 1878, said that he was 105 years old, that his father died at 106 and his grandfather at 116. His wife, aged 103, survived, possessed of good eyesight, jet-black hair, and sufficient strength to attend to the usual household duties. He was a British soldier in the war with France, remembered Robert Emmet and the events of '98, and came to America at the age of 80. Michael Connors, born at Limerick, in March, 1766, went to Cincinnati a dozen years ago, and died there early last summer, leaving eight children. Timothy Cronin, who died at Cheshire, Massachusetts, on the 8th of August, 1789, asserted that the records of Liscool parish, County Cork, would prove that he was born there March 2, 1774. Timothy Murphy, aged 104, died at Osgood, Indiana, October 14, 1877; John Hawkins, lacking 25

days of 105 years, at Melrose, Massachusetts, June John O'Brien, aged 100, at the poorhouse, in Springfield, the same month; — Gillan, aged 107, at A Massachusetts, May 15, 1877; — Carrigan, aged 105 months, in this city, about the beginning of 1871; McGee, a Boston laborer, aged 109 years, 9 months, February, 1878; Thomas Johnson, aged 106, gardener, Colonel Battersby, and son of a man who died at County Meath, in February, 1878; Michael Heffernan, 105 years, 9 months, one of the survivors of Vinegar at Kilmallock, April 16, 1878. John McLaren, who was a Scotchman by birth; and perhaps the same as said of two other Canadians: Joseph Marshall, who died in Welland in January, 1878, aged 105, and Jeremiah B. aged 107, who died at the residence of his son, at New York, on the 16th of June following.

The Irish women may be catalogued even more fully. Of the nine belonging to this city, Mrs. Rosa Brannan, May 4, 1877, at 528 West Forty-eighth street, aged 101; Ann Henry, June 26, at 152 Elizabeth street, aged 101; Mary Birmingham, January 25, 1878, at 239 East Eleventh street, aged 100; Mrs. Ellen Howard, February 1, 100; Catherine Hayer, March 5, at the almshouse on West Island, aged 104; Mrs. Mary Curtin, in November, aged 100; Mary Davis, in May, aged 104; Elizabeth January 9, 1879, in a hovel in the rear of 152 East Eleventh street, aged 106 (she was a beggar and died "Clutching a paper of tobacco, her favorite poison years"); and Annie Scully, January 29, 1879, at the Home of the Aged, at 179 East Seventieth street, aged 102. Crowley, aged 107, died December 2, 1877, at the Home of Little Sisters. Mrs. Connors, who lacked few months of 100 years, died at Thompsonville, Connecticut, in January, 1878. Mrs. Ellen Kennedy, aged 104, died at Chicago, March 6. Mrs. Mayent McEllie, 118 years, 10 months, died at Montreal, February 1, leaving two daughters aged 83 and 78, four grandchildren, twenty-three great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild aged 10. Mrs. Catherine Fleet, aged 109, died at Secum, Nova Scotia, in April; and Mrs. Evans, aged 108, at St. Sylvestre, Quebec, about the middle of last year. Two Montreal centenarians, not of Irish birth, were Marie Anna Duperon, who died February 9, 1878, aged 108, and Mrs. Margaret Parker Watson, who died last year. Both possessed all their faculties to the end, and named left 115 descendants. Mrs. Elizabeth Reute, native of Luxemburg, whose celebration of her 110th birthday, Christmas, 1875, at Baltimore, attracted general notice, died there last January, of dropsy. At Cincinnati a few days earlier, died Mrs. Angla Podesta Oneta, an aged 109 years and one day. Married at twenty, she had eight children, all of whom survive, the youngest a man of 58, resident in Cincinnati. Mrs. Mary Sanchez, who died at Brooklyn, on the 13th of last month, aged 110 years, 5 months and 16 days, was a native of Malaga, Spain, and the thirtieth child of her mother, bore 16 boys and 14 girls. She was married at the age of 17, lost her sight at 90 and recovered it at 97, the year she reached America, so that in her later years she could

than her daughter, Mrs. Mesea, at whose house (83 1/2 street) she died. Donna Eulalia Perez de Guilen, Gabriel Mission, California, whose descendants quarrelled in 1876 in regard to the question of exhibiting her at an antennial, died on the 8th of last June, at the age of 100.

ANTIQUATED AFRICANS.

At the head of the list may be named Robert Robertson, died at Sumterville, Florida, at the opening of the 19th year, aged 120. Tradition says that he was brought to America in 1778 by a slave-trader, whose cargo was landed near Augustine. He was the father of ten children, the fifth son, at the age of 74, was with Colonel Hanson, at the battle of Osceola. Henry Johnson, or Jackson, who died in Sing Sing prison, May 3, 1877, insisted that his years were enough when he received his life sentence for burglary, in 1854, he gave his age as 75. The *World* devoted much to his history at the time of his demise. Hiram, aged 104, died at Norwich, Connecticut, the same year; Elias Renfro, aged 113, at Cape Girardeau, Missouri; and John Jean Pierre, aged 120, at Bayou Du Large, Louisiana, in March 1878; a Georgian, name unknown, died in 1803, last October; a South Carolinian, name unknown, died in 1810, last December, who left a widow of 100, a son of 100, and a grandson of 50; Frank Whelms, aged 116, a native of Virginia, at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of last June.

Of the negro women, first mention may be made of Catherine Jarvis, who died at Digby, Nova Scotia, in 1877, aged 110, having been carried thither by a ship which fled from the United States in 1782. Phebe, aged 119, died at Chicago, the previous month, in consequence of falling down stairs. Margaret Logan, who died at Marlboro, New Jersey, at about the same time, aged 105, was born a slave in the Taylor family of that place, and lived with five generations of them. Sisters of 105 and 100 died a short time before her, and a son of 80 survived.

Sarah Kemp, better known as "Aunt Sally," aged 100, former slave in the Dubois family, was found dead, in 1875, at Rocky Hollow, Staten Island; "Aunt Sarah," aged 111, died at Nashville, last May; "Aunt Sojourner," aged 100, a former slave, died at Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 12th of last September; and Mrs. Henry Brown, aged 107, died at Providence, Rhode Island, at the same period. Patience Banks, aged 106, died at Detroit, Michigan, April 8, 1878, surrounded by her grandchildren. Jemima Jackson, aged 114, died at Pennsylvania, April 18, leaving behind six of her children. She was a native of Baltimore, and was taken to America by Nathaniel Watts in 1816. Ruthy Ann Price, 77 years, 8 days, died at Baltimore, June 9, having been three times married, and leaving behind 155 descendants. Mrs. Margaret Francis, aged 103, died the same day in Coonier alley, Newark. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, aged 104, who died at 222 Delancey street, this city, on the 17th, from the effects of being run into by a wagon, was born near Jamaica, Long Island, always an industrious life, and left many descendants.

John may finally be made of Keneonaqua, an Ottawa Indian, aged 120, who died at Allegan, Michigan, May 7,

1878, and was believed to be the oldest representative of her race in America.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

Within a few days of the opening of 1878, died at Munich, in his 100th year, Lieutenant-General von Kunst, who entered the army in 1793, and served in several campaigns before the present century began. At Trieste, a few weeks later, died Anton Miklancie, who was born April 10, 1764, and whose funeral attracted an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens. At Gelnhausen, Hesse, there died, early in the summer, a peasant of very humble circumstances, name not reported, who fought at Wilhelmstahl under Prince Frederick, of Brunswick, and whose age was believed to be 148 years. He left two sons, very old men, 16 grandchildren, and 48 great-grandchildren. John Hutton, who died at Mayfield, near Manchester, England, about the 1st of August last, was born August 18, 1777, married December 7, 1797, and had a son who fought at Waterloo. Entering the service of Hoyle & Sons, calico printers, October 15, 1789, he was on the pay-roll of that firm for eighty successive years. His centennial birthday celebration attracted four generations of his descendants, including four John Huttons. Somewhat similar is the record of George Morgan, who was born of Welsh parents, at Bristol, September 19, 1770, and died at Streatham, England, in August, 1878, for the books of his establishment in Longacre (London), prove that in 1795 he established himself in that city as a coach builder, and continued in that business till his death. His father lived to be 98.

On April 3, 1876, was celebrated the 100th birthday of Rev. Dr. James Ingram, the Free Kirk minister of the northernmost parish in the British Isles (Unst, one of the Shetland group), the record of whose ordination in 1803 appears in the *Edinburgh Almanac*. He died March 3, 1879, in the house where four generations of Ingrams have lived. His father died at the age of 100, his grandfather at 105; and his eldest son, a venerable clergyman who survives him, is said to possess a vigor indicative of an equal longevity. Mrs. Charlotte Bonham, a lady of independent means, residing at Cinder Hill, Chaley, near Lewes, England, died in October, 1877, aged 102, leaving a daughter of 85 and several great-great-grandchildren. "She enjoyed good health till near her end, and was respected for her kindness and generosity to the poor." Mrs. Benbow, another well-to-do English lady, who retained full possession of her faculties, died last June at Leamington, aged 104. At about the same time, Mrs. Elizabeth Bowey, aged 103, died at Birmingham (104 Heneage street), leaving behind a son of 80. Early in June also, at Falmouth, England, died Mrs. Ann Sedgmond, aged 100; and at the end of the month died Mrs. Frances Nott, of St. Ann's, Cornwall, whose age (registered) was 100 years, 10 months. In July, Mrs. Sarah Ann Good, aged 103, died at Woodbridge, Suffolk, leaving behind a husband, Jonathan, aged 92, to whom she had been married 69 years. Late in February, 1878, "the oldest inhabitant of Broglie, France, aged 140 years, 8 months, died while smoking his pipe;" and about the middle of the previous summer, "the King of Gaboon in Africa," died in his 100th year. The event seems to have happened none

Beauty of person does not weigh so much with a woman as it does with a man; still women are affected by it, and it well for a man to be somewhat comely, as it much enhances the royalty of manliness.

Queen Elizabeth certainly at one time entertained the idea of a marriage with the Duke of Anjou, and instructed her ambassador Walsingham accordingly. The Prince had lately recovered from the small-pox, and she bade him observe the condition of the royal suitor, "and see whether he retained so much of his good looks as that a woman could transfer her affections upon him." I give this fact in the experience of the great spinster to show that women do not commonly "good looks" in the marriage relation, though love being a royal giver, will sometimes endow the poorest therewith.

A man must marry a fortune, or bring at least a competence to the relation. A marriage of interest does not necessarily presuppose the absence of affection; a profound friendship may exist also, which the old essayist and keen observer Montaigne, thought the best basis of marriage. At any rate, absolute poverty on both sides should be considered an insuperable barrier; for expenses augment rather than diminish in the relation of marriage; and however intense may be the passion of love, it is no match for poverty, whose cold grip is sure to paralyze him. More than this, in ordinary men and women have little of the spirit of the self-sacrificing martyr; and when sore beset with discomfort and insufficiency, scanty larders, cold chimneys, and beggarly raiment, are apt to disrupt the relation altogether, and by any means.

Supposing the man mentally, morally and personally adapted to marriage, a competence secured, he is now in a position to choose a wife.

Nature strives, struggles for the beautiful, which is her end and aim; her very heart is pained at multitudinous defects in human beings. Crooked in mind and body, they hamper her efforts to win them to harmony. "Open thine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," should be the prayer of all of us.

Only handsome men and women ought to marry—those that have a *mens sana in corpore sano*. As we become more civilized, handsome men and women, highly developed morally, harmonious in intellect, and suave in manner, truly adapted to marriage as the highest expression of a true humanity, will be treated with distinguished honor in the world. They will be considered as public benefactors, overshadowing the beautiful period yet to come, when men shall consort with infinite harmonies, and all that mars the ætherial sense shall disappear.

At present there are vast numbers representing an arrested development, and if not absolutely monsters, so misshapen bodily and mentally that they are morally forbidden to propagate their kind; let them be honest, hearty old bachelors and bachelors, coining money, and helping on good wholesome ideas as best they may.

I would say then a man should marry a comely woman, free from personal defects; for a pretty woman being better satisfied with herself, is less exposed to the ugly vices of jealousy and envy and uncharitableness. It takes less to please her than when she is at odds with herself. Good

looks are likely also to go with good health, and this last is needful to a certain courage and cheeriness essential in a household.

It is better to marry a full-sized woman than a little one, for the meanness of stature is apt to be repeated in the character. A certain roundness of contour; a composure and self-poise devoid of heaviness and sluggishness; an elastic buoyancy; a bright, uppish look, indicating more of pride than vanity; a clear, open eye, and pure, childlike smile; hands and feet well proportioned, not too small, are outlines easily discriminated, and constitute a safe, reliable character. One that will be cheerful at home, where her duty is; who will not make mountains of molehills, and who knows how to devise ways and means to make others happy and content about her—a jewel indeed of inestimable worth in a household will be such a girl.

By no means marry any deformity. If congenital, it is sure to be repeated in the offspring, and in time it will be revolting to a healthful, æsthetic mind. I knew a young clergyman who was greatly attached to an estimable girl, to whom he was about to be married, when a wise friend told him of a misshapen foot, a birth heritage of the girl, and which she ought in candor to have revealed before affiancing herself to any man. Learning this fact, the young man, after many painful scruples, broke off the engagement, greatly to the displeasure of the young lady's family, and some detriment to himself in a professional point of view; one old divine asking him "if the soul of his wife was lodged in her foot," forgetting that a man does not marry an invisible essence, but its palpable representative in a substantial body.

The young man was assuredly in the right. Dickens, who will hereafter be better estimated as a teacher, gives us, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," a pleasant picture of simple, unaffected goodness in the Abel family; but he tells of the father hobbling along with club foot, full of kindly greetings, followed by his son, his very counterpart, even to the club foot, which is a drawback to the picture.

Beware of those thin-cheeked, blue veined, narrow-chested girls so much admired by sentimental writers, unless you would transform what should be a cheery household into a hospital. These unfortunate girls have the seeds of consumption in their veins, and will bring you nothing but sorrow. Beside this, disease may excite our pity and our sympathy, allied as it sometimes is to almost heavenly shades of character, but it should not be conjoined to the marriage relation. Indeed, to a person of sound mind and healthful physique it is always repugnant. All disease carries with it an offensive effluvia detrimental to the health of others, and distasteful to a delicate sense. Health is the *sine qua non* in marriage.

Do not marry a girl with thin lips and a glib tongue. She may be quite taking in the flush of youth, piquant and amusing, while all is smooth and prosperous, and you rather tied to her apron-strings; but woe to you when adversity comes; she has the characteristics of a shrew, and it will take a sturdy Petruchio to manage her—

"As peremptory, as she proud-minded.

Neither should a man marry one of the sentimental, die-away women, who gaze at the moon and talk about affinities

im. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about and then sink it slowly in the solution, which be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum d. The gum is so perfectly transparent that you difficulty detect its presence except by the touch. ave another simple method of fixing the fleeting Nature.

is and their Beer.—Belgium prides herself on or at her late industrial exhibition not less than 84 x were offered to the consideration of the experts. d has her ale, Germany her bock and salvator, it um only that the true and perfect lambic can be here is an antiquity about Belgian beer which is notice, for as early as 1137 there were five wind- of them belonging to the Duke of Brabant, that lt. In the fifteenth century Brussels beer had a mutation, and was called, according to the quality, t, hoppe, coyte or cuyte, roet bier (red beer), and (black beer). To-day, save the cuyte, all these beer are unknown, and the delights of the Brus-

sels beer-drinkers are centred on lambic, a sparkling, heady beer; on mars, a milder tipple, and a mixture, faro by name, combining the qualities of the other two. A characteristic of Belgian beer is its wonderful cheapness. With the exception of the lambic, the retail price of an imperial pint of beer is about from 2 to 2½ cents. With the double attraction of cheapness and excellence, it is not astonishing that Belgium drinks up every year not less than 11,000,000 hectolitres, or 24,288,700 gallons. With what pride, then, do the inhabitants of that little kingdom point to the fact that every man, woman and child imbibes per annum 280 imperial pints. In defence of their beer, the philanthropic Belgians call it "the poor man's bread," and insist that its beneficent action on the human economy is triple. By the presence of glucose, dextrine and alcohol it produces warmth; by its albuminous products it repairs waste, and by its mineral quality, notably the phosphates, it gives bone and brain. One thing that beer does for Belgium is to pour a great deal of money into the state coffers, for the trifling duty imposed on the breweries produces every year something between 14,000,000 and 16,000,000 francs.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Examinations of Schools in Norfolk County, Massachusetts. By GEORGE A. WALTON. Boston: Shepard.

ophlet of 167 pages, Mr. Walton has given us the a thorough investigation into the actual condition twenty-four towns in a section of Massachusetts. in a remarkably clear manner the average stand- pacities of the pupils by specimen copies of their fac-similes of handwriting. While the tests in riting and arithmetic convince us strongly as to ents and ability of the pupils, we cannot fail to the results as a satisfactory criterion of the merits omings of the teaching staff. Unfortunately, there his book that reflects favorably upon the teachers. ens us in the opinion that we have previously had entertain—that education in our common, as in e, schools, is too closely confined to text books, ead of the scholar being taught to reason from ed elementary principles, or the objects of his rience, his memory is loaded with facts of little e soon forgotten. No teacher can well glance at without being convinced that there is vast room ement in the method of dealing with the young is to be hoped that so valuable and truly instruc- phlet as this will find its way into the hands of all terested in educational matters, and that it will e effort in the direction of supplying our schools properly-trained and thoroughly-qualified teachers.

of Information of the Bureau of Education. Washington, D. C., 1880.

ately, such a pamphlet as the above, though often resting and instructive, is seldom seen or read by

teachers, or even sufficiently brought before the notice of those concerned in the important educational topics of which it treats. This last issue contains some papers by men of well-known experience on such subjects as are at present of pressing interest. Professor L. A. Butterfield furnishes us with a description of Bell's visible speech, and its applica- tion, as a means of acquiring a ready mastery of pronuncia- tion in any language, of removing lisping and similar defects of speech, of facilitating missionary work and the instruction of deaf mutes. The system is quickly learned, and wher- ever it has been adopted has produced astonishing results. Another paper of the highest interest to us all, and specially deserving the study of social scientists, is one devoted to the part the State ought to take in the treatment of dependent children. The writer maintains that our indifference in making sufficient provision for the future welfare of the children of the poor is simply an encouragement to pauper- ism and crime; and, as if to persuade his readers of the valuable work that can be done by well-directed energy, he gives a full account of the State public school of Michigan, the only one of its kind where indigent and neglected chil- dren are trained to lives of usefulness and uprightness. The rest of the pamphlet is filled up with matter of equal interest to educators and school officials, and we would greatly wish that such as possess a copy might be the means of circulating its contents to a degree commensurate with its high import- ance.

Clorinda; or, the Rise and Reign of His Excellency Rougon. By EMILE ZOLA. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Our associations of the moral conceptions of Zola's works are so intensely unfavorable that one might well be excused

WIT AND HUMOR.

d there are narrow open ditches which are drains. A man was riding a donkey across a , but when the animal came to a sheep drain go over it. So the man rode him back a short ed him round and applied the whip, thinking at the donkey, when going at the top of his jump the drain before he knew it. But not e donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No ie touched the ground, than he got up, and east straight in the face, he said, "Verra weel then, hoe are yaun tae get ower yersel'?"

is—thirty-two francs for such a lunch?" cries a waiter in a restaurant. The proprietor of the comes up, looks at the man, and says, in a o the waiter, "Antonio, you should have seen vercoat was worth enough to pay the bill."

n (to newly-wedded pair): "The marriage various duties. The husband must protect le the wife must follow the husband whereso—" Bride: "Lor', sir, can't that be altered in y husband is going to be a letter-carrier."

see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign ts you. But when he is seen divesting himself u can make up your mind that he intends you im.

g story is told of Rowland Hill. One evening ing, when a shower came on, and his chapel th devotees. With that peculiar sarcastic in- h none could assume so successfully as him- tly remarked: "My brethren, I have often igion can be made a cloak, but this is the first hich I ever knew it could be converted into

on a schoolmaster who was born without a

if the right hand Nature has bereft thee,
ll thou writest with the hand that's left thee "

of Goldsmith.—Goldsmith was always plain nce; but when a boy, and immediately after a of small-pox, he was particularly ugly. When

seven years old a fiddler, who passed for a l to be playing to some company in Mrs. Gold- . During a pause in one of the square dances, rprised the party by jumping up suddenly and ad the room. Struck with the grotesque ap- the ill-favored child, the fiddler exclaimed, l the company burst into laughter, when Oliver a with a smile, and said:

ds proclaim me at saying,
Eop dancing, and his money playing."

Humor.—Humor is essentially the expression of a personal idiosyncrasy, and a man is a humorist just because the tragic and the comic elements of life present themselves to his mind in new and unexpected combinations. The objects of other men's reverence strike him from the ludicrous point of view, and he sees something attractive in the things they affect to despise. It is his function to strip off the common-places by which we have tacitly agreed to cover over our doubts and misgivings, and to explode empty pretences by the touch of a vigorous originality; and therefore it is that the great mass of mankind are apt to look upon humor of the stronger flavor with suspicion. They suspect the humorist, not without reason, of laughing at their beads. They can enjoy the mere buffoonery which comes from high spirits combined with thoughtlessness. And they can fairly appreciate the gentle humor of Addison, or Goldsmith, or Charles Lamb, where the kindness of his intention is so obvious that the irony is felt to be harmless. As soon as the humorist begins to be more pungent, and the laughter to be edged with scorn and indignation, good, quiet people, who do not like to be shocked, begin to draw back.

A High House.—A French ambassador, who was a very tall man, received an appointment to the court of James I. After his introduction, the king asked Lord Bacon what he thought of him. "He appears," said the philosopher, "like a very high house, the upper story of which is generally worst finished."

A brewer being drowned in his own vat, the witty Jekyll is reported to have said that the verdict of the coroner's jury should be, "Found floating on his watery tier."

A young lady who is studying, lately wrote to her parents that she was invited to a *dîné* the day before, and was going to a *fête champêtre* the next day. The professor of the college was surprised to receive a despatch from the "old man" a day or two after saying, "If you don't keep my daughter away from these menageries and side shows, I will come down and see what ails her."

"Mrs. Caddy," said Twinkle to the landlady at break fast the other morning, "Mrs. Caddy, this shud isn't as good as we had last Sunday." "I assure you," answered she, with a triumphant air, "it's the very same fish, sir."

Piron did not like "Nanine," one of Voltaire's dramatic pieces. "Why did you not hire it?" says Voltaire. "Because it was impossible," said the other, "to hire, and yawn at the same time."

A pompous fellow made some inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other, "but your proposition entered me."

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not co in te bote," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

An old judge of the New York Supreme Court, meeting a friend in a neighboring village, exclaimed, "Why, what are you doing here?" "I'm at work, trying to make an honest living," was the reply. "Then you'll succeed," said the judge, "for you'll have no competition."

An impecunious fortune-hunter having been accepted by an heiress, at the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed, "There goes his valise!"

"You see," said a lively old Aberdeen bachelor, on being advised to get married, "You see I can't do it, because I could not marry a woman I didn't respect, and it would be impossible for me to respect a woman that would consent to marry me."

The Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.—A sailor who served on board a British man-of-war, the *Tartar*, in 1747, when tied up to receive his punishment, addressed the following lines to his commander, who had a very strong antipathy to cats:

"By your Honor's command, as example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and stript, and if I am whipt
I must own, 'tis more than my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition,
To offer some lines to your eye;
Merry Tom by such trash avoided the lash,
And if fate and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm informed, like the cat,
Why, your Honor's aversion is mine;
If puss then with one tail can make your heart fail,
O, save me from that which has nine."

"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on the street corner, "he will just have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and laughed.

"This is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," a tramp despondently observed when he discovered that the ham he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

A man who had been away in the Arctic regions for some four years, engaged in whaling, landed at Dundee. Wishing to hear the Gospel preached, he entered one of the churches. When he came out, one of his mates asked him, "Well, Jack, how do you like the sermon?" "Oh," he replied, "it was a nice sermon enough, but *there was no harpoon in it.*"

Elderly gentleman to a freshman on the train: "don't have any ticket?" "No, I travel on my good name." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you are very far."

Double and Twisted.—A laughable circumstance took place upon a trial in Lancashire, where the late Ottiwell Wood was examined as a witness. Upon giving evidence, the judge addressing the reverend gentleman said: "Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" The old gentleman replied:

"O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
Double U,
Double O, D."

Upon which the astonished lawyer laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had heard in his life, and after two or three attempts, declared himself unable to record it. The court was convulsed with laughter.

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the judge called an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel?" "Whisky," replied the witness. "Well, your Honor, it was 'whisky' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whisky or not, as Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Lancashire a half-witted man, who was in the habit of saying prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day he happened to be at this spot by some wags, who secreted themselves on the opposite side, listening to the man at his devotion. He expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, that, even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pulled down the turf-dyke over him, when, scrambling out, he was heard to say: "Hech, sirs! its an awful world this; a body can't be in a joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

Two children were engaged in a dispute as to the merits of their respective fathers. Finally, one of them triumphed in a tone of triumph: "Well, my papa is the bravest; he 'listed in the war." "Huh, that's nothing; my papa 'listed three times in the war, and got a bounty every time."

A gentleman addresses another gentleman, who doesn't know, at a party: "This affair is awfully serious; go out and take a drink." "I would like to do it," replied the other, "but I can't leave very well, because you see one that is giving the party."

Voltaire compared the English nation to a barrel of ale; the top of which is froth, the bottom is dregs, and the middle excellent.

A young clerk in Holyoke spent six hours in the morning of the other day, having been imprisoned by the police. He felt, on coming out, as though he had just been released from a fashionable church sociable.

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GLIMPSES OF THE NORTHWEST.

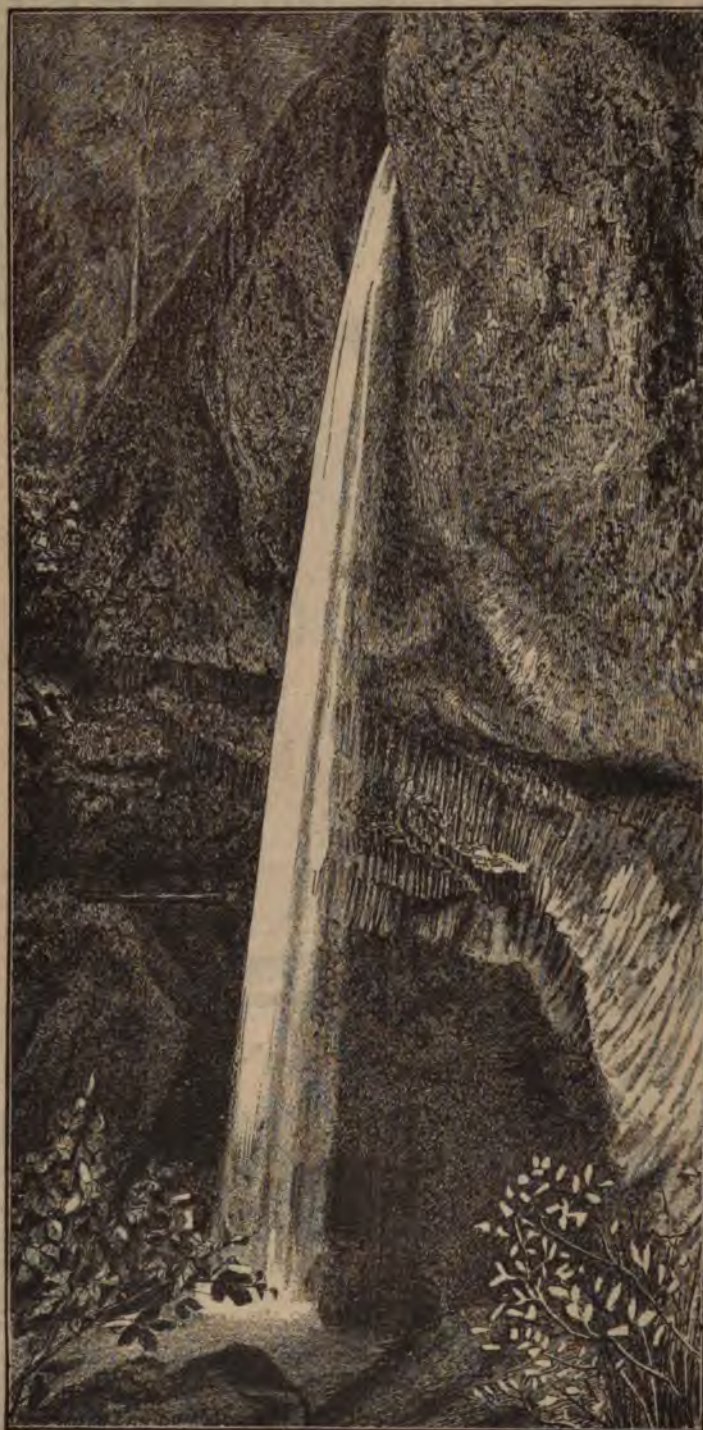
By T. C. JUDKINS.



CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT.

STANDING on the upper deck of one of those commodious iron steamers which ply between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, you espy, on nearing the mouth of the Columbia River, a long surf line which stretches from Cape Disappointment, a rocky promontory to the north, down the coast for four or five miles, and terminates at a sandy spit called Point Adams. If it is a calm day on which you enter, the bar will be comparatively smooth; but if a storm is raging, great walls of foam will rear themselves in front, at side to rear. Then what frantic leaps and darts! All is tumult now. White-crested billows lash the steamer's side, and your ears resound with a thun-

dering roar. But playfully tossing into spray the opposing breakers, the vessel soon glides out and upon the bosom of the broad Columbia, and is furrowing her waters. Including an arm of the river to the north, called Baker's Bay, and another to the south, named Young's, the river here reaches a width of eighteen miles. Young's River, emptying into the eastern side of the last-named bay, offers a pleasing attraction in a waterfall of some forty-five feet descent. Rounding a projecting point which has hitherto hid it from view, we now come upon the oldest American settlement on the northwest coast, the one, too, of romance and historical interest,—Astoria.



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, NEAR THE CASCADES.

Hardly a vestige now remains of the Astoria | furnish an embankment to the Columbia, which

founded by John Jacob Astor in 1811. The modern town occupies about the same site, but has a small outgrowth a trifle farther up the regularly-curved shore, styled Upper Astoria, connected with the main town by a plank driveway supported on piles. The entire business portion of Astoria is built upon these piles, and when an enlargement is necessary, the inhabitants prefer rather to make an extension into the harbor than to build on the acclivity in the background. The population is about twenty-five hundred; but during the fishing season, which includes most of the spring and summer months, this number is nearly doubled. Fisheries and canneries are thickly scattered along either bank of the Columbia for many miles up stream, there being at least a dozen in the immediate vicinity of Astoria, and which constitute a large portion of her commercial wealth.

The narrow hillside which backs and is a part of Astoria, is picturesquely dotted with neat-built cottages, some few reaching even to the top of the slope. From here a fine view of the surrounding scenery is obtained. Seaward, Young's Bay nestles quietly in the arms of the peninsular points which almost enclose her, while through a depression in a land-neck farther on, is seen the ruffled waters of the mighty Pacific. A little to the north are the capes at the mouth of the Columbia, seemingly bound together with a continuous chain of white-caps. Like a huge tower stands the lighthouse on the north cape, and you find yourself imagining that near it you can descry numerous cannons which frowningly guard the channel. To the north, deeply-wooded highlands

several miles in width, sweeps between. East-Mount Adams and St. Helens lift their peaks majestically above the intermediate forests, and add their snowy whiteness to the scene.

Many miles above Astoria the Columbia becomes more a vast bay than a river.

Many and frequent inlets pierce its banks, when of seven or eight miles reached, then it is narrowed somewhat by abrupt cliffs, which bid defiance to farther encroachment of the waters. The banks are clothed with a dense forest of fir, spruce, and hemlock, while the undergrowth trails of vines and mosses. But, after refreshing the view at intervals, the scenery of each valley early repeats itself, and, when Portland is reached, one finds himself questioning if it were not a relief to see the steep slopes occasionally displaced by rolling prairies.

The way up to Portland, from Astoria is one hundred and ten miles and takes eight hours to reach, and objects of interest are pointed out which are historically connected with the aboriginal races which here roamed.

Among these are Mount Hood on the left bank, and Clatsop Rock on the right, the latter of which were formerly the burial-places for the dying tribes. From the tops of the stubby trees or upon posts were suspended oddly-carved canoes in which had been laid the bodies

of their comrades, wrapped and re-wrapped in furs and robes. The bows and arrows of the Indians, their tomahawks and knives, their trinkets, cooking utensils, were placed in or hung near their unique coffins. Here, many years since, a visiting party came near having to atone for

an unfortunate calamity with their lives. A lighted match was by chance dropped in the dry grass. The flames spread, and before they could be extinguished several dead bodies had undergone cremation. But by the assurance of all that the circumstance was purely accidental, and with the



NEAR CATHLAMET, LOWER COLUMBIA.

gift of several valuable presents, the wrath of the dark savage was appeased.

Many settlements or small towns are scattered along both banks of the Columbia, most of them being built on sloping hillsides, and depending either on fisheries or sawmills for their main sup-

port. Lovely islands frequently lay fronting these, while through depressions in the wooded highlands are seen the snow-clad peaks of distant mountain ranges. Many small streams put into the Columbia from either side, their waters supporting

considerable distance. From here to P twelve miles up the last-named river, the formation is the same, consisting of alluv lands of great richness.

What San Francisco is to California, I

is to Oregon and the
ries of Washington and
She is the mart of the
Northwest. To this c
centre converge the m
far-reaching lines of
commerce, pouring in
lap the combined prod
hill and mountain, w
valley, diverse clima
diverse soil, while ly
anchor are numerous
vessels waiting to bear
ports forth and distribu
among the markets
world. So long as P
continues to be the chi
mercial centre, she will
as she is now, the we
and most powerful city
northwestern region.
her lasting claim for
least two points, Astor
Yaquina Bay, are stri
practically disprove.
effect branch railroads w
toward accomplishing t
difficult to determine;
seems evident that the i
of the now metropolis
be materially affected.

Portland is situated u
right bank of the Will
mostly upon a gently
hillside and is backed by
wooded ridges, the tim
tending down to, and ev
its suburbs. In fact, w
town now stands was
dense forest fir, and

growths reaching down to the water's edg
being at the head of ocean steam navigatio
mercial interests seemed to demand a city h
Nature's handiwork has been supplanted by
ning workmanship of man. East Portland
and well-built rival town of three thousand



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PORTLAND AND MOUNT HOOD.

myriads of the piscatorial tribe, especially trout. Here the angler can revel in his favorite pastime, and load himself down with the speckled-sided beauties. As we near the mouth of the Willamette, the abruptness of the shores disappears, and in place thereof is found level land back for a

stands on the left bank, and has considerable country neighboring. Portland proper, the largest town in Oregon, has a population of over two thousand, the inhabitants being industrious and enterprising. Her capitalists are far advanced to an unusual degree; and while they have made their individual efforts, largely increased personal wealth, they have labored hard for the benefit of untold benefit in opening the resources of the west coast. In keeping with the circumstances, Portland has many elegant buildings. There is a goodly number of churches, neatly and substantially built, and well supported; public school buildings and libraries are large, commodious ornaments to the town; there are numerous, but, with the exception of two or three, are large and well kept, and are scarcely above average, and are conducted on a plan of economy and to accommodate the poorer class of immigrants; banks and mercantile houses occupy portions of the many business blocks, the one as Union being the latest and finest; many of the buildings are elegant structures, built in the most modern style, and surrounded tastefully laid out lawns. And, for a business city, well towards building up the varied tastes of her people, supplied with several public libraries; one, the Portland library, containing twelve hundred volumes. A large number of newspapers are published here, most of which have large circulations. Truly, after a few days spent in observation and study, the tourist can hardly discredit the assertion of her inhabitants that Portland, for its population, is one of the best cities in the United States.

In the southern portion of the city and the suburbs backing it, Portlanders have as fine a varied scenery as is seldom seen. Look-

ing eastward, the ever-busy, bustling metropolis, with its high towering domes and steeples, lies at our feet. Opposite is her modest sister city, while between slowly and silently rolls the Willamette, bearing upon her smooth bosom the light-draught steamers, which are loaded with the precious freight of far inland districts. The shriek of the locomotive resounds from either side, and the iron horses,



CAPE HORN.

with their trains of cars and coaches, dash fiercely onward, now sweeping around curves, then rumbling over bridges, here along a steep graded hillside, and there on the brink of the flowery-fringed river, until they are lost to sight in the distant woodlands. Farther east are gently rising slopes, whose swelling sides are dotted with towering firs. Through their swaying tops are caught glimpses of an occasional valley centre, pierced with a lovely stream cold from mountain fastnesses; while skirting it are groves of classic oak with wide-spread branches, furnishing shelter and shade for the

d again, by massive boulders torn off
g crags and hurled far out into the
old rills of water pour from cliffs,
d bluffs, some in a continuous fall of
o three hundred feet, and others in a
of falls of various descent. At times
ll sweep down the gorge. What frolic
e ribbon-like rills are dashed into spray,
e embattled walls with a gauzy robe of
loveliness; the stunted trees on the
hts menacingly sway their extended

sweeping into
along the bluffs
wind, but now
issues with a
pan and whirls
n only to meet
barriers. The
here penetrates
's sanctuaries,
is inspired with
ery bend of the
r beauties dis-
elves. On one
are walled pre-
ly mirrored in
e waters at its
opposite is an
nook bordered
ed highlands;
a projection,
s a cave; now
iew a maze of
en a pyramidi-
tely and grand;

in dizzy sweeps above, lie gently-
ges.

es from Portland brings us to the Lower
here we are shifted into the cars and
ng the river bank to the Upper Cas-
istance of five miles, then boarding
mer are transported to the Dalles. This
ver the portage, as it is called, discloses
t of open ground. Here, in the very
Cascade Range, are seen small grain-
garden patches, and rich meadows;
and cattle graze on the mottled low-
ighboring slopes. On the left, the
ed a considerable distance; but on the
ed steep, some thousand or more feet
rise sharply from the water's edge.

Truly, this a rural theatre of fascinating splendor,
One almost imagines that he is enjoying a fraction
of Switzerland, so closely do descriptive writings
of parts of her scenery coincide with reality here.

From the Upper to the Lower Cascades the
river has a fall of forty-five feet—not a continuous
waterfall, but mere rapids. Around the main
rapids the government is now constructing a canal
and locks, and ere long boats can leave Portland
and steam through to the Dalles, thereby working
a diminution in the cost of freight transportation,



CASTLE ROCK.

and dispensing with an inconvenient change to
passengers. To look at this foaming barrier, it
seems incredible that steamboats could ever effect
a passage without being dashed to pieces. But
this three small crafts have done by waiting for
high water to favor them. It is said that the
Indians used to shoot down here in their light
canoes, but the frequency of the feat can at least
be questioned.

With reference to these obstructions, the super-
stitious savage hands down a novel and romantic
tradition. It runs that ages since the Columbia
was spanned by a natural bridge of earth and rock,
while through a narrow tunnel underneath, the
river swept onward with out an obstacle to impede.
But one unlucky day Mount Hood and Mount

Adams got into a dispute. They argued and wrangled and quarreled, each moment becoming more enraged. Then, fuming and smoking, they hurled molten brands at each other, until, before the combat was ended, they had so shaken the foundation of the Cascade Range that the mighty archway was rent in twain, and with a thundering crash was precipitated into the stream below. This fanciful legend has oft been woven into verse, and will thus be preserved for ages.

width of two miles. It is a smooth sheet of water, picturesquely studded with lovely islands. From an old block-house, standing on a detached eminence on the Territory side, are seen the towering mountains, the unruffled expanse of the river, and, lower down, its principal rapids, which break into beautiful masses of foam at our feet. Boarding the waiting steamer, we are carried on towards Dalles City, or the Dalles, as it is commonly called, distant from Portland one hundred and ten miles.



MOUNT HOOD FROM WASHINGTON TERRITORY; NEAR THE DALLES.

Nothing surprises the traveller more than the sudden climatic change that is experienced in so short a distance. The mists and fogs of the lower river have disappeared; the atmosphere is clearer; the air is colder; pines have superseded firs, and the surface of the land takes on a different shape. While west of the Cascade Mountains the climate is moist and equable, all that country lying east is dry, and subject to extremes of heat and cold. In this respect the inhabitants of Oregon and Washington Territory are highly favored. For, in point of health, the beneficial influences always resulting from a change of climate can be attained in a few hours' ride.

Above the Cascades, the river expands to a

A short distance above the Cascades the river narrows, and is walled in with perpendicular banks of basaltic rocks, changing now and then from columnar to horizontal positions. The rim of the wall is sharp cut, and occasionally crowned with a growth of stunted trees. Where the rocks recede any distance, a fine undergrowth is found, and the work is made picturesque by the cottage of some sturdy husbandman.

The fine view of Mount Hood which is obtained through a depression, rekindles a somewhat abating enthusiasm. The old mountain rises from a seeming level plain, its mighty form so impressive that we gaze in silent admiration; so near, too, that we can see the glistening of the accumulated myriads of crystal snowflakes. On nearing the Dalles, the country is more open, but often broken by sharp benches of basalt. Neat farms dot the slopes, and the land wears an aspect of more extended civilization. The river embankments continue abrupt, but gradually lower as we steer onward, until, through a ragged depression, we catch glimpses of a near city, and, rounding a bluff, are soon at the entrepot of Eastern Oregon.

ngton Territory—the Dalles. Here, und a portage of fifteen miles. At the ling you take another steamer, which y you even into Idaho, if desired, and ning you can readmire the wondrous the “River of the West.”

visitors all agree that for aggregated grandeur the Columbia River has scarce This fact many pens have graphically

Probably as true an interpreter as any Massachusetts editor who accompanied olfax in his trans-Continental tour. “As he has written, “I know no scenery so beautiful. It has much of the distinelements of the Hudson in its Palisades,

of the Rhine in its embattled, precipitous and irregular-shaped cliffs, and of the Mississippi in its overhanging cliffs. Each of these holds a beauty that is not here ; but the Columbia aggregates more than any one the elements of impressiveness, of picturesque majesty, of wonder-working, powerful nature.” But not for the magnificent scenery alone is this river noted. With its wide extended arms it taps every important point of that vast basin lying between the Cascade and Rocky Mountains. and again, with collected waters, sweeps through the narrow gap of the range that it has pierced, forming a gateway marvelous in thought, stupendous to behold, and powerful in respect to commerce.

HOUSEKEEPING IN FRANCE.

By M. C. HUNGERFORD.

KEEPERS in France are not crushed beburden of gentility that weighs upon ; or, to state it differently, French not believe the maintenance of their quires the possession of a house much for their needs simply because fashion of them. They occupy only so much ill make them comfortable, and they use ire. There are no shut-up chambers rarely-used drawing-rooms to swell the f rent and demand a larger force of to keep in order, to say nothing of the siderable sum locked up in handsome nd carpets for the same.

rried couple in fairly good standing in sh to keep house, and as a rule such is s desire, it will not occur to them that danger of losing caste by taking only five or six stories instead of the whole . They will select their flat according means, *au second*, if they can afford it, windows upon a pleasant street. If is limited, they unhesitatingly locate upon an upper, perhaps the very top-of the house. If it is in a good locality, nothing socially ; their acquaintances their society and extend invitations to rely as if their choice of dwelling inditer wealth.

ments à louer, the words so often seen

upon little square signs hanging from Parisian windows, signify to the seeker that within a vacant flat or *appartement* will be offered to their inspection. It will contain probably five rooms—the salon, or parlor, with its pleasant frontage, two bedrooms, a dining-room, and the tiniest little kitchen imaginable. Such a flat can be found either furnished or unfurnished ; but if the place is needed for permanent residents, they will prefer to take it without furniture, and give themselves the pleasure of lining their nest to their liking. It is often reproachfully said that there is no such word as home in French ; but there is no country where so homelike a look can be given to a few rooms as a French woman will give to her little flat.

If it were left to a French woman to appoint the three Christian Graces, she would unhesitatingly name economy, cleanliness, and thoroughness. The first is the inbred rule of her life ; not the sordid, niggardly trait the virtue sometimes degenerates into, but a wise prudence which turns everything to good account, allowing nothing to be wasted. Her frugality is broad, not of the penny-wise, pound-foolish kind, so she shows no stint in furnishing her kitchen, knowing that upon that quarter depends the comfort of her *ménage*. It is there she begins her furnishing, and fits it up with every convenience. French kitchens, except in great houses where a *chef* is employed, are

always very small; and, being so, everything is close at hand, and no time is wasted in stepping about.

The cupboards and shelves will be well filled with bright, copper cooking utensils, the uses of some of which are quite unknown to us, while others are not unfamiliar. There are casseroles, saute-pans, purée-sieves, timbal molds, and bains-marie of various sizes, and all the other indispensables. But the supply, although varied, is not large, and there is really nothing to spare, and the infinitesimal stove would appall a Yankee housewife and send one of our arrogant Celtic cooks in scorn from the kitchen. But small as it is, many elegant dinners will be prepared by its aid. Fuel is a special economy in France, so a fire is kept only during the time when the meals are being made ready, and most of the cooking is done over wood or charcoal, which can be extinguished the moment the need for it is over.

Families that with us would demand the services of several servants, in France, with their compact way of living, seem equally well served with one and the extra special assistants they are in the habit of employing. A cook can be hired by the day or hour. Her coming may be a regular or only an occasional thing. Perhaps a little maid will be the only permanent servant kept. If she is as intelligent as most of her countrywomen, she can easily be trained to cook the light early breakfast, and under the eye of her mistress to put all the rooms in their characteristic exquisite order. These duties over, she is expected to make herself tidy to attend the door, go on errands for her mistress or take the children, if there are any, out for a walk till it is time to go into the kitchen to wait upon the cook while she gets the dinner; for the time of the latter is too valuable to be spent in preparing vegetables or doing anything that unskilled hands could do as well. Very often the little maid has a mother who impresses her with the importance of picking up all the information that comes in her way; so, in her anxiety to learn, she watches intelligently every act of the professional, and, quickly imitating and putting her acquired knowledge in practice in a small way, becomes of great value to her mistress, who also teaches her for her own comfort to set the table and wait upon it to perfection.

The clothes are carried off to be washed and ironed, so there is none of the steaming hurry of

washing-day or the fatiguing worry of ironing. It is astonishing how the absence of these two familiar banes simplifies housekeeping, saving the wear and tear of temper and nerves in mistress and maids, and doing away with tubs, machines and laundries, or kitchens capacious enough to permit the work and its attendant circumstances. This emancipation, and the saving of fuel, which there is very expensive, makes French women consider it good management to entrust the work to outside laundresses, who in washing for families are very reasonable in their expectations of payment.

There are no happier women in the world than French women. Their lives are full of occupation; but a busy life cannot fail to be happier than where idleness throws down the barriers that shut out *ennui* and imaginary ailments. A married woman in France systematically fills her time with business or pleasure. For every hour there is laid out an appointed pursuit of duty or pleasure. Her house and family form her first care; but, although an irreproachable wife and affectionate mother, she does not let the care take the form of drudgery. She knows her own value, and fully realizes the importance of keeping her health and nerves in excellent order; so she will not suffer her cares to master her, but wisely arranges everything with careful method, and allows herself time for social intercourse, for music, reading, walking, driving, and amusements of whatever nature she fancies. She is very practical and business-like, and by her systematic method of living preserves herself from the countless worries that make life a burden to our women.

She goes to market herself, and goes early, too, with a very clear idea in her mind of what she wants to buy, and how much she is willing to pay. It must be confessed that at market, or in shopping elsewhere, her practical nature comes out in greater force than is altogether admirable. The picture of a charming woman chaffering over the price of a mackerel, or cheapening bacon, is not an agreeable one; but, unfortunately, a virtue may too easily be nursed into a fault. If her dinner is to be without guests, she will take that opportunity to provide some little dishes that are not quite so good enough to offer to invited company, but too good to be ashamed of should chance find surprise her.

She is not ashamed to buy the most trifling quantity of anything, and will secure a variety

loading a little basket with a few of n. She has no scruples at buying a or only two turnips. There is just e first to garnish a little *plat* and dice for soup, and of the second to entrée; there will be no possibility ook adroitly purloining any portion, ess little maid wasting a bit. But stint upon her table; there are so ishes that no one cares to see a moun- ing.

es a provision for the indispensable e will, as she buys a bone or knuckle, cher crack it into nut-sized bits, so g, every particle of nourishment may

This same *pot au feu* is one of the ekeeper's pet economies. It might ed the save-all, for into it goes every that will serve for no other purpose. n is the soup-bone broken, as stated ut into a kettle and boiled in a quan-

To this soup is added from time to ter in which any vegetable has been

boiled, the trimmings from cutlets and roasts, the wing-tips, necks, and even the feet of poultry, carefully scalded and skinned. Into it also goes the ends of cucumbers, the green tops of celery, the outer leaves of lettuce or cabbage, and all similar things. All these additions help to give a flavor and zest of which no one can deny the excellence.

Each day during the preparation of dinner the *pot au feu* is put upon the stove to be preserved by re-cooking. The soup for nearly every dinner through the week is different; but the basis for each is stock taken from the *pot au feu* strained and thickened with a purée, or made transparent by some process known to artists of the cuisine, and poured upon a variety of chopped vegetables. The stock in winter is kept indefinitely, renewing its strength occasionally by a few pounds of beef or veal bone, or a piece of soup meat, which, however, is not allowed to boil till all its virtue is extracted, but taken out, and the best part reserved for a *ragout* or *réchauffé*, while the poorer portions are returned to the kettle.

BELINDA'S BROTHER JACK.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

ss Johnson's holiday. The children ng-school with their nurse, and their consequently free for the afternoon. n the library, on her way down stairs, Sayers if there was any errand she tended to down town. Mrs. Sayers om her book, and thought the girl te like the heroine of the novel she as Belinda stood there in the door- der, girlish figure it was that met her clear, pale face, and heavy-fringed and, yes, there were even traces of en on the cheeks, like the heroine's of the story.

wrong, Belinda?" Mrs. Sayers asked, her the letter she wished posted.

going to see my brother to-day," la, in a low voice.

ought to make you feel glad instead t he that handsome young 'Jack . Rich used to go to school with?

Where is he now? Didn't your uncle adopt him?"

Mrs. Sayers could not have seen the pained expression on the young girl's face, or she surely would not have asked the question of his whereabouts!

"I thought you knew Jack has been away from home a long time, and—and he's in trouble now—if you care to, Mrs. Sayers, you may read his letter; you will understand then better than I can tell you," and Belinda handed her a well-written letter, in a bold, graceful hand. Mrs. Sayers took the letter, which bore no date, and read:

"DEAR SIS: I am in my old quarters again, you see—not from choice, however! It isn't the most desirable spot in the world; no cigars, nor daily papers; actually there isn't a last year's almanac to be had here, and the dreary days slip around untold. I amuse myself, however, playing a little game they teach here. It's called 'cob- bler.' I don't suppose you ever saw it, however.

the girl's eyes, and a tender pathos in as she spoke.

Belinda looked and listened in a bewildered state. "Was it a dream, or was it true, Edith, who taught the mission-school who had subdued and converted the young men, was offering to go to prison and talk to Jack?"

"My mother, Miss Edie, she would never do that," said Belinda, when at length she found words to speak.

"I have nothing to say about this work I do—I shall not ask her. I have asked your mother, Belinda, and I feel that I am bound to this. Think, if through the words I hear from your brother, he feels a sincere repentance for the past, and should resolve to live a better, purer, better life, when he leaves where he is; think, Belinda, is it any one's right to put him on a trial? Then let me go with you."

The two girls walked on side by side. At length Belinda answered: "You may come with me, Edie; I have not the power to refuse. As to Jack's whole future life I am thinking of, and I continued she, in a half-whisper to her sister, "He is not so depraved and wicked as some people think. There is a germ of good in him; it may lie under a mound of evil associations, but there is good seed in him, and it may be set sprouting again. Oh, it can be no harm, Miss Edie, for you

"With God's help I will, Belinda," returned Belinda in a low voice; and then the two walked on until they reached the heavy gates opened wide, and swung back again upon hinges. The key turned upon them, Edith stepped forward and clasped her companion's arm; but she turned herself, and steadily followed their sister. When they reached the room where the convicts were allowed to see their friends.

"No," said the warden to the attendant, "they are not to take their names to the prisoner. I don't believe," he added, looking curiously at the faces of the two young girls. Belinda answered, and then the two followed the attendant along the long corridor until they reached the door where they were to find "No 389."

It was their brother Jack.

He stood up as they entered, a trifle embarrassed

and abashed at seeing a stranger with his sister, a young girl, too, and pretty as well as young.

"This is Miss Edith, Jack," said Belinda, after their greetings; "she wanted to come with me; she has never been in a—she has never seen this place before." She corrected herself, seeing Jack's face flush scarlet as she almost called his "quarters" by their rightful name. Jack bowed politely in acknowledgment of the introduction, and Edith could not help but notice his manner was quite that of the gentlemen she met outside of prison walls. And he was very handsome; his convict's suit did not hide his tall, straight, manly figure, and his face was good, like Belinda's, with an even more intelligent and refined expression. The tears rushed to Edith's eyes as she thought what would be her feelings were it her brother Rich thus disgraced; and as she beheld the two, brother and sister, "so near and yet so far" from one another, as pure a prayer as ever went up from prison walls lifted itself out of the young girl's heart for the young man before her, so humiliated and disgraced.

"Oh, Jack, how is it you are here again!" cried Belinda, at length, forgetting the attendant, who now paced up and down the corridor outside. "Why did you join those bad, wicked fellows who led you away from the right path once before? You promised me you would do better; you said I should never see you here again;" and Belinda burst into a passion of tears.

Jack looked pained and annoyed at his sister's exhibition of feeling, and as he glanced at her companion's face, also tear-stained, and recollected her now as his old schoolmate, Rich Sayers's sister, he answered in a bitter tone of bravado:

"I'm here because I deserve it. One must not expect to see angels in prisons in these days, nor heroes either; I'm neither one nor the other. I'm a convict, justly incarcerated for a penal offence!"

"No, no, Jack; you do not mean to say you deserve this imprisonment. It is all some mistake that the lawyers and judge could not see; you do not deserve to be here;" and Belinda clung to her brother's arm, and looked up in his eyes piteously.

"I am here for making and passing counterfeit money, and so it's lawful and just, you see. When I was here before I was an innocent boy. The

money found on me was put there then by a gang of young men with whom I was in company. I protested my innocence; but the money was found upon my person, and after a short trial I was sentenced. They say 'solitary confinement brings a prisoner round,' and makes him repent of his crimes. I don't know about it; my lonely hours were spent in rebelling against the injustice from which I suffered, cursing fate, and determining were I once out, I'd 'have the game as well as the name!' After serving my term—it was a short one, I was only a boy, not twenty-one—I came out and went right off and joined my old comrades, and had the game. I was rich for a year. I had plenty of money; but, Bel, dear, I hadn't the heart to give you or mother any of my ill-gotten gains, and so I never wrote to you or came to see you. I was rich for a short time only, and I finally got back to my old quarters again, justly this time!"

The young man's voice was full of a certain assumed bravado, and he had confessed, as it were, all his history of his downfall, looking straight into the face of the strange young girl before him, while she, listening as eagerly, followed him word by word; and when he had ended his recital, leaned forward, and looking him full in the eyes, asked in a low, trembling voice:

"And when you are freed again, what will you do? go on in the calendar, and murder and kill?"

The young man's face blanched. It was a startling, unexpected question. He had looked for tears, perhaps a mild reproof, followed by prayer; but this bold question! He had not thought he should go on downward in the scale of crime; but her question made him mute for a moment. He thought for the first time of the plausibility of it. There was a painful silence, in which Belinda clasped her hands and looked from one to the other. Oh, would Miss Edith talk to Jack and make him hate her!

"Why do you ask that question?" answered Jack, at length. "Is it anything to you what a convict does? I am but one of the number (389) confined here for all sorts of crimes. I may 'murder and kill,' yet why not? My good name is gone; I was an innocent man here once, I came out a released convict. When a man has that title at the end of his name, what use in ever trying again to be honest and good?"

"What use! make that name redeem that title.

A man's life is long, a man's will is powerful for good or for evil. Be as strong in your determination to do better when you are again released, as you were to do worse when confined here before! There may then be a possibility of your rising to a higher height than the gallows!"

There was a ring in the girl's voice as she spoke, and a color on her cheek that told how earnest she was in her efforts to rouse this young man's desperate spirit of despair.

"Do you believe a man like me could ever rise from the depths I lie in to-day and hold position, demand respect, and be a man of mark in the world outside? Do you dream it possible?"

"As possible as it is probable; a man like you will return here with a different sentence some day, if that man does not determine now to live a better, truer life."

"How should he begin? Where should he get? Who would lend him a helping hand?"

There was a new-born light springing up in the eyes now; a beautiful hope had touched the dying embers at last.

"Begin now," rang out the girl's voice in answer. "Instead of sullenly brooding over fate and injustice, believe in Providence and a good God. Have strong faith in your own determination to make the world forget your ill-doings in the good you shall do where you go. The world is wide; choose anywhere! Who will give you a hand? Here is mine; when you are released, send to me; I will help you. My father is a good, kind man; through him you shall receive all that you need," and as she spoke, a little hand was held out to him bravely.

The man paused before taking it. He was more touched by these words and this little action than by all the sermons preached out in the great hall, that he had listened to vaguely on the Sabbath. After a short silence, in which the attendant's steps sounded very loud as he passed them up and down on his beat, Jack raised his right hand, and in a low voice, said, solemnly: "Before God and this assembly, I promise to obey all your commands. Your words have been more eloquent than prayers and entreaties. Out of a woman's heart you have spoken unto a man's better nature; you have awakened a sleeping spirit which I thought was paralyzed; you have given life to a dead hope. Once freed again, I promise you I will do that which shall redeem the name."

title my name now bears. You shall hear me; 'I will ask you for your help some day. your hand upon it now, in full faith, and the deepest, sincerest gratitude;" and then his brother Jack took within his the little, his hand held out to him, and raised it to reverently.

"He's expired, ladies," interrupted the attendant who had been watching and listening very closely to the strange words and actions of the fore him. "I beg pardon, Miss," he turning to Edith, "but I hope you have misgessed the rules, and, when you shook must now with the prisoner, given him anything which he can make his escape, or hurt you know!"

Belinda looked surprised and indignant as she said him, with quiet dignity. "I have transgressed neither law nor rule, sir; although I hope," she led, with a look at Jack, "I hope what I even the gentleman"—she could not bring herself to say prisoner—"may serve him to make a creditable *entrée* in the world outside these walls."

The man looked a trifle puzzled.

"I'll say some good, sharp words, Mr. James," said Jack, with a faint smile.

"May I give him some tobacco, mayn't I?" asked Belinda, timidly, drawing out of her pocket a package as she spoke.

"Yes, of course, that is allowed," answered the attendant, eyeing the paper wistfully himself.

"I may give it to Mr. James, instead of to you, dear. I am going to begin clean, and to old habits," answered Jack, with a shy Edith.

Edith smiled her approval as she replied: "I like to send you an occasional paper—not tobacco, but of sermons—which I hope you are allowed to receive, and will read."

"Yes, we permit those sort of things. You need the papers, and I will see that they get them," returned Mr. James, hurrying toward the door.

Belinda clung to her brother in a last embrace, crying: "You will try to do all you can for me, Jack; I am sure you will! Oh, brother, remember the encouraging words she has spoken, that I am a better man!"

"He's up," again repeated Mr. James; and Jack following the two, asked Edith, timidly, "I see you again?"

"Never here, I hope," returned she, with a shudder, looking back; "but some day I hope to meet you differently," and then she was gone.

"Not a word, please, Belinda," said Edith, as once outside the prison gates her companion began to utter her broken thanks. "I deserve none; I have done but that which I would want another to do were my brother in the place yours is to-day. Oh is it not pitiful to see one of his education and appearance lie so low! How came he thrown into the wicked company which has been his downfall?"

"How can I tell?" replied Belinda, sadly. "When our father died, we were children; Jack was the eldest, and having no sons of his own, Uncle Mark took him, and said he would educate and make Jack a gentleman, as father was before him. I stayed with mother, and instead of going to school, I helped her teach in one. Jack used to come to see us often at first. He was always a dear, good brother, but after a while, when he went to lodge, he got sort of weaned away from mother and me, and after Uncle Mark died we saw very little of him. Mother used to cry over it sometimes, and say she feared Jack's rich friends made him ashamed of us; but I always stood up for Jack, and said I knew his heart was all right, and he would come to us and make us proud of him some day. I'm glad mother didn't live to see his shame! she always believed me when I spoke like that, and thought that Jack would turn out in the end a noble, good man, like father; and now he's a convict!" and poor Belinda sobbed bitterly behind her veil.

"Don't give him up yet, Belinda," said Edith, consolingly. "His heart is 'all right,' I am sure of it. He will make you proud of him some day. See, I am only quoting your own words," she added, smiling; "but I believe them, as your mother did. I have such faith in the man who gave me his promise to-day, that I can truly console you, saying I feel sure he will come out of those prison gates a wiser, better man."

Mrs. Sayers never learned that her daughter had gone with Belinda to prison that day to see her brother Jack; but the bare fact of knowing that any one in her house visited friends in "Cherry Hill," so annoyed and distressed her that she concluded not long after that she would change her children's governess.

"Belinda was so abstracted with her troubles

who longed to crown their conquering hero
by and laurel.

It was one thing yet the brave general
to win before he returned, and yet it
farther from his reach than any battle-
e had ever coveted.

determined, however, to "put it to the
and win or lose it all;" and so one morn-
ortly before his departure, he called at the
nd asked to see Miss Sayers.

h was alone in their reception-room, and
n, saying:

pa is over at the Capitol. He will be so
ot to see you;" for something in his face
r he had come to say good-by, and Edith
h herself to bid him farewell.

ave come to see you especially and alone
orning," interrupted the general. "Will
me tell you something of my life since
met, before we say good-by?"

bowed in answer, "If you care to tell me,
e glad to listen."

are to have you, of all persons in the whole
orld, know all my life;" and then seating

beside her in the shadow of the heavy
curtain which hung from the great deep

, he began in a low voice, and looking at
h earnest eyes as he had looked at her that

on so long ago: "The day you left the
walls I was a changed man. There was a

il hope held out to me, a beautiful vision
ver beside me after, chanting in a sweet,

oice those brave, earnest words, 'A man's
owerful for evil or for good. Be as strong

determination to do better as you have
do worse. Instead of brooding over Fate,

in God; make the world forget your ill-
n the good you will do. The world is

choose anywhere. Who will give you a
hand? Here is mine!' These words

y morning and my evening prayers. I
and worked to their music by day, I

d of their echoes at night, and I lived and
l in the hope of my redemption through

so were my Saviour! The sermons from
you sent me were cut out carefully and

me by Mr. James. I received but three,
were enough; they echoed all your words,

y breathed of the spirit you had instilled
fainting life. I was released from my

a short time in consequence of my well-
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doing, and when the prison gates clanged after
me, and I was once more out into the free air, I
was a better man than I had ever been before; I
was a good, believing, faithful, Christian man!

"The first place to which I went upon my re-
lease was the Episcopal Hospital, from whence I
had received a note apprising me of my sister's
serious illness. I found her past all help; she
died in my arms, blessing your name as my deli-
verer. After her death I went West, and restoring
the missing letter to our original name, wrote
mine 'Johnston.' When the call came for troops
I was one of the first to volunteer. I would
'make my name redeem its title,' I thought; I
would at least give my services and my life to the
country under whose laws I had once been a pris-
oner; and now I can tell you I have accomplished
all I dared hope for. My name is beloved and
honored; my ill-doings are forgotten in the good
I have tried to do in serving my country; my faith
is firm in a man's will for good. I believe and
trust in a forgiving God, and I have kept all I
promised you, have I not?"

"You have fought the good fight. The victory
is yours," softly quoted Edith, her eyes dim with
tears, yet shining brightly with the pride and
glory she felt in this grand hero whom she felt
she had helped create.

"And yet there is one thing more to which I
have not yet dared aspire," replied the general, in
a low voice; "something you held out to me that
day so long ago;" and as he spoke, the general
lifted up the little hand lying on Edith's lap, and
continued: "This is the one thing else I most
desire. I have your father's consent to ask you
for it, and if you will give it me again, I will lay
down the love of my life at your feet. What I
am you have made me, Edith. Let me then give
you myself; I will try to be worthy of you. Lay
thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me."

The little hand was held out once more to
Belinda's brother Jack, and the words which ac-
companied it held the old true ring, as Edith
replied:

"You are worthy of all you desire or ask. My
hand follows my heart; and oh, Jack, that is all
yours!" and thus the life she saved became hers;
and notwithstanding it was in a prison that she
"visited" and first met her husband, Edith John-
ston never regretted the day she went to see
Belinda's brother Jack.

A SOUTHERN WATERING-PLACE.

BY CHARLES A. PILSBURY.

THE Spring region, comprising portions of the States of Virginia and West Virginia, contains a great variety of waters, some of which have marked medicinal qualities. Of these springs, the Greenbrier White Sulphur is the most noted. It is situated on Howard's Creek, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, two thousand feet above tide-water, and upon the western slope of the great mountain range which separates the waters which flow into Chesapeake Bay from those which empty into the Gulf of Mexico. The surrounding scenery is highly picturesque. The charming little valley which contains this wonderful spa is hemmed in by mountains. Near the spring a clear, sparkling stream meanders over a gravelly bed, under dense masses of foliage. The climate is delightful during six months of the year. In summer the thermometer ranges between 55° and 65° , and rarely rises above 80° , while the atmosphere is elastic and invigorating.

Within easy access of the White Sulphur are other mineral springs, which are much frequented, and of which the "Hot," "Warm," and "Healing" Springs, the "Old Sweet" and "Sweet Chalybeate," the "Salt" and "Red Sulphur" are the most noted.

More than fifty years ago the White Sulphur Spring was frequented by invalids, and ever since that time it has been the favorite resort of the *elite* of the Southern States. It is not uncommon to meet at this Spring ladies and gentlemen who have not missed a season for twenty or thirty years. In the days of the stage-coach, a majority of the visitors came from their distant homes in splendid private carriages, attended by liveried servants, and established themselves in their own cottages. Those who did not own a cottage had to be content with very meagre accommodations. There were no conveniences, and the larder was uncommonly lean. The guests had to forage for themselves, purchasing game, milk, butter and eggs from the hunters and farmers of the surrounding country. If a guest ventured to complain of the shortcomings of the hotel table—and it may be safely inferred that many did so—the proprietor would reply, "I charge you ten dollars

a week for the water. Everything else is What more could be said? This state of continued for many years. Indeed, it is since the late civil war that the public has been even passably good, or that ordinary comforts and conveniences have been provided.

In 1857 this property came into the possession of a company, composed mostly of Virginians who soon after set to work to beautify the grounds and to erect a main hotel building, which is the largest structure of the kind in the South. The building is four hundred feet in length, covering nearly an acre of ground. The bar, restaurant, barber shop, kitchen, express telegraph offices, and a printing-office, are on the ground floor; above which, and opening on a spacious veranda extending the whole length of both sides of the building, are the ball-room, dining-room, parlor, and two reception-rooms. The dining-room is three hundred and twenty feet long, and capable of seating two thousand guests. The parlor is one of the most elegant and spacious apartments in America, being half as large as the celebrated East Room in the Presidential mansion at Washington. The ball-room is of the same size, and has a floor of hard pine polished as a mirror. The two remaining stories are devoted to lodging-rooms. Surrounding the building are rows of cottages, built along the sides, and making quite a village. A few cottages are of two stories; but the majority are low, sharp-roofed structures, with broad verandas in front, and shaded by trees and clinging vines. They are numbered and designated by letters. There is a Virginia, a Baltimore, a Georgia, an Alabama, a Louisiana, and a Carolina Row, also Paradise Row, Bachelor's Row, Wolf and Gambler's Row, the latter being the "tiger."

In the lower portion of the valley is the site over which a pavilion has been erected. It was originally surmounted by a statue of Liberty holding in her right hand a cup filled with olive and in her left hand an herb. This statue disappeared during the war, having been carried

or destroyed by Sheridan's troopers. Under this pavilion the great fountain bubbles up from a substratum of limestone, and is received in an octagonal pool, four and a half feet in diameter, which it fills to a depth of four feet. The temperature of the water is 62° Fahrenheit, and does not vary winter or summer. The spring yields about thirty gallons per minute, and this quantity is not perceptibly varied either by a long-continued drought or an excessive rainfall. The waste water is conveyed through a pipe to the bath-building, which is situated on the bank of the creek two hundred yards distant. The water from this spring was analyzed in 1842 by Professor Hayes of Boston, who stated the distinctive medicinal influences of the water on the system to be as follows: Cathartic, diuretic, sudorific, and alterative. Its speciality is its action on the liver and its cure of the diseases which are caused by a functional derangement of that organ, while consumptives are warned against its use.

My first visit to the White Sulphur was in the month of August, 1869. The stage-coach had been superseded a few weeks before by the iron horse, the rails of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad having reached, in their progress westward, the very entrance to the grounds. Leaving Washington, the national capital, at 7 A.M., I embarked on a ferry-boat for half an hour's sail down the broad Potomac to the seedy and sleepy-looking town of Alexandria. Here we take a train on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Gordonsville, where connection is made with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

Every mile of the journey is over historic ground. It is only necessary to mention the names of a few of the stations to call up memories of the bloody past, when the gray-coated soldiers of the Confederacy and those in the Federal blue swarmed on the hillsides and swept over the plains below. In those days the smoke of battles obscured the now peaceful sky, and in the fields where the grain is ripening, the great reaper, Death, did his harvesting. No traces of the conflict now remain save a Federal burial-ground at one place, and here and there the ruins of an earthwork. But the names alone of such stations as Manassas Junction, Warrenton Junction, Culpepper, Rapidan, Gordonsville and Charlottesville are sufficient to excite the interest of the tourist, and to fix his gaze upon the landscape

which the speeding train unrolls like a panorama. For the first half of the journey the scenery is not attractive. When the spurs of the Blue Ridge are reached, however, the lover of Nature will be roused to ecstasy. At times the train seems to cling precariously to the mountain side, and you look down upon the beautiful and fertile valley of Virginia, with its snug farm-houses, meandering streams, clumps of trees, and broad fields of grain and tobacco. One view has been particularly admired. Two lofty hills, densely wooded from foot to summit, rise abruptly from the banks of a stream of crystal clearness. Clinging to the side of one of these hills, and just over the water, stands a picturesque dwelling. The stream loses itself in the shadows and foliage, while a background of hills, with soft outlines, melt away into the distance, and complete a picture which should be perpetuated on canvas. And now the scenery becomes bolder, grander and wilder.

On my first journey thither, however, the train was so delayed that we did not climb the Alleghenies until after nightfall. I can only recall the tilting of the car endways and sideways; it seemed to me sometimes to reach an angle of 45°; the wild snorts and shrieks of the three locomotives which puffed and panted, and at times were barely able to push or pull this burden up the steep grades; and then the welcome rattle of the brakes, and the glimmer of lanterns in the darkness without as the journey was ended.

Having since passed over this portion of the road in the daytime, I was enabled to verify, not only the glowing descriptions given of the scenery, but to testify to the engineering skill displayed. The road from Carrington to the White Sulphur, a distance of twenty-three miles, is of the most substantial character, and probably cost more per mile than any similar route in the United States. Cuts and fills alternate. The embankment of Moss Run, the largest fill, contains 800,000 cubic yards of earthwork, which would suffice for forty miles of railroad through any ordinary country. This embankment is only one-fourth of a mile long, and cost \$400,000. Jersey's Run fill is 179 feet high, and cost \$700,000. There are seven double-track tunnels of a total length of two and a half miles; the shortest 400 feet, and the longest 4,760 feet. The maximum and ruling grade on the main track going west is sixty feet, and going east but thirty feet per mile. There are no curves

of less than 1,000 feet radius. When it is added that the road bed is of the most substantial character, and the equipment of the line all that could be desired for speed, comfort, and safety, it must be admitted that this is a triumph of engineering skill of which Americans may well feel proud.

The only really dangerous place on the road is said to be at Carrington, where the eastern-bound traveller is tempted to leave the train by the promise of an excellent breakfast; but where, if he succeeds in getting anything to eat, he is likely to pay a penalty for partaking thereof in the pains of dyspepsia. Elsewhere he may satisfy his appetite from the wares of colored vendors without leaving his seat. The hard-boiled eggs, cold chicken, apple pies and lemonade of Sambo at Charlottesville, or Dinah at Gordonsville are, to the fare at Carrington, what a twenty-franc dinner at Philippes, in the days of Pascal's glory, was to a two-franc dinner in the Palais Royal (for foreigners exclusively) with the prices transposed.

Arriving at the White Sulphur during the first week in August, 1869, I found "the season" at its height. Two thousand names were recorded on the hotel books, and that many people were content with accommodations no more than sufficient for twelve hundred. Many of my fellow-passengers were aghast at the prospect before them. It was nearly daybreak, and we had stood in the office for half an hour or more after inscribing our names, each one exercising his powers of diplomacy upon the room clerk to obtain some advantage over the others. Finally, one detachment was marched off, herded by a colored man with a lantern, to a church within the grounds, the basement floor of which had been filled with cots. Five men, including myself, utter strangers to each other, were consigned to a section of the main hall in the third story of the hotel, where by means of sheets suspended from a rope, a good-sized sleeping apartment had been improvised. Here were two narrow cots and three mattresses on the floor, with the necessary bed linen, and of these we took possession. Our apartment was illuminated by two tallow candles stuck in bottles, and as their light outlined our figures on the sheets, the spectacle caused much merriment among those who passed our quarters *en route* from the ball-room to their rooms. This only led to laughter and contortions on our part, to be followed by

silence without, save the pit-pat of little feet scampering down the long hall.

For the most part, good humor and a disposition to make the best of everything prevailed. There were grumblers, of course, but they were in a decided minority. If they were dissatisfied, they had only to go elsewhere. There were plenty of new-comers to take their places. During the rush of visitors, men, women, and children slept on the parlor floor, and ladies, total strangers to each other, were stowed away, five or six together, in a small room, two in a bed, and others on mattresses on the floor. Husbands were often separated from their wives, and many ludicrous scenes resulted from the confusion attending the arrival of two or three hundred guests late at night. One evening a young lady who had left the ball-room for the purpose of retiring, fled, shrieking through the hall, and meeting some of her friends, declared there was a man in her room. It appeared, on investigation, that she had opened the wrong door. On another occasion a man who had evidently been drinking something more potent than sulphur water, insisted that a room in which a young lady was disrobing belonged to a friend of his, and that he was entitled to half the bed; and but for the prompt appearance on the scene of a gentleman who occupied an adjoining room, would have caused serious annoyance to the rightful occupant. Jones was frequently aroused from his slumbers by persons looking for Smith; and what with the slamming of doors, the rattling of locks, the dragging of luggage through the halls, the squeaking of boots, and the vociferous shouts of the servants, the hotel was for some days a perfect bedlam or pandemonium. Yet people would flock here, pay their four dollars per day, and endure all the discomforts until they had an opportunity to display their wardrobes, when they would flit to other springs, less fashionable and less crowded.

One night when the train was, as usual, behind time, a woman placed in the room next mine (I had then secured a room in one of the cottages) made the building resound with her fault-finding. She "never saw such a pigpen!" She "wanted to leave at once!" She "wouldn't stay a minute." "No, I won't take my bonnet off." "I won't lay down." "Are there no better rooms than this?" "Isn't No. 1900 (mine) better?" Finally, on being convinced that she could not

away before morning, she sent her proprietors on what I knew would errand, and I was enabled to get to

many attractions to draw visitors to shore. The scenery is beautiful. It breathe the pure mountain air. The y used, is in many cases a great health. One meets here charming A clergyman whom the proprietors to conduct divine service during a gave, however, in his inaugural another motive. "What do the old their daughters here for?" he asked. y them to the men they love? No! them to men with money—to sell " And then he proceeded to say n more obnoxious, which I will not further services of this not over-re- ere, of course, dispensed with. Nor gations true. There is very little at this resort. People come and the crowds and confusion there are ies for serious love-making. Possi- ing ladies "set their caps," and euvre here as elsewhere; and young may also seek for life partners as ers for the German, or a game of why shouldn't they?

tells what people do at the White that is—*dance*! Some few occupa- tal to dancing may, however, be We will suppose that Beauty is out m. She first visits the spring, and sight to see the young ladies gather breakfast in the studied *négligé* of toilet. The walk in the pure air upon fair cheeks, and soft eyes enjoyment. Some sip the water as humming-bird extracts honey from a make a wry face, as though taking e draught, while others quaff the g liquid as though they enjoyed it. oes come to relish the water after a to drink three or four glasses before ease.

spaper and seat yourself on one of und you will see beauty and fashion w before you. How daintily the trip down the hill to the fountain, oped up to avoid the dew. They

have fleecy shawls, or bright scarfs, or opera-cloaks thrown over their shoulders, to protect them from the morning air; while some who have just returned from a stroll perhaps to Lovers' Leap, have bright-colored leaves or flowers twined in their hair, or pinned by the brooch at their throat. Others who present (must I say it?) a limp and bedraggled appearance, are just from the bath. All this you see as you peer over your paper, while the cheerful twitter of the maidens' voices and their birdlike trills of laughter fall upon your ear. Near you sits ex-Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, fashioning a walking-stick he had cut during his morning walk, and expressing his views on the political situation in fiery words, to which a little group of bystanders listen attentively. Among his utterances on one occasion were the following: "I would not give a pinch of snuff for the writ of habeas corpus in this country." "We ought to stand upon principle, and the crawling, creeping creatures of expediency ought to be kicked out of the temple of liberty." "We are drifting into imperialism, and if I had health and strength I would thunder it from the housetops into the ears of the people." But he did not "despair of the Republic," for, said he, "I would be an infidel if I did not believe in the ultimate triumph of the right." Hard by stands Commodore M. F. Maury, grasping a stout stick in his right hand, and discussing the affairs of Virginia, and particularly her water-line connection with the West with a party of friends. The Commodore has grown a stubby white beard of late, but looks fresh and vigorous. Now comes General Robert E. Lee, dressed in a modest suit of gray, and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, beneath which you discern the kindly, half-melancholy expression of his eyes. Set in its frame of gray beard, his is a face to command both respect and admiration. That he receives both goes without saying. With General Lee is W. W. Corcoran, the Washington banker, whose benevolent face is a correct index to his character. These gentlemen were all met at the spring, as described, one morning. Elsewhere I shall mention other notabilities present, resuming now the thread of daily life at "The White."

After breakfast Beauty resorts to the parlor, where the belles and the beaux congregate to "do treadmill," or, in other words, to promenade in endless procession round and round the room.

The mammas and papas are rested against the walls, with perhaps here and there a couple of young folks enjoying a quiet chat. In the course of an hour or two parties start for the bowling alley, the croquet ground, or a walk to Lovers' Leap. Then another visit to the spring, and then dressing for dinner. After dinner "treadmill" again. Later a *siesta*, a drive or ride, or a lounge under the trees on the lawn, where the band plays for an hour in the afternoon. Now the great event of the day draws near, and Beauty appears at the tea-table in full toilet. A little "treadmill" is done after tea, when engagements are made for the evening, and then away to the ball-room, with its smooth floor and its lively music. The German is danced every evening, and sometimes, by way of variety, it is danced in the morning as well. Indeed, I am not sure that some of the young ladies do not begrudge the use of the ball-room for other purposes on one day out of the seven. Every Wednesday evening there is a full-dress ball. On other evenings perhaps half of the ladies will be in full dress, and others in walking costumes, and as many wear short skirts; they make a rather liberal display of their ankles in the round dances. Of course the young ladies in long skirts, and the old ladies who sit in the background think such a display "perfectly horrid." Some of the gentlemen, too, wear morning suits and colored shirts; but quite one-half have sufficient respect for themselves and for the company to at least put on white shirts and black coats. A few appear in dress suits, which is, after all, the correct thing when a gentleman is in the society of ladies in the evening, whether at opera, concert, or ball.

Of course there are little jealousies and heart-burnings. There are sure to be people who delight in saying ill-natured things; people who are witty at the expense of their friends and of strangers; people who have a ready recognition of cotton velvet, imitation lace, and false jewels, and people with a wonderful memory for last year's dresses. Nor could we well do without them all. They give piquancy and flavor to the insipidity of excessive goodness, and by creating laughter aid digestion, and divert the invalid from thoughts of self. After all, there is rarely any reason in these peculiarly feminine amenities; for of course the people here described belong to the gentler sex. I jotted down a few of the remarks made to me,

or in my hearing, which I give briefly, knowing that they lose much in being transferred from rosy lips to ink and paper.

One morning after a ball, a young lady who wore a pair of boots which was evidently too small for her, was pointed out to me with the remark, "That girl must have slept in her boots; she wore them last night, and they were so small she couldn't get them off."

The following are remarks by various young ladies:

"That girl is wearing the same head-dress she wore last year, and the same flowers, arranged in the same way. I don't believe she has combed her hair since."

"There is a lady who has had one hundred and one offers. She accepted the last."

"That is a California widow, who has had seven husbands. Three of them are dead, and four are living. The last one she was divorced from." (This was the afterward-notorious Laura D. Fair, who shot her lover, a married man, on a ferry-boat at San Francisco; but who escaped paying the penalty for her crime, and is still living. She was at this time a slight woman, with bold, black eyes, sharp features, and wore her black hair cut short on her neck. She was generally shunned by the ladies at the White Sulphur.)

"That lady has the reputation of never wearing the same dress twice; but I saw her in a dress she wore here last summer."

"All the girls here mean business," *i. e.*, matrimony.

"That girl is wearing a bonnet her sister wore here last summer."

"That is a Tennessee Colonel. He is a great lady's man, and has the reputation of 'killing' a young lady in a fifteen minutes' interview."

In recalling the names and faces of those I met at the White Sulphur in August, 1869, I am reminded how many have since passed away. Commodore Maury, ex-Governor Wise, General Robert E. Lee, and George Peabody, the philanthropist, who gave away his millions while living, have all passed from earth. Mr. Peabody was in feeble health while at the Springs (his last season there) and rarely left his room. His constant companions were General Lee and Mr. Corcoran. On one occasion only he appeared in the parlor, and then to receive such an ovation as is accorded to few men. The ladies thronged about him eager to

ress his hand, while some made bold to kiss one whom they looked upon as a national benefactor. During his sojourn at the White Sulphur in 1869, Mr. Peabody gave \$60,000 to the college at Lexington, Virginia, of which General Lee was president. His first donation in behalf of Southern education, made in 1866, was one million dollars in cash, and one million dollars in Mississippi State bonds. The second donation, made in 1867, was a like amount in cash, and \$486,000 in Florida State bonds. The total nominal amount is therefore over \$3,500,000, though but \$2,000,000 were immediately available. This sum is judiciously invested, and yields annually about \$130,000, which is devoted to the support of schools in the Southern States. As a mark of special recognition of the first of these munificent donations, the Congress of the United States, on the 16th of March, 1867, voted to Mr. Peabody a handsome gold medal, which was soon after made and presented to him. This testimonial, though called a medal, is more properly a piece of symbolic statuary, about one foot in height, an exquisite work of art. It was manufactured in New York at a cost of \$7,000.

The late Confederacy was largely represented at the "White." General Robert E. Lee was of course the great attraction. General Beauregard, however, was scarcely less noticeable, and was conspicuous from his gallant attention to the fair sex. Then there were Generals Magruder (since dead), Lawton, Wise, Gary and others, Colonel Moseby, the noted guerrilla chieftain, and majors and captains innumerable.

Every one carries away from this famous resort some memento of his or her visit. The photographer here finds constant and profitable employment in taking groups at the spring or the different cottages. The gentlemen buy walking-sticks of the natives, or cut them in the vicinity of Lovers' Leap; and both ladies and gentlemen resort to the Japanese store, where articles from Japan only are sold, and where you can obtain many curious things, provided your purse is well lined. The ladies carry fans on which are inscribed the autographs of their admirers, or of the celebrities. The signatures of Generals Lee and Beauregard are often met with, and are much prized. Of course such a common thing occurs as the carrying away of manly hearts by departing belles. This, however, is of daily occurrence, if one may believe

the protestations and lamentations of the melancholy youths who smoke their cigars under the veranda in the morning, instead of doing the usual "treadmill." But many, I fancy, "take heart again" on the arrival of some new beauty.

In a book on the "Virginia Springs," published nearly half a century ago, the writer thus describes their social aspects as contrasted with similar resorts in the North:

"Saratoga and other Northern watering-places, being brought by railroads into contiguity with large and populous cities and towns, and accessible to persons in every condition of life at a trifling expense, the mass of visitors is, of course, composed of all sorts of people. The knowledge of this fact makes men distrustful of each other's standing, and shy and reserved. Such a material wants, and ever will want, the enchanting ease of manner, dignity of deportment, and air of true gentility which distinguishes Nature's gentlemen from the mere cockneys and pretenders. At the Virginia Springs, on the contrary, there is a feeling of equality, a relinquishment of formality, a reciprocity of kind, courteous, but unpretending civility that renders these places peculiarly agreeable."

Thus speaks the old-school Southern gentleman. Conditions have changed since the time at which he wrote. In 1869 the iron horse landed his passengers from the East at the gates of the White Sulphur, and a few years later the road was extended Northward and brought an influx of pleasure-seekers from that section also. The White Sulphur is now less distinctively a Southern resort, but is none the less agreeable. Of late it has become somewhat noted as the scene of political conferences. Radical changes in the accommodations are soon to be made; and none too soon. They were not possible before, owing to the uncertainty of the lease upon which the property was held. A recent sale, however, has vested the ownership in new and enterprising hands, and a brilliant and prosperous future is assured.

"The season" virtually ends early in September, though some hundreds of guests remain long past that time. A distinguished Virginian who was asked soon after his arrival at the White Sulphur how long he intended to remain, replied: "Why, sir, you might just as well ask me how much money I have. A Southern man always stays at the Springs as long as his money lasts."

One of the most enjoyable visits I made to the White Sulphur was in the mellow month of October. The air was clear and invigorating, exhilarating one like champagne. The bright sunshine brought out the full splendor of the gorgeous autumnal foliage, and the blue haze which hung over the landscape like a veil over a woman's face, hiding possible defects without placing beauty in

eclipse; the morning mists which stooped low below the mountain's crests; the weird moonlight; the twinkling lights from the cottages, and the brilliant blaze from the many-windowed hotel—all combined to produce effects more beautiful and more startling than those of theatrical transformation-scenes with their undraped beauties, blue lights and tinsel.

MARINE SILK.

AMONG the many novelties which industry obtains from the sea, one of the most curious is the textile product made with the "byssus" of the pinnae of the Mediterranean—the fin-shells or sea-wings as they are called. The shells, which are usually very fragile, resemble in form those of the mussel, being long and tapering, narrow at the back, and gradually expanding to a considerable breadth towards the opposite extremity. There are some twenty or more species of the genus, which produce in large quantities a very fine sort of silky byssus or braid. It is called by the fishermen *lana pinna*, or fish-wool. These bivalves are produced with a tuft of delicate fibre, which cannot be better compared than to fine hair, or silk, or spun glass. The ancients made this material an art of commerce, greatly sought after, and the robes made from it, called "Tarentine," were held in high esteem. It is said that the scarf of the turban of Archytas was made of this fibre. In the year 1754 a pair of stockings made of it was presented to Pope Benedict XV., which, from their extreme fineness, were enclosed in a small box about the size of one for holding snuff. A robe of this material is mentioned by Procopius as the gift of a Roman Emperor to the Satrap of Armenia. Even at the present day the fibre is utilized, but more for its variety than for anything else. The women comb the *lana* with very delicate cards, spin it, and make from it articles that are much esteemed for the suppleness of the fibre and its brilliant, burning-gold lustre. In Italy the

poorer girls and women make from it purses, necklaces, earrings, etc., and this proves a no mean source of income to hundreds of families. A considerable manufacture is established at Palermo. The fabrics made are extremely elegant, and vie in appearance with the finest silk. The best products of the material, however, are said to be made in the Orphan Asylum of St. Philomel at Lucca.

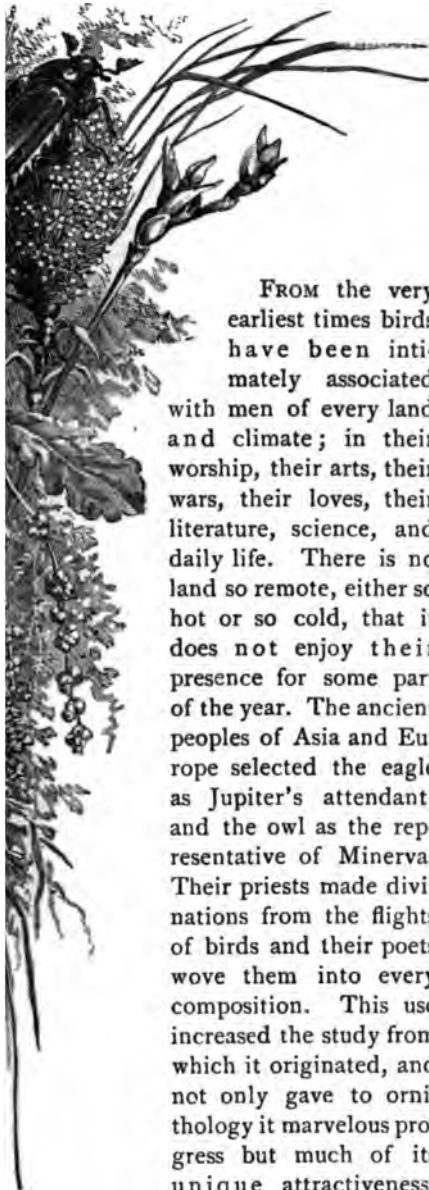
At both the Paris and London Exhibitions there were shown shawls, stockings, gloves, etc., made of this material. The byssus forms an important article of commerce among the Sicilians, for which purpose large numbers of the pinnae are annually fished up in the Mediterranean, by means of an instrument called the "*cramp*." This is a kind of iron fork with long perpendicular prongs about six inches apart. Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of the individual threads, they form such a compact tuft that considerable strength is necessary in separating the shells from the rocks to which they are attached. The tuft of silk is broken off and sold to the country women, who wash it in soap and water. They then dry it in the shade, straighten it with a large comb, cut off the useless root part of it, by which it adhered to the animal, and card the remainder. By these means one pound of coarse filament is reduced to about three ounces of fine useful threads. The web is of a beautiful yellow-brown, resembling the burnished golden hue which adorns the beaks of some splendid tropical flies and butterflies.

THE FORCE OF POVERTY.—But for poverty, the handmaiden of philosophy, the midwife of genius, the founder of all arts as of the Roman empire, Horace had probably lived like the summer fly.

What had the world known of his songs and his satires had he not been compelled, as he himself avers, to make verses in consequence of the loss of his hereditary estates at the battle of Pharsalia!

A FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

BY JOHN THORNTON WOOD.



FROM the very earliest times birds have been intimately associated with men of every land and climate; in their worship, their arts, their wars, their loves, their literature, science, and daily life. There is no land so remote, either so hot or so cold, that it does not enjoy their presence for some part of the year. The ancient peoples of Asia and Europe selected the eagle as Jupiter's attendant, and the owl as the representative of Minerva. Their priests made divinations from the flights of birds and their poets wove them into every composition. This use increased the study from which it originated, and not only gave to ornithology its marvelous progress but much of its unique attractiveness. Birds were selected by the Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians for their hieroglyphics, and same use in the carvings of Scandinavia of Central America. Coming more fre-

quently into observation and into more intimate and kindly notice than most species of the animal kingdom, they meet us at every turn and appeal to us at every step; in our walks as in our work, on sea and land, in forest and meadow, in books and pictures and sculpture, in the parlor, the museum, and—on the table.

This universal interest is justified by a variety of reasons—æsthetic, economic, and scientific; and Audubon, Bonaparte, Wilson and others have enabled every one to gratify it quite thoroughly. Birds are classed in seven orders: birds of prey, perchers, climbers, scratchers and runners among land-birds; and waders and swimmers, of water-fowl. These orders comprise nearly seven thousand species. Vultures, falcons and owls class with the birds of prey—the eagle being a falcon; the lark, kingfisher, humming-bird, bird of Paradise, canary, oriole, thrush and mocking-bird are perchers; the climbers include woodpeckers and cuckoos, as well as parrots and toucans; the scratchers are represented by domestic fowls, grouse, peacocks, pheasants and pigeons, as well as the turkey; the runners by the ostrich, cassowary and emu; the waders by the stork, heron, flamingo, plover and snipe, and the swimmers by the duck, penguin, pelican, albatross and gull. Most of the species migrate singly, in groups or in flocks, some of which have been estimated to contain more than two thousand million birds and to extend two hundred and fifty miles. They vary in size from the little humming-bird, no larger than a bee, to the condor, whose pinions unfold more than fifteen feet from tip to tip. It is a curious fact that while the birds in the northern regions of both continents are very much alike, there is a great dissimilarity between those of the tropical and southern temperate zones.

The swallow (*hirundinidae*) is one of the most familiar and abundant birds in this country, and it is found over all the world. There are numerous species, and they all take their food on the wing. They are not vocal, but have a very rapid flight. The permanent mystery respecting them, unsolved after centuries of study, is where they go and how they live in winter. It was once

believed that they slept in the rocks or buried themselves under water during the cold months. The Scandinavians say they have picked up torpid swallows from under the ice, and warmed and revived them; and the so-called "swallow-song" pretends to be a copy of their melody before being submerged. English naturalists affirm that they have found swallows so hidden; and Kalm records

that nests are usually constructed on the beam of a barn roof; and from earliest dawn until evening the feathered communities are seen coming and going. The nests are made of mud, lined with material used by the robin, with a lining of hair and feathers; and a platform is frequently built out of the nest, for the convenience of the birds and their young. They are continu-



THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.

having found them torpid in this country. They disappear from India and Siberia and Russia as from us; and ornithologists have yet to agree whether they migrate or hide. The varieties most common with us are the bank-, barn-, chimney-, cliff-, and wood-swallows, sometimes called the white-bellied swallow. They are marked by disproportionately large wings, like the frigate bird and Mother Carey's chickens, which give them speed and sustained flight. Like the others, and like the eagle, they repose on the air at times, with very little motion; and they wheel suddenly.

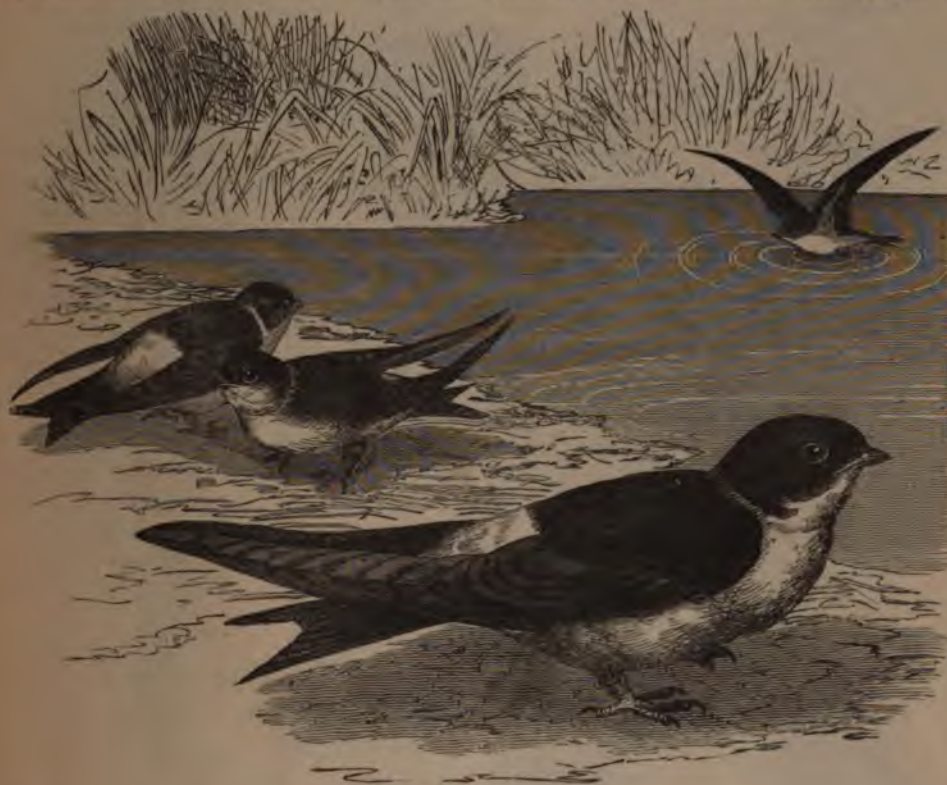
The barn-swallow, which was once the most familiar of his species, is rapidly disappearing. His

numbers are decreasing in numbers, and this diminution is ascribed to the tighter barns recently built. The loss has not been generally noticed because of the increased numbers of a species that builds under the eaves of houses and as well as under projecting cliffs of rocks. There is, however, a distinct variety—the cliff-swallow. The barn-swallow raises two broods annually, sometimes a third, from eggs mottled with brown. The cliff-swallow, which is now invading the resorts of the barn, is smaller, and has a white belly. It seems to be an importation. The text does not describe or refer to it, and it is less than half a century since it commanded general

The nests are often stretched along the whole edge of a roof; made of mud, lined with grass and feathers; plastered to the wood, and protected from the rain by a covering. The song is trivial, and far less agreeable than that of other species.

The wood-swallow has its distinction because it prefers to build in hollow trees. It is casually

approaches the small chamber carpeted with straw and feathers, that is the nest; and the labor of building is very great. The sand-martin is a small bird, and its note is full of animation. It is incessantly active, and feeds upon the minutest provision. It lives in communities that seem to reckon by the million, and that are wholly occupied by driving affairs. The purple-martin is



MARTINS.

called the white-bellied swallow with us, and is gaining its new name from Canada. Its nests are made of grass and feathers, without mud, and are placed in trees. It lives in communities, and is well known over all the Continent from the Arctic Ocean to Patagonia. There is no variety of the genera so fond of the residences of men and of cities.

The sand-martin, the admiration and study of small boys everywhere, is a swallow. It selects a sharp, sandy bluff, and bores a long, winding gallery into it, about two feet from the surface. This gallery, constructed by turning the body around as progress is made with the beak, enlarges as it

the largest of American swallows, and one of the jolliest and most interesting; but it seems to be giving place to the wood-swallow, and the great congregations are disappearing like those of pigeons. Its blue-back attire, mixed with purple and violet, has given it a human appreciation that has been increased by its fearlessness. This courage led the Indians to provide gourds for the martin's homes. We erect miniature churches and dwellings for them. It sings while flying, but its notes are much like those of the red thrush, in which a low guttural trill connects continuous chattering and chuckling. Unawed by the superior size of the crow and hawk, it will

attack and defeat either, and even conquer the king-bird; and poultry and most other birds yield precedence so soon as they hear the martin's note. This is the species generally seen sweeping the roads and ponds, then suddenly soaring out of sight in the clouds. The chimney-swallow is the smallest of its kind in this country. Originally it

land, and in every land it is loved. So long as when Anacreon lived, he wrote of the swallow in his Thirtieth Ode:

"Lovely swallow, once a year
Pleased you pay your visit here;
When our clime the sunbeams gild
Here your airy nest you build;

And when bright days cease
To smile,
Fly to Memphis or the Nile."

Aristotle, too, mentions their abundance in Greece referring apparently to the sand-martin or bank species. English song has rendered them both dear and conspicuous, in the familiar strain,

"When the swallows homeward fly."

And between these Virgil, whose eye had a keen glance for all animal nature, proved his equality with natural history and poetry by singing,

"Along the surface of the wind-stream

Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim.

Or round the borders of the verdant lawn

Fly in repeated circles, rising
Hillock and fence, with meandering serpentine,

Easy and light."

The Twelfth Anacreon seems to show that the swallow-martin was the same in Greece that it is so many centuries later here:

"Say, chattering bird, that dost invade

My slumbers with thy serene

For with thy execrable scream
Thou wakest me from a golden dream."

The swallow is the subject of many popular superstitions and fancies. In France it is known as the *poule de Dieu*, or especial favorite of heaven; whereas in Ireland it is called the "devil's bird." The Germans say that it preserves the house in which it builds from fire, storm and evil



THE CRESTED BLUE JACKDAW.

built in trees, and does so still in the wilderness, seeking chimneys for human society and—flies. It ranges all heights from the clouds to the ground, and is in perpetual motion. It is most active in the early morning and at twilight, and plays in its encircling flights as though gifted with human intelligence and feeling.

The swallow is almost universal, and one or more of its many varieties is found in nearly every

; but if hurt, the dairy will fail, and driving
as will fall for a month; whereas the Irish
ert, with equal positiveness, that if it picks a
ticular hair from any man's head he will be
mally damned. A somewhat similar belief ob-
as in Yorkshire, England, where the failure of a
al bank was accounted for by saying the banker's

flying, the parent birds will sometimes bear them
on their backs until they gain strength and courage.
It is a curious fact that all but one of the seven
swallow families in America have changed radi-
cally in their nesting and become more familiar
with men.

The Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians knew this



LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

ns had pelted a swallow's nest. The Scotch
are the Irish belief; and the French divide the
cred character of the swallow with the wren.
is the Salangane swallow that constructs the
ible bird's nests of Borneo, Java, Sumatra and
Celebes, so prized by gourmets, from gummy
retions in their mouths; and the Chinese pay
ween \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000 annually for
m. If the young are hurt or backward in

species, and hung hollow gourds in tree-tops for
its occupancy, as their white successors do, even
to Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco and Jamaica, although
a relentless war has been waged against it in Wash-
ington because it has appropriated the eaves and
columns of the public buildings, as well as de-
serted its original home for boxes in private
grounds, and proved the "survivorship of the
fittest" by defending these against the pugna-

cious wren. The cliff-swallow was found abundant among the Rocky Mountains by Long's expedi-

the busiest streets of San. Francisco, and recently increasing everywhere. The pur-



WREN AND WAGTAILS.

tion in 1820, and only four years later DeWitt Clinton described it as an original discovery to the New York Lyceum. In 1841 it appeared in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and now it wheels through

swallow has dispossessed the purple some localities, much as the cliff-sw driven away its congener of the barn. the whole continent, from Alaska and

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South America and the West Indies, it reaches Pennsylvania late in April or early in May, and

When forced to build, it uses twigs, grass and feathers, and omits mud. It feeds on the wing,



THE MORNING SONG.

ceeding the martin, often seizes and holds the martin-houses by the good old law,

"That he may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can."

and enjoys human society. The sand-martin in this region selects railway cuts; and having made an aperture by pecking at the front of the bank, constructs a long winding gallery to the nest in

the interior by turning its body around and pecking on every side. These galleries are from two to six feet beneath the surface, and the nest is spherical, lined with feathers and wool or straw. It usually lays five eggs, and feeds upon insects taken on the wing. It is a model of domestic virtues, brave, active on the wing, has a lively note, and attracts the notice of adults as much by incessant swarms flying in every direction as it does that of boys by the easy spoliation of its home. The chimney-swallow differs but slightly from that of the barn and cliff; but is not fond of human society, despite its choice of location. Few incidents of country life are more familiar or more striking than the vast collection of this swallow at twilight when work is giving place to play. Then countless thousands chase each other in endless gyrations through the air, until, the foremost disappearing, all the rest are entombed in the great chimney that is the common home, and is often closed by their nests. The males of this species occupy a common roost when they arrive, and it is used for successive centuries. The bird is truly a "swift," and is found over all the world, and captured by exposure almost equal to that of the samphire-gatherers. Its only note is a *chip*, and it rests only when clinging to the roosts. It leaves for the South in September as suddenly and as silently as it came. In Europe it is abundantly found in caves. Familiar as all of these varieties are and have long been, it seems more singular that the old story of their hibernation should remain uncertain and in dispute to this day, and that our naturalists, discrediting Pontoppidan, should still be unable to solve an apparently easy problem, and assert that they do or do not share a peculiarity of the dormouse and bat.

The trogon, sometimes called the resplendent trogon when long-tailed, is found in Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America, Malabar, Sumatra, Ceylon, Java and Borneo, and in Africa. There are five genera. They are all insect-eaters, and hide in forest recesses during the day. The American species is some fourteen inches long, and the upper parts of the adult males are green, while beneath the color is scarlet or yellow. The quill feathers are jet-black in wing and tail, except two in the centre of the tail, which are green and dark yellow. The general effect is a metallic golden green, boldly contrasted with brown, black and scarlet. The claw has two toes before and

two behind. The beautiful or resplendent is South American, and wins its name from its long tail, resembling that of the Paradise and lyre-bird, as from its genus. An African variety bears the name given by Le Valliant in honor of a young tentot daunsel he admired. The Cuban resembles our woodpecker; is about three inches long, and bores into trees for its food. The Malabar example is more active than others, and like them is nocturnal. The sexes vary in color. They are all inquisitive and generally silent. When pairing, the male cries *couroucohon* in a slightly dissonant note. The plumage is so delicate that it is often spoiled by a shot. The skin is more tender. The food includes caterpillars, mainly of butterflies, larvae and insects, and berries. When domesticated it will eat almost anything. The trogon is associated with the Americas before the arrival of Columbus. The Toltec and Aztec kings, before Montezuma, kept multitudes captive, with numerous attendants to care for and feed them. They were kept to obtain the brilliant plumage, from which they made mantles and feather pictures. Mexican nobles also used the feathers to make dresses and wrought them into mosaics. One of which, representing Christ fainting beneath the cross, is or lately was in the collection of the British Museum, England. The bird is even more beautiful than that of Paradise, and does not enrage its captives.

The blue jay (*Cyanurus cristatus*), by its temper and reputation, is a native of America. He combines many of the traits of the magpie, and has others of the same class to himself. Steller's jay, the Florida, Canadian, and ultramarine, are varieties of the same species. He is found from Canada to Texas, and is a voracious, pudent, quarrelsome and selfish in one word. He robs the nests of smaller birds, eats their young or sucks their eggs. He blinds out the eyes of wounded birds. He is treacherous and at the same time cowardly. He roams the fields and orchards, and stores his plunder in holes. He often forgets his deposits, which feed the squirrels. His diet includes corn and cherries and insects, and squirrels; and when he was placed in an aviary, it ate all its corn. Its natural note is a dissonant, harsh *djá*.



COCKATOOS.

djáy, often repeated; but it will mock the hawk until its own life pays the penalty; will mock the owl, and, emboldened by numbers, attack him. It imitates many other birds, and frequently suffers for its mockery, as well as for its thefts. It can even pronounce some words, and apparently mimics the hawk to frighten small birds, although dumb in the presence of the hawk. Its curiosity is as inveterate as that of Paul Pry, and leads it into the snares and springs and traps set for it. It will steal things which it cannot use—spoons and bits of glass, and whatever is bright. It kills bats, and flies before the wrath of the red thrush, mocking-bird and cardinal grossbeak, whose nests it has plundered. It eats berries, buds, birds, eggs, insects, fruit and grain, with charming indifference; builds in low pines and cedars in secluded spots, and has one annual brood of four or five young. It moves by day, stealing as it goes; and collects in great numbers around Southern plantations, and on Northern farms. In the lumber regions, its insatiable curiosity leads it into tents and camps, where it is killed, if caught, before it has committed a larceny. On the other hand, it is conspicuously beautiful, intelligent, and half-rational. Its natural timidity has given way to a certain confidence in mankind. It seems to enjoy the perplexity its mockeries arouse in some, and the alarms they create in other birds and animals; and it destroys countless injurious insects. It can be taught easily, and its longevity compares with that of the

"many-wintered crow
Which leads the clanging rookery home."

And it is a faithful mate and good parent. Bartram mentions one that placed a nut in the corner of its cage to gain aid in cracking it; and there are countless similar anecdotes of its sense. Like the crow in its ingenuity and permanent abode, the jay is a fearful thief of grain and fruit; but compensates for its robberies by destroying insects that would work greater evil. If taken from the nest, it can be made an amusing pet. It is not gregarious, and is always apprehensive of hawks. The feathers are a mercantile commodity, and have cost the bird a price its song would never call for. There are few birds better known in all this country; and, despite their low moral tone, their absence would be felt as a severe loss.

Tradition asserts that the jay falls into a trance during thunder storms. He is also credited with

being considered a mimic and jester by all other birds—a sort of feathered Pukawaugun. His flesh is popularly believed to be good for consumptives, and in times past it was declared that witches and warlocks wear the jay's wings at their midnight incantations.

The cockatoo is confined to Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, and belongs to the parrot tribe. Its general color is a deep-black, with a greenish gloss given from a powder carried in the quills. The golden-aratoo, found in New Guinea and adjacent islands; leadbeaters, inhabiting the same region; the Philip Island; the Great White, of Van Dieman's land, and the sulphur-crested, are the principal varieties. The Australian is the best known, and its bright, yellow crest is not strange anywhere. It flies in flocks of thousands; is good-tempered, and seeks notice. When wild, it nests in old trees; tearing holes with its powerful beak for a habitation. Its food is seeds and fruit, and it is a foe to cornfields. The Great White attains the size of a common fowl, and ruffles its wings in anger—laughing like the melodious hyena. The leadbeater, named for the naturalist who first described it, has a soft, bluish-white plumage, and can erect its crest at will. The feathers of his crown are long and pointed, crimson at the base, and broadly-barred with golden-yellow and crimson, the remainder white. The neck, breast, flanks and lining of the wings are crimson. The beak is a pale-white, and the eyes are brown. The beak is strong enough to break shells and crack nuts, and the claws are powerful. The cockatoo has a full, loud voice, and some species are good talkers. They are humorists, too. A lady having shown her alarm at the yell of her pet, it always after yelled with all its force when she appeared. The natives of Australia hunt it with the boomerang among their fields and lagoons, and kill many for food, and some for their feathers. Its pinky-white plumage flashing through the deep-green foliage of the Maori land, are said to create a picture rarely seen elsewhere. The cockatoo is more prized for its singular beauty than for its intelligence; and the several varieties are well and widely known. The temper of the bird is as soft and pleasing as its cry is harsh.

The titmice are very widely distributed. The black-cap is a permanent citizen of Pennsylvania. The crested is scarcely less abundant, and the chickadee is universally known. The latter, chickadee of

black-cap, is found in all the Middle and Northern States, during autumn and winter, feeding on larvæ and insects; in gardens and orchards, and city streets, where it picks up crumbs from hospitable

cated as the tufted or peto species. Its nest is usually in some decayed tree, where it lays six to twelve eggs, and from which it scolds the cats persistently. The crested tit is more Southern and Western



GOLDFINCHES AND THEIR NESTS.

windows, and sounds its "whip-tom-Killy-day-da-it-tsheeka-dec-da," and its "Katy-did-did-did," continuously, without ever revealing what Katy did. It rarely flies north of New York, but is common through the South, and as easily domesti-

and it runs along the topmost twigs of the tallest trees, gathering eggs and larvæ free from danger, sometimes hanging to, and sometimes standing on the support, and sometimes darting away for an unlucky beetle or fly. By some, it is pronounced

solitary in its habits; by others, gregarious. It often troops with the kinglets and cedar-birds, and follows men with a constant scolding, though silent when feeding. It associates with other birds, particularly in spring and autumn; but this habit is diminishing, and the "tit" is being enrolled as a stay-at-home all the year, save when food is scarce.

The crested tit is a hermit and recluse, and will fight vigorously to escape captivity. It makes houses of refuge, in wet days, of the deserted holes of woodpeckers, and sometimes appropriates them entirely, raising there its annual brood. The black-cap is as social as the crested and solitary. Leaving his summer haunts with the fall, he enters yards and gardens, and associates with the poultry, and takes whatever food it can find in sheds and outhouses. It generally feeds upon insects, and hunts in couples, declaring its discoveries loudly, though sadly afraid of squirrels and other small deer. The black-cap hides its nest of hair and soft grasses, and leaves the smallest of entrances. The brood rarely exceeds eight in number, and they are patiently watched by both parents. The Carolina tit, living from New Jersey to Florida, selects creeks, marshes, ponds and swamps for its retreat. It is solitary and strictly local; resembling the chestnut-back of Oregon, which lives from Columbia to California, and the chestnut-crowned of the same territory. There is a ground- or wren-tit in that territory, whose grating pee-pee-peep is a scold. It harbors in low fields, and was first described by the late Dr. Gambel of Philadelphia. The peto or tufted species has many notes, and is almost a mocker. Small as the tits are, and insignificant and devoid of melody, they are almost as essential to humanity now as their larger and finer rivals. Their very pettiness commands care, and their activity and music and constant presence have endeared them somewhat as the robin is endeared. The crested breeds in Louisiana; the black-cap likes Pennsylvania and Virginia, and is fearless of the cold; the long-tailed is content with our own hedges, and one and all, sharing the affection here their fellows have in Europe, are daily becoming dearer and more numerous. The little blue-tit or "billy-biter" of boyhood is a near cousin of the family, and is fearless of guns.

The finches are a world in themselves. They belong to the *fringillidae* family, which is the

largest in North America, and the most extensive in all ornithology, having about five hundred species. Two-fifths of this great number can be found almost anywhere in this country. The special peculiarity is the great strength and delicacy of the bill; and buntings and linnets fall within the general classification as well as finches, grossbeaks and cross-bills. They are chiefly granivorous, but also eat insects, berries and tree-buds. The family is divided into four sub-families, or, if the English home-sparrow is reckoned, into five.

The pine-grossbeak is only an occasional winter visitor here. He is a recluse, and no eggs of his have ever been found south of Canada and Iceland. It feeds on our fruit orchards, and has grown more abundant in the last quarter of a century. It was unusually numerous in the winter of 1875, owing to the cold. The rose-breasted grossbeak is about as irregular an inhabitant of Pennsylvania, coming in the middle of May and retiring to the tall tree-tops of the woods, whence it flies at the slightest alarm. It mates, but does not breed here. Even the pairing is, however, questioned; some observers holding that it is mated when it comes. It is arboreal in its habits, and its flight is long and lofty. It feeds on insect ova and pupæ, buds, bugs, and seeds, frozen apples and berries, during its fortnight's stay; then passes to Wisconsin, New England, and Canada to breed. Its notes are loud, cheerful, or pathetic, clear and harmonious, and it has but one superior in its musical ability. The males perform the incubation, and sing so enthusiastically while sitting as to betray the nest to intruders.

The indigo bird reaches Pennsylvania early in May, and nests in thickets. It is insectivorous and granivorous, quick in its motion, mates and builds promptly after arriving in brier bushes, and within six weeks the young can subsist themselves. Sometimes a second brood is reared. It thrives in captivity, and is a good singer, sometimes imitating the canary.

The cardinal grossbeak is not abundant, but it resides here permanently, and is endeared by its conjugal fidelity. It haunts secluded valleys and water-courses, is timid, flies short distances, and the power and variety of its song have undoubtedly given it the title of the American nightingale. The male sometimes sings through whole moonlight nights, and the female is as melodious. The food is chiefly graminivorous, eked out by

it is so greedy as to lead to frequent nests in bushes, and rears two usually.

Wink, or towhee bunting, arrives in mid-April, scours low grounds and forests

sachusetts from February forward, and is often called the linnet, leaves the Wissahickon and its neighborhood while breeding, and either hides or migrates, announcing the spring even in driving storms, northward. It is so tame that it often

resorts to houses in winter with the sparrow and snow-bird. It invades the lawn and garden, and is songless here, though tuneful in Washington. It eats seeds, berries, and insects and tree-buds. The song combines the sweetness of the canary with the pathos of the warbling vireo. The nest is usually in apple-, spruce-, or cedar-trees. In singing there is no tune, but the "unpremeditated art" of the skylark; and the finest bursts are on the wing. The male has a crimson head, throat and neck, and is dusky on the back and straw-colored beneath. While singing this finch erects his crest and swells his throat.

The American goldfinch is much like the canary in color, habits and song; but he wants the compass and variety of the canary. He is permanent in Eastern Pennsylvania, and is found in pairs and in small flocks, seeking houses for food in winter, and afterwards feeding upon maple-trees, apples and cherries. The female is exceedingly coquettish. In the warm months this finch haunts brooks. Both sexes can be trained to sing. Like the sparrow, it is counted a harbinger of spring in places. The nest of the "thistle-bird" is in fruit trees, and is very fine. The young are hatched about the first of September, and remain with the old birds. It is a feature



STEEPLE-SWIFT.

ood, and hides in brambles. When its note resembles its name thrice repeated, the usual note being ko-reet. It has a

It feeds upon insects and berries, and lays four eggs. The young remain with the parents, and make the flocks small family

le finch, which is found in Eastern Pennsylvania from October to April, and in Mas-

of this finch that it assembles in choirs and gives free concerts daily a week before building. It will sometimes destroy the first nest utterly, and build anew. There is a strong likeness of this species to the English green finch. California has another variety, where, too, and in Colorado, the house and crimson-fronted finches are found. The pine goldfinch is occasionally found in Pennsylvania alders, but lives in the interior of the continent north and south.

Wilson saw it, and reports its note as *swe-er*. Audubon was among the first to find the common red crossbill, another finch, here. It flies from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, is fond of conifer-seeds, is gentle, easily caught in traps, and even knocked over with sticks. Large flocks visit Pennsylvania during winter, and seek the protection of houses from storms. The white-winged crossbill is also met, as it is everywhere from Sitka to Canada, frequently hanging by its feet. The lesser red poll, good for clearing green-houses of aphides, resembles the goldfinch, is occasionally encountered, and winters here often. The snow-bunting, a true finch, is permanently enrolled here, as he is from Georgia to the Pole, and in Europe and Asia. He visits the ice-gatherers, and haunts outlying barns and stacks of grain. The house-sparrow, a finch, was imported from England in 1869, when one thousand were loosed by the city government to destroy the measuring-worm. Portland, Maine, had made the experiment eleven years previous, and Boston one year before. The acclimation has succeeded; but it is found that the bird brings an English pugnacity and readiness to interfere with its neighbors' concerns; that it plunders cherry-trees, and attacks the robin to obtain the food it cannot procure itself, and renders no service commensurate with its noisy disservice. It is fearless, and fond of its young, and prolific.

The Savannah sparrow, ranging from the Atlantic to the plains, and exceedingly abundant at Great Egg Harbor, is so remarkably terrestrial that it rarely rises higher than the top of a rail fence. It nests among dry grasses on the ground, and lays half a dozen eggs. It is migratory. The yellow-winged bunting, found from Guatemala and Jamaica and Mexico northward, and particularly along the Jersey coast in June, is a grass sparrow. It has an unmusical note or ditty; lives on the ground upon seeds, and is never seen in flocks. It abounds at Newark. The sharp-tailed bunting, essentially maritime, flies hither from the Jersey coast. It is most numerous in Carolina; has a call note like *tweei*, and rears two annual broods. The white-crowned sparrow is occasionally met in Eastern Pennsylvania; but more abundantly in the Western countries, and all the way from Greenland and Labrador to Utah. The Western-white crowned and the white-throated sparrow and the familiar snow-bird belong to this great

family; but the latter is the only one seen in Eastern Pennsylvania. It comes between the middle and end of October with the snow, and first resorts to meadows and the edges of forests, afterwards associating with poultry, and obtruding everywhere. Its note is a low *tsic*. In spring and summer it resorts to trees, and probably nests in near mountains now, as in New York and New England and other provinces. The swamp-, tree-, chipping-, song-, field-, white-throated and white-crowned and fox-colored sparrows, Lincoln's finch, the black-throated bunting, and some other varieties of this great family have been named. They share leading characteristics, and their variations are too slight to deserve notice here. The whole sparrow family are meek and lowly, generally musical, and wonderful architects on grassy banks. They tarry briefly on their way to Canada.

The wren, for some sufficient cause no doubt, has not taken that place in American regard he has in Europe. It is found in the garden and orchard more than in the field, and is winning favor. Four varieties are most numerous: the house-, winter-, marsh-, and mocking-wren. The house-wren is migratory between Virginia and Labrador, but breeds chiefly in the Middle States. It builds in hollow trees, boxes, jars, cans, and almost anything accessible; hatches two broods annually; pours out his music incessantly, and particularly at a noonday concert given by itself, the song-sparrow, and red-thrush, the linnet, cat-bird, preacher and bob-o-link, when the oven-bird is singing in the woods. The wren's song has no variety of tone, but has great compass and animation, moving from a chirp to high notes. The mocking-wren nests in hollow trees early in June, and largely in Delaware County, but is not common. Its best imitations are those of the blue-bird, grackle, kingfisher, meadow-lark, ground-robin and tufted titmouse, some of which are very fine counterfeits. Half a dozen eggs are hatched. The house-wren prefers an oriole's or pewee's nest to the work of building, and will even dispossess the woodpecker and disturb the bluebird. A few nights is spent in house furnishing before the close of May, and while the hen is sitting the cock provides her freely with food and music. The food is insectivorous. Its note is a simple twit, and it has a sharp little song. It seeks winter quarters at the close of September.

The winter-wren summers in Northern New

England, and leads a solitary life along the Wis-sahickon and in its valleys. It feeds on wood beetles and seeds, and nests in remote and difficult places. Six eggs are laid. Prolonged snows occasionally drive it into the town or city. Occasionally the long-billed marsh-wren comes up from Atlantic County and City to return the season's courtesies. It breeds in June, and sometimes produces a second brood in low nests in the sedge.

Carlisle and often in Illinois. Its common note is a soft, low *plut*. It builds in old stables, in trees, boxes, carriages, old hats, and is very similar to the common wren in other respects. The great Carolina species has been seen in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and Audubon met one in Camden. It dwells south of New York and east of the Rockies. We know some twenty varieties of the wren in all parts of the country. It is en-



ROBIN REDBREAST.

Its flight is low and short, and its food consists of aquatic larvæ. The note is harsh and strident. The bird usually retires early in September, and leaves the county in November. The house-, sometimes called the wood-wren, is of much use to farmers, and if its eggs are taken it will replace them even to the number of five-and-twenty. The song of the male in May and June is loud and animated. It has a notable antipathy for cats.

The Western or Parkman's wren is probably the same. The Gulf States and Mexico have a long-tailed house-wren—Bewick's—using the note of the winter-wren, which is sometimes found in

deared by its tenderness to the lost babes in the wood and by its genialty, but has less special commendation than some other families.

The thrushes are singing perchers, and not only numerous and varied in their characteristics here but everywhere. There are more than one hundred and fifty species of the sub-family to which it belongs and in which it is principal. The red-, wood- and ground-swamp robin are all thrushes, as is the tawny or Wilson's, the mocking-bird, the catbird, and the brown thrasher, the hermit and red-thrush, the golden-crowned, the veery and oven-bird. The vast numbers of each of these varieties indicates the rank of the genus to which

they belong. They are migratory, insectivorous, gregarious and melodious. The most abundant type here and through the country is the robin. It is too thoroughly known to permit any description; known and loved everywhere beyond the bird of Paradise, the skylark or humming-bird. The wood-robin, closely allied, dwells in Philadelphia from April to November, and the tinkling notes that tell its advent are always welcome. Its flight is short and low, but easy. It is found everywhere, and rests in the pine usually. The four

in gardens. It lives on the ground or in s and on low branches, feeding on berries a sects. It has mind enough to notice and n ber and precisely imitate the songs and sou hears, and gives forth a cat-cry when ala The nests are often near to houses, and th are hatched in June. The family go So September, disliked for their greed and jea though loved for their song. The brown-th arrives in May; is arboreal and insectivo hides its nests in briars, and brings out



CHAFFINCH.

eggs are hatched in June, and the young are carefully watched. The sweet, tinkling melody of this thrush is dear to all. The hermit thrush, or ground-swamp robin spends about a week of April in Philadelphia on its way north; is silent, but confiding, and yet dares withstand the hawk. Wilson's thrush arrives a little earlier, and prefers the fields and copses to human society, feeding on insects and grain. Its song is quaint and simple. The nests are carefully secreted, and it leaves early in September.

The mocking-bird is a thrush, and, though rare, is sometimes heard in Germantown. The catbird arrives from Panama in May, and appears boldly

young. Its song has great variety and force, and is enjoyed by the performer as well by as the singer. The thrasher leaves early in October. The ovenbird or golden-crowned thrush arrives in the woods in May; lives on seeds, insects gleaned from the ground, and sings from morning till sunset in fitful spells. Its flight is low. Its one brood is bountifully fed, even when a crow-blackbird's nest has been hatched with them, as often occurs.

The wagtail, or water-thrush, arrives in large numbers in May, and resorts at once to water, having running water. Its note has no particular charm, and it is disputed whether this thrush remains or leaves our latitude. The same species

Louisiana is somewhat quicker in motion, rest-shy, and has a rich song that Audubon always remembered. The veery is almost as shy as the nit, and sings only to remote cottages, filling forest with his wood notes wild, and charging echoes with harmony. He is small in size great in art, and can best be compared with the rhapsodist of the woods, the red-thrush, whose organ recitatives charm every listener. The last-named singer, the finest in New Eng-

land, cannot lay claim to the loving faithfulness of the dove and some other birds. His tastes and habits are rather those of Oneida and Deseret and other communes. But the Mesdames Redwing bear this conduct as placidly as the wives of any Moslem zenana. They arrive in this latitude in the early spring, March and April, when they may be met on the trees of wet lands, chattering a furious courtship. Their nests are firmly woven to bushes or reeds, or cat-tails in low



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

land, is also among the finest in Pennsylvania. Mr. Flagg learned the burden of his song from an inspired blacksmith: "Glory to God! glory to God! Hallelujah. Amen. Videlicet." The red-winged blackbird is one of our earliest and most beautiful friends, whether measured by the month of his arrival or by the songs of the Goose which introduce him. He has no voice, though he seems trying occasionally to sustain a tune with the more harmonious frogs. His *chip, chip, churee*, mingles with the medley of sounds that come from every meadow and adjacent forest; but the note is individual and never

meadows, with as much skill as that of the oriole; and they are valiantly defended by the little architects. The eggs are tinged with blue and mottled with purple blotches; and there is but one annual brood. They are far more destructive to corn than the crow; eating it in the milk in Virginia and some other Southern States, and making their mischievous mark in Pennsylvania. They are found in the greatest numbers in Virginia, where they alight upon the meadows in dense clouds during January, and the noise of their flight and that of their song is very grand. In the more Northern States they destroy an infinite number of

... in compensation for their... individually or in flocks, the red-... bird is one of the feathered charms... very. He is a coefficient with the... bird; with the yellowbird, and that... tanager; the dusky catbird, and that... ber which color our landscapes. And... all, the blackbird has always been es-... y cooks. Their meat is firm and juicy... flavored; and if served under another... highly prized.

... between the Alleghenies and the Atlan-... dimate between the North and the South,... anked by the Gulf Stream and refreshed by... uters of inland seas, it is every way natural... Pennsylvania should be the common ground... out American birds, as it is possessed of the... a climate and soil. There are no birds re-... sted to so small an area; but even this brief

... forests, fields, and... are protected by popular law. The mention made of the food of... demonstrates their worth to every farmer, and to... all who live on meats and the cereals. If we... could for fifty years protect our song-birds as we... protect some fishes and some game-birds and... some manufactures, there can be no question that... noxious insects would be reduced, and pecuniary... losses reduced, and more knowledge and sympathy... with animal being, and a finer philanthropy and... tenderer sentiment would be developed, and that... individuals and the country would profit thereby.

It is something that we have made so good... beginning—something that we have such incen-... ives, conditions, and opportunities for the future.

CHATS AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

By M. H. FORD.

THE breakfast-table! what it should contain, how it ought to be arranged; surely this is a question the solution of which demands a liberal education in woman. There is no more important meal in the day, both as regards food and temper, for upon its digestibility depends to a great extent the daily happiness of the family, while if it is eaten with joy and contentment, it surrounds its consumers with an atmosphere of placidity which small annoyances can hardly disturb. A breakfast should always be as poetic as possible; through it the good housewife must endeavor to give a tone to the whole day, and with the matutinal ham-and-eggs administer a daily ration of sweetness and light, if possible.

Our forefathers had an unhappy practice of devoting the most precious moments of family reunion to "prayers," while the breakfast was crowded into a few hurried seconds which the members of the household snatched from their numerous avocations for the satisfaction of Nature's demand for sustenance. It was a good thing that was not so, for the breakfast-table was not a place where the family could enjoy each other, where the best

ishment, and spiritual longings are apt to give way before bodily needs; so that if a man cannot spare ample time both for prayers and breakfast, he had better combine the two. A meal which only satisfies the material man is a very poor one; it leaves half his nature famished and begging for more, and puts him on a level with those gross materialists who will not allow that man's mind is anything but transmuted beefsteak. A model breakfast should be as perfect as possible in its substantial contents, so that the corporeal man shall be silenced and held in his properly subordinate place; but above and beyond this the appointment and surroundings of the table should be such that the intellectuality is roused and appealed to. The artistic sense must be touched that part of man which lies above his ears should be fed, and a housewife ought to feel most by criticism on her spiritual cookery than on failure of her material sausages. All this is applicable to breakfast rather than to any other meal, because it should celebrate the first meeting of the family after dreams and refreshing sleep—the breakfast a festival where parents and children can enjoy each other, where the best

gifts of all can be brought forth for mutual pleasure and gratification.

The breakfast-table must be beautiful and picturesque; it must glitter with color and be placed where the sunshine can fall upon it; for to maintain cheerfulness over an untidy, ill-appointed table is a grace to which few of us attain. It is no easy matter nowadays to make a table look pretty at slight expense. The china stores are full of cheap and bright-colored dishes, the price of which comes within the means of those who cannot afford the fragile "decorated china." Then unbleached table linen is much more artistic than the cheaper qualities of white cloth, so that by no means necessary that a table should be excessively furnished in order to look well.

Flowers also add much to table decoration. They are always refreshing and suggestive of pure thoughts, and should form part of the "aspiration element" of every breakfast-table if they can be obtained. Even a bouquet of grasses and sunflowers is beautiful, provided the latter are not too large. There are sunflowers which rival the daisy in circumference, and these would hardly be suitable. But if one carries away a little bunch of odorous violets from a breakfast-table surrounded by an atmosphere of color and sunlight, where one has drunk a cup of fragrant chocolate to the accompaniment of bright words and pleasant faces, a drop of oil has fallen into the heart thereby which will lubricate many a cog in one's nerve machinery during the

day of the woman who regularly meets her family at a well-set, poorly furnished table, is accessory to many crimes. The old saying, that the road a man must open to her husband's heart lies through his stomach, is decidedly uncomplimentary to both sexes; but it is, nevertheless, true that a man can do much for the enlightenment of his family, for the heightening of its mental and moral culture, through the appointment and management of the breakfast-table. This is one of the cases where a man needs a liberal education. The tendency of the American is to "feed" simply, whenever it becomes necessary for him to eat. He is brought to think that he must dine at certain times in order to keep the machinery in motion by which he expects to become a rich man; and the moments he can save while eating, he considers so much as if devoted to business. So he seats himself

at the table to dispose of soup, meats, vegetables, cheese, pie, fruit, and pudding, that he may fill his stomach and return to his office as soon as possible. But the cultivated woman, with a knowledge of chemistry, politics, and art, tolerates nothing of the kind. She provides a table which shall attract the eye and please the senses of her family, as well as gratify their appetites; and having done so, she sits down prepared to enjoy the results of her care in all directions, and to rise with a mind refreshed by cheerful conversation.

The Greeks struck the keynote of the art of dining, when they ate in a reclining posture. They had no thought of haste. They expected to enjoy the wine, the peacock's brains, to listen to Phidias's plans for a new art work, and hear what fresh thought Plato had to advance for their edification. Imagine the growls which would be heard from the average American, if to-morrow morning he should rise to find his beefsteak garnished with Greek epigrams, while the wife of his bosom sat opposite to him clad in all the graces of Aspasia, and ready to discuss the pre-Raphaelites, or argue the presidential question! Verily, we must be content to advance slowly, and banish the dominant newspaper gradually from our morning repasts.

One of the first requisites for the enjoyment of breakfast, dinner, or supper, is a pleasant dining-room. Few people appreciate this fact, and the dining-room is usually tucked away in a corner of the house, or down in the basement, where the sun can never reach it, and where a dismal atmosphere of utility and materialism reigns supreme. It is a mistake to adorn the sitting-room and the library, and leave the dining-room in melancholy destitution. A library will take care of itself, to a certain extent, for where there are books one always finds an air of cheer and comfort; and the sitting-room, where the family gather to read and talk, can scarcely fail to look homelike, no matter how plain it may be. But a dining-room, if left to itself, has no resources; it begins instantly to grow ragged and out-at-elbows, while its suggestions of dead dinners rise up to choke one, as soon as its precincts are entered.

The furnishing of the dining-room should be bright. If there is plenty of sunlight, hang soft-colored curtains before the windows; but if not, let the sunshine enter unimpeded, and hang a bright curtain against the wall to light up the

room. Pictures one must have, too, suggestive not only of feasting but of other meanings also. Then the chairs should be of a tasteful shape; everything in the room in fact should minister to one's sense of beauty and comfort. Many people have an idea that tea tastes much better out of a painted teacup than from one made of common stoneware, and so it does; for in the first case one enjoys the tea, while one's æsthetic sense is soothed and gratified; and in the other, one gains no pleasure except from the taste of the tea, while one's sensibilities are all outraged by the ugliness of the cup.

So it is with everything. Beauty acts as a tonic, it enhances the appetite, and a beefsteak served on a pretty platter, placed on a bright-colored cloth in a cheery, sunshine-lighted room, will seem a thousand times more tender and luscious than one served with homely utensils amid dismal surroundings.

Having decided, then, upon the furnishing of our breakfast-room, it is time to talk about what we shall put upon the table. In this country we are noted for our substantial breakfasts. The American abroad sighs in vain for his home bill of fare. He longs for American fried potatoes and beefsteak, for a warm cake smothered in maple molasses, hot muffins, sausage, and the many edibles with which he is accustomed to begin the day; and instead of these he is forced to feed his aspirations upon a delicate roll, with a cup of chocolate or coffee, and the occasional addition of a soft-boiled egg.

That the continental traveller should protest against such treatment is not strange, and his remonstrance has had effect; for already the waiters of France and Italy are beginning to inspect the wanderer in foreign lands with intelligent eyes, while they set before him a faint, shadowy resemblance of something he has seen before, and which he is informed is an "American breakfast." But alas! there is garlic in it, it is redolent with onions, and it cannot be eaten with ecstasy.

There is much doubt, however, whether our valued breakfasts are as wholesome as the more delicate French repasts. Physicians declare that the digestive organs sleep as well as the remainder of the body; that it takes them some time to "wake up" thoroughly, and that they are not prepared, soon after we rise, to digest a hearty meal of substantial food. Certainly, the French and Italians are not troubled with dyspepsia, and

among Americans it is almost a national ailment. Many other causes aid in producing this, but our breakfasts are not blameless.

It seems at first sight as if it would be impossible to accomplish the work of half the day on a breakfast of rolls, chocolate, and eggs; but one has become accustomed to the habit, and it is difficult to partake of a more substantial breakfast early in the day without discomfort. And a breakfast of chocolate, rolls—fresh but not hot—oatmeal, eggs and fruit, is fit for the purpose. It is varied, nutritious, delicate, and easy to digest, and it contains nothing fried. If we could banish the saucepan's contents from our breakfast-tables, and bring up our children equally to shun Satan and shun that which is fried!

How many little ones in this free land, cheerfully munching their crisp, greasy puddings and hot fried pork or beefsteak, enter the room to fall into all kinds of trouble? The first of their lessons, they are naughty and must have a "dunce cap," they commit sin after sin, on account of the load of indigestible food which they have eaten, and which disorders their nerves and brain alike. If we should feed them upon milk, oatmeal, and such nourishing food in the morning, with plenty of rare, broiled steak at noon, they might not develop immediately into little angels perhaps, but they certainly would have rosier cheeks and brighter minds.

The question of what one shall eat is in itself a difficult one, however, and every one has a different opinion concerning it. It is the business of the hygienist to know something about the subject from a scientific standpoint, and to regulate the dinners of the family so that they may not only be palatable but also healthful. There are certain things which are always to be tabooed, especially in a family of children. Pies, rich puddings, cake, and confectionery can rarely be indulged in with safety, but after a while a diet may be prescribed which is once wholesome and appetizing. There is much to be said in the manner of preparing food to render it harmless. For instance, the oyster, either stewed, or raw, is the most easily digested of edibles; but fried, it stands revealed as the most horrible of nightmares. Yet, such is the contrariness of human nature, most people prefer it fried. Of us can resist a dish of crisp, smoking potatoes thus prepared, even at breakfast-time, though it would be much more virtuous to eat a roll.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

By E. F. MOSBY.

NEVER our path may lead us in riper years, says to the life at home that the love and most gladly turn. The home is the centre, the very heart of the flower where the color is brightest, and the texture of the softest and finest. It is like the air which variations together in harmonious sweetness is heard in underflowing melody through changes. Even the youth remembers with the morning hours of childhood, the birth-days, the Christmas mirth, the twilight by the winter hearth with the firelight dancing every corner, and the mother's presence a benediction on the little circle, and her part in the familiar story of adventure and of some softly-breathed song. But if these are remembered in the heyday of youth, their id is their sweetness to the old, whose hearts come back to the early home, the place, for the joy and repose of their fleeting days. The pleasures of a little child are not in time nor soon forgotten; they are kept safely in the storehouses of remembrance

'Against the winter time of need,
That we may after come and feed.'

we doubt that those souls which bring back childhood the brightest hope and faith, the love, the flower of whose early days has led to the sunshine and fresh air, are strongest in the coming battle of life. They rebound from disappointments, they rise above its snares, they find a sure refuge within from the hardening and chilling processes of the world.

we need not hesitate to study all innovations that may add sunshine to our daily life by remembering how every amusement is justified by the fulfillment of duty, and the work well done before we seek recreation. Even a child has little acts of service to his errands of love to run with willing feet, lessons to learn, which will make his play hours full of flavor and zest. Regular hours, for employment, study and sleep, should be fully observed for grown-up people as well as for the young; for the health and evenness of temper, as well as the accomplishment of

labor, depend far more on these than is generally supposed. Of course these should not be arbitrarily or inflexibly observed; but any deviation ought to be rare and for wise purposes. Each member learns to realize how fully he is a part of the common life of the household, and may add to or diminish the common service and enjoyment. His own individual occupations and amusements should be drawn into the whole life of usefulness and love, like the graceful design which takes in bright and dark colors, curved and straight lines for one beautiful whole. All need not be useful in the same way. There are widely-varying kinds of usefulness, from the humblest work of the hands to that high labor which adds to the sum of beauty and delight in the world; but no one is so unblest as to be actually useless, unbound to the life and hope of humanity. Nor are the relations of a family, brotherhood, sisterhood, filial obedience, parental protection, an unfit training for a wise citizenship, whose ends are faithful service and benevolence.

Home amusements have their own share in the development of character and of the mental faculties of the young. The pleasure and rest they afford keep the vitality unimpaired, restore the energies, quicken the perceptions, hold the whole mind alert and steady. Apollo himself must sometimes unstring his powerful bow. These homely gayeties break the friction of perpetually recurring small annoyances, and lighten the weight of routine.

Our amusements must necessarily be varied according to the ages of the young people. First of all, we have baby plays for the nursery, pretty little rhymes with a jingle, brightened with all the caressing tones and looks which one unconsciously uses with a baby, and the tiny stories which must be acted; for the little one wants always to see the story as well as hear it. Afterwards the little dancing games, with pretty movements of hands and feet, which every mother who can find leisure ought to borrow from the kindergarten, and teach to her own restless little human blossoms, remembering always, however, that her end should be, not only to amuse the children to-day, but to help

them to amuse themselves every day; for it is chiefly his own independence, the play of his own imagination which makes a block, a stick, a bit of colored paper, such an unfailing delight to the active boy, who instinctively dramatizes his toys, and supplies parts, stage effects, and costumes out of his untired fancy, generally choosing the universal "smash up" of tragedy for his favorite end. It is said that a girl's doll is a lingering bit of paganism, the image of the Penates once given into her care, and it is certainly a sacred possession now, and the actor in numberless small dramas. What tribes of them a child of to-day owns! They appear in wax and china, paper and rubber, as ladies in all the glory of Parisian toilettes, as babies with but one tiny garment, and equally dear are they all to the hearts of their mistresses and worshippers. A little daughter is learning by heart many a lesson which no one suspects as she plays, arranging her dolls in a suitable *pose*, planning their conversations, all the while carrying on in earliest simplicity unconsciously burlesqued imitation of mamma or sister Flora in society. Then the doll's house, where decorative art is more studied than in older circles, and where the young mistress may without compunction turn the whole house out of doors to introduce a new style of embellishment. If these pursuits fail to amuse on a rainy day, old hoards of bright pictures may be brought out, and scrap books begun, or there may be an actual training for eye and hand in the first attempts at pencil sketches, even if the young artist has to label them before any one will guess their meaning.

I remember myself a winter week in the country when a group of interested children forgot to watch the pouring rains, because some one devised a menagerie of animals to be cut out of paper, each one contributing his share. All the geographies and books on natural history were ransacked to furnish patterns; and by dint of lessons and little duties interspersed, several days passed before the interest flagged or the collection was complete. There is little danger for the wee ones in arranging them in "Mother Goose" tableaux with the pretty and picturesque Watteau dresses, and bringing out Bo-Peep, the little Roy in Blue, the one "who went to London to get him a wife," in a series of lovely, living pictures. Nothing can be sweeter than the graceful, unconscious attitudes, and the plump, dimpled limbs and rosy

cheeks, and they should be chosen when too young to think of any thing but the picture itself, and being good, or keeping still—synonymous terms with many people! Dr. Drake's graceful little poem, "the Culprit Fay," will furnish a very charming series of fairy scenes, or any well-known nursery legend can be rehearsed in pantomime with little training, if the children are quick and lively. Indeed, I think, the dramatic faculties which are found naturally in almost every one, until suppressed by long discipline, ought to be brought out—not for display, or the astonishing and boring of morning callers, but for domestic entertainment. Little recitations are very nice, if the selections are simple and bright—no child should be allowed to learn a tragic or even intensely pathetic poem—and especially if they are short. Neither the child's memory, nor the attention even of an over-indulgent family audience, should be taxed too severely. Still better is it to introduce the generally neglected practice of narrating in one's own words some brief story or effective anecdote. It is productive of unceasing fun, as the lively comments need not interfere with the speaker after his first bashfulness is overcome, and is invaluable in teaching not only the art of clear, terse expression—for preliminaries and unmeaning phrases will be sure to be laughed down by home critics—but also the art of clear thinking. It prepares a boy better than the vague "spouting" of debating societies, for the strong, quick hits that will tell in his work among men; and with girls the same method might be so varied as to train them to ready, graceful conversation—an art which a woman always needs, not only as a vehicle of amusement, but often of higher influence. The French are wiser than we in rightly valuing inexpressive and simple social pleasures; and chief among these they rank what is truly the fine art of talking.

There are numberless games which develop quickness of perception and even elaborate planning, although I should say chess was almost too serious for an amusement, but invaluable as a species of mental discipline, disguised as a pleasure, which rewards one for all the thought bestowed on it. Word games, rhyming games, guessing games, etc., give general entertainment to both players and lookers-on, and many of these are excellent to unite uncongenial or bashful people in easy and lively intercourse, and are delightful

of character, as the glimpses so most suggestive. It is, when not so rough as to be scarcely be praised too highly for girls. The fresh air and exercise to the cheek, a light to the eye, a e spirits which cannot otherwise be can they be scorned as unintellectual form a sound basis of health and ery mental attainment. To attempt th a weak, diseased body, is like music with a broken instrument. ovely harmonies which would have ve hear only discords. ome amusements which will unite e old and young. Reading aloud, e well trained and the book well ory or lively sketch of travel, ad- iety, is practicable for the quietest ie smallest audience, and will de-

velop without trouble a taste for literature. One fresh, charming book, thoroughly enjoyed, accomplishes more than a course of lectures on reading. Last of all, last mentioned because the weetest of all home pleasures, and dearest to the memory, is music. If the household is a large one, there might be a family orchestra. The violin, flute, and piano are exquisite together, each bringing out qualities which the other needs, and weaving the various threads of music into a delicious sweetness. But nothing so touches the heart as a flexible, sympathetic human voice, so swift to delight the glad soul, to rest the weary, to give a new upspringing of hope to the sorrowful, to bring back old memories of love and childhood, not only bringing home nearer to home on earth, but I could almost say, rising with unfaltering wing from the household on earth to the home in heaven!

A NEAPOLITAN HORSE-RACE.

By J. S. W.

e particularly happy feature about Campo di Marte. They give one opportunity of witnessing many amusements of Neapolitan life, without the disadvantage of having to wander through dirty, long noisy quays, or amid the restlessness of hissing, shouting, and brawling, as elsewhere, the "Corso" has no theatres, and its multitudes of pleasure-seeking enthusiasts. It is early in the day of gayly-dressed people about the streets, alone heretofore, approaching the event about which the past day or two been so much gesticulating. Between one and another is an exodus of the fashion and the people. Neatly dressed young men are at the corners of the streets, idly gazing as they pass; ragged children and young girls are forcing their way through the laps or buttonholes of every passer-by, and mule-drivers are cracking their whips, uttering that inimitable grunt, proper or six syllables; bootblacks are

thumping their brushes with the hope of arresting the attention of the hurrying throng. Postilions, four-in-hands, tandems, donkeys, fruit-vendors, mountebanks, and in fact human beings of every rank and description, are wending their way in the direction of the Porta Reclusorio. There, vehicles and pedestrians converge, and proceed along a straight road to the open common, Campo di Marte, some two miles distant. Through dust and din extend unbroken lines of handsome turn-outs, over-laden cariole with their swinging nets full of human shapes, donkey-carts, bell-dingling cabs, and in fact everything that could be turned into a conveyance. Notwithstanding that the course is along a rising ground, there is an unceasing run or gallop, and this with the cracking of whips, caterwauling, and wild uproar is like one vast stampede. It reminds one as much as possible of the frenzied excitement of crowds rushing to a fire.

There is a striking mixture of colors in this merry mass of Neapolitan life. Escutcheoned carriages, with fashionable young men in full dress, and ladies in rich toilettes, are continually

exchanging places with carts small and large, of young and old, decked out in all the colors of the rainbow. There are women in blue-, in yellow-, and in pink-satin, with gold trimmings and gaudy trinkets about the neck and ears, all joking and laughing, with sunburnt men in linen shirts and scarlet Phrygian caps. There are boys in fluttering rags, and bareheaded girls with fancy-colored scarfs. On the left side of the road, donkey-tenders, seated in some inconceivable way on the very extremities of their beasts, are returning at full gallop down the hill for other customers, hula-lalooing, and whip in hand, swinging their arms about with a dexterity almost incredible. In very truth the street is one complete uproar, one bacchanalian confusion. But this seems suddenly to cease when the throngs diverge at the open plain of the campo. One arrives at the race-course, and for a moment wonders what in the world was the cause of all the hurry. He tries to persuade himself that it was a false alarm. But, no; gayly-attired jockeys have just made their appearance on the course, and private carriages are forming a triple file in the neighborhood of a grand stand. Every moment seems to bring hosts of new-comers to the spot, and before two o'clock has arrived it seems as if representative vendors from every nook and corner of Naples had transferred their trade thither. The carriages and their occupants are a source of great attraction. The showy young girl loves to astonish an admiring circle of ragazzi that stand silently about her with gaping mouths. Boys with large bouquets are seeking to force them upon the young "swells" in the presence of their fair friends. Venders of every description are wandering about, or are clamorously advertising their goods spread out on the turf. There are stalls

decked with the yellow broom and olive branches, and presiding over them venders of chestnuts, oranges, lemons, nuts, olives, cakes, shell-fish, macaroni; women and men carrying about lachryma Christi, iced water, lemonade, and other innocent drinks; bare-legged and bare-headed lazzaroni are idling about, or in a kind of Westonian gait, half-walk and half-run, are moving in and out of the crowd, balancing baskets of fruit on their heads. In the centre of a gaping crowd is the Punchinello, and close by a hurdy-gurdist in a patched-up, picturesque dress of many colors, who, by dancing a doll on a string stretched from his right leg to a peg at some little distance, is eliciting a few giani from a gaping crowd.

The races are few and far between, and on the whole there is not so much enthusiasm as one might be led to expect among so excitable a people. The course is kept clear, and order maintained by a body of mounted police, who mustering at the close of the day's proceedings is like a furious charge of cavalry. Their performance seems to send a spark upon the unflappable nature of the Neapolitan rabble, and there is now a general rush for the cabs, wagons, carts, cariole, and donkeys; and again the festive throngs are in a fever of excitement. Cabmen, exulting over the bargain they have just concluded, are cracking their whips and exchanging repartees with their fellow-drivers. On it goes, this moving variety show, in noisy, rapid stream; and no sooner are the gates of the city passed than windows, verandas, terraces, and sidewalks are seen filled with half-bewildered spectators. But the last vehicle has passed. It is well-nigh sunset, and each and all are returning to their favorite haunts.

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

By A. F. BRIDGES.

A MOMENT at the wayside spring
The pilgrim pauses in his march;
He hears the murmuring water's sing—
He sees the palm-tree's clustering arch.
Within the cooling shade he knows
His weary limbs may find repose,
His thirst be slaked while drinking deep
From the pure fountain's mossy keep.
What though his onward pathway lie
Far reaching through the desert sand,
The fervor of a brazen sky,
The wary foe, with steady hand;

And strong of heart, and firm of will,
He meets, and bravely meets, for still
The memory of that moment cheers
Through all the sordid strife of years.
Thus, Friendship, at thy flowing fount,
As basking in thy gracious smile,
I drink the nectared draught, I count
Myself a favored god, the while
Arming against Death. I know
Clouds will gather, the storm winds blow,
But kneeling in memory at thy shrine
The joy I own shall still be mine.

THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE REVEALED.

BY MRS. J. R. HASKINS.

IV.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONSOLATIONS.

Years have gone their weary round since at our heroine, marking their course by many and varied, and bringing to her eyes so real that the trials of the years fled stood no longer alone in the calendar, but had assumed their true measure with such anguish as only death can

Neville had never recovered her spirits since the time of the great shock experienced on the occasion of Edith's marriage and sudden removal from home. This state of feeling was deepened by the loss of her old home and association with the rapid decline of the health of the favored boy, which terminated his life in a year after Edith's return among them, and which precipitated the decline of Mrs. Neville, who ended in her death a few months after her son.

Sorrows served to strengthen the bonds between father and daughter, already of no ordinary order; but now a newer and stronger tie sprang from those waters in which both were baptized, and each was henceforth all in the other. In choosing a new residence Mr. Neville had been influenced by the exigencies of his business, which made him desirous of shunning the turmoil of a large city. He had accordingly chosen a picturesque river town, far from the large commercial city on the opposite side of the river.

Edith could enjoy all the advantages of the river and city combined, without the necessity of a long acquaintance than corresponded with her choice. Mr. Neville had hoped that as she grew the buoyancy of youth would naturally lead to Edith a fondness for society and that in the companionship of others of her

her hopes were doomed to disappointment. In the pleasures and gay amusements she felt
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no interest; only the society of persons older than herself seemed to suit her now.

Among the few whom Edith on her return home found established on a friendly footing, was a Mr. Leonard, evidently a great favorite with both her father and mother. She could only account for this intimacy on the hypothesis of contrariety; for the genial, sunny temperament of Mr. Leonard was the very opposite of the stern rigidity of the one and the subdued sadness of the other. At first Edith took very little notice of him, and only entered the room when he was there at her father's request. But he was always so unobtrusive in his attentions, never demanding hers, or seeming to take as a right, as men are apt to do, what was only a condescension on her part, that gradually she became not only accustomed to his presence, but learned really to value him as a friend; and viewing him only as such, accepted many little attentions in the way of walks and rides that heretofore she had shared only with her father.

Edith had at this time a new source of anxiety, growing each day in magnitude, that made the need of a true friend both necessary and welcome. She had observed, with the quick eye of love, the gradually failing health of her father, and during the month just passed it had become so evident as to force his own unwilling acknowledgment of the fact. She had hoped much from the influence of the balmy, invigorating spring atmosphere; but the summer was in its dawn, and yet she saw no symptoms of a favorable change.

Again the bright, glowing June days had come, and Edith walked through the garden gathering flowers, inhaling all their wealth of perfume, and stopping from time to time to twine the heavily-laden branches of a prairie queen, whose luxuriant beauty seemed to refuse all restraint. But as the pliant branches yielded to her will, and all the splendor and glory of those June roses pervaded her senses, how many memories and reminiscences awoke in their fragrance, and how many hopes

seemed buried in their leaves! But buried, alas! beyond the power of renewing, as these frail children of the beautiful do, the wealth of their summer days' glory and brightness.

Mr. Neville had been watching her from the library window at which he sat, looking pale and careworn. As he followed her light, graceful form, love beamed in his eyes, and the poetic traditions of Dorothea, with the boy angel and his heavenly flowers, and the royal Saint Elizabeth, with her unconscious miraculous gift gathered in her robe, seemed to take form and realization in her person. Presently, as if rousing himself to the performance of some action that required effort, he raised the window and called: "Edith, my love, when you are ready to arrange your flowers, bring them here and keep me company."

"I believe I have as many as I can now conveniently carry, papa; so I will be with you in a few minutes."

Mr. Neville looked troubled; he walked the room uneasily, and could summon only a wan smile to greet her as she entered.

Taking a seat beside him, she did not fail to observe his pained expression, and asked, with much solicitude, if he felt worse than usual.

"Physically? no," he replied; "mentally? yes."

To an anxious, questioning look, he proceeded: "It is useless for me to try to blind you or myself, my love, to the critical state of my health. My life may be prolonged several years yet, and on the other hand may be terminated in a few months. For myself, I am content to leave the issue with God; but when I think of you, my child, I forget all my philosophy and Christian resignation. We have been too long all in all to each other for the severance of this tie without intense anguish to both. To me the thought of leaving you alone in the world is a double death, and I am only able to bear it because it comes accompanied by a hope, though a faint one, that this bitter cup may by your hand be yet withdrawn. Don't look so alarmed, my love. Believe me, I am not going to force any more sacrifices upon you; but still I must risk once more making you suffer, but only because I most religiously believe that through it will spring your own future life's happiness and my dying peace." Edith had dropped her flowers and sat looking steadily in her father's face, whilst her

own wore the white, pained expression that had grown out of the sorrows of the long ago. As she showed no inclination to speak, Mr. Neville continued: "This hope, then, to which I allude is to see you safe under the protecting care and love of a husband. I know it is a subject the possibility even of which has never entered your mind. I know that never did Hindoo widow more heroically immolate herself on the dead body of her lord than you have on the funeral pyre of your own blighted youth. But, my child, one sacrifice is scarcely less displeasing to the Almighty than the other. You have no more right thus to ignore his gifts and bury your heart jewels, that were given for others to share and enjoy, than has this poor deluded heathen woman to throw away the life that is only a loan to be kept sacred until called for by her Creator.

"I am the bearer of an offer to you of a true and noble heart, and my knowledge of the man is such that I can safely urge your acceptance of his suit. Has your womanly divining power, Edith, never told you that Mr. Leonard loves you? He it is that asks your hand; and knowing that you esteem and feel a true friendly interest in him, I see no valid reason for your refusal of such a gift. I know all you would say by way of objection; but surely all hope of the recovery of the lost treasure has long since been given up; but if possibly not, what I have to tell you will set such a wild dream forever at rest."

"It would indeed be a wild dream," broke in Edith, much agitated, "did I still indulge it. But no; nothing that ever went down into the earth or ocean can be more effectually beyond resurrection than those hopes and dreams of the far-away past. Nor would I now have it otherwise. It is not any of those lingering feelings, then, papa, that makes this subject now so painful to me, or that has caused me to look upon any change in my life as impossible; but it is the change in myself—the blight, the sudden weight that fell upon my youth, crushing out all its music. This it is that seems to have robbed me of all power of recovery. Time and Nature, alas! for me!" and overcome by her feelings, she could only finish by a burst of tears.

"But Time, my love," said Mr. Neville, much moved, "may yet do much for you; you must aid him. It is a hard trial for me, my love, to be obliged once more to urge compliance with my

wishes in a matter of such deep heart interest; but in this case I do it less reluctantly, because I believe that there is a certainty of happiness, free from all future regrets, before you. So long as I behold your life thus devoted to a lost, sad memory, so long must I feel a bitter reproach as being the unwilling instrument of your protracted suffering. I have never heretofore mentioned Clarence's name; but now I think the time has come for you to learn something that may assist your decision in a matter so near to my heart. You may think it strange when I tell you I have followed Clarence's course through all these years almost as closely as your own. After spending four years in Europe he returned home saddened, but changed in other respects for the better; and in the course of the year he married Louis Bertram's sister Mary, who had joined her brother in Europe, and spent the last year of travel with him. Since then Clarence has entered political life, and is now a prominent, popular man in his native city."

Mr. Neville watched Edith closely as he made this revelation; but except that her face turned a shade paler, and her hands visibly trembled as she arranged her flowers, she gave no other sign of surprise or agitation.

"Let me then," he continued, "beg you, my dear child, as a last mark of affectionate duty, to consider well the proposal of Mr. Leonard before you reject it, and remember that to see you safe under his protecting love and care will make my last days full of peaceful resignation, and my last hour one of certain rest."

Mr. Neville laid his head back as if exhausted, and Edith placing the last flower with trembling hands in the vase, arose, kissed her father, and quietly left the room.

In the evening Edith met her father as usual in drawing-room, and exerted herself for his amusement; but only music seemed desirable. Her voice was exquisitely sweet and liquid in tone. He glided at once into the favorite song of the day, "Teach, oh, teach me to forget;" and as it suited the mood of the moment, she rendered it with a depth of feeling and pathos that expressed the earnest appeal of her own heart for the same boon. She had just closed the last verse, when he became conscious of some one standing near her; but before she could leave her seat Mr. Leonard approached, and said:

"That is an exquisite melody, Miss Edith,

though I cannot say I fully endorse the sentiment of the last verse. I think it decidedly morbid 'to rather watch the embers of a love that once was bright,' than to look in the face much that is still beautiful, awaiting us if we only will accept the gift. There is no life so barren that cannot find something to love and serve, whilst at the same time a lost happiness may be so far remembered as to become a consolation rather than a trial."

"That depends," answered Edith, as she moved to the window, "upon its nature and results. You cannot generalize the rule. But where is papa?" she suddenly exclaimed.

"He left the room a few minutes after I entered," replied Mr. Leonard, "not feeling any disposition, I suppose, for society this evening."

Edith felt embarrassed, a premonition of what was to come seized her, and she knew not either how to meet or avoid it. Mr. Leonard had walked out on the balcony, and returned with a sprig of night jasmine, which handing to Edith as he drew a chair near her, said:

"Won't you allow your friends the privilege of trying to teach you the lesson of forgetfulness? Is there no charm potent enough in your new life to banish the ghosts of the old? Edith, your father has told you that I am an aspirant for this coveted post; can you give me no encouragement, no hope of acceptance? You cannot doubt my sincerity, and a warmer, truer love even you have never had laid at your feet. I know you cannot now return my ardor; I am content to accept the esteem and friendly feeling that I believe you entertain for me, with the hope, however, of winning in time something more akin to my own warmth. Surely, one so young cannot have bestowed all her affection on one object, but must have a small share left for those who enter the lists later in the day."

"No, God forbid that I should have lost this precious gift. But do not, Mr. Leonard, I beg, think me ungrateful, if I say that it is the great esteem I feel for you that compels me to reject your offer. Why should one naturally so bright and joyous in temperament desire to be allied to such a dark, gloomy phantom as I am?"

"Let me be the judge of my own requirements," here broke in Mr. Leonard. "A gloomy phantom, you certainly are not; only a sad, placid woman; and as such, if I choose to fancy your

companionship for life, that is my lookout. But in any event, it does not follow Edith, that you are always to have this dark mist hanging over you; loving hands, if you will let them, can lift the cloud, and loving, willing hearts dispel the gloom."

"Alas! I fear not," she sadly replied. "It is not the mere circumstances of that fatal epoch in my life that have thus prolonged the shadow; but it is the remembrance of the sorrow, I, by one willful act, entailed upon others. Then, darker than all, hangs like the sword of Damocles, that terrible mystery over my life, never knowing at what moment it may fall, or what form it may assume; it is the Gorgon's head meeting me wherever I turn. Were I to take advantage of your generous love, it would only add to my misery, by the conviction that I should inevitably entail, upon yet another, some part of this unfathomable woe; for it may be revealed unexpectedly, and in a form, too, that might appall even as brave and true a heart as yours."

"But surely, Edith, you don't suppose that your high-minded and noble father would sanction my addresses, if there was any barrier so insurmountable as your imagination has conjured in the way."

"That is true. But you must remember that papa is ill now, and all his thoughts and anxieties are for my future. Might not, then, his affection and ill-health combined have warped his better and clearer judgment?"

"No; I think not. His mind is too well balanced and his principles too firm to be upset by such causes. Beside, I feel sure, from the conversation he had with me on this subject, that whatever this mystery may be, it cannot affect in the slightest degree, either now or in the future, my desires. Neither will the revelation, if it ever comes, make you more unhappy as my wife than it would were you to preserve your resolutions of living and suffering alone. Add to this argument, dear Edith, your father's distressed state of mind at the prospect of leaving you loveless and alone in the world. Let these considerations have their weight; withdraw your first determination, and give me the right to be your shield and support whenever these trials take form and life."

He had taken her hand as he spoke, and his eyes, always handsome and expressive, were fixed, beaming with emotion on her face. She felt at

this moment a positive affection for him, and a tender sympathy in his earnestness that strangely moved her. He saw that she wavered, and without giving her time to reply, threw his arms around her, saying, "You are mine now, Edith, and no second thought shall break the bond."

"No, no," she said, withdrawing herself in some agitation. "Do not bind yourself so solemnly, until you understand fully how much heart I still have left for your acceptance. I cannot take advantage of your generosity by withholding any secrets of my past or present from your knowledge. I think first love is often mistaken for the soundings of the heart's great deeps. There is so much of the ideal mixed up in a young girl's fancies that it is hard to separate it from the real. Only time and a truer appreciation of her own powers can do that. Whatever at seventeen I believed my own feelings to be toward Clarence Livingston, I have long since learned that my love was not the stirring of those strong waters that are moved but once in a life. Whether or not they ever will be reached, whether the due to these unexplored caves rests in your hands, I cannot say; but I feel it my duty and your due to tell you now that the same affection I felt for Clarence then still exists, with this exception: that with the circumstances and romance of that time have passed the glow and enthusiasm that gave a coloring so like the genuine master-hand as to deceive even the possessor. I have reasoned, I have prayed against this feeling, but all in vain. Calm and steadfast it still remains; and so holy, so tranquilizing, at times seem its effects, that I have learned to believe that God himself has planted and still holds it in my heart. Now you know all, and if you still say, 'be mine,' with God's help I will strive to be all that your heart can desire and my will achieve."

"Gladly, and without reservation, I accept the gift, my own love," said Mr. Leonard, as he kissed almost reverentially her upturned face. "Never did I love you so dearly as now; never did I feel more unbounded confidence in the purity of your life's antecedents. And now that I know that the coveted prize of your deepest love is yet to be won, all fears and doubts are with this assurance dispelled, and the sun that greets our bridal morn will I feel shine upon this realization of my hopes. Under that spell the gloomy visions of the past will be forever vanquished."

We will not dwell upon the happiness Mr. Neville experienced when he learned the consummation of his most cherished hopes, nor of his treaties in conjunction with Mr. Leonard for Edith to name an early day for her marriage. Although a delay of only three months was settled on, and feeling the need she would have of a dear friend at such a time, she wrote at once to Sallie Graham, giving her all the necessary details, and concluding her letter thus:

"Come to me, dear Sallie, and be a witness and contributor to my dawning happiness, as you were the sharer and comforter of my past sorrows. Bring your husband and two little ones, for there is room for all in the house and heart of your attached friend,

EDITH."

Sallie arrived in good time, and saved Edith a world of trouble in the preliminary arrangements for such an important event, while her unbroken spirits and the merry voices of the children left her either chance or time for gloomy thoughts or retrospection. September was on the wane, when Edith once more stood at the altar. At her father's request, and to please Mr. Leonard and his friends, she had yielded her own inclination for quiet and privacy, and had consented to have all the arrangements as they desired.

Lovely she looked in her bridal array, though Edith present remarked the excessive whiteness of her face as the irrevocable words were spoken. But she was collected and calm throughout the evening, and though not gay, there was a toned expression of placid happiness and serene content that assured her father and husband that peace in the present and happiness in the future had at last dawned upon her.

CHAPTER IX.—REVELATIONS.

FOUR months of such bliss as only a loving and loved wife can know were enjoyed by Edith, the only cloud being the increasing debility of her father, and the unmistakable progress of his disease. It was a clear, cold, February morning when she entered his room, bearing in her hand a silver dish of japonicas and tea-roses, interspersed with sprigs of myrtle, a gift always cheering and acceptable in a sick-room. But to-day even their sight, consoling beauty seemed scarcely noticed by Mr. Neville, his eyes being fixed upon a letter which he held in his hand.

"You seem troubled, dear papa; I hope noth-

ing very serious has occurred to disturb you thus," said Edith.

"Nothing, but what I must expect at my time of life—the death of an old friend. I feel it the more deeply, because misunderstandings had separated us of late years, and he has gone down to the grave under the conviction that I had wronged him and his. This letter, Edith, is from Mrs. Livingston, announcing the death of her husband. You can therefore, in part, understand my agitation, and after reading it a glimmer of light may dawn on the mystery of those events which have so long overshadowed more than even our two lives."

He handed her the letter, and as Edith read mingled feelings of surprise and agitation were visible in her countenance. Thus it ran:

"DEAR EDWARD: Painful, fraught with unspeakable agony as is the task, I yet feel that no other hand than mine must announce to you the death of my beloved husband. To you I know the news will bring a promise of release from the unhappy mystery of the past even while it is mingled with a feeling of sorrow for the loss of a once dear friend. One by one the bonds that so long have bound you are thus falling off, and though, so far as Edith is concerned, I can no longer ask you to consider my feelings in the matter, yet I must still make the revelation conditional on the promise that during my life Clarence must be left to believe that I am to him what I have ever seemed; and that he, over whose grave he still weeps, was the father he has ever loved. Accept and fulfill this condition, dear Edward, for the sake of her whom we must both soon meet, as well as one who has paid the penalty of our false act by a life of constant remorse. This, with my last sorrow, is rapidly doing its work; therefore you will not have long to wait, for as near to that last bourne as you think yourself to be, believe me, I shall go first. Then in a little while the yearning that has so long embittered your suffering days will find its full realization. At another time, when more equal to the task, I will give you the particulars of William's last illness. In the meantime keep me apprized of your own health, and of the course you mean to pursue in regard to our life's secret, believing me through all truly and affectionately yours,

BERTHA LIVINGSTON."

Conflicting indeed were Edith's feelings when she closed this letter. Instead of being cleared

thereby, the mystery seemed to deepen and assume more unfathomable proportions. Rays of light there were; but so obscured and intermingled with shadows as only to puzzle her the more. She was greatly agitated; she could not speak her thoughts and conjectures, but only turn an appealing look upon her father as she handed him back the letter, trembling now with an indefinable dread lest the secret she had so long yearned to know should, in its unveiling, strike more terror in her soul than had its long, grim, phantom presence.

"Be calm, my dear child," said Mr. Neville, seeing her excessive agitation; "all will soon be made clear to you. Your patience and loving obedience, with its world of trying, painful sacrifices, will soon be rewarded; and however much you may blame me and others for our part in this life drama, yet in so far as your own fate has been mingled with it, a paeon of thankfulness will go up from your soul to know that in all your share of sorrow, undying remorse can have no part. I cannot, however, enter upon the subject to-day; but to-morrow you will bring your work, and I will then tell you such a tale of early love and sorrowful realizations as will make your own past experiences fade into forgetfulness. It is a record, the effect of which upon my whole life fell like the lava of Vesuvius, leaving only a track of stones and ashes to look back upon."

At the appointed hour next day Edith proceeded to her father's room with a beating heart, wondering how far the pending disclosures would influence her past and future. She found him sitting up and looking better and brighter than she had expected. When she expressed the pleasure this gave her, accompanied by her usual kiss, he replied "that the prospect of being at last released from the burden of an incubus that had pressed upon more than half his life, was well calculated to make him both look and feel better. And all this protracted misery had its rise in one fatal error. Most truly in my case has the prophecy of Scripture been verified, 'the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.' But that you, too, should have suffered through and from the same offence is indeed strange. For although consequences are often through physical infirmities entailed, yet it is rare for the same moral defect to be inherited and thus in part atoned for. You will understand the force of this

commentary as my story proceeds, and you will see a stronger illustration than even your own experience has afforded of the inevitable retribution that is sure to follow an act which, however justified it may seem to be by circumstances, yet if contrary to the express law of God or of our own moral obligations, will leave in its train a weight of misery that scarce a life can atone for. And now for my story. It was in the summer, then, of 183— that I came in possession of the fortune left me by my father; and being weary with my long course of study, and restless for some change that would give me a glimpse of the world that lay on the other side of my mountain home, I determined, being my own master, to realize those longings, and accordingly started for a tour through the Eastern States and Canada.

"Without any very definite plan of action, my first visit was made to New York; and after wearying of that modern Babel, I bent my steps to Niagara. An unusually large company had assembled there that season, and so great was the crowd, and so promiscuous the assemblage, that I despaired of knowing whom to choose or whom to pass unnoticed. So in this dilemma I determined to waive for the nonce companionship, and devote myself to the study of those glories of Nature so profusely scattered around me, feeling sure that neither *ennui* or isolation could attack me through such glowing and varied charms. I had been thus entertaining myself for nearly two weeks when one day, having wandered with book in hand, and seated myself so as to command a view of the most beautiful point of the Falls, a gentleman whom I had frequently noticed as the head of a seemingly delightful and happy party, accosted me with some remarks growing out of the surroundings of the time and place. It did not require much time to take his measure, or to find that I had unexpectedly at last met a congenial spirit that would do much toward enhancing the pleasure of a visit that so far had no cause of complaint save the want of some such companionship. We sat together a long time, discussing many subjects, and from that moment sprang a friendship that lasted through many years of change and trial to both, and was only interrupted at the time of the opposition made on my part to your marriage with Clarence. That friend, as you suppose, was Mr. Livingston.

"On the same day of our first interview he in-

sted upon introducing me to his wife and her sister, Miss Mowbray, and from that time I became one of their coterie; sat at the same table, shared their rides and walks, and made my future movements entirely subservient to their wishes and needs. After prolonging our stay a few more weeks at Niagara, we all started for Canada, and between that and Boston the summer passed as it were on the wings of happiness. I leave you to form your own conclusions as to the consequences that followed a constant and unrestrained communication of three months thus spent between two young, ardent hearts.

"No word-painting of mine can do justice or give you an idea of the *spirituelle* beauty of Edith Mowbray; yes, your own name. Neither can I describe the peculiar loveliness of her disposition and character. Her beauty charmed, while her simplicity and youthful abandon won every heart. The trustfulness and childlike simplicity of her thoughts lent an indescribable fascination to everything she said or did. There was an infinite variety in her which I never before or since have seen in any other woman. You could as soon have wearied of heaven as of her; for she carried the charm of Eden wherever she went, and no wile of Satan could taint her purity. Well, under such favorable circumstances love made rapid progress, never dreaming that any cloud could arise to darken our sunlit horizon. Her sister and Mr. Livingston expressed themselves delighted with the prospect of owning me for a brother; but a storm, most unexpected and unlooked for, was even then ready to burst over our unconscious heads. Very naturally both the ladies had spoken frequently of me in their letters to their father as a connecting link in their pleasant variety of the summer tour.

"Moving as rapidly as we did from place to place, it was not often that letters from home reached us, and not until we had been in Boston several days did we obtain the package of letters all had been sure of finding awaiting us there. Among them were a number, bearing successive dates, to Mrs. Livingston and Edith, the purport of which dispelled all our happiness in the present, and clothed the future in dark, uncertain clouds. A man he had never seen, whose qualifications for good or evil were all unknown to him, was the unfortunate, foredoomed occasion of all this new-found trouble, all being the result of a senseless prejudice, devoid of foundation or reason.

"You know that my father was an Englishman, dating his genealogy back to the time of the Norman Conquest, and taking great pride in the ancient glory associated with the name and house of de Neville. It seems that Mr. Mowbray, likewise an Englishman, was equally proud and tenacious of his name and ancestry, which, being Saxon, took precedence of course of the Norman lords, between many families of whom a feud existed, which was fostered and encouraged for many generations. I learned then for the first time that such had been the cases between the houses of Mowbray and de Neville; but for a short period, under the influence of a more Christian and yielding generation, there was a cessation of hostilities.

"During the War of the Roses it again, however, broke out, and all the subsequent members of the Mowbray family had adhered to it with the most tenacious and inveterate animosity. The sole representative at that time was a man of the most violent and unmitigated prejudices. Strong in his feelings of either love or hate, he nursed them as a part of his religion, and this trait of family history he looked upon as a sacred inheritance, to be treasured at all costs.

"He had been a widower many years, and ever since the marriage of Mrs. Livingston, Edith had made her home with her sister, Mr. Mowbray being too much engrossed by his business to care for the trouble of keeping up an establishment, or to be burdened with the responsibility of looking after the physical or moral culture of a young girl. From time to time he paid them visits, and though Edith loved her father, and felt proud of his talents, yet her natural timidity of character kept her in such deadly fear of his violent temper and prejudices, that she was ready to endure any mere personal sacrifices rather than call a manifestation of either into life.

"Experience and self-confidence would no doubt in time have regulated this dread; but then it overpowered almost every other feeling. You can imagine, then, her state of mind when those letters made her first acquainted with the facts just related, and commanded her, under penalty of his heaviest wrath and dying curse, to break off at once all communication with me, and return immediately either with her sister to her home or to him in New York. Matters had proceeded too far with both to yield very readily even to such a malediction. I might as well have been ordered

to tear out with my own hands in true Aztec fashion the living, palpitating heart of Edith as to have deliberately obeyed this command. As the family had already made arrangement to return to their home in the northern part of the State of New York, we at once set out, and wended our way thither with anxious hearts and sad forebodings. For my own part I had made a solemn resolution never to relinquish my claim on Edith to so senseless an objection, but to see and reason with Mr. Mowbray, and strive to convince him of the madness and cruelty of thus sacrificing two lives for the sake of an absurd prejudice. Accordingly, I accompanied them home, remaining one day, then parted, leaving Edith somewhat buoyed by my own hopes of a successful mission.

"Arrived in New York, I at once sought and found Mr. Mowbray, and upon announcing myself, the gathering storm expressed in his naturally stern visage gave but little encouragement to my hopes. Before many words were spoken on either side, I learned that whatever of hereditary feeling may have originated his hatred of my name and race, that it had been intensified by a personal quarrel between himself and my father, growing out of a love both entertained for the same woman, my father being victor and carrying off the prize. Never in all my subsequent experience or in the knowledge that my profession has given me of the secrets of hearts and of the depths of passion and malice that can there lie smoldering, until some demon hand lifts the mask, have I seen anything to equal the intense implacable bitterness that swayed this man's thoughts and acts. Even I, strong and brave man that I was, stood appalled as he poured forth the venom of his wrath, and for the first time I comprehended the deadly fear that had taken such strong possession of the mind of a woman so frail and gentle as my Edith.

"I left his presence in a troubled, wretched state of mind, but with neither will nor inclination to humor his senseless caprices and unchristian sentiments by yielding my love for Edith. Still, I was not altogether without fear as to the

effects of his influence with her in my regard, though I counted upon the strength of her love for me, trusting to it and my own eloquence for the ratification of her promise, spite of her father's stern command. I wrote at once, and determined to delay my departure a while, hoping that some favorable circumstance would arise to guide me in my future course.

"How strange it is, that Providence—or is it fate—that seems to make for us the very opportunity our wishes crave! opportunities that, alas! too often hasten a catastrophe that might have been indefinitely postponed, or entirely averted! I had not waited long in suspense, when an undreamed of chance, opened a way to the furtherance of my dearest hopes. I received intelligence from Edith to the effect that her father had been called suddenly away to England, to take possession of an inheritance, which, with the settlement of a large estate, he expected would detain him abroad fully a year. At the termination of that he would either return, or, if he concluded to make his home in England, he would expect his daughter to join him there. No sooner had he left the country, than I at once returned to B—, and dreading any chance that might arise to separate us, I used all my persuasive powers to induce Edith to consent to a private marriage, to be known only to Livingston and his wife. I had many doubts, many conscientious scruples to overcome, many fears to allay; but the dread of losing her forever lent a magic power to my words, and in the end succeeded in bringing all concerned over to my views. I cannot dwell upon the events of the succeeding two months. Such complete realization of happiness is known but once in a lifetime. Its very intensity, ought to have warned us that its duration must be short-lived. Of course, to others, my devotion and presence passed for that of an accepted and ardent lover, though as Mr. Livingston's residence was in the country, visitors were not so frequent, or curiosity so searching and intrusive as they might have been in the city.

PAUSE BEFORE YOU FOLLOW EXAMPLE.—A mule laden with salt, and an ass, laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance, the mule became wet, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told

his good fortune to the ass, who thinking to fare as well, wet his pack at the next ford; but his load became heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man, may hinder another.

SOMETHING ABOUT TAPESTRY.

BY ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.

"He spake, and Argive Helen called her maids
To make up couches in the portico,
And throw fair purple blankets over them,
And *tapestry* above."—ODYSSEY.

It is an old familiar story, that of Arachne, the presumptuous Arachne, the unfortunate daughter of Lydia, whose father was a workman ofophon, celebrated for his dyes of an unusual magnificent purple, and whom a remarkable aptitude for embroidery urged to the inconsiderate arrogance of challenging the goddess Minerva to a trial of skill. We know of the unequal contest led. With confident pride, Arachne wove the manifold gallantries of Polydorus, and framed the border in ivy leaves interlaced with flowers; but Minerva, resenting such presumptuous spirit, snatched the shuttle to work the terrible punishment of mortals who dare to compete with the gods, wreathed it with olive branches, and stamped it with the testimony of divine perfection. Thus was Arachne condemned; her work a miserable failure, and she condemned, as a punishment for her presumption, to the form of a spider, so to perishable festoons for obscure corners, whence perhaps at the present day she looks out upon theendid tapestries of modern times, and reflects on her own futile efforts with shame and envy. Perhaps to many of us it has never occurred that the shuttle and loom of Arachne could have been the forerunner of the famous manufactory of Gobelins; but if we turn to the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, in that part where he describes so minutely the contest between the goddess and the Lydian maiden, we read: . . . "they both sit down, stretch the threads of the double warp upon a light frame; they fix them; a reed divides them; guided by their fingers, the shuttle slips and forms

the weft; then they consolidate the work by inserting a comb, whose teeth they pass between the threads of the warp."

What is our surprise when we find that this is literally nothing more than an explication of the methods of weaving tapestry now so successfully employed at Paris! It seems incomprehensible that the accomplishment which we have arrogated as essentially modern should have been acquired in such perfection by a maiden of Ancient Lydia, that, as Ovid says, it was a pleasure,

. . . "as while she wrought,
to view each touch,
Whether the shapeless wool in
balls she wound,
Or with swift motion turned the
spindle round."

It is true that the story of Arachne is nothing more than a remnant of Greek mythology; but it serves a definite purpose in coming down to us from so remote an antiquity, since it reveals the fact that the old Hellenic race was familiar with the intricate art of weaving, even anterior to the Tro-



AN EGYPTIAN EMBROIDERING.

jan war, as is evident also by the references quoted from Ovid, and like allusions which occur in Homer. Instance the dreary, interminable task of patient Penelope, by which she sought to evade the importunate horde of suitors; also the work on which "white-armed Andromache" was engaged when news was brought her of the death of "crested Hector;" and the labor with which fairy "Spartan Helen" wrought the combats of the Greeks and Trojans. Nor were all these engaged upon a simple, homely stuff; they wove embroidered webs of great beauty and costliness. It is easy to believe that the lofty principles of early Greek art were able to produce magnificent tapestries. The name of tapestry itself had its origin in the "isles of Greece," from the word

tapeta, signifying a carpet. How highly these treasures of the loom were prized in ancient times is seen in the fact that whenever it was desired to make a particularly costly and acceptable present, when there were any sops to be thrown to Cerberus, among other things rugs and mats of tapestry were made to figure conspicuously. Priam, when he sought to conciliate Achilles with gifts by which he hoped to ransom the body of Hector,

. . . "raising the four coffer-lids,
Took out twelve robes of state most beautiful,
Twelve single cloaks, as many *tapestried* mats,
And tunics next."

In the Odyssey we see where

"Achilles bade the attending men and maids
Place couches in the porch, and over them
Draw sumptuous purple mats on which to lay
Embroidered *tapestries*," etc.

If we were interested to pursue the investigation further, we would soon discover that tapestry was in vogue long, long before the Trojan war, and among people in comparison with whom the Greeks were mere *parvenus*.

One Mr. Forster, of Great Britain, after long and careful research, confidently informs us that the Arabians were skilled in the manufacture of silken textures within five hundred years of the Deluge; and, by popular acclamation, tapestry is conceded to be a Saracenic invention, which had its birth in India, "the cradle of the arts." So positive is this opinion, although sustained only by a disconnected chain of evidence, that the workmen employed in the manufacture of tapestry after its introduction into France, were called "sarazins," or "sarazinois," and at the present day the designation of "Sarrasin carpet" is yet familiar to us.

If it surprised us to discover that Helen of Troy might have figured in one of our modern schools of Industrial Art with credit to herself and the institution, what shall we say to the disclosure that far surpassing in skill the Grecian women were the women of Sidon, whose splendid tapestries (wrought with scenes of the chase in superb colors) were the delight of the inhabitants of Babylon, Tyre, Dardes, Miletus, Alexandria, Carthage and Corinth, and were used by them to adorn thrones, couches, sofas, chairs, etc., especially at the nuptials of a person of distinction. Catullus tells us of one so employed at a much

later period, which represented the whole story of Theseus and Ariadne. They were even used to sleep on, and—horrible dictum!—for horse blankets. Of the carpets—tapestries—of Babylon, we are told in particular that they were brilliant and magnificent. At the time when Arrian visited the tomb in which reposed the golden coffin of Cyrus, it was covered with a splendid Babylonian carpet, ornamented with symbolic figures. We can easily recollect the forbidden glories of the "Babylonish garments;" but it seems strange to us that Belshazzar probably sent large invoices of these home manufactures to Nineveh and other trading cities.

Yet farther removed from us than the productions of either Tyre or Sidon, is the needlework, the tapestry of ancient Egypt. A reference to certain slighted texts of the Bible, will reveal the fact that Egyptian embroideries had even a more than ordinary share of the popular favor. A woman in Proverbs talks glibly of "painted tapestry brought from Egypt;" so also Ezekiel, who mentions "fine linen with brodered-work from Egypt." It was in the land of the Pharaohs, too, that the Israelites, at the time of the Exodus, learned the trick of embroidery, and made "hangings for the doors of tents, of blue- and purple- and scarlet-, and fine-twined linen wrought with needlework." This is the first instance of tapestried curtains and portières. They continued in use for a long time, but we hear the last of them among the ancient Greeks and Romans, till they were revived in the middle ages of the Christian era. It is supposed that the draperies found in the Jewish tabernacles were wrought with needlework, for it is known that the Hebrews acquired great proficiency in that style of ornamentation on textile fabrics, both with and without the aid of the loom. Of the Egyptian art which they imitated, only one relic, and that of questionable authenticity, remains to us. It consists of a very small rug with a centre containing the figure of a boy in white, with the hieroglyph "child," and a goose above it. Around this centre are red and blue lines with a background of yellow, relieved by four white figures having red outlines and blue ornamentation, and disposed one on each side of the mat. The border is in red, white and blue lines, with a fancy device projecting from it. The whole design is ungraceful, the execution of course imperfect, and leads us to the conclusion that the reputation of the Egyptians was not founded upon

perfection of their pictorial art. Perhaps in later dynasties art declined. We have nothing to guide our judgment save this one piece of art, and that of uncertain date, though surely comparatively recent. There is only its design coloring to fix the locality of its production,

what is also determined from the resemblance existing between it and the decorations of interiors of temples, tombs, sarcophagi and disks. Whatever excuses may be offered for its artistic merit, we are inclined to believe nearly all of the ancient textile manufactures which history and tradition apply the possibly extravagant term of "magnificent," were sadly deficient in beauty and grace, although such proportions may have been wonderful enough for their time; and we are the more apt to hold this opinion when we recall the abortive efforts of early Christian art, which are perhaps most insupportable of all when we view them as mere works of art, without any saving clause for the age and mode that produced them.

The progress of tapestry-weaving has been slow and labored. Only by long and insensible gradations have we arrived at the present admirable degree of perfection to be seen in the manufactures of England and France. Of the Roman embroideries we are told that they were woven without the aid of the loom; that they were richly ornamented with threads of gold; that they were used to decorate the bier and catafalque at the apotheosis of an emperor; that they were given at a later date to the combatants of the circensian games; but no word is said of the subjects that they illustrated, except in a general way, and less of their composition. Of the periods that intervened between this age and the mediæval times, we have no critical art analysis at all. Scarcely could the art be supported. India did more than any other country to sustain it till it could be revived and brought to Europe by the Saracens. Among the people of the East, even at the earliest date, there existed a nice discrimination in the designs which they selected. It would seem that they recognized how difficult a task it would be with their yet mechanical skill to produce objects from animate creation; and they were content to cover their tapestries with grotesque figures, geometric lines and arabesques, traces of which were wisely preserved in the borders long before the introduction of pictorial art. Floral de-

lineation was also a feature of Saracenic designs, but only in extravagant, conventional forms. India at length produced ornamentations of birds and imaginary scenes; but she has always continued to cling with tenacious fondness to her early principles, as can be seen in the character of the embroideries constantly used in the manufacture of cashmere shawls. While Europeans were projecting themselves into a thousand extravagant Scriptural conceptions and symbols, the people of the Orient contentedly employed their simple yet intricate designs, while they devoted all their attention to the mastery of the secrets of such qualities as smoothness, softness, fineness, lightness, color, and harmony, in which they attained the highest pitch of excellence. Their tapestries thus came to be the wonder of the world, as those of Turkey continue to be at the present day. At Santa Barbara, one of the principal manufactories of Spain, during the last century, there was something of a reversion to these Saracenic principles, and tapestries were produced in the Turkish style. Of genuine Persian manufacture, one of the finest tapestried carpets ever produced is now in the possession of the Marquis de Saint-Seine. It is executed in silk, and introduces twenty different colors, the dominant one being a brilliant and magnificent yellow.

In the weaving of tapestry the proportions of the materials used have been much varied. The name itself is comprehensive, and can be applied to any ornamental figured cloth made by interweaving on a warp of hemp or flax, colored threads of worsted silk, or sometimes gold and silver, or linen and cotton. The Egyptian tapestries were composed of woollen and cotton, while those of Saracenic make were covered with gold and silver threads, and to the richest were added even precious stones, such as rubies, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds; so that the furniture of Aladdin's palace was not altogether of fabulous magnificence. In modern times, the Ricamatoni, Italian embroiderers, used gold and silk almost entirely, which they wove into sacerdotal garments and altar-cloths. The Flemish tapestry made at Arras in the middle ages—so celebrated that *arras* became a general name for tapestries of that period, and, translated into *Arazzi*, was used by the Italians to designate any tapestry with a historical subject—contained more wool than anything else, while the manufactory of the Gobe-

lins almost from the first abolished the use of gold threads, which fell into general disfavor during the eighteenth century. The celebrated Bayeux tapestry is worked in wool upon linen; while the Spanish tapestry preserved in the Cathedral of Gerona is done in crewels; and here are two striking instances of the crudeness of composition in the middle ages, spoken of before.

The Bayeux tapestry was the work of Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and her maidens. It commemorates the Norman Conquest, and was presented by the Queen to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, in recognition of the services rendered by him at the battle of Hastings. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of mediæval art, of which it gives a proper conception. In many respects it is wholly unique. It is the very oldest remnant of the art of tapestry-weaving in England or all Europe, having been executed about 1100. It measures twenty inches in width by two hundred and fourteen in length, and was a departure from the purposes of tapestry at that period, in that it was designed to be hung up. The effect it produces is something like that experienced at the sight of the Egyptian friezes with their *omnium-gatherum* of hawk-headed Isises, Osirises and Serapises. The idea of its composition must have been quite original with Queen Matilda. The Anglo-Saxons, although they could embroider skillfully, would hardly have been likely to have suggested such a subject, or even helped her out with the design. Most of the pieces of Christian art had thus far been distinctive in their portrayal of Scriptural incidents, myths and allegories with pointed morals. The ingenious wife of William the Conqueror produced anomalous birds, impossible fishes and monsters of the deep, animals of imaginary species, square-sailed ships, with banks of oars and crooked prows, men in the costumes of Roman gladiators, a peaky-nosed Harold in the rôle of conquering hero, altogether figures to the number of 1512 (!) disposed in ridiculous attitudes, and making a remarkable procession, which the seventy-two divisions of the work with their old Latin superscriptions serve in no wise to interrupt. There is no pretence to perspective, light or shade, and the colors have all turned brown from age. The work is supposed to preserve a correct representation of the architecture, armor, ships, furniture, etc., of the Norman invasion.

On the other hand is the tapestry of Gerona,

which was probably made somewhere in the vicinity of the cathedral in which it is now preserved, as is judged by the resemblance between it and many mural paintings, illuminations, and mosaic ornamentations thereabouts, by which its date has also been approximately fixed at the beginning of the twelfth century. It is four and one-half yards wide by four high, and represents Genesis. The centre contains two concentric circles, in the smaller of which is a figure of Christ holding a book bearing the words "Sanctus Deus," and in the larger are eight unequal divisions, ornamented with the progress of the creation. These comprise the representations of sun, moon and stars, the separation of land and water, the creation of phenomenal birds, beasts and fishes, an atrocious Adam and Eve, a Mystic Dove with wings flapping like a gander, and other odd sketches. All this is supported on a background formed by a rectangular figure, which has in each corner one of the four winds, typified by nude male figures blowing trumpets and astride of nondescript objects, whose nature it is not easy to define. The border is an elaboration of themes from the Creation, symbolic designs, accompanied by crooked Latin texts, which cannot readily be made out.

Eventually England attained to eminence in the art of tapestry-weaving; but Spain has always been an imitator, now of the Oriental, now of the Flemish, and now of the French school. Perfection in imitating she indeed achieved, but nothing higher. The best feature of Spanish art at any period lay in the production of *reposterios*, a kind of tapestry designed to be hung in the balconies on state occasions, and fabricated under the protection of Queen Doña Ana in 1578, subsequently of Philip II. Some fine specimens of these hangings are yet preserved in the houses of Spanish grandees. Spain received the art of tapestry-weaving from the Arabs at the beginning of the twelfth century, it is supposed, but she contributed herself very little to further its advancement. Flanders on the contrary conducted it with distinction from the time of its introduction, in the reign of Henry IV., till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it began to decline in favor of France and England. The meridian of the fame of Flemish tapestry was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; then Flanders produced the finest work in all Europe. Prominent manufactories were then established at Bruges,

p, Arras, Brussels, Lille, Tournay and Vanes. The cartoons supplied these establishments were copied everywhere, and even in the many magnificent reproductions were made in old pieces of this date now preserved in collections. The Flemish school did not cling to the obscure symbols in Scriptural or to religious allegories, but inclined to the execution of historical subjects of a grander order, scenes from mythology and old tradition, all of which cartoons were provided by the most eminent artists of the day, among whom I did not scorn to figure, and Van Eyck, Memling, and others. At this time the short lived glory of the tapestries was also at its height. Venetian and Florentine pieces then ranked near those of Arras, and in the seventeenth century began to encroach upon them; but a hundred years later France had outshone them all. In Italy the art became really established. The impetus given in its earlier and best years was due to the influences of the school of the immortal Raphael, whose wonderful cartoons, the "Acts of the Apostles," together with the tapestries for which they were designed, are now in the Sistine Chapel. These tapestries are valued at \$105,000. In Venice, Rosalba Carriera and her sisters reached the highest distinction in embroidery. There were a few isolated instances of extraordinary skill, but these could not suffice to make the art national or prevent it from degenerating, like Spain, into a humble imitator of the rising excellencies of France and England, the secret of whose supremacy lay not so much in the fact that other countries deteriorated, but rather that they stood still while these were indefatigable in their efforts to attain still higher degrees of perfection.

Bayeux tapestry, twelfth century, shows us then the condition of the art in England where it had been introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. The subjects then employed were of the Flemish school; originality of design did not manifest itself as early. At that time tapestries were used only in churches and palaces; not till a later date were they introduced in the adornment of the houses of royal nobility, a fashion which was introduced into the East by the Crusaders. Hangings were largely used in the twelfth century as a protection against flies and spiders; yet these were generally composed of some simple unornamented

cloth. William the Conqueror possessed fine silken curtains adorned with gold; but this was unparalleled luxury. In the "King's Quair," by James I. of Scotland, so late as 1418 the modest drapery then in vogue is spoken of in the lines,

"Right over thwert the chamber there was drawn
A trevesse thin and white, all of pleasance."

But by this time the tapestries of Arras had begun to take the place of mural painting previously in general use. The heavy curtains were found to be an expedient against the dampness of the stone walls, over which they were hung on tenter-hooks some distance out, so that a person could be admitted behind them. They were very highly prized by those who possessed them. It was everywhere the custom to carry them about from place to place wherever their owner travelled.

Chaucer, in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," mentions "a Webber, a Dyer and a Tapisserie;" and we read that in the middle of the fourteenth century the Princess Joan presented to Sir John de Bermyngham a hanging worked with popinjays, and one with roses; also that the Black Prince—whose tapestried jupon, like the embroidered ecclesiastical garments of Thomas à Becket which are now at Sens, was religiously preserved—left to his son, afterward Richard II., a hanging wrought with swans having women's heads decked out in ostrich plumes; and to his wife one with griffins and eagles.

With the multiplication of its uses, the demand for tapestry increased, and early in the fifteenth century a manufactory was established at Mortlake, destined to produce some of the masterpieces of modern times. At first it was only attempted to reproduce old pieces of acknowledged excellence, but subsequently new designs were furnished in great perfection; the best by Francis Cleyn. Every variety of subject was employed; but the Scriptural cartoons were usually taken from the Old Testament, while the symbolic representations of the tenets of the Church were studiously avoided, which may have been the foreshadowing of the advent of the Elizabethan period.

One of the most celebrated pieces from the looms of Mortlake is the "History of Vulcan." At Hampton Court are now preserved "Abraham and Melchisedek," and "Rebecca;" also a remarkable composition representing "Elymas, the

Sorcerer, Struck Blind," besides a series of eight in the style of Raphael, which are adorned with much gold thread. In this collection there are certain fine pieces of an allegorical and mythological character; but their French mottoes, in letters unmistakably Gothic, assign them to an earlier period than that of Mortlake. In the House of Lords formerly there were displayed tapestries commemorating the destruction of the Spanish armada, and executed in the time of Elizabeth; but these were lost by fire in 1834. A description of the tapestry of the Elizabethan period occurs in the "Fairie Queen."

England improved steadily in the practice of the art as well as its theories. Germany followed in the footsteps of Spain and Italy, although her artists repeatedly supplied excellent cartoons for the works of other nations. But France was inspired. To be sure France had considerably the start of other European nations. The art was introduced there much earlier than in any of the other countries. The records show that when Clovis, the king of the Salian Franks, embraced the Christian religion in 496, not only were the houses, but also the streets, festooned with tapestries. I have not found mention of any of these early pieces having been preserved, although frequent reference is made to them and the style of their execution. In the ninth century French tapestries continued to appear, and in 1025 a manufactory was established at Portiers; but the especial prominence of the art in France did not begin till the sixteenth century, when elaborate ornamental work was produced at Fontainebleau, where it continued to be fabricated even after the establishment of the famous Gobelins, in the middle of the seventeenth century. The ateliers of this manufactory are the glory of France. They received their name from the house in which they were located, a quaint, unsightly building, known as "Gobelin's Folly," and erected by one Jehan Gobeelen, a Flemish dyer, who at one time almost monopolized the dyeing business of Paris. The weaving of tapestry was there first carried on by the Carmaye brothers, then by a Dutchman named Gluck, who was assisted by an efficient workman named Jean Liondson.

At the instigation of Colvert, the minister of Louis XIV., and through the efforts of M. de Louvois, the king was led to give his support to the organization of a distinct department for the

manufacture of tapestry. A corps of competent artists was employed to furnish cartoons, and the tapestries of the Gobelins began to exhibit the peculiar excellence with which the works of but few other manufactories have been able to compete. Sebastian Leclerc worked for the Gobelins for forty years. Inducements were offered to prominent Flemish artists to remove to Paris, and no exertion was spared to advance the interests of the art. Numerous designs were furnished by Lebrun, and the elder Lefèvre distinguished himself by his copies of the cartoons of Raphael and Giulio Romano. Every conceivable subject was introduced in the works. One of the most famous pieces is the "Battle of Alexander." Collections have been preserved in the Elysée, the Louvre, Luxembourg, and elsewhere, which include works of the excellent manufactories of Versailles, Valenciennes, Fontainebleau, and less prominent points. Among these is a copy of Raphael's "Judgment of Paris," in which as a true art-cosmopolitan, he gratified the taste of the period by creating goddesses arrayed in the style of Mademoiselle de Montespin, and a Paris capped with a wig à la Louis XIV. This piece is in the Elysée, and is accompanied by the "Four Quarters of the Globe," the finest in the collection, which was executed from models of fruit, animals, flowers, and so forth, furnished by Desportes. At Orleans a tapestry is now preserved which represents the triumphal entry of Joan of Arc, and at Nancy can be seen the "Condemnation de Souper and de Banquet," an allegorical theme, which shows the snarls and drawbacks of good living. This was the property of Charles le Séméraire, from whom it was wrested at the battle of Nancy, January 5, 1477.

The tapestries "de verdure" were especially admired by Molière, in whose effects several pieces of them were found. Flowers and ornaments were profusely employed. Boucher designed pastoral scenes of great beauty and freshness. But even all this expenditure of genius and skill could not prevent the decline of tapestried hangings from popular favor in the eighteenth century, when they were supplanted by Venetian and Cordova leather, stamped with elaborately gilded figures, whence it was called "d'or basané." After this the art was rather concentrated at the manufactory of the Gobelins, to which, in 1826, was annexed the establishment of La Savonnerie, dating

and so called from the fact that it had been an old soap factory. La Savonnerie produced such magnificent carpets in all their qualities the famous Persians. They required from five and six years to make, and any one was valued from 500 to \$150,000. None of them were magnificent pieces have been presented to other nations. Louis XIV. gave the King of Siam, one to the Czar of Russia, and one to the King of Prussia. In 1855 was presented the "Massacre of the Mamelukes" of La Savonnerie, after Horace Vernet's picture, to the Queen of England. It probably the finest ever produced. It now preserved some seventy-two of these, aggregating thirteen hundred feet in length.

At the present day the manufactory of the Gobelins employs one hundred and twenty workmen who provide wool to match over fourteen hundred different tints, the employment of which, has been deprecated, inasmuch as they are powerless of the work to endure against the fading of colors. The introduction of such a quantity of colors renders some parts of the tapestry more durable than others, and thus the harmony of the whole would be completely destroyed. It has been said that, with a thought for durability, fewer colors should be employed; but content with the enjoyment of the present, what could be more enchanting than the use of these delicate shades?

The art of weaving is very slow, in which it is a slow process. One workman is hardly able to produce in a year more than thirty-six

square inches of tapestry, which amounts in value to three thousand francs. Formerly the pieces produced could be of indefinite length; but from the lack of space in the looms were necessarily very narrow. However, they were often united to form a wider piece, and so expertly that it could not have been detected.

There are two kinds of looms now in use, the *basse lisse*, or low warp, and the *haute-lisse*, or high warp. In the *haute-lisse* the warp is arranged vertically in a frame, and the weaver stands behind. The principal figures of the design are chalked out on the tightly-drawn threads of this warp, with indications for the position of the light and dark shades. The warp threads are then parted by the fingers, and the colored threads introduced by a needle. This is the method employed at the Gobelins. In the *basse lisse* the warp is horizontal, and the weaver sits in front. The painting to be copied is placed under it, and the weaver, observing the pattern through the threads, parts them with his fingers, and then, depressing a treadle, he introduces the colored threads in a shuttle called a *flûte*, driving the weft thus formed close up with the teeth of a comb. The *haute-lisse* is generally preferred, because in it the progress of the web can be observed, whereas in the *basse-lisse* the face is downward, and cannot be seen until the whole work is completed.

It is hardly possible that the use of tapestry hangings, which gave way before the advent of the cheaper luxuries of painted wood and painted paper, will ever be revived to a general extent, although there may be many instances of fortunate individuals who are able to support the princely magnificence of the masterpieces yet furnished by both England and Turkey, as well as France.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

By H. ALLAN.

He stood in an ill-fitting pair of trousers, a tattered undergarment, a soiled, collarless shirt, and a "the judge," an Indian philosopher, told me. "Morning, judge," said I, civilly, making a military salute. He passed on, chewing his quid; the hard copper face immovable.

"Whisky!" I called after him. On the moment he turned, put forth his hand, and said: "How?" In half an hour he was convivial. As a moral agent, intoxicating liquor is a failure; but as a softener of the Indian heart and loosener of the Indian tongue, it is alone. Under its

genial warmth the "judge" mellowed and began to grow eloquent upon the topic ever prominent in the red man's mind.

"Here," he said, spreading his hand palm upward upon the air, and passing the other lightly over it, "was Indian yesterday; here, somewhere, I don't know," making vague passes in the empty air about it, "was white man. Now, here," indicating the tip of the forefinger, "is red man. To-morrow where is he? Somewhere; I don't know. Hell!"

In the days that followed, many strange stories, superstitions and legends were told me by this "dilapidated Hercules." Among them was one relating to a brightener of our fields in the months of September and October. I give it below, stripped of its rough beauty, as an evidence that however it has dealt with his outer resemblance, cruel abuse has not yet obliterated all traces of poetry in the savage mind.

A LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN ROD.

Long years ago, ere this new land of ours was new, an Indian village rested in that part of the Ohio Valley nearest the junction of the Ohio and the Miami. Nanagummoo, the singer, ruler of this gentle community, passed all his days dreaming of some pipe which should produce sweeter sound than does the throat of a skylark. "Who brings me a pipe," he said, "whence I can draw at will sounds which shall stir my heart as never the song of bird has done, shall have, as his own, my flower. For him Wabegoone shall blossom and smile."

But, alas! the art of music had attained little progress among these simple nations; and although with their cunning fingers they had wrought out reeds which imitated the various love calls of the beasts, that skill requisite to create a bird-song rested not with them.

Thus alone in his ambition and hope the Chief passed the hours, patiently scraping and fitting and sounding reeds and grass-blades, heeding scarcely the caresses of Wabegoone in his eagerness to solve the secret of music. When approached by one of his people about matters connected with everyday life, he would rouse for a moment, look up eagerly, and ask in haste, "Is it done? Shall my soul be pleased with its own singing?"

And when he found that the interrupter but brought a gift of flesh, or wanted news from some

far-off tribe, he would relax into the old occupation.

But once when his eyes glanced up in eagerness, and the old question burst from his lips, the young warrior before him answered:

"After the going down of the sun and its rising, gather the people, and the council, and the maidens; listen to the song of my pipe, and if it pleases, do you give me Wabegoone to wife."

On the morrow all the village were gathered together in the space usually set apart for public meetings. Nanagummoo, the Chief, occupied a place near the centre of the company, and in the excitement of the hour had thrown off that gloomy dejection which had formerly characterized him. Just now he was making anxious inquiries about Wabegoone, the Lily, who was to occupy a station at his side. But nowhere in all the village could she be found.

"I have searched far and wide, and I fear she has but fled to escape my arms," said Gagagee, the Raven, after a long and bootless quest. "But still let us have done with the trial, and if I prove that by right the maid is mine, then may I seek her with a sharper eye and trebled eagerness."

Somewhat unwillingly the Chief consented, stipulating, however, that directly the young warrior had made good his claim, the whole village was to hasten in search of the Lily. According to Gagagee passed with his pipe to a somewhat open point at one end of the assemblage near an uncoccupied hut, and at some little distance from the tribe. Here, placing the tube to his lips, he stamped twice upon the ground as though to enforce silence, when at once, and apparently from the mouth of the pipe, a splendid strain of music floated upon the air. Slender at first, clear as silver bell, gradually the sound gained in volume and pitch, filling the aural perception of beauty with as perfect and rounded content as only the flight of a bird gives to one's eye.

Suddenly the strain was checked, and the music became a war-song, thrilling all souls with the fires of passion. Again the song was changed, and the pipe sent its voice skylarking up and down through the various voices of the mocking bird, now the sharp, clear, dissyllabic note of the quail, and now the shrill whistle of the plover.

From the first flight of silence to its return Nanagummoo sat as one entranced. At last the dream of his soul was accomplished, and music

hereafter to be under his own control. Strange as it was, too; in every note he had fancied a echo of the voice of Wabegoone. Puff up his cheeks as the player might, whistle as he would, the Chief could not disconnect the music from an intuitive likening to the songs of his daughter.

Fusing upon this strange resemblance, and listening in memory anew to the singing of the pipe, Nanagummoo was suddenly surprised by the approach of the truant fair one. Her garlanded hair and the blossoms in her hands told the cause of her absence as positively as could words.

"Alas! my Lily," cried the chief, "in your quest searching after flowers you have caused us much fear, and have yourself lost the sweetest music that was ever sung." As she made no answer, Nanagummoo continued, "And as I have loved, so shall it be. This night must you wed Gagagee!"

"This night, my father! This night!" cried the maiden, while all the gathered flowers fell at her feet. "This night! but, well, as you have loved, so shall it be." And turning from him, she was lost among the wigwams.

Darkness had come up from the marshes, and hid a dwelling in the heart of Nanagummoo. No more did the Lily nestle in his arms; no more did he sigh for the voice of a flute. For many years through all the land had he sought his truant daughter and her faithless spouse.

Convinced of the futility of endeavoring to fulfill the wishes of Nanagummoo, and loving the Lily more than all things else, Gagagee had won her to leave the Chief.

"Do you but sing from the hut when I signal," the Chief had said, "and I will play, as it were, the music of my reed. So shall Nanagummoo find a true flute, and Gagagee a bride."

Directly after the marriage ceremonies, the twain secretly left the village in haste, fearing that when the flute was found to be voiceless, the Chief would kill his daughter. And well for them that they did so. For an old beldame of the village had overheard their scheming, and had determined to frustrate the plan in the moment of its consummation. Through some misunderstanding, she had delayed her story until too late. Now, however, she hastened to the Chief, and disclosed to him the perfidy of his daughter and the ailment of the reed. So had things been for many days.

"Noosis, begewain! begewain! My child, Vol. XV.—20

come back! come back!" cried the Chief in vain; and now, when too late, he had found that his daughter's welfare was even dearer to him than a singing reed.

"Oh, thou Great Spirit! from thy wigwam in the sun, we pray that thou wilt send light, which shall seek out and find for us the Lily of our tribe," chanted the great men of the village one evening, while in fainter tones came the voice of the Chief, crying, "Noosis, begewain! begewain!"

Only the rustle of the forest leaves answered them; the fitful gleams of light from the glow-worms danced up and went out; and the forest rested as silent as the Great Spirit himself.

But nay; not the forest nor the Great Spirit are unanswering when Patience watches and prays. Far off, the tops of the trees suddenly became tinged with a yellow light. Gradually the light approached the village, and soon a long line of sun lit torches led from the door of Nanagummoo's wigwam into the forest.

"Now hath the Great Spirit sent light hither from the sun. Now is our Lily found!" exultantly cried the assembled village; and soon along the miraculously luminous path the tribe's fleetest braves were flying, each emulous of the honor of bringing to the Chief his daughter.

"Hush!" cried one of the foremost seekers, when the night was well on towards its close, "Doth not yonder breeze bring with it wailing?"

And they listened.

"Ahnungokah! Thou starry heavens, weep with thy thousand eyes! Broken is the stay of the Lily!"

Nestled in the shelter of a great oak tree, and pillowing the head of her spouse upon her bosom, they found the maiden. Blood was on the leaves about them, and off in the forest a panther, wounded, was moaning and licking its breast.

When morning came, and the great sun rolled over the hill tops, a new flower was found in field and meadow. Yellow as gold, a long line of beauty reached from a troubled, blood-besprinkled spot in the heart of the woods, to a fair and peaceful village. Gnats and moths and butterflies hovered about the heads of these new blossoms, drunk with the joy of bathing in celestial light.

And to this day the gatherer of the golden rod will find hovering about it, and nestling in its heart, hundreds of these living witnesses to its divine origin and luminous mission.

AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY ARTIST.

By M. S. DODGE.

IN the long list of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy women, there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kauffmann. She was born in 1741 at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was born to poverty; her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, being an artist with talents below mediocrity, and his earnings proportionately meagre. A kind of artistic tinker, he travelled about the surrounding cantons, mending a picture here, copying one there, painting a sign for his board and lodging at his gasthof, or decorating the hall of some ambitious chateau-owner. It was in one of the nomadic excursions that he met and fell in love with a Protestant damsel named Cléofe; she returning the passion, adopted his religion, the Roman Catholic, upon which the Church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Angelica, christened Marie-Anne-Angélique Catherine; rich in names, if lacking in this world's goods.

From her earliest infancy Angelica's playthings were paint-brushes, maul-sticks, unstained canvases, and bladders of colors; and her father, an honest, simple-minded fellow, cherished the unselfish hope that he might teach his child his profession, and in teaching her he might have the satisfaction of seeing her surpass him some day. Nor was he disappointed; for as Raffaello surpassed Perugino, or Michael Angelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. The father was delighted at the daughter's marvelous progress, and directed her faculties to the study of color, very early initiating her into such secrets as he had penetrated, so that at nine years old the child was a little prodigy.

She was first brought prominently into notice by painting the portrait of the Bishop of Como, Monsignore Nerini, and being eminently successful in the result, was soon overwhelmed with commissions. At this time, when she painted the portraits of the Archbishop of Milan, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke

of Modena, the Duchess of Massa-Carrada, Count Firmiani and many more, she was but eleven years old. About then she lost her mother, and her father taking to his old roving ways, the two—strange pair so ill-assorted in age, so well in love, for Kauffmann idolized his little daughter—went vagabondizing about the Grisons, literally picking up bread at the tips of their pencils.

Once the child was entrusted alone to paint in fresco an altar-piece for a village church, and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scaffolding, piously painting lambs and doves and angels with winged heads, while her admiring father on the pavement below expatiated with tears of pride and joy in his eyes, upon the excellencies of his little daughter to the throng of wondering villagers, or the pleased curate.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter any inheritance; money he had none to give her. Consequently he nearly starved himself that she should have a brilliant education; and she had the best that was to be procured. Beside her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of music, and possessed a voice of great sweetness, purity, and compass, her execution being full of soul. Valiantly she conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian masters, and sang, accompanying herself on the clavichord, winning all hearts by her sympathetic strains.

At sixteen Angelica was a beauty. Of medium height and exquisite grace, her pale brunette complexion was set off by blue eyes and black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she never could be prevailed upon to powder in the mode of the times. Her lips were coral, and her hands long and beautiful. At twenty her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an end, for she was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers; nobles sent her flattering notes; bishops and archbishops even gave half assent, while noble ladies approved, and Kauffmann himself could not disguise his eagerness that the syren voice of his

ould be heard at the Scala. But Angelica was true to art. She knew how mistress Art is, and with a sigh, but she turned from all the temptations her, and resumed her artistic studies with energy. With a poet's soul and the queen, she turned back to her father's room, where, if the bed was hard, the food, the bread dark and sour, when won, at least lie on the rugged pallet, unre-dreaming her day-dreams resplendent with visions of Apelles, the friend of Titian in his palace; Raffaele, all but clothed with the purple pallium of the sacred Masque, with his golden key, and of a mighty army of immortal names among which might one day claim fellowship. How she despised such dreams, knowing that if the lottery is few, there are no others but them in splendor, and glory that may last!

At last she set out on a six years' travel to see the masterpieces of Italian art, her constant practice, and application ripening her experience, and spreading her influence throughout Italy and Germany. She did not escape the widespread snare of patronage; but she fell into good hands. Rich families residing in Venice made her offers to go to England. She hesitated, but in the meantime undertook the study of the English language, in which she was very successful.

At last she was over-persuaded by the wishes of Lady Mary Veertvoorst, the widow of an admiral, and in 1766 accompanied her to England. The good old lady treated her as a daughter, introducing her into the fashionable society, having been taken up by a quaker of Exeter, who then occupied the English art without dissent. She was enrolled among the members of the Academy—a rare honor indeed for a lady whose reputation established.

There that she spent the flower of her life, surrounded by members and lovers of the profession adorned. It was here that she was the center of the English aristocracy, the cynosure of artists, the beloved of the greatest among them; for the friendship of Reynolds soon gave her a warmer feeling, and he became in love with his beautiful fellow-

artist. But for some inexplicable reason Angelica discouraged his advances, and even left the protection of her patroness, Lady Mary Veertvoorst, to avoid his importunities, establishing herself with her father in a house in Golden Square. Together with the mighty privilege of being the fashion, she painted at this time portraits of royalty and of the best known names in England. A magnificent portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick put the seal to the patent of her reputation. She was doubly and trebly the fashion. No assembly was complete without her presence; in the world of fashion, the world of art, the world of literature she was sought after, pursued, idolized. She was the reigning toast; noblemen fighting for a ribbon dropped from her corsage at a birthnight ball, officers of the guards escorting her with torches home. Scandal of course was on the alert, and Sir Benjamin Backbites, Lady Sneerwells, Mrs. Candours and Mr. Marplots put their powdered old heads together and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender.

But, scandal, jealousy and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angelica continued the fashion. Still the carriages of the noble and the wealthy blocked up Golden Square; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios, and the favored few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoorst's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's lovely voice. All went merry as a marriage bell; alas! that the knell already sounded amid its joyous chimes.

In 1768 there appeared in the most fashionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the bearer of a noble name, the possessor of a princely fortune. He speedily became the fashion; dressing splendidly, playing freely, losing good-humoredly, given to racing, cock-fighting, and other fashionable amusements of the day, how could it be otherwise; and so he reigned with Angelica, a twin planet. This was the Count Frederic de Horn, the representative of a noble Swedish family who had been for some time expected in England. Whether poor Angelica really loved him, apart from the dapple of his embroidery, his diamond star, glittering buckles, green ribbon, his title, his handsome face and flattering tongue will never be known, but she became speedily his bride, melting the pearl of her happiness, as did Egypt's queen, in vinegar.

She was married in January, 1768, in great splendor, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed their union, and presents that Queens might envy showered upon the beautiful bride. Health and prosperity seemed to bless the young couple, till first vague rumors, at last incontrovertible, miserable truth came upon them in the person of another Count de Horn, who arrived in England to pursue and punish an impostor and swindler who had robbed him of his property and his name, and it was discovered that Angelica Kauffmann had married the man so accused—a low-born caitiff, the footman of the count.

Poor Angelica! this blow was the death-stroke to her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible by a deed of separation; a small annuity was secured the wretched impostor on condition of his going into obscurity, where he eventually died; but where could his wretched victim find solace for the ill-starred marriage? A long period of mental and bodily prostration followed, and she sought a panacea for her grief in her beloved Italy. Thither her father, weary of English fogs, fashion, and false counts, took her, and there they lived almost in entire retirement.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel, swindling speculation on the lackey's part, or whether it was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the happiness and honor of Angelica Kauffmann. A French woman invents a very

dexterous fable of a certain baronet who had been refused by Angelica, and who vengeance discovered, tutored, fitted out, and led into society the Count de Horn's rejected charged valet. Another goes further in saying that the villain who had dressed up this Count to lure the poor girl to her ruin was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

However that may be, we have only facts. When the death of her husband, an ex-footman, placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on Antonio Zucchi, an old and faithful friend, and a painter of architecture. With him and her father she settled in Venice. He was a faithful and devoted husband, although a little airy and chimerical, wasting the greater part of his wife's fortune in idle speculations. He died in 1795, leaving her little or nothing, and the remainder of her life was passed in comparative poverty. She who had known the dizzy heights of splendor, the companionship of the great, was meekly, a good woman, painting to support herself. Angelica Kauffmann died in Rome, after a long illness, in 1805. She was buried in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte with a ceremonial under the direction of Canova. She was, with a nature of the rarest predilections, both amiable, caressed, celebrated among her contemporaries, Angelica Kauffmann still lacked one thing to fill up the measure of her existence—only one little thing that we all strive after, to obtain, and that is happiness.

EVENING FANCIES.

BY MAJOR HAMILTON.

I AM sitting,
Slowly knitting,
Watching in the twilight gloom,
Child-shapes flitting through my room:
Sad and lonely,
Fancies only.

Spirit faces,
Leaving traces
Of their visit to this earth
Only in my poor heart's dearth:
But firmly there,
So firmly there.

And my sad heart,
From now, apart,
O'er long gone years drifts back
To where, on life's rough track,

Those baby eyes
First gave surprise.

'Till in my room
Is naught of gloom;
Only fancies, sweet and fair,
Children's faces, laughing there!
But, ah! too soon
They all are gone!

So comes night down
While I, undone,
See shapeless shadows in my room
Flit to and fro athwart the gloom:
And I, alone,
Can only moan,
"My babes! My babes!"

CURRENT TOPICS.

Recent Storms and Earthquakes.—Out of the many disastrous disturbances of earth, wind and wave that have been so frequent of late, we cannot but touch upon that dreadful havoc that earthquake and tempest have made in the town of Manila and the Island of Jamaica respectively. In the 18th of July a series of violent shocks, even more severe than those of 1863, spread death, misery and destruction over the thrifty little capital of the Philippine Islands. Fortunately, it may be said, the sad catastrophe happened at midday, and so the loss of life—ten killed and thirty wounded—was small taking into consideration the frequency and violence of the shocks. However, from a commercial point of view the losses in produce, especially in sugar, will probably prove very great, and the damage to property and shipping is such as only years can repair.

We had scarcely dismissed the above catastrophe from our recollection, when telegraphic accounts told us of a cyclone of unusual violence that had wrought terrible desolation among the towns, harbors and plantations of Jamaica, and the recent accounts of survivors of ill-fated ships give evidence to the fury with which the storm raged over a wide area of adjacent sea. Lamentable indeed is the tale that tells of the wholesale destruction of houses, land, crops, and hundred of poor creatures left without the means of subsistence. Coffee plantations, cocoa-nut groves, and acres upon acres of banana-trees have been utterly destroyed. Planters and fishermen have been turned out of house and home, and so discouraging an influence has the dreadful work of desolation had upon many of the inhabitants, that they are ready to leave the island in despair. But it was not only on land that the hurricane spent its fury; apart from the destruction of about three-fifths of the coasting vessels of the island, there has come to us the deplorable news that the *Vera Cruz* fell a victim, among perhaps many others, to the savage fury of the gale, and scarce half a dozen beings have survived to tell the woeful results of the cyclone of August 18th.

Thomas Hughes and Emigration.—The arrival of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" in this country, recalls a colonization scheme devised three years ago when philanthropic New Englanders were moved by the prevailing distress to provide some remedy in behalf of the working men in large cities and overcrowded agricultural regions. Land to the extent of about four hundred thousand acres was purchased on the Cumberland Plateau in the State of Tennessee, but the spirit which first marked the undertaking began to disappear with the return of business activity, and this extensive tract has now largely passed into the hands of English parties, with Mr. Hughes as the general manager of the enterprise. These table-lands of Eastern Tennessee, as the future field of immigration for the farmer, mechanic, laborer, and all the struggling classes in mercantile and manufacturing occupations, are exceptionally favored with a healthy position, rich soil, delightful climate, and

natural productions. There is centered indeed in this region everything to advance the social, moral, physical and material welfare of the people, and if the plan of organization works well, as there is every reason to suppose it will, we may find in the counties of Overton, Scott, Fentress and Morton a strong encouragement to the floating population of our cities to turn their industry to agricultural pursuits. We could not well conceive of a man better suited to undertake the leadership of the coöperative scheme for settling this region than the noble barrister of London with whom the working man associates so much of his well-being.

The struggle of competition both here and abroad in larger cities demands some desirable field for immigration, and it is to be hoped that the coöperative principles of Mr. Hughes's association will not interfere with the comfort, happiness and advancement of such colonists as would take advantage of his scheme.

Charity to Poor Children.—Most of us take pleasure in seeing children enjoying themselves, and there are many good-hearted souls who will even sacrifice money and some of their most valuable time to give the "little ones" a merry day on the water or in the country. Perhaps it is because the chubby-faces, the blithesome air, the rollicking and gambling, the singing and shouting of the young recall vivid recollections of our own childhood. Children enjoy themselves all the same, whether rich or poor, yet we cannot fail to sympathize more feelingly with those to whom the occasion of such happy merry making is a treat that comes so seldom. We have done a great deal in some of our larger cities towards alleviating much of the misery and unhealthiness of our crowded houses, streets, and lanes, and one of our ideas has been taken up and adopted in the case of the London children. The charity, now familiar to us, by which poor mothers and their little ones are enabled to spend a week or so during the heat of summer in farm-houses, has made itself acceptable to the philanthropists of London and elsewhere, and already we seem to hear the echo of hundreds of children's voices in fields and meadows, singing hymns of praise to our noble-hearted Quakers who thus provided so bountifully for their happiness.

We are told that Chicago has a floating hospital for poor mothers with young children. There is an awning over the wharf, which extends so far out into the lake as constantly to catch the cool breezes. A lady physician is in attendance throughout the day. A kind-looking, matronly woman sits and lasses out nice fresh milk for the children, all that they may desire. The mothers bring their own lunches, and their sewing or knitting work, and as the boat makes four trips a day, there is every means of spending an hour or a whole day on the water. It is really a gladdening sight to see in New York Bay the hospital barge of St. John's guild as it is towed along laden down with its freight of happy-faced, romping children. This form of charity is

certainly one that ought to meet with the readiest support from every one. It not only provides untold pleasure to the young, but undoubtedly possesses the germs of social and moral development.

Saint Bruno's Followers.—Since the recent decree against religious bodies in France, rumors have spread abroad as to the probability of the settlement of the Carthusian monks in this country. It is now about eight hundred years since the monastery of this brotherhood was reared on the desert of the Chartreuse. There, in one of the grandest spots in France, surrounded by the southwestern foot-hills of the Alps, and not far from the picturesque town of Grenoble, live a race of monks who are, and always have been, industrious, kind-hearted, and charitable, apart from their interest or influence in ecclesiastical history. They retain many of the characteristics of the monks of the middle ages. They wear a hair-cloth shirt, a white cossack, and over it, when they go out, a black cloak. They never eat flesh, and on Friday take only bread and water. They occupy their leisure time in the manufacture of a *liqueur* with which most of us are familiar, and of a variety of dye and medicinal preparations, which are a means of procuring them a livelihood. We cannot yet believe that the few remaining members of the Grande-Chartreuse will be forced to find a home on our shores; yet should they ever leave their monastery, they would scarcely settle in a land better suited than ours to live out the peculiar life to which they have pledged, and mentally and physically adapted themselves.

A Northeast Passage.—At last a brilliant success has rewarded the long efforts of the Swedish explorer, Nordenskiöld. After years of hard-won experience and close study of the literature of Arctic navigation, this daring voyager has, without the loss of a single life among his thirty followers, and without the slightest damage to his vessel, succeeded in exploding the theories of the most experienced seamen of more than three centuries. The casual reader may fail to see the special importance attached to this circumnavigation of the Continents of Europe and Asia, or to understand the spirit that actuated the commander of the *Vega* in sailing from the North Cape of Norway to Japan. But a little reflection ought to remind us that the routes opened up by such an expedition are of incalculable importance as affording an outlet to the Northern coasts of Europe and Asia. The great rivers of Siberia drain a country of surpassing value in mineral and agricultural wealth, and there is now little doubt but that very soon merchant ships will be sailing out of the Lena, the Obi, and the Yenissei to the great commercial centres of the civilized world.

Nordenskiöld has moreover furnished us with valuable information of the vegetable and animal life of the seas through which he sailed. His wonderful versatility in scientific knowledge, and his powers of keen observation, have added greatly to the stores of geology, mineralogy, botany, astronomy and natural history. Thus the expedition which sailed from Gottenburg two years ago has done more than simply added to the seafaring reputation of the Northmen—it has enhanced the interests of the scientific and commercial world to an extent difficult to overrate.

The Photophone.—The inventor of the Bell Telephone, with the aid of Mr. Sumner Tainter, has furnished us with another marvelous instrument, by which "sounds can be produced by the action of a variable light, from substances of all kinds, when in the form of their diaphragms." These two gentlemen have conversed between stations six hundred yards apart without any connecting wire, and only a beam of light to act as the agent from one to the other. The rays from a kerosene or candle flame are directed upon a plane mirror, which is so arranged as to vibrate with the sound of the voice. The parallel beam reflected from the mirror is thrown to a distant concave mirror, and focused on a piece of selenium, electrically connected with the telephone. The rapid vibrations of the mirror occasion variations in the rays of light, which is followed by a corresponding change in the selenium, and so a variation in the electric current. The experiment hangs upon the newly-discovered property of selenium, in conducting electricity more easily when exposed to light than when in the dark. Consequently, as with the voice the mirror vibrates, the electric current is weak and strong in corresponding proportions, and the telephone reproduces the sound as in the case of the connecting wire.

A beginning is about to be made, says *Nature*, to carry out Lieutenant Weyprecht's proposal for a circle of observing stations around the North Pole region. The Danish Government has resolved to establish a station at Upernivik, in West Greenland; the Russian Government has granted a subsidy for an observatory at the mouth of the Lena, and another on one of the Siberian Islands; Count Wilczek is to defray the expenses of a station on Nova Zembla under the direction of Lieutenant Weyprecht; the Chief of the United States Signal Service, General Myer, has received permission to plant an observatory at Point Barrow, in Alaska; and it is expected that Canada will have a similar establishment on some point of her Arctic coast. At the Hamburg Conference it was announced that Holland would furnish the funds for a station in Spitzbergen; and it is expected that Norway will have an observing post on the extremity of the Province of Finnmark.

Utilization of Solar Heat.—Very practical results are reported to have arisen from the experiments of M. Mouchot in utilizing solar heat. By means of a large collecting mirror, twelve feet six inches in diameter, and capable of resisting the strongest gale, he has succeeded in raising more than sixty pints of water to the boiling point in eighty minutes, and in an hour and a half more produced a steam pressure of eight atmospheres. During one day last March in Algiers a horizontal engine was driven at the rate of 120 turns a minute, under a pressure of three and a half atmospheres; and at another trial the apparatus worked a pump at the rate of 264 gallons of water an hour one yard high. The pump was kept going from 8 o'clock A.M. to 4 o'clock P.M., and neither strong winds nor passing clouds sensibly interfered with its action. M. Mouchot can now readily produce a temperature applicable to the fusion and calcination of alum, the preparation of benzoic acid, the purification of linseed oil, the concentration of sirup, the distillation of sulphuric acid and the carbonization of wood.

graphing on Canvas.—An Austrian savant, M. Vienna, has just discovered and patented a very process by which pictures may be produced upon canvas by the aid of photography. He has named it linography, and it is just now attracting consideration in Parisian art circles. By the aid of a plate M. Winter has succeeded in fixing upon whatever image he desired to reproduce. The resulting, and the pictures closely resemble such as made by the brush. It is expected that the disill effect quite a revolution in the photographic

ing by Means of the Sun.—The usefulness of graph was recently satisfactorily tested in the transfer of a despatch from General Stewart, in Afghanistan, as the result of an attack on British troops, which from Camp Ghuzni, April 22d, and was received at Office, London, on the following day. The news had been brought more speedily by electric . The heliograph, signaling right over the heads of any, if necessary, to stations which may be few and far, does not require any route to be kept open, and

cannot be interrupted. A ten-inch mirror, that being the size of the ordinary field heliograph, is capable of reflecting the sun's rays in the form of a bright spot to a distance of fifty miles, where the signal can be seen without the aid of a glass. The adjustment of the instrument is very simple. If an army corps, having left its base where a heliograph station is established, desires to communicate with the other division from a distance of several miles, a hill is chosen and a sapper goes upon it with his heliograph stand, containing a mirror so as to move horizontally and vertically. A little of the quicksilver having been removed from behind the centre of the mirror, a clear spot is made through which the sapper can look from behind his instrument towards the station he desires to signal. Having sighted the station by adjusting the mirror, he next proceeds to set up in front of the heliograph a rod on which is a movable stud, manipulated like the foresight of a rifle. The sapper, standing behind his instrument, directs the adjustment of this stud until the clear spot in the mirror, the stud, and the distant station are in a line. The heliograph is then ready to work, and the sapper has only to take care that his mirror reflects the sunshine on the stud just in front of him to be able to flash signals so that they may be seen at a distance.

TABLE-TALK.

stitution in Portugal.—The amateurs of strange customs will find them in abundance among a race of ignorant rustics, who live much apart, and whose minds are naturally tinged by the sombre character of their surroundings. The peasant who drives his ox-cart in the dusk through the gloomy shadows of the pine forest; the shepherd who sleeps among his flocks in the bleak solitudes of the mountains, hear wild voices in the shrieks and sighings of the wind, and see phantoms in the waving of the boughs dashing of the waterfalls down the rocks. The ghostly is very general; but the most fantastic of all superstitions is that of the *lobis homem* or *lupus*. It is an article of firm faith in most rural households that there are beings doomed or permitted by the powers of evil to transform themselves periodically into wolves with the bloodthirsty instincts of the animal. Introduced into the service of some unsuspecting family, they are given opportunities of worrying the children. . . . A custom which ought to be most embarrassing to travellers is universal in Oriental countries, and which the Portuguese may possibly have inherited from the Moors, is the existence of hidden treasures. Archaeological expeditions would probably be set down to a hunt after treasure, in which the stranger was guided by supernatural intelligence. And it must be remarked that the Portuguese are confirmed in that fancy by instances of treasure discovered from time to time. It is an undoubted fact that in the interior of the country considerable quantities of valuables have been discovered by fugitives who never came back to reclaim

How the Virginia Creeper Grows.—This plant can climb up a flat wall, and is not adapted to seize sticks or twigs; its tendrils do occasionally curl round a stick, but they often let go again. They, like the bignonia tendrils, are sensitive to the light, and grow away from it, and thus easily find where the wall lies up which they have to climb. A tendril which has come against the wall is often seen to rise and come down afresh, as if not satisfied with its first position. In a few days after a tendril has touched a wall, the tip swells up, becomes red, and forms one of the little feet or sticky cushions by which the tendrils adhere. The adherence is caused by a resinous cement, secreted by the cushions, and which forms a strong bond of union between the wall and the tendril. After the tendril has become attached, it becomes woody, and is in this state remarkably durable, and may remain firmly attached and quite strong, for as many as fifteen years.

Self-Assertion in America.—Life in America is a battle and a march. Freedom has set the race on fire—freedom with the prospect of poverty. Americans are a nation of men who have their own way, and who do very well with it. It is the only country where men are men in this sense, and the usualness of the liberty bewilderers many, who do wrong things in order to be sure they are free to do something. This error is mostly made by new comers, to whom freedom is a novelty; and it is only by trying eccentricity that they can test the unwritten sense of their power of self-direction. But as liberty grows into a habit, one by one the experimenters become conscious of the duty of not betraying the

precious possession by making it repulsive. Perhaps self-assertion seems a little in excess of international requirements. Many "citizens" give a stranger the impression that they think themselves equal to their superiors and superior to their equals; yet all of them are manlier than they would be, through the ambition of each to be equals of anybody else.

Marriage Ceremony in Bengal.—The marriage was next performed with all its endless details, which may be regarded with breathless interest by Bengali spectators, but have no significance to European eyes. They were brought to a close by the symbolic tying of the skirts of the bride with those of the bridegroom, the exchange of garlands between the happy pair, and the chanting recitations of the Vaidik hymns by the officiating Brahmans. The marriage-feast was then served up to the male visitors in the yard. A plantain leaf was placed on the ground before each guest to serve as a plate, and then there was a general distribution of boiled rice, boiled pulse, vegetable curry, fish curry, fish in tamarind, and the curds, which are always a favorite dish with the Hindus. When the gentlemen had finished, the ladies were served, and the night was thus spent in feasting and frolic. Two days afterward, the bridegroom went back to his father's house, accompanied by the bride; but after a week or two Malati returned to her old home to remain there until she should be old enough to live with her husband.

Nubar Pacha.—In his earlier days Nubar Pacha was a round-faced, smiling, smooth-spoken young man, exceedingly pleasant and plausible in manner and speech, and calculated to conciliate all with whom he came in contact. Persuasion seemed then his forte; the hand of steel was covered with the glove of velvet, and strength was subordinated to the arts of pleasing and persuading his interlocutors. But time, ill-health, disappointments, and conflicts with rivals whom he scorned, have set their seal on his face and figure, and have given to both another semblance. He now looks older than his age, which cannot much exceed fifty years; the once round face has grown sharp and worn, and the lines of thought and care furrow its formerly smooth surface. To him may fitly be applied the description given of Bertram by Walter Scott:

"Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
The sable hairs with silver shared;
Yet left, what age alone could tame,
The lip of pride, the eye of flame!"

Such is the outward semblance of Nubar Pacha now, with cigarette in constant combustion beneath the grizzled mustache. As he is a Christian in faith and practice, so his life and manners conform to the usages and habits of Christian lands and Western culture. Surrounded by a charming family, and blessed with an equally charming and accomplished wife, like himself of Armenian descent, he is eminently home-loving and domestic, and is seen to great advantage in the midst of his home-circle, where he exercises an unbounded hospitality. His house and grounds at Cairo are large, but unostentatious, for he has no taste for show or extravagance.

His personal appearance is striking and distinguished, with something Oriental in it, although in dress, manners and speech, he might be mistaken for a polished French or Italian gentleman.

Wesley's Life-work.—John Wesley, during a ministry of fifty-two years, travelled over two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached over forty thousand sermons, making an average of about eight hundred every year. Excepting Wesley, it is probable that no other man ever preached so many sermons as Whitefield. Indeed it has been said, and the statement has been warranted by facts drawn from sources so various and trustworthy that they cannot be questioned, that "if the time spent in travelling and some brief intervals of repose be subtracted, his whole life may be said to have been consumed in the delivery of one continuous and almost uninterrupted sermon."

Chocolate.—When chocolate was first introduced into France, which, according to some writers was in 1615, at the marriage of Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III, with Louis XIII, and according to others at the marriage of Maria Theresa of Austria with Louis XIV, it was considered a medicine. In 1684, a physician at Paris named Bachelot, maintained before the faculty a thesis, in which he declared that well-made chocolate was so noble an invention that the gods ought to prefer it to nectar and ambrosia.

Literary Dandyism.—Literary dandyism is excessively annoying to the rugged hodmen of letters, the rapid picturesque writers, the half- or quarter-educated persons who crowd the press and carry their farrago of ill-sorted observations to an uncritical public. These industrious persons detest the literary dandy, the man who minds his periods, and regards the cadence of his sentences, and shuns stock illustrations and old quotations, as the social dandy avoids dirty gloves and clumsy boots. This antagonism naturally breeds more excess in literary dandyism, till the prose of some critics is as full of musk or millefleurs as the handkerchief of a popular preacher. Both parties are hardened in their ways; the rough and ready pressman becomes careless even of grammar, and trots out his quotations from Macaulay's essays more vigorously than of old. The prose of the exquisite begins to die away in aromatic nonsense, and his great genius tires itself to death in hunting for exotic adjectives.

What Gave Rise to the Minuet.—Few persons perhaps have ever considered that the minuet, notwithstanding its solemn triviality and dignified affectation, was really in its essence and origin a reaction of decorum and dignity against the licentious dances in vogue amidst the highest society during the first half of the seventeenth century. It is sufficient to read any French memoirs of this period to perceive how scandalous, both from the point of view of good morals and good taste, were the ballets and dances performed at the Court of the Tuileries by princes and princesses of the blood, in company with hired opera-dancers, male and female. For this species of exhibition, the minuet was undoubtedly an excellent substitute. And although considered

itself the minuet, with its elegant attitudinizing and affectation, has a ridiculous side to it, yet we must not forget that at its beginning it was welcomed as being far more decent than the dances then in fashion. It in fact raised a distinct line of demarcation between society dancing and society dancing, and this was for the time a gain to morality.

Islander's Home.—In a large but rather low room, with floor and roof of rough-hewn planks, and with beams exposed from wall to wall in every direction, were assembled twenty-five persons of all ages and both sexes. They had taken off their skin blouses and hung them on the rafters near a huge wood-fire fit to roast an ox. The half-stewed garments and the steam from the dirty fire in front of the fire caused a most unsavory atmosphere which tempted us to make our stay as short as possible. The apartment, except near the door, were ranged along shelves, the major part of which were already occupied by men, women, and children all indiscriminately together, not distinguishable to the unpracticed eye from the other, and appearing like nothing else than bundled bundles of fur. From the group congregated before the fire no cheerful laugh, no buzz of conversation, no merriment emanated—all were silent and still; they did not wish to disturb the sleepers; but judging from their solemn and lugubrious countenances, their sleep seemed but too natural, and very far from assumed

or constrained. Well, in the joyless and monotonous life those poor people lead, it is not surprising that all innate merriment about them is soon stifled.—*Reindeer Ride through Lapland.*

Early Character of Marie Antoinette.—Marie Antoinette, at her wedding, was but a school-girl. By nature bright and graceful, lively in manner, but petulant and even imperious in humor, she betrayed defects which might then have been taken as the mere marks of an unformed character. She exhibited a child's dislike for serious occupations, and particularly for the restraints incumbent on the exigencies of court state. Maria Theresa had entrusted her daughter's education to preceptors too obsequious to be severe with the waywardness of an august pupil. To this culpable weakness it was due that at fifteen the archduchess had acquired the merest varnish of instruction; those most essential lessons for princesses, to keep whims under control and to acquiesce graciously in the trammels of etiquette, having been left wholly untaught. Grace and youth threw, indeed, a charm of playfulness around her unceremonious freaks; but the undress fashions which suited the homely tone of Schönbrunn were quite out of harmony with the punctilious ways of Versailles. Marie Antoinette had no idea of putting up with any thing irksome, or of not freely indulging in her fancies. Not that she was a person of really warm affection. Marie Antoinette was cold at heart, though she had an easily-excited surface sensibility, which made her hasty and impulsive.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Life of General James A. Garfield. By J. M. BURNHAM. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. It is often such an air of suspicion about the pages of literature that one might well be excused for failing to make a proper estimate upon the worthy purposes of the work upon the merits of the candidate whom he strives to commend. Yet in the above biographical sketch that Mr. Burnham has presented to us in a form so truthful and so fully terse, we cannot help reading with interest and confidence the life of a man whose ambition has been to justify his own powers in the direction of help to his family, and of development and progress to his country. There is a spirit of romance about the cabin in the woods of Orange, where Garfield's associations are centred, as there is about the peevish advancement which mark his experiences in the forest, on the canal-boat, in the Seminary of the "will Baptists," or as undergraduate, professor, and State senator. His military title is significant of his services as a soldier; his political speeches reveal his training and the statesmanship for which he is so well adapted. In fact, no one can conscientiously doubt that Garfield's career is a very exceptional one, and as victoriously worked his way in the face of unfavorable circumstances, from the time that he saw

the sun shine through the window of his log cabin home to the day when he took up his abode at Washington. Mr. Bundy has long been one of General Garfield's most intimate friends; and the social, political and intellectual qualities with which he endows his hero seem to proceed from a pure desire to do justice to one whom he loves, rather than from any partisan motives which he feels bound to make the most of.

The Stillwater Tragedy. By THOMAS B. ALDRICH. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The title of this story is suggestive of much that would incite certain readers to take no more than a passing notice of the book. But we have only to cast an eye over two or three chapters, and our interest in the nature of the plot, our admiration of the terse, vigorous, and often humorous style in which the author clothes his scenes and incidents, are too great to allow us to put the book aside until we have read every page from first to last. Our attention throughout is centered upon the person of one Richard Shackford, who, after a boyhood passed in a desultory sort of way, suddenly becomes conscious of the necessity of justifying his existence; and irrespective of the wishes of his wealthy old cousin, Lemuel Shackford, with whom he is never on good terms, applies for and secures a position in Slocum's marble-yard.

Here he is brought in contact with the proprietor's daughter, Margaret, with whom, of course, he falls in love. Richard rises from the position of draughtsman to that of the practical manager of the works, and his experiences with the turbulent "hands" and their hot-blooded leader, Torrini, before and after the strike in the marble-yard are depicted with the powerful vividness and reality so characteristic of the author of the "Queen of Sheba" and "Marjorie Daw."

But now the neighborhood is thrown into consternation by the news of Lemuel Shackford's murder; an ill-patched display of circumstantial evidence points to the unfortunate Richard as the guilty one, which gives the author an excellent opportunity of painting the loveliness and nobility of character inherent in the devoted Margaret, and the timid, impatient, suspicious nature of her father.

There are one or two strong moral lessons latent in the chapters of "Stillwater Tragedy." We are reminded of the sweetness of a tolerant spirit, of the reward that accompanies heart-felt sympathy with the sufferings of our fellow-men.

It is unfortunate that so many chapters of comparatively minor interest precede the really interesting and powerful features of the book. It is well to inform the reader of this with the hope that he may pass over these chapters for the time to realize the substantially attractive matter that Mr. Aldrich has woven into his story with such beauty and picturesqueness of language and style.

A Boy's Vacation on the Great Lakes. By JAMES A. ROSE. Providence, Rhode Island: E. L. Freeman & Co.

Mr. Rose, in the neatly-bound and printed book of over two hundred pages, has given us the interesting experiences about Lakes Huron and Erie of a keen-witted school-boy and his chum Harry, in whom he would have us recognize the companions of his early days. Frank and Harry are good-natured boys in spite of their occasional quarrels, and though things are a little strange to them at first, they succeed in having a thoroughly good time. An excitable temperament and an intelligent mind brings Frank before the notice of Mr. This and Mr. That, and what with acquaintances and talks on the steamer, a visit to a coal mine, with its accompanying bit of instructive dialogue, the horrible sensation of sea-sickness, an unexpected visit of Indians, a night in the forest, experiences of various kinds by the way, and the many scraps of useful knowledge interspersed throughout, Frank and Harry ought certainly to have filled a diary interesting not only to boys and girls, but also to those of their companions who have now grown up. The print and the character of the book are such as to recommend it to mothers and fathers who would encourage healthy, entertaining reading for their sons and daughters.

The Revised Bible.—After the lapse of three centuries the version of the English Bible has undergone a new revision. The ablest scholars in England and America have just ended a labor of many years over a most searching translation, which will provide a text of inestimable value to all who speak the English tongue. The catholic spirit, the rare judgment, the cautious scrutiny which has marked the

whole course of the work, will give this retranslation special charm. The changes made in the new revision are only such as the spirit of the age, the change in the meaning of words, and the progress in classical and theological thought demand. Perhaps no change, however, is so startling to those who are moved by popular memory and imagination as that which has done away with chapters, verses and running headlines; yet the effect must be recognized as an improvement in the gospel narrative. When one notes the verbal and grammatical changes that so constantly occur, he is astonished to find that clearness or accuracy is scarcely ever sacrificed to the original spirit of the text. It is a new Bible, yet it is still the old one. It tells the same truths and has the same hold on our highest affections, notwithstanding that its dress has been changed. We trust that the revised translation will soon dispel the imaginary fears of the many who have deprecated the undertaking, and that they will be brought to recognize the clearer stream of truth that flows from every page of the strangely familiar text.

Ole Bull.—It is not often we have to record the death of one whose life is so illustrative of romantic adventure, gnawing despair, and the fickleness of fortune, as that of the great Norwegian violinist who, not long since, breathed his last in his native town of Bergen. It would be interesting to recount the variations of light and shade that mark the early and late career of Ole Bull, but it would take us beyond our space. We need but allude to his early dependency that led him to meditate suicide, to the duel that caused his banishment from home, to the precarious and miserable existence he was forced to lead in Paris, and we shall give our readers a faint insight into the fatalities of genius so strikingly prominent in the Norse musician. His life, while recalling that of the wandering minstrel who frequented the courts of princes and charmed all classes with his touching art, displays a liberality and patriotism which belong to very few. Among his own people and here on our shores, his zealous efforts in the direction of intellectual, social and moral advancement were significant of the man, though unproductive of any great results. He visited us often; surprised us with his astounding skill; and won the affection of thousands who came under the magic spell of his bow, his noble presence, his earnest words and works.

He was ever disposed to direct his energies towards some charitable or patriotic object, and he collected large sums of money by public playing among the Norwegian settlers of the Northwest with a view of memorializing Lief, the Norse Viking, who he believed discovered America hundreds of years before the world had heard of Columbus. The monument has even been modelled, and we shall soon see in the Post-office Square of Boston, not only the statue of the Son of Eric, but a standing reminder of one whose music charmed and whose words and generous impulses won the love and admiration of the whole world.

Belgium has no national literature, in part for the good reason that the people are poor book-buyers and read very little. A literary congress is being held in Brussels to discuss what will foster native literature, and those questions

is discussed: 1. The rights of authors. 2. The position of literary men. Does the Government, by offering grants and subventions, and subscribing to new publications, attain the object of bringing forward literary talent? 3. The publishing trade be so organized as to increase the circulation of native productions in and out of the country? What can be made for men of letters and their families? 4. The rôle of literature in education. Ought contemporary literature to form a part of classical education? How can the teaching of modern languages be improved? How can the readings and public libraries be made more useful? 5. Ought to be the office of the press as regards literary matters? 6. Literature considered as an art.

The largest library in the world is stated to be the National Library at Paris, which, in 1874, contained 2,000,000 books and 150,000 manuscripts. The British Museum and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg both contained about 1,100,000 volumes in 1874, and the relation is very nearly the same. The Royal Library of Munich contains 1,000,000 books. The Vatican Library at Rome is sometimes supposed to be among the largest, while in point of number it is surpassed, so far as the number of volumes goes,

by more than sixty European collections. It contains 105,000 printed books and 25,000 manuscripts. In the United States, the largest is the Library of Congress at Washington, which in 1874 contained 231,000 volumes. The Boston Public followed very closely after it with 206,500, and the Harvard University collection came next, with 200,000.

Advice for the Young Novelist.—As a rule, any one who can tell a good story can write one, so there really need be no mistake about his qualification; such a man will be careful not to be wearisome, and to keep his point or his catastrophe well in hand. Only in writing, of course, there is greater art. There, expansion of course is absolutely necessary; but this is not to be done, like spreading gold-leaf, by flattening out good material. That is "padding," a device as dangerous as it is unworthy; it is much better to make your story a pollard—to cut it down to a mere anecdote—than to get it lost in a forest of verbiage. No line of it, however seemingly discursive, should be aimless, but should have some relation to the matter in hand; and if you find the story interesting to yourself, notwithstanding that you know the end of it, it will certainly interest the reader.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Dresses in London and Paris.—Dame Fashion is a person whose vagaries only the initiated, if even they, can follow; and in nothing are they more conspicuous than in the arrangement of the hair. A photograph album of a London belle of a few seasons ago with rolls and curls of configurations that enlarge her head to about twice its natural size, and bespeak an expenditure at the hairdresser's for a larger amount of tresses than Nature has endowed her with. Now all is changed, and severe simplicity reigns; how small a space her own locks can be consigned to be the point of study. It is a very simple looking coiffure, and with some faces, fair, young, and well-featured, very charming. But when the elder sister comes, whose beauty, if it ever existed, is a thing of the past, she has her hair on the same model, it is hardly a change, and suggests the idea that she has risen in haste yet taken time to arrange it.

There is more variety seems to reign, and individual peculiarities to be more studied; while the windows of the coiffure suggest that you may do as you please, so great is the variety of crimps, curls, puffs, braids, etc.

The English girl is recognized everywhere by her clear white cheeks, and plain hair, and also by a certain plainness, but want of style, in dress; her American girl has a paler complexion, more variety in the hair, and more stylishness which often not even a Parisian can rival.

The English girl or woman will surmount her best beauty with a knitted wrap of some sort which entirely does away with its appearance; her American sister—never; and a French woman, if she wears it at all, will drape it in a way that it becomes rather an added decoration.

The most popular windows in London seem to be the photographers', where the royal family and the beauties of the day never fail to draw an admiring or critical crowd. In Paris it will be the newspaper stores or the doll shops. The London windows are full, crowded to overflowing with rich and elegant materials; but they are simply hung or put there, while in Paris draping and graceful arrangement make an artistic whole which cannot fail to attract. In this matter, however, American stores are little, if any, behind; and in height and general appearance the finest much exceed those of London.

In both London and Paris there is evidently a large market for jewelry; every third or fourth store one comes to in London belongs to this class. Watches seem almost to go begging, and as to silver chains and buckles, one would think the mines were exhausted. At the Centennial one was struck with the fact that the manufacture of gold and silver ornaments was common to all nations; but at present the English seem especially devoted to silver. Too substantial looking it is for grace or lightness, most of it, while every other feminine wears a chain and buckle, the last occasionally so large that one is tempted to exclaim, "Buckle, where are you going with that young woman?"

In Paris the jewelry is most beautiful, so light, graceful, and varied are the designs, the windows ablaze with diamonds and other precious stones; but it is said that the best is often in the windows, and the contents of the stores do not thoroughly correspond.

The artificial flowers in Paris are something wonderful and exquisite, the windows so arranged as to resemble a florist's, and the perfection of the flowers so very great that a

close examination only will decide whether they be real or no. The toy shops also are very attractive, the type of doll this year blonde and blue-eyed, stretching out inviting arms as if to be taken, or tossed aloft as if in a general spirit of jubilation. In neck-ties and bows also Paris exceeds; this year a most enormous lace one is in vogue, but much less graceful than some of its smaller predecessors.

American shoes seem now to stand first for a combination of fit and durability; for the former Parisian shoes are celebrated, and gloves of course it still excels in. "Bien soulée et bien gantée," the Parisian waitress or shop-girl can be seen on the street in neat shoes, well-fitting gloves, and often without a bonnet. The caps are a feature, and quite an ornamental one, on the street; the *bonnes*, the *femmes-de-chambre*, and the waitresses in the restaurant each having her own, which distinguishes the class; while in the windows are bewildering and bewitching combinations of silk and lace to suit all tastes and fancies.

In England two styles seem in vogue, that of the elderly lady, which is often a most marvelous construction or erection of ribbons and flowers utterly unintelligible to eyes masculine, and somewhat incomprehensible to the uninitiated feminine; while the domestic wears a little muslin cap or bit of plain lace that lends a new attraction to a pretty face, and gives a certain neat and tidy appearance to all.

Paris bonnets this season are infinite in variety, a large hat which makes rather an effective background to a pretty face, a sort of gypsy, some of which have short strings edged with lace, graceful little fabrications of lace and flowers, and caps of sealskin and other materials, being only a few of the many worn.

Under the arcades in many streets is a fine and tempting display, curtains hung out and all sorts of dress goods; while pictures in which the faces and hands are painted, and the dresses of the real material pasted on to represent the latest styles, form very attractive advertisements.

A stranger comes to Paris with the idea that he can purchase various things cheaper and better than at home, only to find himself, with some few exceptions of course, greatly mistaken. In some departments London and Paris still take the lead both as to excellence of manufacture and cheapness of price; but the New World is but little behind, and fast gaining on their steps; while occasionally a shopper is not a little discomfited to find on taking up an American paper that some article which has just been purchased, and on which there has been a good deal of self-congratulation, can be bought for the same or less in New York. Foreign travel, full of delight as it is, has often the effect of making one appreciate home the more; and without a narrow spirit one may yet feel that in being born an American the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places. L. N.

A Gypsy Funeral.—A singular ceremony, and one attended with peculiar interest, took place last summer in Dayton, Ohio, in the solemnities attending the burial of Matilda, queen of the Stanley tribe of gypsies. I am told they came from England about the year 1850, and having seemingly become charmed with the location chosen by them at first on the banks of the Mad River, near its junction with the Great Miami, they make this their summer

home; migrating to the South every fall, but returning with the spring to their favorite camping-ground near Dayton. Their royal blood of course forbids their toiling or tilling the soil, but I assure you it does not stand in the way of shrewd bargains and crafty schemes. They own immense tracts of land, gained by keen trading in horses, cattle, etc., the whole rented out to American and German farmers, who are, I dare say, held to close work and cash payments! The royal residence is quite a pretentious structure, located on one of the farms, and only occupied by royalty, the rest of the tribe living in true gypsy style, in tents and wagons.

They have become in a certain degree domesticated in Dayton, coming nearer perhaps to civilized life here than elsewhere. Here they own their property, and here they are held by the strong tie of buried friends. Owen, the old king, died a few years after coming to this country, and is interred in Woodland Cemetery in Dayton. His monument has this inscription:

"Owen Stanley. Died Feb. 21, 1860, aged sixty-six years. He was a native of Reading, Berkshire, England.

"Our father has gone to a mansion of rest,
From a region of sorrow and pain,
To the glorious land of the blest,
Where he never will suffer again.
Owen Stanley was his name,
England was his nation,—
Any wood his dwelling-place,
And Christ was his salvation."

When Owen died his son Levi succeeded to the gypsy kingship. His wife, Matilda, ruled with him until January, 1877, when she died in Vicksburg, was brought to Dayton, and placed in a vault, when the bereaved king returned to the tribe. They returned to Dayton in the spring, and when the approach of autumn warned them that they must, in accordance with their usual custom, set out for their Southern home, they placed the remains of their beloved queen in an underground vault, built of slabs of marble seven feet by five, three feet deep, and covered by one perfect slab of the finest marble. When death comes to Levi, he is to be placed in the sarcophagus by the side of his wife, to whom he was, unlike royalty in general, romantically attached.

The exercises attending the burial of Queen Matilda were brief, but impressive in the extreme. But few were permitted to witness them. In the late afternoon the tribe assembled around the public vault while the remains of the royal dead were reverently brought forth. The officiating clergyman placed himself at the head; king Levi followed immediately after, alone, then the tribe in order of rank and age. It was a mournful procession, and the brief exercises were superlatively solemn in their simplicity. I think few who heard it will ever forget the wild, weird shout that went up at short intervals during their march from the vault to the grave, winding slowly around the base of an overhanging hill and up to the lovely spot chosen for the royal burial ground. It reminded one of the Druidical ceremonies, without the sacrifice. A monument is being prepared for the grave, which will, I am told, be by far the finest in the cemetery grounds. L. M. B.

The Right and the Left.—By the Greeks and Romans the East, whence came morning and the light of day, was regarded with special veneration, not unlike that displayed by the Christian, who builds his churches with the chancel looking eastward, and buries his dead with face toward the rising sun. In observing the heavens in expectation of a divine sign, the Greek turned to the North, while the Roman stood with face to the South; and so while the former had the East on the right, the latter had it on the left. Thus it came about that right and left were associated by one with what was lucky and unlucky. The very terms, "dexter" and "sinister," conveyed in themselves this double meaning. The preference that was accordingly given to the right was shown in many ways. The steps of the early Grecian temple were three in number, in order that for the sake of good omen the right foot might touch the first and last of them. Moreover, the wine and the sacrificial cup were passed to the right; the cloak was thrown over the right shoulder, and we are even justified in supposing that this superstition influenced the Greeks in changing the Hebrew mode of writing from right to left, and causing it to proceed in the opposite direction.

If we were not informed to the contrary, we should be inclined to believe that this preference for the right was the result of expediency, as it certainly seems to be with us. It has been argued by some that we use the right hand from force of habit; others maintain that we do so because the right side is the stronger; while others again would tell us that the use of our left would endanger the principal organ of circulation that lies more on the left side. However this may be, it remains an indisputable fact that privation of the right hand will be compensated for by a commensurate agility in the use of the left.

We can all recall cases in which the left is used instead of the right; but they are exceptional. The Bible gives us innumerable instances of the more general rule, such as "If I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." And so the right hand of the Lord is the symbol of power and glory. It "bringeth mighty things to pass."

There is a certain amount of superstition in the preference of the right. In Cornwall, England, if the palm of the left hand itches, the person will have to pay money; if the right, to receive it. If the left ear tingles, it denotes that an enemy is speaking about you; if the right ear, that a friend is saying something in your favor. A mole over the right temple of a girl's eye was an indication, it was thought, of a good and happy marriage that was going to come to pass. The expression once common among boys, of "over the left" is too significant to need any comment. It is the unconscious outcome of the notion of luck and ill-luck that the Greek associated with the East and West. J. S. W.

Woman's Proper Sphere.—Very few women are qualified either by nature or training to play the part of a judicious domestic Providence, unrestrained by any other influence; and the abdication of the husband is generally attended by humiliation and suffering to the rest; for without a balance of power we may expect abuses to steal in, whether States or families are victimized by an unfortunate adjustment of circumstances. For it is men on whom the

sterner and more serious responsibilities of existence fall. Men who bear the burden and heat of the day, husbands and brothers who give their lives for their country, and die by thousands of every lingering torture under a foreign sky—they must act often under heavy mental pressure and distress; while women, who are generally led by any other bias save their judgment or intellect, may indulge in hysterical views of everything at their ease and at home. Marriage protects women, who, in return, are expected to embellish life, soften its trials, and with womanly grace, smiles and kindness, avert the threatening clouds of adversity from bursting in unchecked violence on the family circle. It is a fine field of enthusiasm, action and enterprise in which women may enlist, and the more highly toned their moral ethics the better; they may form character, direct aims, soothe despair, and by their delicate tact, instincts and perception, assist in mitigating much cruel suffering and disappointment. Women should represent beauty of some kind or another. There is nothing a man so much detests as a masculine woman; she expects to share his equality, while at the same time refusing to accept his claims and responsibilities.

The Arrangement of the Hair.—There is a good deal that might be said on the subject of the hair of the sterner sex. To any one who studied the matter, a great deal of a man's character might be guessed with tolerable accuracy by the way in which he does his hair. Mr. Smith, a young man of æsthetic tastes, wears his rather long at the back, but cut in the front so as to fall over his forehead; he also rejoices in a drooping silky mustache, cultivated with the greatest care. Mr. Brown, the rising young lawyer, has apparently not an unnecessary lock on his head, what the hairdresser has left being brushed into its proper place with a severity there is no mistaking. He is clean shaven, too, save for two precise little patches of whisker that never seem to alter in the slightest degree. Every one knows the musical head of hair, for it is unmistakable. Is there anything that looks more unprepossessing, by-the-by, than a bald head with a few stray wisps, well greased, brought up from the side, and carefully arranged over the crown? Will men, I wonder, ever give up the ridiculous habit of shaving? Why on earth should a man take so much trouble to get rid of that natural appendage, a beard? Certainly, a man looks more manly and generally better-looking with than without. A long, glossy beard is a great improvement to the appearance, and frequently, by concealing a weak mouth and chin, causes a man to be thought a fine-looking fellow, when without it no one would dream of bestowing that title upon him. I have been shown the photograph of a gentleman, whom I only knew as the possessor of a bushy, black beard and whiskers, taken before we became acquainted, and while the razor was still in requisition; there was scarcely the faintest resemblance to be discovered, and I should never have recognized it untold. Fifty or sixty years ago, with what disgust did our fathers or grandfathers look upon the individual who dared to go unshaved, with a blind disregard of the common sense view of the question, namely, that there is not a shadow more reason in removing every scrap of hair from their face than in doing the same by the rest of the head.

A Fine Specimen of Lacework.—Of all the wonders beheld at Brussels during the Exhibition, none are more wonderful than the bridal veil now being exhibited at the Hotel de Ville for the benefit of the poor of the city. It is the bridal present offered by the town to the Princess Stephanie on her marriage with the Archduke Rudolph. It is four metres long and three metres wide. In the lower border are inserted the arms of the nine Belgian provinces, at the sides those of the provinces of Austria, and in the centre those of the Empire. The whole has been worked by the needle; the veil is composed of seven hundred distinct pieces, which have employed the labor of one hundred and fifty lacemakers during the past four months. The value of this unique specimen of the lacemaker's art is supposed to be not less than five thousand dollars.

Window Ornaments.—During the dead of winter, any living plant which looks green adds to the cheerfulness of a room, and a mass of beautiful verdure is obtained by the following expedient: Take about twenty or thirty ears of wheat, and tie them together, leaving the straws about two inches long. Hang them up for a few days, keeping them sprinkled with water, and when they begin to sprout, put them in a glass with water; the top will soon become a perfect pyramid of verdure, and will retain its beauty for several weeks. This simple plan may be put in practice at any time in the winter months.

Decoration in Indelible-Ink.—Drawings or prints may be imitated with good effect in indelible or marking-ink as a means of decorating doilies, finger-napkins, and similar articles. Stout white jean may be employed, and for this kind of ink no previous preparation of the fabric is necessary. A moderately soft quill pen will be found best for executing the drawing, and the strokes should be made as quickly as is found consistent with firmness and accuracy. The work should be smoothed with a tolerably hot iron before it has become perfectly dry.

A Mode of Preserving Eggs.—Paint over the surface of the eggs with a thick mucilage of gum arabic in water. This may be easily prepared by putting some crushed gum arabic into a teacup, pouring boiling water over it, and allowing it to remain by the fire until dissolved. The commonest kind of gum arabic may be employed for this purpose. When the eggs are thus coated, they should be kept in a box surrounded by very dry powdered charcoal. When required for use, the gum may be removed by placing the egg in tepid water. Eggs intended to be thus preserved should be very fresh, kept at a regular temperature and preserved from the contact of air and moisture.

A Colored Desdemona.—A pleasing story which does credit to the sentiment of French theatre-goers, is told of M. Legouve, in a recently published volume on Malibran. The violent temper of Malibran's father, Garcia, caused a severe quarrel, which resulted in the separation of father and daughter. The breach had already lasted several years, when, one evening the opera "Othello" was produced at the Theatre Italien, with Garcia in the rôle of Othello, and

Malibran in that of Desdemona. The daughter, as usual, was admirable in the part, and the father, unwilling to be outdone, became once more the Garcia of his best years. The success was complete, and an enthusiastic recall necessitated the hasty rising of the curtain after it had fallen on the first act. Desdemona was discovered almost as black as Othello. Moved by the ovation in which both had shared, Malibran had thrown herself into the arms of her father, and in the embraces which ensued, Garcia had imprinted upon her features some of the dye which stained his own. M. Legouve was present on the occasion, and he says that no one in the theatre thought of laughing; the audience immediately understood the affecting nature of the incident, and, ignoring all that was grotesque in it, "they applauded with transport the father and daughter, reconciled by their art, their talents and their triumph."

The home life of German girls is far different from that of American girls, and we could hardly fancy anything more prosy than the home life of the high and well-born German girl. They are educated precisely alike, the range of study being limited. The common branches, French, sometimes English, and a few small ornamental accomplishments, comprise the list. The statement that American girls study the sciences and sometimes Greek and Latin, causes from them manifestations of surprise. The traditions and prejudices of their class are carefully inculcated. Any woman who does think or act in opposition to the conventional standard is looked upon with distrust. But their domestic education is carefully attended to; whatever their rank, they must master all branches and steps of housekeeping. Their wedding trousseau and outfit in bed- and table-linen is generous in quantity and beautiful in texture, and usually made up by their own willing hands. An engagement with them is as solemn and binding as a marriage contract, and unfaithfulness in either sex is an exception that meets hearty condemnation. Their simpleness and quietness of life is a reproach to the lives of most of the idle, ease-loving, frivolous girls of many other countries.

Cotton-Seed Meal.—This ought all to be consumed in our own country, instead of exporting so great a proportion of it, as it is not only a highly nourishing food, but a health-keeping food. The oil in it lubricates the bowels of animals, and keeps them in good condition, while the other elements of which it is composed assist in building up the muscles rapidly. But it should be fed sparingly, and mixed with either bran, middlings, oats, or other meal. From a pint to two quarts per day is a fair ration with other food, according to the size of the animal; although at the South, we are informed, they feed it still more abundantly. There they usually feed the seed whole as ginned from the cotton, and after boiling they let their animals eat as much as they please with impunity, almost entirely fattening their swine with it, finishing off with corn two weeks or so before slaughtering.

To Prevent Flies from Soiling Picture-Frames.—Paint the frames over with a decoction of leeks, prepared by boiling three or four in a pint of water. This will not injure the frames, but it will prevent the flies from resting on them.

VARIETIES.

vincial went to a bookseller's store, and inquired for his last work. "Which of them do you want?" said the seller. "We have his Discourses and his Thoughts." "Are they not the same?" "Certainly not, sir." "In that case," replied the countryman, "I will neither buy the one nor the other. I don't like this difference between what one says and what one says."

Remarkable Dog.—A blind beggar was in the habit, for many years since, of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Peres, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very small poodle. The place was well chosen, and charitable contributions poured into the little wooden bowl which he held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age, was not to be seen. He had, in fact, and was unable to pursue his avocation. His faithful companion, however, continued to frequent the same spot, and the passers-by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and touched by his sympathy dropped their pence into his bowl in increased number. After a while the beggar went the way of all flesh—which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself. His disappearance produced a great sensation among his regular patrons, and a search was prosecuted, when his animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his master's abode, a sum of 29,000 francs in bonds of the Paris Railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

Advertising by the Ancients.—The Romans largely advertised by private as well as public matters, and by writing as well as by word of mouth. They had their *pracones*, or public criers, who not only had their public duties, but announced the place, and conditions of sale, and cried things lost. They also cried their own goods. Thus Cicero, speaks of a man who cried figs: *Cauneas clamitabat* ("he cried out, Cauneas"). But the Romans also advertised, in a stricter sense, by writing. The bills were called *libelli*, and used for advertising sales of estates, for absconding slaves, and for things lost or found. The advertisements were written on tablets, which were affixed to pillars. At Pompeii have been discovered various advertisements: "There will be a dedication or formal opening of the company attending are promised slaughter, athletic games, perfume sprinkling, and awning off the sun." One other mode of public advertisement employed by the Romans should be mentioned, was by signs suspended or painted on the wall. A suspended shield served as a sign of a tavern; and were prohibited by a painting of two sacred serpents. Advertisements in newspapers, as now published, were general in England until the commencement of the nineteenth century.

Novel Match-Making.—At Voronesh, one of the great Russian provincial criminal depots, whence convicts are periodically conveyed in batches to the different penal settlements of the Empire, the unmarried State prisoners of both sexes have recently developed a surprising predilection for the matrimonial state. The phenomenon is attributable to the fact that the Russian Government permits married convicts, under sentence of hard labor, to settle in Saghalien, a locality in many respects preferable to Siberia. As, however, those desirous of qualifying themselves for the enjoyment of this privilege are only allowed to select their future life companions from among their fellow-criminals, some quaint alliances have resulted from the benevolent dispositions in question. For instance, a military homicide, condemned to twenty years' penal servitude for slaying his superior officer on the parade ground, was only the other day united to a muscular dame who, a short time previously, had become a widow by her own act, having previously split her first husband's head open with a hatchet. The antecedents of this happy pair scarcely promise long duration to their respective existences. They probably deem a short and merry life of wedlock in Saghalien more desirable than the attainment of celibate old age in Siberia.

A Story of an Umbrella.—The *Nachrichten* of Basle tells a story which may give the bold purchaser a hint of a new method of protecting himself against fraudulent shopkeepers. A young gentleman bought a silk umbrella from an umbrella dealer, indefinitely characterized as C—. The next day was rainy. The umbrella was put into use, but the silk tore in six places during the first hour of its contact with the rain. The purchaser went straight to the shop, exhibited the ruined article, and demanded a sound one in its stead. C—'s silk umbrellas, however, were made to sell, not to endure use. The dealer smiled politely, and observed that purchasers ought to be careful when they made their selection. The young man took home his umbrella, painted around it the following inscription in big letters, "This is how an umbrella looks to-day which was bought at C—'s shop yesterday," and hired a commissionaire to walk to and fro before C—'s shop with the opened umbrella for a whole day.

This unusual form of advertisement naturally irritated Herr C—, and could not have been without a deterring influence upon possible customers. C— sent for the police, and asked them to arrest the bearer of the umbrella, but they declared they could see no legal crime in the commissionaire's proceeding, and declined to take him off to jail. Early next morning the imperturbable umbrella carrier appeared again, and he kept sentinel in this manner in front of C—'s shop for nearly a week. At the end of this period, the shopkeeper saw that he must give way, and calling the man, asked him to go to his employer and say that everything should be settled according to his wishes. When the bold

inventor of the stratagem entered the shop, the dealer offered him a sound silk umbrella in exchange for the sickly one. The purchaser agreed to accept it, but added the further demand that the dealer should pay the commissionaire a week's wages, to which suggestion he was also compelled to assent.

Don't Mention It.—There is nothing like presence of mind, after all. The other day, during a tremendous shower, a gentleman entered a fashionable New York club, bearing a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he placed on the rack. Instantly another gentleman, who was mourning the untimely abstraction of just such an article, jumped up.

"Will you allow me to look at that?" he said.

"Certainly," remarked the umbrella carrier. "I was just taking it to police headquarters. It was left in my house last night by a burglar whom we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first-rate clew."

And though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down and changed the subject.

Express Freight.—A boy eleven years old was received, per express, from Texas a few days ago. He had been regularly shipped and was marked, as other goods would be, to the consignee, entered on the way-bill and manifested as freight, and as such, passed from one express messenger to another. The only difference was that the living package had a baggage check, some money, and a ticket over the road. When he desired food the messenger took sufficient money to pay for it from the package, and charged it on a bill that was in the package.

A Model Housewife.—Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), whose novels have shown such steady growth and fine power, is a notable housewife, and composes her intricate plots while going about her duties, subject to the interruptions of butcher and baker and candle-stick-maker. She is not handsome, and resembles George Eliot.

Draw it Mild.—An Englishman says that no other people in the world, so far as he knows, can equal the Arkansans in off-hand exaggerations. "Do you see that spring over there, stranger?" said one of them to him. He said he did, whereupon the settler ad led: "Well, that's an iron spring, that is, and it's so mighty powerful that the farmers' horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet nat'rally."

In a paper on the origin of the plow, Dr. Tylor states that the first agricultural implement seems to have been a pointed stick four or five feet long, such as many savage tribes still carry for the purpose of digging roots, knocking down fruits and unearthing animals. At a later day the stick was bent and used as a hoe, the point being hardened by fire. In the southern part of Sweden large tracts of land give evidence of early cultivation, which is attributed to a prehistoric people called by the natives "the hickers," who are always associated with the giants of mythology, and

whose rude hoe was a fir pole with a short projecting branch. There came into use afterwards a larger instrument of the same kind, which was not used like the hoe, but dragged by men or oxen. Instances of this are to be found in old Egyptian pictures and bas-reliefs, and it was probably the primitive idea of the plow, which is of prehistoric origin, evidences being found of its early use among the Greeks, Egyptians and Chinese. It had from the earliest times a religious sanction. The next improvement was a wooden hook shod with iron; and in the time of Virgil a wheeled plow was in use which differed but little from the best in Europe a century ago.

Do as You're Told.—When young Jeff first came up to town, his father told him that it would be polite when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that, if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited, a sucking pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Jeff, will you have this, our favorite dish, or haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his first lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

Tit for Tat.—The late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the doctor: "Oh, sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

The Wrong Leg.—There was an eminent sergeant-at-law some years ago who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the wrong leg. A wild young wag of the "upper bar," who knew the sergeant pretty well, once thought to utilize this knowledge of the sergeant's secret to take in a green, newly-fledged young barrister. The sergeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster, in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor, "You see how hot old Buzfuz is over his case; I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg up to the head, and he'll never notice it; he's so absorbed in his case. He's a most extraordinary man in that way." This was more than the greenhorn could swallow, so he took the bet. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat, and leaning forward drove it up to the head into the sergeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end and almost caused the judge's wig to fall off, ran through the court. "By jove! it's the wrong leg, and I've lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed and conscience-stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the sergeant.

"See here, Georgie," said a fond mamma to her little son, as they walked on the beach, "what a lot of nice little round stones." "Yes," grumbled Georgie, as he cast a searching glance around, "and not a blessed thing to throw 'em at!"

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OUR AMERICAN BRIGHTON.

By MAURICE M. HOWARD.



BOARD WALK AND LIGHT-HOUSE—ATLANTIC CITY.

SUNBEAMS first shining on shores of the sea,
Gilding the city that lays by her side;
And breezes of evening as fresh and as free
As the surf of Atlantic in rolling her tide,
Unite in their charms to render in one
This lovely sea city, a sweet paragon.

"To the seashore!" was the verdict after due consultation between wife and I one warm sultry day this summer, and no sooner had it been decided than we were earnestly engaged in preparation for the trip. The usual first step in such matters is to hunt up a time-table and guide-book, in order to lay out route, and to ascertain which rain you would be the least likely to miss! Well, after attending to this very important matter, the order stood as follows, "Take Vine Street Ferry, being nearer than the Shackamaxon Street Ferry, and see that you get there in time for the express!"

Good fortune for once attended us, and we are

promptly on time. We go on board the ferry-boat "Atlantic," which with the "Cooper's Point," are the largest and best built boats on the Delaware of their class, and, though not of the tinselled order, ably vie with the New York ferry-craft, in steadiness and speed. Crossing over the upper bar, which lies midway of the stream, we have a commanding view of the Delaware, with its long line of warehouses and shipping, while cooling breezes are playing about us, affording a refreshing relief from the sweltering heat of the city, and giving us a pleasant foretaste of the delightful airs that make their home by the sea. Arrived at Camden, we step on board of the lightning express of the Camden and Atlantic Road, and comfortably settling ourselves in an elegant parlor car, are soon steaming onwards towards the "City by the Sea," which we reach in the remarkably short time of eighty minutes. The reader will no doubt esteem this as rapid transit, taking into

consideration the fact that the distance is some sixty miles; but there need be no scruples as to safety on this line. Every necessary precaution is taken by the officers against any possibility of accident, and the fact that none has ever happened upon this road, is a perfect assurance of the untiring vigilance maintained by its management.

The road passes through a very delightful section of country, and along its line are many plea-

of the seaside resorts through which they run, with the enjoyment of a few health-giving dips in seawater and whiffs of sea air; but the allurements of Atlantic City overruled this intention, and we were induced to stay. We might say, that our better half had a very great deal to do with influencing our decision in this matter. Her judgment upon some things are, we are compelled to admit, far superior to our own. Her idea was,

decidedly expressed, that we should choose Atlantic City for our tarrying place in preference to all others.

"Why," said she, "you can run up to your office in such very little time with so much comfort, and enjoy the exhilarating influence of a dash through sixty miles of pure country air, and then run down again any time in the day to enjoy the beneficial effects of the surf, sea air, and the first-class comforts of an elegant hotel." And in this



FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—SOUTH VIEW.

sant villages, such as Had-donfield, Winslow, Ham-monton, Egg Harbor City, etc. These are rapidly being developed, under the fostering enterprise of the road; a very commendable trait by the way, and one in happy contrast with the parsimonious policy exhibited by so many other like corporations.

Atlantic City, considered in point of the population it contains on excursion days during the summer season, is probably the largest seaside resort in the world. Its many attractions, and especially its commanding position, with a beach unrivalled by any on the coast, form a feature in the summer life of our people that few care to dispense with even for a day.

We had intended to hurry through, by the connections which this road makes, to New York *via* the New Jersey Southern and New Jersey Central Railroads, taking in our route a short stay at some

she was not only right, but also touched upon the point which commends this place most favorably to the citizens of Philadelphia as a grand sanitarium as well as pleasure resort.

Touching the many fascinations which this favorite resort offers to the public, we quote from the pen of a gentleman who seems to have more closely studied them than ourselves, and more in detail. First, as to its geographical situation, he says:

"Stretching along an island nine miles in length, and from a few hundred feet to a mile in width, which is separated from the mainland by a Strait called the 'Neck' or Thoroughfare, and built upon a hard, firm soil, Atlantic City has an unvalled ocean frontage, with splendid bathing facilities, smooth and level roads for driving, and the Thoroughfare and bays a placid lake for fish and boating unequalled on the coast."

And in speaking of its salubrity and other attractions, he further says:

"The pleasures of surf bathing carry, of course

multitude to Atlantic City, and it is probable that more bathers are to be found every day

along stretch of beach than all the other coast re-
gether. At the fashionable
of bathing, mile after
beach is crowded with
is of merry bathers,
houts and laughter
with the roar of the
the popular 'ocean
de,' or as it is often
'board walk,' is lined
ing of gay promenaders.
ne at this time is as
l as the streets of an
ld city on a *fete* day.
k, which is as smooth
l-room floor, and en-
ee from dust, extends
e entire city front. On
ight evenings it is a
resort for promenade
while the level beach
e, which affords an ex-
drive, is crowded with
equipages."

Atlantic City is *par excel-*
e place for yachting
ing. The Inlet, which
of the most popular
n the Island, and boasts
andsome pavilion, the
of the Camden and
Railroad Company, is
rite resort of lovers of
in sports. A large fleet
some yachts are always
it anchor in waiting for
desirous of a sail over
ht waters, or of indulg-
hat exciting sport, deep
ng. The water is fairly
th game fish—such as
flounder, snapping
l, blue fish, and kindred
. The most delicious
are to be had here,

from their native beds, and with an appetiz-
or unknown to one who has never eaten
before the moss on their shells is dry. The

Thoroughfare, which is as smooth a piece of water
as a mountain-locked lake, with many picturesque



surroundings, is another favorite resort, especially
of the ladies. It abounds in crabs, which are
caught in great numbers.

Atlantic City is not only a pleasure, but a health resort as well. It is unsurpassed in the



PACIFIC AVENUE.

round of its gay amusements, its hops, balls, and pleasure parties; its concerts and theatrical enter-

tainments during the season, and the ton culture of its society; but it combines w these in an eminent degree the prerequisite watering place—pure air and a healthy situ It is as much an invalid's as it is a tourist's; and it is the only place on the coast wh visited all the year round by health-seekers. winter a score of its hotels were open and guests, and hundreds who had been in the of visiting Florida repaired to this favored s; the advice of their physicians, on account dry atmosphere and other health-restoring roundings. There is no limit to its popu with the medical profession, who are a unanimous in awarding it the palm as a su and winter home for their patients.

In addition to nature, art has done its for the city. Its hotels are large, numerous many of them fine examples of the light and architecture that prevails at watering places, the spires of a half dozen or more hanc churches rise like sentinels from as many p the island; but the chief glory of the city, a the eyes of many, its greatest charm, is the ber and beauty of the private cottages. number many hundreds—very nearly a tho—and, on the greater portion, good taste ample means have been lavished with the results. But the variety is almost infinite stretches from the mansion to the most a little house, including elegance, picturesq and comfort.

These cottages are the residences, for th four months of the year, of the families of n ous professional and business men of Philad and neighboring cities, who, thanks to the transit afforded, lose but little more time have no more trouble in going to and retu to their offices and counting-rooms than would were they to remain in the city durir sultry season.

Another feature of this city which we notic its "Homes," where those who are need; overworked may find a few weeks rest and r tion at a moderate outlay. One of these is Children's Seashore House," fronting on the below Ohio avenue. The house is a han building, one hundred feet long by thirt wide, besides which there are connected v sixteen small cottages, furnishing accommod for about one hundred children and their a

The house is under the care of an association which has for its object the giving of sea air and bathing to such invalid children of Philadelphia as may need them, but whose parents are to afford the expense. At the house they'll the advantages of a residence at the sea—the comforts of a home, and excellent medical attendance, at a merely nominal charge, while a good number are received gratuitously. The association is now also conducting a home for invalid women. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, visitors to Atlantic City giving up the largest amount. A more deserving cause does not appeal to the charitable. Applications for admissions are made to an examining physician in Philadelphia, who provides railroad facilities, furnished at reduced cost by the Camden and Atlantic Road.

The railroad facilities, connecting Philadelphia, New York, and other cities with this summer resort via the Camden and Atlantic Road and its branches, are, in respect to frequency and rapidity of transit, unexcelled by those of any other place in the world. And we would here say that this road is justly entitled to the credit and development of the many advantages which it now possesses, and which have resulted in the popularity which it so richly deserves. The association has worked unceasingly to diffuse a knowledge of the advantages of this once unknown spot, and has reaped its reward by elevating the place to the successful rival of resorts that were when it was but an isolated and dreary spot of land.

Every reader may appreciate to a limited extent, the many charms we have mentioned by the words accompanying this article; but neither words nor pencil are adequate to the task of conveying a correct conception of the loveliness and attractiveness of this "City by the Sea," which has sprung up in a day.

We stopped at the Seaview House, which, as a matter of course, is owned by the Camden and Atlantic Road. Here we found every comfort and convenience of a home, as well as all the appointments of a first-class hotel, and as we were corroborated by our better half. After tea we joined the throng in a walk along the beach to view the lighthouse and the other points of interest and attraction along the shore. Here, on the sands, we found some interesting and

every application by the many in Philadelphia, the accounts of some of our friends-in-law in the country notwithstanding.

SEAVIEW EXTENSION HOUSE



The view of the ocean, lighthouse, and other points of interest is, as a matter of course, very beautiful.

effects upon us, and we availed ourselves of the customary character dress for the occasion, and joined the merry throng. There is no describing



TAKING IN THE SALT SEA AIR.

the luxury of a surf-bath, taken amid a company of merry-humored bathers, whose frolicsome antics lend a complement to its proper enjoyment. It is simply delicious, and its effects upon the system invigorating and restorative.

After a brief stay at the shore, during which we secured accommodations for our good lady with a friend in a pleasant cottage, and making some additional acquaintances among the permanent cottagers, we concluded to take a run up to our office to see after some little business matters. In deciding upon this step we also included the carrying out of our original intention to visit some of the most interesting points along the line of the road. Now, to pack up a valise is a matter of but a few moments; not so with our wife's little Saratoga hotel, however, and as the burden of seeing



AN INCIDENT OF THE BEACH.

after it was off our shoulders this time, we felt that we could stop over when and where we pleased.

Had it not been that we wished to learn something of the thriving wayside places, we should probably have gone on to New York, taking in Long Branch, Sea Girt, Ashbury Park, and a dozen other cheerful resorts along the ocean. But as the wife was perfectly satisfied to remain at Atlantic City, we started to the depot for a run home. Of what we saw along the route, this time travelling more leisurely, we shall briefly note. We made our first stop at Egg Harbor City, a prosperous settlement of Germans, which has become quite famous in a few years for its splendid grapes and excellent wines, and now one of the most remarkable towns along the route. The wines from



A STROLL ON THE BEACH.

Julius Hincke's Iolhink Vineyards, Egg Harbor City, were awarded a medal and diploma at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876; a medal at the Paris Exposition in 1878, and a gold medal at the Pennsylvania State Fair at Philadelphia in 1880. The first clearing was made only twenty-five years ago; but it is now one of the most important towns in New Jersey, and the center of an extensive commerce and flourishing industry.

We visited the vineyards and wine vaults of Mr. Hincke, Captain Charles Saalman, A. Heil & Son, J. H. Bannih, and J. Furrer, and at each place tested the grapes and the qualities of wine there produced. At the Iolhink Vineyards, where grapes have been cultivated for wines for seventeen

here are specimens of each vintage since and these, with others near Egg Harbor, are what has been said of American wines, to effect that they will not stand age, and therefore cannot mature to perfection. Among the old wines here are the Iolhink, Jersica and din;" the latter being an especial favorite. The grape crop, we learned, is usually a very fine, and these wine-growers estimate the production this year at two hundred and fifty gallons of wine. The whole locality but twenty-five years ago, was a barren and remarkable for little beyond its unpromising stretches of white sand, is now dotted with substantially-built farm-houses, which, in turn, are surrounded by fruitful corn-fields, vineyards, and fruit farms, all of which give yearly abundant harvests to the industrious German and other settlers, who, with the opening of the Camden and Atlantic Road, have made of the finest wine producing districts in the

State. We have since then noticed, on a visit to the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at the Centennial grounds, some of the products in fruits and vegetables raised along the line of this road, and compared most favorably with those of any other region of country round about us. Especially was this the case with the grapes and the products produced from them, and for which the gold medal was awarded to Julius Hincke of Egg Harbor. We were forcibly reminded of Dean Swift's definition of a great man, and if it be found as correct, then there must be many "great men" along the line of this road; as many have "made two blades of grass to grow, where but one had grown before."

The next place we stopped at after leaving Egg Harbor City, was Hammonton. The village is thirty miles from Philadelphia. It is well supplied by stores of all kinds; has five churches, schools, good society, pleasant and well-kept lumber yard, steam mills, shoe factories, newspapers, and every enterprise that is necessary for a successful and growing town. It is inhabited by a thrifty and energetic people, mostly from New England, and no liquor is sold in the

surrounding country presents a very attractive appearance, and upon every side we observe that growing has become the special business

of the farmers. Thousands of acres are planted, and the profit per acre is large. The soil is a fine

LANDING PLACE ON THE INLET.



sandy loam, free from stone and easily worked; productive of grains, grasses and roots. The

climate is all that can be desired, the winter being short and open, whilst the summer is no warmer than that of the North.



YACHTING AND FISHING ON THE INLET.

The roads are regularly laid out, and planted with shade trees. In place of wooden fences are

planted the evergreen hedges, which are kept neatly trimmed, and add great beauty to the place. The houses of wood, kept well painted, set back from the roads, and surrounded by pretty gardens and lawns, and the thousands of fruit trees and grape-vines give Hammonton an appearance of coziness that is seldom seen elsewhere. Judge R. J. Byrnes, who founded Hammonton, some twenty-two years ago, is still a resident of the place and one of its most energetic citizens, his home being one of the handsomest and most prominent there.

The next place we stopped at, after leaving Hammonton, was Kirkwood; passing, however, Winslow, where are situated the extensive glass works of the Messrs. Hay & Company, Atco and Berlin, each very pretty little places. At Kirkwood we paid a visit to the well-known color works situated near by, and probably the largest of the kind in the United States. These are the works owned and operated by the Messrs. John Lucas & Co., and a representation of which accompanies our article. The works are situated upon Silver Lake, a body of water particularly adapted for the production of the finest shades and tints of the various pigments used by the painter or artist. They were commenced in 1849, and have grown from year to year as their products became better known and appreciated. They now cover as much ground and employ as many hands, probably, as any other color works in the world.

We also visited, while stopping here, the Lakeside Excursion and Picnic grounds, the property of the Camden and Atlantic Road. This picturesque body of water and the surrounding grounds are a favorite resort for Sunday-school and church picnics, and is usually engaged in advance for every day in the season. It abounds with every charm and pleasurable device calculated to make the little ones happy, and the day spent here, a joyous and pleasant one to all.

From this point we reached in a few moments the cozy little town of Haddonfield, only seven miles from Camden, a charming suburb of the city, and the home of many of Philadelphia's best known merchants. It is a succession of handsome villas and rose-entombed cottages. It has handsome churches, and some most excellent schools. Its citizens are public-spirited and zealous in practical works of improvement, and its population is rapidly increasing in that element, which will add

s to the society already so distinguished for social and refined tone.

Haddonfield to Camden we are whirled by, and thence to cross the river and gain the city consumes but a few moments more. A short inspection given, as we passed over the bridge, may be due in behalf of the road which through these many pleasant and attractive scenes we have so briefly described. From a brief inspection given, as we passed over the bridge, upon this occasion, we found that in its

the Camden and Atlantic Company no small share of credit for the deep interest, and especially their ready coöperation at all times, in every scheme looking to the material advancement and prosperity of the country through which its road runs. To them may be truly attributed a great work, and with fruitful results. They have truly caused the vine to flourish and the rose to bloom in blossoming profusion over a land which, for centuries before, had been but a dreary waste.



PACIFIC AVENUE, NEAR THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

road, track, and general equipment, the road is thoroughly first-class in every respect. The road is substantially built, and laid with heavy iron rails. The passenger equipment is composed of Pullman cars, with Westinghouse Automatic Air Brakes, Miller Platforms, and all the very latest improvements for safety and comfort attached. Moreover, all its employes are gentlemanly in deportment, and thoroughly practical and experienced railroad men, and its general management is in the hands of a skillful and prudent superintendent.

In this respect we may modestly claim for

To the casual visitor of to-day it seems hardly plausible that but a quarter of a century has elapsed since all this great change has been wrought, and that so short a period of time has developed such a large and handsomely-built city. Yet it is nevertheless true. As early as 1854, where now stands Atlantic City, there was naught save a bleak and barren beach. But through the efforts of a few active and enterprising minds, enlisted in the scheme, the Camden and Atlantic road was designed and built; and mainly through the liberality and encouragement of its enterprising directors, a decided impetus was given to the



THE "THOROUGHFARE" IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

foundation of a city at this point. How well and successfully it has been accomplished, the visitor

with a very cordial reception upon their arrival from the citizens, who, not to be exc

of to-day may rea
serve at a glance.

The road was
to the travelling
on the 5th day
1854, and Atlan
was brought to th
tion of the gener
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the following 1st
July, of the sam
Although some
elapsed before th
obtained much
nence, the friend
enterprise were
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the advantages de
their favor, and
it was but a que
time, when the
for their labor
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Slowly but gradu
city rose to public
nence and gai
greater reputation
lists of noted w
places, until to-
stands second to
upon our long co

The first quar
centenary occurr
the 5th day of Jun
and the event w
celebrated by the
pany in coöperati
the citizens of
City, upon that o
The day was enti
voted to the anni
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priate exercises w
commemorative
event. Four larg
or sections were
Philadelphia, wh
vited guests and
of the road. Th



THE SEASIDE HOUSE.

reciation of the enterprise and liberality of the city by the Command also made suitable provision for the observance of the event. The day was a general holiday, and everybody turned out in celebrating this "quarter centenary" evening day.

The exercises of the day were opened by an address, called at the pavilion of the city in front of the Seaview House, and over which the gentlemanly President of the Road, Mr. D. Freeman, was called to preside. Mr. Freeman, in a few words, and timely recognition of the occasion, reviewed in brief the history of the road, and the grand results that had been accomplished by it during its quarter centenary, with a handsome tribute to the spirit and enterprise that had achieved so much in so short a period of time. He was followed by several gentlemen; all of whom had been very greatly identified with the interests of the road since its very inception.

The addresses were very pleasantly interlarded with music from an excellent band, stationed upon the portico of the Seaview House.

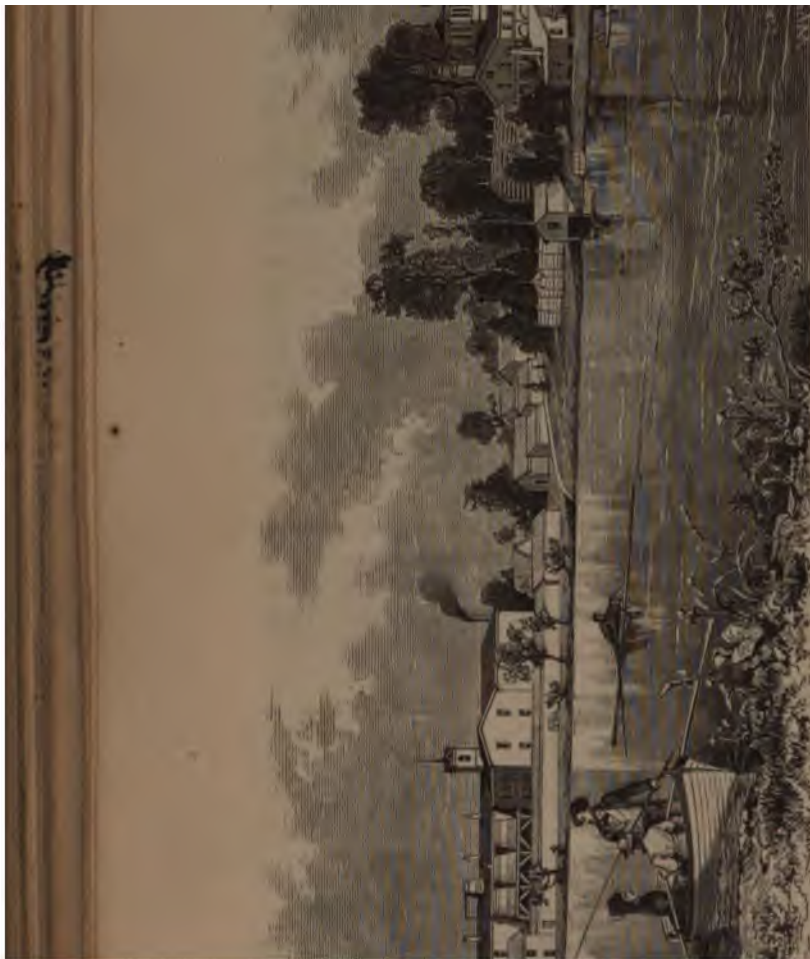
Mayor Bryant of the city, also delivered a brief address, at the close of which he announced that he was authorized by the city council and the citizens, to extend to the invited guests a hearty welcome and the freedom of the city for the day. To use his words, "for this day, everything shall be free to you; not only the air you breathe, but all the courtesies within the

reach of our people. You can ride free from end to end of this island and enjoy a sail upon the waters. Our tables, groaning with the good things for the inner man, stand provided for your free entertainment, and to all of which in the name of our liberal-hearted people, I extend you a cordial invitation."

The guests were not slow after the adjournment of the meeting, in availing themselves of the courtesies extended; and during the rest of the day enjoyed themselves in various ways. Some were visiting the beach, some going up to the Inlet,



RESIDENCE AND VINEYARD OF MR. JULIUS HINCKE, EGG HARBOR CITY.



SILVER LAKE, AND RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN LUCAS.

more delightful to walk the sands made the avenues on the clear, evenings now, than when the hot A were pouring down their scorching as to bathing, you can enjoy a b salt water heated to any temperatur at either of several elegant hotels open here all the year round."

on, when the days began to shedly colder temperature, our urged the same plea for remain in the little cottage by the be mention this fact, to account for longed stay at this sea-girt island t

It was stated to us by many of nent residents, and we have no doubting it, that persons coming rent, to buy or to visit their cot found Atlantic City so pleasant in its climate during the winter well as the variable spring months usually remained weeks instead of often repeated their visits. We ha that this characteristic salubrity of accounted for the rapid increase in nent population, but we were somprised to observe that the reputatio dry and health-giving atmospher tained, was also attracting many fa invalids who had hitherto been a to spend their winters in the south e in Italy, at Nassau, or in Florida.

gayety of feasting on fun. But to enjoy the secrets and beauties of the sublimity of Nature's power when aroused,

a contemplative
much more de-
these autumn
pleasant to dart
the crested waves
ty sea,

and wind are both
fish are sure to bite,
the starry night
sunset's rosy light.

we never saw,
and ate before.
ate their delicate
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the sea. The
es to wild fowl,
und along the
ys and ponds
island at this
he year.

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andom way, di-
much upon the
lights that crowd
me and attention
ors and residents
ely place, and it
strange to the
we have hitherto
to call attention
the grander ele-
Nature here pre-
he expansive and
views of ocean,
heaven, and espe-
Atlantic's mighty

Dear reader, it
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adequate to con-
per conception of
sublimity of such

ll only add, by way
asion, that at such
hen our solicitude

ed to the very utmost for the safety of
frail barks that we know must be out
deep, we fully realize the feebleness
and lastly, though grandest conception of all,
the majesty of Him who is both ours and Nature's
God.

LAKESIDE PARK AND PICNIC GROUNDS.



THE PAVILION ON THE LINKS.

By R. L. S.

CHAPTER I.—TELLS HOW I CAMPED IN GRADEN SEAWOOD, AND BEHELD A LIGHT IN THE PAVILION.

I BELIEVE it is now more than time, my dear and dutiful children, that I was setting my *mémoires* in order before I go hence. For six months I have been reminded day by day of human frailty; I must take the hint before it is too late, and leave you the story for which you have so often asked. This is a long-kept secret that I have now to disclose; and, to all but our own nearest people, I hope it will remain one forever. It is told to you, my dear children, in confidence; you will see why this is so as you read; and, as I hope, that is not by many the only discovery you will make or lesson you will learn. For it should teach in our family a spirit of great charity to the unfortunate and all those who are externally dishonored. For my part, it is with pleasure and sorrow that I set myself to tell you how I met the dear angel of my life. That will always be a touching event in my eyes; for if I am anything worth, or have been anything of a good father, it is due to the influence of your mother and the love and duty that I bore her, which were not only delightful to me in themselves, but strengthened and directed my conduct in other affairs. Many praise and regret their youth or their childhood, and recall the time of their courtship as if it were the beginning of the end; but my case is different, and I neither respected myself nor greatly cared for my existence until then. Yet, as you are to hear, this certainly was in itself a very stormy period, and your mother and I had many pressing and dreadful thoughts. Indeed, the circumstances were so unusual in character that they have not often been surpassed, or, at least, not often in our age and country; and we began to love in the midst of continual alarms.

I was a great solitary when I was young. I made it my pride to keep aloof and suffice for my own entertainment; and I may say that I had neither friends nor acquaintances until I met that friend who became my wife and the mother of my children. With one man only was I on private terms; this was R. Northmour, Esq., of

Graden Easter, in Scotland. We had met in college; and though there was not much intimacy between us, nor even much intimacy, we were nearly of a humor that we could associate in ease to both. Misanthropes, we believed ourselves to be; but I have thought since that we were only sulky fellows. It was scarcely a companionship, but a coexistence in unsociability. Northmour's exceptional violence of temper made it no easy affair for him to keep the peace with one but me; and as he respected my silent way and let me come and go as I pleased, I could tolerate his presence without concern. I think we called each other friends.

When Northmour took his degree, and I decided to leave the university without one, he invited me on a long visit to Graden Easter; it was thus that I first became acquainted with the scene of my adventures. The mansion house of Graden stood in a bleak stretch of country, about three miles from the shore of the German ocean. It was as large as a barrack; and as it had been built of a soft stone, liable to consume in the eager air of the seaside, it was damp and draught within and half ruinous without. It was impossible for two young men to lodge with comfort in such a dwelling. But there stood in the north-west court of the estate, in a wilderness of links and blowing sand-hills, and between a plantation and a sea, the small pavilion or Belvidera, of modern design, which was exactly suited to our wants, and in this hermitage, speaking little, reading much, and rarely associating except at meals, Northmour and I spent four tempestuous winter months. I might have stayed longer; but there sprang up a dispute between us, one March night which rendered my departure necessary. Northmour spoke hotly, I remember, and I suppose must have made some tart rejoinder. He leaped from his chair and grappled me: I had to fight without exaggeration, for my life; and it was only with a great effort that I mastered him, for he was near as strong in body as myself, and seemed fitted with the devil. The next morning we met on usual terms; but I judged it more delicate to withdraw; nor did he attempt to dissuade me.

nine years before I revisited the neighborhood; I travelled at that time with a tilt cart, a cooking-stove, tramping all day beside the sea, and at night, whenever it was possible, in a cove of the hills, or by the side of a burn.

I believe I visited in this manner most of the wild and desolate regions both in England and Scotland; and, as I had neither friends nor family, I was troubled with no correspondence, nothing in the nature of headquarters, and I was the office of my solicitors, from which I drew my income twice a year. It was a life which I delighted in; and I fully thought to live on old upon the march, and at last died alone. So I suppose I should if I had not had a mother.

My whole business to find desolate corners where I could camp without the fear of intrusion; and hence, being in another part of the shire, I bethought me suddenly of the Links on the Links. No thoroughfare passed more than a few miles of it. The nearest town, and but a fisher village, was at a distance of ten miles. For ten miles of length, and from a yard to three miles to half a mile, this barren country lay along the sea. The Links were the natural approach, was full of sand. Indeed, I may say there is hardly a place of concealment in the United Kingdom determined to pass a week in the Sea-Graden Easter, and, making a long march, reached it about sundown on a wild September day.

The country, I have said, was mixed sand-hill and links; *links* being a Scottish name for sand which ceased drifting and becomes more or less covered with turf. The pavilion stood in open space; a little behind it, the wood was a hedge of elders huddled together by the sea; in front, a few tumbled sand-hills stood out to the sea. An out-cropping of rock formed a bastion for the sand, so that there was a promontory in the coast-line between the low bays; and just beyond the tides, the land cropped out and formed an islet of dimensions but strikingly designed. The sands were of great extent at low water, and of famous reputation in the country. Close between the islet and the promontory, it was as if they would swallow a man in four minutes; but there may have been little ground

for this precision. The district was alive with rabbits, and haunted by gulls which made a continual piping about the pavilion. On summer days the outlook was bright and even gladsome; but at sundown in September, with a high wind and a heavy surf rolling in close along the links, the place told of nothing but dead mariners and sea disaster. A ship beating to windward on the horizon, and a huge truncheon of wreck half buried in the sands at my feet, completed the innuendo of the scene.

The pavilion—it had been built by the last proprietor, Northmour's uncle, a silly and prodigal virtuoso—presented little signs of age. It was two stories in height, Italian in design, surrounded by a patch of garden in which nothing had prospered but a few coarse flowers; and looked, with its shuttered windows, not like a house that had been deserted, but like one that had never been tenanted by man. Northmour was plainly from home; whether, as usual, skulking in the cabin of his yacht, or in one of his fitful and extravagant appearances in the world of society, I had, of course, no means of guessing. The place had an air of solitude that daunted even a solitary like myself; the wind cried in the chimneys with a strange and wailing note; and it was with a sense of escape, as if I were going indoors, that I turned away, and, driving my cart before me, entered the skirts of the wood.

The Sea-Wood of Graden had been planted to shelter the cultivated fields behind, and check the encroachments of the blowing sand. As you advanced into it from coastward, elders were succeeded by other hardy shrubs; but the timber was all stunted and bushy; it led a life of conflict; the trees were accustomed to swing there all night long in fierce, winter tempests; and even in early spring the leaves were already flying, and autumn was beginning in this exposed plantation. Inland the ground rose into a little hill, which, along the islet, served as a sailing mark for seamen. When the hill was open of the islet to the north, vessels must bear well to the eastward to clear Graden Ness and the Graden Bulls. In the lower ground a streamlet ran among the trees, and, being dammed with dead leaves and clay of its own carrying, spread out every here and there, and lay in stagnant pools. One or two ruined cottages were dotted about the wood; and, according to Northmour, these were ecclesiastical

foundations, and in their time had sheltered pious hermits.

I found a den, or small hollow, where there was a spring of pure water; and then, clearing away the brambles, I pitched the tent and made a fire to cook my supper. My horse I picketed further in the wood, where there was a patch of sward. The banks of the den not only concealed the light of my fire, but sheltered me from the wind, which was cold as well as high.

The life I was leading made me both hardy and frugal. I never drank but water, and rarely ate anything more costly than oatmeal; and I required so little sleep, that, although I rose with the peep of day, I would often lie long awake in the dark or starry watches of the night. Thus in Graden Sea-Wood, although I fell thankfully asleep by eight in the evening, I was awake again before eleven with a full possession of my faculties, and no sense of drowsiness or fatigue. I rose and sat by the fire, watching the trees and clouds tumultuously tossing and fleeing overhead, and hearkening to the wind and the rollers along the shore, till at length, growing weary of inaction, I quitted the den, and strolled towards the borders of the wood. A young moon, buried in mist, gave a faint illumination to my steps; and the light grew brighter as I walked forth into the links. At the same moment, the wind, smelling salt of the open ocean, and carrying particles of sand, struck me with its full force, so that I had to bow my head.

When I raised it again to look about me, I was aware of a light in the pavilion. It was not stationary; but passed from one window to another, as though some one were reviewing the different apartments with a lamp or candle. I watched it for some seconds in great surprise. When I had arrived in the afternoon the house had been plainly deserted; now it was as plainly occupied. It was my first idea that a gang of thieves might have broken in and be now ransacking Northmour's cupboards, which were many and not ill supplied. But what should bring thieves to Graden Easter? And, again, all the shutters had been thrown open, and it would have been more in the character of such gentry to close them. I dismissed the notion, and fell back upon another. Northmour himself must have arrived, and was now airing and inspecting the pavilion.

I have said that there was no real affection

between this man and me; but, had I loved him like a brother, I was then so much more in love with solitude that I should none the less have shunned his company. As it was, I turned and ran for it; and it was with genuine satisfaction that I found myself safely back beside the fire. I had escaped an acquaintance: I should have one more night in comfort. In the morning, I might either slip away before Northmour was abroad, or pay him as short a visit as I chose.

But when morning came, I thought the situation so diverting that I forgot my shyness. Northmour was at my mercy; I arranged a good practical jest, though I knew well that my neighbor was not the man to jest with in security; and, chuckling beforehand over its success, took my place among the elders at the edge of the wood, whence I could command the door of the pavilion. The shutters were all once more closed, which I remember thinking odd; and the house, with its white walls and green venetians, looked spruce and habitable in the morning light. Hour after hour passed, and still no sign of Northmour. I knew him for a sluggard in the morning; but, as it drew on towards noon, I lost my patience. To say truth, I had promised myself to break my fast in the pavilion, and hunger began to prick me sharply. It was a pity to let the opportunity go by without some cause for mirth; but the growling appetite prevailed, and I relinquished my jest with regret, and sallied from the wood.

The appearance of the house affected me, as I drew near, with disquietude. It seemed unchanged since last evening; and I had expected it, I scarce knew why, to wear some external signs of habitation. But no; the windows were all closely shuttered, the chimneys breathed no smoke, and the front door itself was closely padlocked. Northmour, therefore, had entered by the back; this was the natural and, indeed, the necessary conclusion; and you may judge of my surprise when, on turning the house, I found the back door similarly secured.

My mind at once reverted to the original theory of thieves; and I blamed myself sharply for my last night's inaction. I examined all the windows on the lower story, but none of them had been tampered with; I tried the padlocks, but they were both secure. It thus became a problem how the thieves, if thieves they were, had managed to enter the house. They must have got, I reasoned,

roof of the outhouse where Northmour
 ep his photographic battery; and from
 her by the window of the study or that
 bed-room, completed their burglarious

ed what I supposed was their example;
 ing on the roof, tried the shutters of each
 oth were secure; but I was not to be
 and, with a little force, one of them flew
 ing, as it did so, the back of my hand.
 er I put the wound to my mouth, and
 perhaps half a minute licking it like a
 mechanically gazing behind me over the
 and the sea; and in that space of time,
 ide note of a large schooner yacht some
 e northeast. Then I threw up the win-
 limbed in.

over the house, and nothing can express
 cation. There was no sign of disorder,
 e contrary, the rooms were unusually
 pleasant. I found fires laid, ready for
 three bed-rooms prepared with a luxury
 ign to Northmour's habits, and with
 he ewers and the beds turned down; a
 for three in the dining-room, and an
 ply of cold meats, game, and vegetables
 entry shelves. There were guests ex-
 at was plain; but why guests, when
 r hated society? And, above all, why
 ouse thus stealthily prepared at dead of
 d why were the shutters closed and the
 ocked?

l all traces of my visit, and came forth
 window feeling sobered and concerned.
 ooner yacht was still in the same place;
 ed for a moment through my mind that
 be the "Red Earl" bringing the owner
 ilion and his guests. But the vessel's
 et the other way.

I. TELLS OF THE NOCTURNAL LANDING FROM THE YACHT.

NED to the den to cook myself a meal,
 stood in great need, as well as to care
 se, whom I had somewhat neglected in
 ig. From time to time I went down to
 f the wood; but there was no change in
 on, and not a human creature was seen
 on the links. The schooner in the off-
 e one touch of life within my range of
 be, apparently with no set object, stood
 XV.—22

off and on or lay to, hour after hour; but as the
 evening deepened, she drew steadily nearer. I
 became more convinced that she carried North-
 mour and his friends, and that they would prob-
 ably come ashore after dark; not only because
 that was of a piece with the secrecy of the pre-
 parations, but because the tide would not have
 flowed sufficiently before eleven to cover Graden
 Floe and the other sea quays that fortified the
 shore against invaders.

All day the wind had been going down, and the
 sea along with it; but there was a return toward
 sunset of the heavy weather of the day before.
 The night set in pitch dark. The wind came off
 the sea in squalls, like the firing of a battery of
 cannon; now and then there was a flow of rain,
 and the surf rolled heavier with the rising tide.
 I was down at my observatory among the elders,
 when a light was run up to the masthead of the
 schooner, and showed she was closer in than when
 I had last seen her by the dying daylight. I con-
 cluded that this must be a signal to Northmour's
 associates on shore; and, stepping forth into the
 links, looked around me for something in re-
 sponse.

A small footpath ran along the margin of the
 wood, and formed the most direct communication
 between the pavilion and the mansion-house; and,
 as I cast my eyes to that side, I saw a spark of
 light not a quarter of a mile away, and rapidly
 approaching. From its uneven course it appeared
 to be the light of a lantern carried by a person
 who followed the windings of the path, and was
 often staggered and taken aback by the more
 violent squalls. I concealed myself once more
 among the elders, and waited eagerly for the
 newcomer's advance. It proved to be a woman;
 and, as she passed within half a rod of my ambush,
 I was able to recognize the features. The deaf
 and silent old dame, who had nursed Northmour
 in his childhood, was his associate in this under-
 hand affair.

I followed her at a little distance, taking advan-
 tage of the innumerable heights and hollows, con-
 cealed by the darkness, and favored not only by
 the nurse's deafness, but by the uproar of the
 wind and surf. She entered the pavilion, and,
 going at once to the upper story, opened and set
 a light in one of the windows that looked toward
 the sea. Immediately afterwards the light at the
 schooner's masthead was run down and extin-

guished. Its purpose had been attained, and those on board were sure that they were expected. The old woman resumed her preparations; although the other shutters remained closed, I could see a glimmer going to and fro about the house; and a gush of sparks from one chimney after another soon told me that the fires were being kindled.

Northmour and his guests, I was now persuaded would come ashore as soon as there was water on the floe. It was a wild night for boat service; and I felt some alarm mingle with my curiosity as I reflected on the danger of the landing. My old acquaintance, it was true, was the most eccentric of men; but the present eccentricity was both disquieting and lugubrious to consider. A variety of feelings thus led me towards the beach, where I lay flat on my face in a hollow within six feet of the track that led to the pavilion. Thence, I should have the satisfaction of recognizing the arrivals, and, if they should prove to be acquaintances, greeting them as soon as they had landed.

Some time before eleven, while the tide was still dangerously low, a boat's lantern appeared close in shore; and, my attention being thus awakened, I could perceive another still far to seaward, violently tossed, and sometimes hidden by the billows. The weather, which was getting dirtier as the night went on, and the perilous situation of the yacht upon a leeshore, had probably driven them to attempt a landing at the earliest possible moment.

A little afterwards, four yachtsmen carrying a very heavy chest, and guided by a fifth with a lantern, passed close in front of me as I lay, and were admitted to the pavilion by the nurse. They returned to the beach, and passed me a third time with another chest, larger but apparently not so heavy as the first. A third time they made the transit; and on this occasion one of the yachtsmen carried a leather portmanteau, and the others a lady's trunk, a reticule, and a pair of bandboxes. My curiosity was sharply excited. If a woman were among the guests of Northmour, it would show a change in his habits, and an apostasy from his pet theories of life, well calculated to fill me with surprise. When he and I dwelt there together, the pavilion had been a temple of misogyny. And now, one of the detested sex was to be installed under its roof. I remembered one or two particulars, a few notes of daintiness and

almost of coquetry which had struck me the day before as I surveyed the preparations in the house; their purpose was now clear, and I thought myself dull not to have perceived it from the first.

While I was thus reflecting, a second lantern drew near me from the beach. It was carried by a yachtsman whom I had not yet seen, and who was conducting two other persons to the pavilion. These two persons were unquestionably the guests for whom the house was made ready; and, straining eye and ear, I set myself to watch them as they passed. One was an unusually tall man, in a travelling hat slouched over his eyes, and a highland cape closely buttoned and turned up so as to conceal his face. You could make out no more of him than that he was, as I have said, unusually tall, and walked feebly with a heavy stoop. By his side, and either clinging to him or giving him support, I could not make out which, was a young, tall, and slender figure of a woman. She was extremely pale; but in the light of the lantern her face was so marred by strong and changing shadows, that she might equally well have been as ugly as sin, or as beautiful as—well, my dear children, as I afterwards found her to be. For this, as you will already have divined, was no one but your dear mother in person.

When they were just abreast of me, the girl made some remark which was drowned by the noise of the wind.

"Hush!" said her companion; and there was something in the tone with which the word was uttered that thrilled and rather shook my spirit. It seemed to breathe from a bosom laboring under the deadliest terror; I have never heard another syllable so expressive; and I still hear it again when I am feverish at night and my mind runs upon old times. The man turned towards the girl as he spoke; I had a glimpse of much red beard and a nose which seemed to have been broken in youth; and his light eyes seemed shining in his face with some strong and unpleasant emotion.

But these two passed on, and were admitted in their turn to the pavilion.

One by one, or in groups, the seamen returned to the beach. The wind brought me the sound of a rough voice crying, "Shove off!" The after a pause, another lantern drew near. It was Northmour alone.

Your mother and I, a man and a woman, he

then agreed to wonder how a person could be, at the same time, so handsome and so repulsive as Northmour. He had the appearance of a finished gentleman; his face bore every mark of intelligence and courage; but you had only to look at him, even in his most amiable moment, to see that he had the temper of a slaver captain. I never knew a character that was both explosive and revengeful to the same degree; he combined the vivacity of the south with the sustained and deadly hatreds of the north; and both traits were plainly written on his face, which was a sort of danger signal. In person, he was tall, strong, and active; his hair and complexion very dark; his features handsomely designed, but spoiled by a menacing expression.

At that moment he was somewhat paler than by nature; he wore a heavy frown; and his lips worked, and he looked sharply round him as he walked, like a man besieged with apprehensions. And yet I thought he had a look of triumph underlying all, as though he had already done much, and was near the end of an achievement.

Partly from a scruple of delicacy—which I dare say came too late—partly from the pleasure of startling an acquaintance, I desired to make my presence known to him without delay.

I got suddenly to my feet, and stepped forward. "Northmour!" said I.

I have never had so shocking a surprise in all my days. He leaped on me without a word; something shone in his hand; and he struck for my heart with a dagger. At the same moment I knocked him head over heels. Whether it was my quickness or his own uncertainty, I know not; but the blade only grazed my shoulder, while the hilt and his fist struck me violently on the mouth. I lost the eye-tooth on the left-hand side; for the one with which you are accustomed to see me is artificial, and was only put there, at your mother's request, after we had been man and wife for a few months.

I fled, but not far. I had often and often observed the capabilities of the sand-hills for protracted ambush or stealthy advances and retreats; and, not ten yards from the scene of the scuffle, plumped down again upon the grass. The lantern had fallen and gone out. But what was my astonishment to see Northmour slip at a bound into the pavilion, and hear him bar the door behind him with a clang of iron!

He had not pursued me. He had run away. Northmour, whom I knew for the most implacable and daring of men, had run away! I could scarce believe my reason; and yet in this strange business, where all was incredible, there was nothing to make a work about in an incredibility more or less. For why was the pavilion secretly prepared? Why had Northmour landed with his guests at dead of night, in half a gale of wind, and with the floe scarce covered? Why had he sought to kill me? Had he not recognized my voice? I wondered. And, above all, how had he come to have a dagger ready in his hand? A dagger, or even a sharp knife, seemed out of keeping with the age in which we lived; and a gentleman landing from his yacht on the shore of his own estate, even although it was night and with some mysterious circumstances, does not usually, as a matter of fact, walk thus prepared for deadly onslaught. The more I reflected, the further I felt at sea. I recapitulated the elements of mystery, counting them on my fingers; the pavilion secretly prepared for guests; the guests landed at the risk of their lives, and to the imminent peril of the yacht; the guests, or at least one of them, in undisguised and seemingly causeless terror; Northmour with a naked weapon; Northmour stabbing his most intimate acquaintance at a word; last, and not least strange, Northmour fleeing from the man whom he had sought to murder, and barricading himself, like a hunted creature, behind the door of the pavilion. Here were at least six separate causes for extreme surprise; each part and parcel with the others, and forming all together one consistent story. I felt almost ashamed to believe my own senses.

As I thus stood, transfixed with wonder, I began to grow painfully conscious of the injuries I had received in the scuffle; skulked round among the sand-hills, and, by a devious path, regained the shelter of the wood. On the way, the old nurse passed again within several yards of me, still carrying her lantern, on the return journey to the mansion-house of Graden. This made a seventh suspicious feature in the case. Northmour and his guests, it appeared, were to cook and do the cleaning for themselves, while the old woman continued to inhabit the big empty barrack among the policies. There must surely be great cause for secrecy, when so many inconveniences were confronted to preserve it.

So thinking, I made my way to the den. For greater security, I trod out the embers of the fire, and lit my lantern to examine the wound upon my shoulder. It was a trifling hurt, although it bled somewhat freely, and I dressed it as well as I could (for its position made it difficult to reach) with some rag and cold water from the spring. While I was thus busied, I mentally declared war against Northmour and his mystery. I am not an angry man by nature, and I believe there was more curiosity than resentment in my heart. But war I certainly declared; and, by way of preparation, I got out my revolver, and, having drawn the charges, cleaned and reloaded it with scrupulous care. Next I became preoccupied about my horse. It might break loose, or fall to neighing, and so betray my camp in the Sea-Wood. I determined to rid myself of its neighborbood; and long before dawn I was leading it over the links in the direction of the fisher village.

CHAPTER III.—TELLS HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED
WITH MY WIFE.

FOR two days I skulked round the pavilion, profiting by the uneven surface of the links. I became an adept in the necessary tactics. These low hillocks and shallow dells, running one into another, became a kind of cloak of darkness for my enthralling, but perhaps dishonorable, pursuit. Yet, in spite of this advantage, I could learn but little of Northmour or his guests.

Fresh provisions were brought under cover of darkness by the old woman from the mansion-house. Northmour and the young lady, sometimes together, but more often singly, would walk for an hour or two at a time on the beach beside the quicksand. I could not but conclude that this promenade was chosen with an eye to secrecy; for the spot was open only to the seaward. But it suited me not less excellently; the highest and most accidented of the sand-hills immediately adjoined; and from these, lying flat in a hollow, I could overlook Northmour or the young lady as they walked.

The tall man seemed to have disappeared. Not only did he never cross the threshold, but he never so much as showed face at a window; or, at least, not so far as I could see; for I dared not creep forward beyond a certain distance in the day, since the upper floor commanded the bottoms of the links; and at night, when I could venture

further, the lower windows were barricaded as if to stand a siege. Sometimes I thought the tall man must be confined to bed, for I remembered the feebleness of his gait; and sometimes I thought he must have gone clear away, and that Northmour and the young lady remained alone together in the pavilion. The idea, even then, displeased me.

Whether or not this pair were man and wife, I had seen abundant reason to doubt the friendliness of their relation. Although I could hear nothing of what they said, and rarely so much as glean a decided expression on the face of either, there was a distance, almost a stiffness, in their bearing which showed them to be either unfamiliar or at enmity. The girl walked faster when she was with Northmour than when she was alone; and I conceived that any inclination between a man and a woman would rather delay than accelerate the step. Moreover, she kept a good yard free of him, and trailed her umbrella, as if it were a barrier, on the side between them. Northmour kept sidling closer; and, as the girl retired from his advance, their course lay at a sort of diagonal across the beach, and would have landed them in the surf had it been long enough continued. But, when this was imminent, the girl would unostentatiously change sides and put Northmour between her and the sea. I watched these manoeuvres, for my part, with high enjoyment and approval, and chuckled to myself at every move.

On the morning of the third day, she walked alone for some time, and I perceived, to my great concern, that she was more than once in tears. You will see, my dear children, that my heart was already interested in that lady. She had a firm yet airy motion of the body, and carried her head with unimaginable grace; every step was a thing to look at, and she seemed in my eyes to breathe sweetness and distinction.

The day was so agreeable, being calm and sunshiny, with a tranquil sea, and yet with a healthful piquancy and vigor in the air, that, contrary to custom, she was tempted forth a second time to walk. On this occasion she was accompanied by Northmour; and they had been but a short while on the beach, when I saw him take forcible possession of her hand. She struggled, and uttered a cry that was almost a scream. I sprang to my feet, unmindful of my strange position; but, ere had taken a step, I saw Northmour bare-headed and bowing very low, as if to apologize, as

dropped again at once into my ambush. A few words were interchanged; and then, with another bow, he left the beach to return to the pavilion. He paused not far from me, and I could see him, flushed and lowering, and cutting savagely with his cane among the grass. It was not without satisfaction that I recognized my own handiwork in a great cut under his right eye, and a considerable discoloration round the socket.

For some time your mother remained where he had left her, looking out past the islet and over the bright sea. Then with a start, as one who throws off preoccupation and puts energy again upon its mettle, she broke into a rapid and decisive walk. She also was much incensed by what had passed. She had forgotten where she was. And I beheld her walk straight into the borders of the quick-sand where it is most abrupt and dangerous. Two or three steps further and her life would have been in serious jeopardy, when I slid down the face of the sand-hill, which is there precipitous, and, running half-way forward, called to her to stop.

She did so, and turned round. There was not a tremor of fear in her behavior, and she marched directly up to me like a queen. I was barefoot, and clad like a common sailor, save for an Egyptian scarf round my waist; and she probably took me at first for some one from the fisher village, straying after bait. As for her, when I thus saw her face to face, her eyes set steadily and imperiously upon mine, I was filled with admiration and astonishment, and thought her even more beautiful than I had looked to find her. Nor could I think enough of one who, acting with so much boldness, yet preserved a maidenly air that was both quaint and engaging; for your mother kept an old fashioned precision of manner through all her admirable life—an excellent thing in woman, since it sets another value on her sweet familiarities. Little did I dream, as I stood before her on the beach, that this should be the mother of my children.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"You were walking," I told her, "directly into Graden Floe."

"You do not belong to these parts," she said again. "You speak like an educated man."

"I believe I have right to that name," said I, "although in this disguise."

But her woman's eye had already detected the truth.

"Oh!" she said; "your sash betrays you."

"You have said the word betray," I resumed. "May I ask you not to betray me? I was obliged to disclose myself in your interest; but if Northmour learned my presence it might be worse than disagreeable for me."

"Do you know," she asked, "to whom you are speaking?"

"Not, I trust, to Mr. Northmour's wife?" was my reply.

She shook her head. All this while she was studying my face with an embarrassing intentness. Then she broke out:

"You have an honest face. Be honest like your face, sir, and tell me what you want and what you are afraid of. Do you think I could hurt you? I believe you have far more power to injure me! And yet you do not look unkind. What do you mean—you, a gentleman—by skulking like a spy about this desolate place? Tell me," she said, "who is it you hate?"

"I hate no one," I answered; "and I fear no one face to face. My name is Cassilis—Frank Cassilis. I lead the life of a vagabond for my own good pleasure. I am one of Northmour's oldest friends; and three nights ago, when I addressed him on these links, he stabbed me in the shoulder with a knife."

"It was you!" she said between her teeth.

"Why he did so," I continued, disregarding the interruption, "is more than I can guess, and more than I care to know. I have not many friends, nor am I very susceptible to friendship; but no man shall drive me from a place by terror. I had camped in Graden Sea Wood ere he came; I camp in it still. If you think I mean harm to you or yours, madam, the remedy is in your hand. Tell him that my camp is in the Hemlock Den, and to-night he can stab me in safety while I sleep."

With this I doffed my cap to her, and scrambled up once more among the sand-hills. I do not know why, but I felt a prodigious sense of injustice, and felt like a hero and a martyr; while, as a matter of fact, I had not a word to say in my defence, nor so much as one plausible reason to offer for my conduct. I had stayed at Graden out of a curiosity natural enough, but undignified; and though there was another motive growing in along with the first, it was not one which I could properly have explained, at that period, to the mother of my children.

THANKSGIVING IN HISTORY.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

THANKSGIVING day is peculiarly an American institution. Its commemoration dates from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, though as a national custom it has been established within the period of seventeen years. Apropos: The story of the Western lady will occur to some of our readers, who, when visiting a friend in Maine, in her astonishment over the crisped body of the festive turkey, exclaimed, "Why, we do not keep Thanksgiving day out West!" That was during the early days of the civil war. Now the whole country from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the jumping-off rock at Eastport, Maine, to the waters of the Golden Gate, observe the festival as a national holiday. Annually from the hand of our chief ruler at the Capital, there comes a public recommendation advising the people of the whole nation to assemble in their various places of worship for prayers of thanksgiving to the God of Nations. Every autumn, when November heralds the approaching winter over all the country, in the stately city mansion and in the old farm house among the hills, in the miner's camp and in the Southern planter's cabin, there is feasting and revelry and praise and mirth. The church bells ring. Hospitality has its abode at every hearthstone. The poor are remembered; the public worshipper at church and the playful roysterers at home alike give of their abundance to the needy. In no other modern country is there just such a holiday.

The custom of giving public thanks to God for the blessings of the year is not, however, so modern as many think. The idea of Thanksgiving is as old as history itself. In some form or another it has been observed by the leading nations of the world. Our modern custom was no doubt suggested by some of these older observances. Indeed, this is quite substantiated by the fact that its national observance is now permanently established at the close of the ingathering of the harvest, the same season of the year when the old nations celebrated their harvest feasts. Its primitive observance on our New England shores may have been partially the result of a sense of dependence

upon the Creator, but none the less true is it that the Thanksgiving we celebrate at the end of every harvest has a smack of classical flavor, and is a festival that recalls the religious rites of old ages and dead nations.

Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs, and picturesque festivities. The festival was one of the most important of the many held by the Jews. It occurred annually at the end of the harvest, when the whole of the chief fruits of the ground, the corn, the wine and the oil were gathered in, and continued eight days, or from the fifteenth to the twenty-second of the month Tisri, which corresponded nearly with our October. During this feast of ingathering the nation to the number of millions assembled in Jerusalem and its environs. No work was done, the people drank and feasted, and sent portions to the indigent, and made great mirth. Seven days they lived in booths or huts formed of the branches of the olive, pine, myrtle and palm, and decorated with fruits and flowers. According to Rabbinical tradition, each Israelite used to tie the branches into a bunch to be carried in his hand, to which the name of lulab was given. In the Mishna there are many directions for the construction and dimensions of the booths. They were to stand by themselves, and were not to be lower than ten palms, nor higher than twenty cubits. On the last day of the feast they were dismantled, and the people took up their abode again in their houses.

Each day had its ceremonies. August were the pomps and pageants. The huts and the lulabs must have made a gay and striking spectacle over the city by day, and the lamps, the flambeaux, the music and the joyous gatherings in the court of the temple must have given a still more festive character to the night. There were magnificent processions. Hosannas were sung, while lulabs waved, and the silver trumpets led the stately march of choruses in the grandest oratorios the world has ever heard. The Psalms of Thanksgiving were sung, and the altars groaned under costly

The sheep-folds of Manasseh and Judah were ranged for rams, lambs and goats, and the flocks of Bashan and the pigeons of Sharon were by the score. Besides these public sacrifices were private peace-offerings made. Every household had its worship, its sacrifice and its feast in addition to the grand public pageants. Of all the Hebrew annual festivals were of rejoicing, the Feast of Tabernacles was, in respect, distinguished above them all. It was the Harvest Feast, and Thanksgiving seemed appropriate at this season. The labors of the year were over, and men could enjoy the rest that the festival afforded, now that their needs had been garnered. The pomp and splendor of the festival were the outcome of a people prone to worship and overfond of barbaric pomp; but these did not detract from the sacredness that especially honored the day. The memory of the great Hebrew festival has long passed away, though it is still partially kept by the Jews in all lands. In Disraeli's *Curiosities of Judaism* there is a glowing description of its observance by the dispersed congregation in Israel. The spirit of the festival, however, entered into the harvest observances of Christian lands.

The feast of Demeter called the Eleusinian festival, celebrated by the Greeks, was closely allied in spirit to our Thanksgiving Day. Demeter, the fabled goddess of cornfields and harvest, Her daughter, Persephone, was beloved of her father, who kidnapped her as she was gathering flowers one day, and carried her to Hades. Her father, Zeus, left Olympus, in search of her child, and after long wanderings discovered her place of confinement. But Persephone had eaten a pomegranate seed in Pluto's kingdom, and could remain with her mother only half of the time. Demeter, angry that she renounced the society of the gods, made her dwelling upon the earth; conferring blessings on all those who received her. She taught Seleus, King of Eleusis, the art of agriculture, how to plow, sow and sow to make bread and rear fruit trees. At that time men lived upon roots and acorns, in the savage state; but Demeter changed their condition. She became the patron deity of Eleusis, and her *fêtes* were celebrated in her honor after every autumn harvest.

Great Eleusinia was the grandest of all the

Greek festivals. Its solemnities lasted for nine days, and were taken part in by all who wished, save murderers and barbarians. On the first and second days the mystæ assembled at Athens and underwent purification. The third was a day of fasting, after which the mystæ tasted the peculiar posset of barley meal and mint, with which the Goddess Demeter had broken her own fast at Eleusis, and they also partook of a frugal meal consisting of cakes made of sesame and honey. On the fourth day sacrifices were performed, and there was a procession consisting of a basket of pomegranate and poppy seeds placed in a wagon and drawn by oxen, and followed by a crowd of women with small mystic cases in their hands. The fifth day was called the torch day, and was distinguished by a mysterious night procession along the Sacred Way which led from Athens to Eleusis. This torchlight procession was a symbolical representation of Demeter's search for Persephone, and was peculiarly striking and significant. The priests led the way in their sacerdotal robes, singing melancholy hymns for the lost Persephone. The mystæ followed, clad in purple garments, and wearing crowns of myrtle on their heads, and the whole procession moved slowly along beneath the fitful light of torches, solemnly and earnestly lamenting for the lost daughter of Demeter.

The most solemn of all the ceremonies occurred on the sixth day. Persephone had been brought back from the under world, and the harvest and vine were gladdening the earth. The statue of Iacchus, the son of Demeter, crowned with a chaplet of myrtle, and carrying a torch in his hand, was carried along the Sacred Way, amid joyous shouts and songs, from Athens to Eleusis. Thousands of worshippers, clad in festal attire, and crowned with garlands of flowers and wreaths of ivy, followed in the pageant chanting the praises of the goddess in strains of harmonious adoration. The crowd of worshippers and spectators not unfrequently reached the number of forty thousand persons. The remaining days of the festival were devoted to sacrifices, sports and feasting. There was much rude license, gay rejoicing, and bacchanalian worship. The sacrifices made were mostly produce of the soil, with oblations of wine, honey and milk. At a later period these ancient Thanksgiving festivals had a symbolic meaning attached to them, and they became

the vehicle of a secret science conducive, as was believed, to eternal bliss. Originally, however, the Eleusinian mysteries were simply harvest festivals.

The Romans more frequently gave thanks for bloody victories over enemies, for contests which flattered their pride and ambition, than they did for prosperous harvests. But even this warlike nation celebrated a harvest festival called the Cerealia, which was as ancient as the reign of Romulus. The festival took its name from Ceres, the Demeter of the Romans, and was observed about the first of October, after the ingathering of the harvests. Processions were made to the fields by men and women, the worshippers crowned with poppies and corn leaves. There were rustic sports, during which the figures of the Lares or household gods were crowned with flowers. Sacrifices were made in the temples of the best fruits and the sweetest wines, and frolic and festal joy prevailed. Virgil thus alludes to these rustic ceremonies:

"To Ceres bland, her annual rites be paid,
On the green turf, beneath the fragrant shade,
When summer ends and autumn calmly shines;
Then fat the lambs, then mellow are the wines,
Then sweet are slumbers on the flowery ground.
Let all the hinds bend low at Ceres' shrine;
Mix honey sweet for her, with milk and mellow wine;
Thrice lead the victim the new fruits around,
And Ceres' call, and choral hymns resound."

This would not sound badly as a proclamation for a modern Thanksgiving. It seems to be pervaded by the same spirit of thankfulness for bounteous crops, a sense of dependence on the Deity, and the peace and joy produced by quiet rural and pastoral life. The Cerealia was an occasion of sacrifice as well as of feasting. The altars smoked with incense and offerings, and the temples were decorated with garlands. It was also a season of relaxation and rest. The hard-working husbandman refrained from labor during the festival; the herdsman and the shepherd laid their crooks aside. In the humble cots on the hillsides, as well as in the pleasant villages in the valley, and in the larger and more prosperous towns, the same mirth and rejoicing prevailed. It seemed to be the one pleasant period of the year to the laboring man, the period when he could throw aside all his cares and toils, and partake of the ease and festivity characteristic of the festival, and which recalled the happy days when Saturn reigned, which the poets celebrated as the Golden Age.

Who has not read of the merry Harvest that autumn holiday of our English fathers? Though more buoyant and more replete with license than our own harvest festival, it was a prototype and harbinger of it. All the old English *fête* days were more boisterously observed than is deemed either dignified or decorous by modern Americans. Think of the rude frolics that disfigured the season of the Christmas when the yule log blazed, when boar's head barbecues smoked, when the Lord of Misrule, the autocrat of the festive board, and the Feasts of Fools closed the furious day. In the stormy times of the Tudor sovereigns, what rough tumults ushered in the month of May! Here the horns and the bugles sounded, how the meadows were trampled for evergreens and flowers, and around the May pole the merry lads and maidens danced till the sun went down on the green. Even kings and queens forgot their dignity, and as Robinhoods and Maid Marian rode a-field to bend the bow against forest and partake of rude venery in the wild woods.

The Harvest Home was the third great *fête* of our English forefathers. Its observance is traced back to the days of the Saxon Heptarchy. The Saxon churls in the time of Egbert and Alfred kept the festival in about the same way that the Kentish farmer and the Northumbrian shearer observed it under Elizabeth and Victoria. When the harvest moon came round, and the last sheaf was garnered, then was the Harvest Home. The laborer and his family threw off all restraint, and a season of frolic and gayety ensued as we have ever characterized May day or Christmas. The sports were rural and pacific, but clanlike and unrestrained. Bon-fires were kindled, home-brewed ale was quaffed. There was a ring on the green sward, and the country was indulged in athletic sports. The belles wore wreaths of grain and flowers, and sung poetic effusions. In the evening the feast was sometimes by the open door of the cottage, and other times in the open field, and the patriarchs told stories as they drank their cups of thickened milk and partook of rustic fare. But even there the hilarity did not end, and it was only when the full moon passed the meridian that the sports altogether ceased, and the belles retired to dream the pleasures of the Harvest Home over again.

lling this harvest festival of the fatherland, grim fathers, ever mindful of the blessings received from the All Bountiful Hand, expressed their thankfulness for their first harvest by

Ten months had passed since the little sheld from the deck of the Mayflower the hills of Cape Cod and the rocky shores of ith. Death had been busy among them. Half of their number rested in graves leveled, y might disclose to the Indians the weakness of the colony. The fifty survivors were ed by log huts, low-posted, small, and windows of oiled paper. They did not reap busily. Twenty acres of corn, and six of and pease, formed their entire harvest. Yet these men and women "thanked and took courage!"

nd be praised," wrote one of them, "we good increase of Indian corn, and our indifferent good, but our pease not worth cherishing." After their harvest was gotten vernor Bradford sent out four men on a ng expedition," that for their Thanksgiving and for the festivities of the week might have "more dainty and abundant ds than ordinary, and after a special man-able to rejoice together." When the hun-urned successful, the pioneers sat down to st Thanksgiving dinner in the New World. the table spread with water-fowl, wild turnison, corn and barley, they gave thanks by the goodness of God they were far ant." Nor was the feast spread for them- alone. Massasoit, sagamore of the Wom- s, and ninety of his warriors were present occasion, and participated in the festivi- n this manner was the festival of Thanks- instituted in New England.

second year after the celebration of this festival the day was rendered more solemn pressive, by reason of a special deliverance colony from impending famine. The spring mmer of 1623 were very dry and sultry. he middle of May to the middle of July no l. The ground was parched with drought, n withered, and the barley stopped grow-reat fears were entertained by the colonists al destruction of their crops and a conse-amine. In this extremity a day of fasting ayer was appointed, which was observed eat solemnity, the first ever kept on these

western shores. It was the seventeenth of July, and the day was cloudless and intensely hot. The fast lasted all day; for nine hours the people employed themselves unceasingly in prayer. They were almost ready to give way to despair. As evening approached, however, it became evident that a storm was gathering. Clouds collected, a sharp breeze sprang up from the east, and when the morning dawned the rain was descending in torrents. It was fourteen days until the weather cleared. The languishing crops were revived, and a bountiful harvest succeeded.

In token of the general gratitude, a day of public thanksgiving was ordered by Governor Bradford, the second such day ever observed in New England. It was kept in the grave, formal fashion of the Puritans. There was no hilarity, no license, no unseemly feasting, but much praise and thankfulness. The freedom and boisterousness of the English Harvest Home were wanting; in fact would have been out of place among this little band of pioneers struggling for life amid the forests of America. The celebration of the day was more a spontaneous and special return of thanks to Divine Providence for His protecting care. Occasional religious services for thanksgiving were not unusual in Europe before the Puritans' inauguration of the day on the shores of New England. Particularly had there been special days of thanksgiving observed in England; for instance, on the recovery of a royal personage from illness, or on some event of national good fortune.

On the defeat of the Spanish Armada a day of praise and thanksgiving was ordered by Queen Elizabeth. The day was celebrated as a holiday; there were bonfires and merry-making everywhere; gayly-dressed multitudes crowded the streets, and London was all alive with banners, music, and joyful sounds. Again, on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, sixteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, a public thanksgiving was observed, and the observance of the day passed into a custom which is still kept as Guy Fawkes's day, and is a legal holiday. Later, when King George the Third recovered from his insanity, a grand procession, consisting of the great nobles, bishops and princes, went through London, and a splendid Thanksgiving service was performed at St. Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of the recovered monarch. A similar Thanksgiving pageant took place when the Prince

of Wales recovered from the illness which was so nearly fatal to him eight years ago. Queen Victoria, surrounded by brilliant costumes, and passing under triumphal arches and by festooned houses, went to St. Paul's as her grandfather had done, and there an imposing religious ceremonial of Thanksgiving was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

That little village festival held at Plymouth in the early days of the colony was the germ of our national Thanksgiving. Thus primarily the festival had a religious origin, although it took something of its spirit from the suggestion of the elder Harvest Home. Subsequently it assumed more of the character of the English holiday, and also took one feature at least from the Aborigines. The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles was observed directly after the field crops were garnered, sometimes as early as the twenty-fifth day of September; never later than the twentieth of October. The Greek Eleusinia, or Feast of Demeter, was celebrated in September, and the Cerealia about the same time. The festival of the Harvest Home occurred when the moon was full in September. The observance of our Thanksgiving falls due two months later, and has been established for the last Thursday in November, approaching very near to the winter solstice. At that period of the year the Indians were accustomed to hold a festal day. When the mild days came, the last before the long cold winter set in, these days in which according to Greek fable Halcyone broods over her nest, and which Americans term in honor of the Aborigines the Indian summer, the forest men lit great fires, roasted carcasses of deer and bear, boiled corn, stewed pumpkin, and made a feast of which both women and warriors partook. The revelry sped into the night; through the boughs of pine and hemlock gleamed the firelight, around the flames danced the warriors, and the ceremonies ended with a grand powwow. In pleasant contrast to the stern monotony of an Indian's life, to their oftentimes bloody practices, gleams out this wild wood festival, with its pastoral concomitants, its feasting and its revelry, the dancing of dusky warriors and the singing of Indian maids. Sometimes in their wild carousals the red men consumed so large a portion of their winter provision that famine threatened them before the cold weather was over. The date of this savage festival suggests in itself the origin of this identity in ours.

Thanksgiving was for a long time confined in its observance to the sons of the Pilgrims and the State of Massachusetts. Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in June 1632, recommended a day of thanksgiving on account of the action of the British privy council favorable to the colonies, and invited Governor Bradford of Plymouth to unite with him, which the latter did. At several subsequent occasions Thanksgiving was observed by the Massachusetts Bay Colony, notably in 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639, sometimes of more than one day in the year. As early as 1689 it had become a custom annually observed in Plymouth. Most of the earlier appointments for Thanksgiving in the colony were at different seasons of the year, and for special reasons, particularly for the arrival of ships with provisions and new colonists; but at this latter date they were generally for the harvest, and were in the late autumn or early winter. There were occasional Thanksgiving days appointed by other governors outside of New England. In 1644 and 1645 William Kieft, the Dutch Governor of New Netherlands, ordered a Thanksgiving to be observed, and Peter Stuyvesant did the same in 1655, upon the annexation of the Swedish territory to the Dutch colony. They undoubtedly derived the idea from the fact that Leyden, in October, 1575, had observed such a day in honor of the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from Spanish siege.

During the Revolution Thanksgiving day was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress; but after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 there was no national observance of the day until 1789, when President Washington, by request of Congress, recommended a day of Thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. A second Thanksgiving proclamation was issued by Washington in 1795 in consequence of the suppression of insurrection, which in several States threatened to overthrow the government.

In April, 1815, at the termination of the second war with England President Madison, by the request of Congress, appointed a national Thanksgiving for peace. The official recommendation of Thanksgiving day was, however, mainly confined to New England. In the old home of the Pilgrims, annual proclamations were regularly issued by the governors of States, and the day was

and almost universally with religious services, is the principal social and home festival of the year. There were occasional recommendations from different religious bodies, and various local customs prevailed through the country. The book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1789, recommends for a day of Thanksgiving the first Thursday in November, unless that day be appointed by the civil authorities. In 1777, De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York, designated a day of Thanksgiving, and the custom inaugurated in that State has been regularly observed since. Governor Johnson of Virginia also issued a Thanksgiving proclamation which was observed; but Governor Wise, his successor in the gubernatorial chair, declined appointing a day of Thanksgiving, deeming it a religious matter that the State was unauthorized to meddle with. In 1858 Thanksgiving proclamations were issued by the governors of eight Southern States. During our civil war there came a period of mourning to the Union arms. Fasts were appointed and observed. Victories followed. An autumn of plentiful harvests brought the promise of better times. Then it was that President Lincoln issued a proclamation recommending a special Thanksgiving. The next year, 1863, we were blessed again with victories and abundant harvests. This time, proclamations were issued for a special Thanksgiving also for a national annual Thanksgiving observance. Since that time the observance of the Harvest Feast has become an annual and national custom, a proclamation being issued each year by the President, as well as by the governors of the States and the mayors of the principal cities.

Usually, the custom associates itself with the merriment of the household, and the joyousness of the sanctuary. But latterly history has been made to repeat itself. The graves of thousands in the sunny South have recalled the first burial plot at Plymouth. Thousands of devastated homes and the ruin of noble fortunes cannot but suggest the small harvest field and the wild game which once stood between the Pilgrims and starvation. Those heroes bore their scanty harvest across tear-compelling graves. But as they saw in the one a discipline, and in the other an earnest, they took courage and ate their festive cheer with thankfulness. A similar union of solemnity and mirth should distinguish our national Thanksgiving. It is something more than an echo of the Feast of Tabernacles or the English Harvest Home. True, it is a Harvest Feast; but it also commemorates the heroism and piety of our forefathers as well as the ingathering of the harvests. Its national observance recalls the patriotism, the suffering and the death of countless heroes who fell on Southern battle-fields. It recalls the services of our martyred President. It recalls toils and sacrifices and heroisms, as well as prosperity and festive cheer and classic grace. Let us keep it in the spirit in which it was inaugurated. Let it be a day of universal benevolence, the almoner of multitudinous charities like the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles; let it be a day of mirth and festivity like the Cerealia and the Harvest Home; above all let it be a day of praise and thankfulness and religious adoration as our Pilgrim forefathers kept it, when with fearful but thankful hearts they sat down with Indian braves to their homely cheer.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR HOME MANUFACTURE.

By MARIAN FORD.

The passing month of autumn brings nearer the chime of Christmas bells, and there is now little time to spare for those who wish remembrances bestowed on their loved ones for the happy season to be the work of their own hands.

Often the words "If I could only make something new" are repeated, and it is in the assisting, with a few suggestions, those in need of useful and pretty articles, whose expense

shall not exceed the limits of slender purses, that the following hints are given.

Let me add, for the encouragement of persons who say they "can never make anything from directions in magazines," that those contained in this article have all been practically tested with most satisfactory results by the writer or her friends, and are so minute that the greatest novice in fancy work will find no difficulty in following them. An exquisite cloak, for use on all

occasions when a Shetland shawl is worn, may be made by any one familiar with the simplest stitches of crochet.

It is shaped in gores, which closely fit the figure, and provided with a pretty hood to be drawn over the head at the wearer's option. The length varies, according to the maker's pleasure, from a cape falling a short distance below the waist, to a cloak nearly concealing the dress. The borders may be of a contrasting color, while the remainder of the garment is white, or the only touch of color may be given by the cords and tassels passed through the hood and around the neck. The snow-white wool is far prettier than the blue-white shade, especially if colored borders are not used.

PILGRIM CLOAK.—Materials for garment of medium length, eight ounces of split zephyr wool—four white and four colored; two silk cords and tassels, one for the hood, the other to fasten the cloak about the neck; crochet needle of large size, with, if possible, a long, slender hook.

Make with the white wool a chain of seventy-nine stitches. 1st row. One single crochet in each loop of chain. 2d row. Two double crochets in first loop, three chains, * miss three loops, three double crochets in next three loops, three chains, miss three loops as before, three double crochets in next three loops. Repeat from * to the end of the row. 3d row. Two chains, two double crochets, * three chains, four double crochets into the three double crochet stitches of second row, three chains, four double crochets as before. Repeat from * to the end of row. 4th row. Two chains, two double crochets, * three chains, five double crochet stitches into the fourth double crochet stitches of third row, three chains, five double crochets as before. Repeat from * to the end of row. Crochet thirty-seven rows or more, according to the required length, widening in each gore as above described, observing to put the additional stitch before the group of double crochet stitches, and into the last stitch of the three chain stitches.

BORDER.—With the colored wool, crochet from fourteen to eighteen rows of shell stitches, which is done by making six double crochets in groups, separated by one chain between each group, placing in the 1st row, each group in every 3d stitch of the last white row. In the remaining rows each shell is placed in the centre of the shells in the row preceding.

HOOD.—Make with white wool a chain of seventy stitches. 1st row. One single crochet in each loop of chain. 2d row. Four double crochets in groups, placing them in every 3d stitch of 1st row. 3d row. Narrow by passing over the first shell, which is done by making five chains, and then putting four double crochets into the centre of the 2d shell. The rest of the row is the same as the 2d, and each shell is put in the centre of the shell in the row before. Continue till but one shell is left, remembering to narrow only one shell in each row, and that one at the beginning of the row.

BORDER OF HOOD.—Crochet one row of shells with colored wool around the edge of the white—except the upper part, where it joins the neck of the cloak—making the shells an equal distance apart. Seven or nine rows will be sufficient. Turn the border up on the hood, and draw to fit with cord and tassels, arranging the cord in a pretty knot at the back, then fasten the hood to the cloak, covering the seam with a cord and tassels. If preferred, the cord can be passed through the cloak and hood, drawing them to the proper size to fit the neck, after which a border of two rows of shells, standing upright like a military collar, may be added.

SCOTCH CAP.—An acceptable and pretty gift to make a gentleman is a crocheted Scotch cap, to be used in travelling or while smoking. The materials required are an ounce and a half of double zephyr chinchilla wool, and half an ounce of blue or scarlet. Use steel crochet hook of medium size. Make a chain of four stitches, join them, and crochet three single crochet stitches in each loop. 2d row. Two single crochet stitches in each stitch of 1st row. 3d row. Put in a pin, and make eight rows, widening always in the last of the two stitches marked by the pin. 11th row. In this and the seven following rows, widen three stitches at the point marked by the pin, always putting the three in the centre stitch. 19th row. Narrow every eight stitches (done by passing over one stitch of the former row). 20th row. Narrow every six stitches. 21st row. Narrow every six stitches, commencing the row fourteen stitches from the pin. 22d row. Narrow every four stitches, commencing ten stitches from the end of the last row. The 21st and 22d rows must not be continued, like the others, entirely around the cap, but the wool broken off and commenced respect-

the 21st, fourteen stitches from the pin, the 11 stitches from the beginning of the 21st. Add a border of five or six rows single crochets in blue or scarlet wool, and a small red circle may be put on the top of the cap, in the centre, to simulate a button. Complete this circle in the same manner as the cap, knit three or four rows single crochet stitches.

ERS.—A present equally acceptable to the young girl or the delicate invalid, is a pair of knit slippers. The former draws them over satin shoes to protect her feet from the cold on her way from the carriage to the room; the latter finds them invaluable for use in the chamber. The materials are half an ounce of white and half an ounce of blue or scarlet single zephyr wool, a pair of cork soles the size of the former's shoes, sufficient ribbon to bind them, a set of medium size steel knitting needles.

19th row. Cast nineteen stitches of colored wool. **1st row.** Cross. **2d.** Make one stitch and seam across. **3d.** Seam. **4th.** Knit. **5th.** Make one stitch and seam the row. **6th.** Take the white wool. **7th.** Make one stitch and seam across. **8th.** Knit. **9th.** Seam. **10th.** Make one stitch, and seam the row. **11th.** Take the colored wool, and knit 3d, 4th, and 5th rows. **13th.** Take the white wool, and repeat rows six, six and a half, and eight. Continue in this manner, knitting colored and white wool alternately till there are five colored ridges, then take off on a second needle nineteen stitches—or twenty if the sides of the slipper to be high—leave the 11 stitches on the end of the needle that has the stitches attached, and take off those between on a thread of wool, which is knotted to prevent the stitches slipping off. Next knit, with white and colored wool alternately, in the manner above described, but without making any stitches, till there are twenty-five blue ribs. Add one of white, on the needle, so that the right side of the cap may be within. Bind them together, those on the needle, and the nineteenth or twentieth if they have been previously taken off on a thread. Now put on a needle. Put the stitches cast on a needle, take all the stitches on a second needle, those on the other on a third needle, knit with either white or blue three rows. Next, knit the first stitch on the second needle, put the thread over, slip a stitch, knit the second, and bind the slipped stitch over the

knitted stitch. Repeat till the end of the third needle. Turn the work, knit six rows around the slipper, and bind off. Bind the cork soles with the colored ribbon. Sew the slippers to them inside out; it will make a neater finish when they are turned. Pass ribbon through the openings around the top of the slipper, and tie in a bow in front. If preferred, a cord and tassels made of the wool may be substituted with very pretty effect.

Another article which those who like knitting will find pleasant work, is a large soft woolen cloak, much thicker and warmer than the crocheted pilgrim cloak previously described. It will afford ample protection for even the cold winter evenings of our Northern States, if maid or matron wishes to run into a neighbor's for a few minutes' chat, without the trouble of donning cloak and bonnet. The pattern, while less novel than the pilgrim cloak, has been warmly praised by all who, during the past few years, have seen or used it. It may be safely included among those desirable articles that are "always in fashion." If specially designed for service, it may have a gray chinchilla centre, with border and collar of crimson, scarlet, or purple. If a lighter effect is preferred, and prettiness more regarded than use, snow-white wool for the centre, with border and collar of any shade that suits the fancy, should be employed. The directions are given for the latter style.

CLOAK KNITTED IN POINTS.—Materials: one pound and a quarter of white single zephyr, seven ounces blue single zephyr; wooden needles of medium size. Cast six hundred and fifty stitches with blue. **1st row.** Knit plain. **2d row.** Purl. **3d row.** Knit plain. **4th row.** Purl. **5th row.** Knit two stitches plain, throw the thread forward, knit eleven plain, take off the 12th without knitting, narrow once (which is done by knitting two stitches together), bind the slip stitch over the narrowed one (this forms the centre of the point), * knit eleven, throw the thread forward, knit one, throw the thread forward, knit eleven, take off one without knitting, narrow once, bind the slip stitch over the narrowed one *. Repeat from * to * to the end of the needle, knitting the last two stitches plain. **6th row.** Purl. **7th row.** Same as 5th. Continue 5th and 6th rows alternately until twenty-two rows, including the 5th and 6th, have been knit. **27th row.** Purl, observing to

narrow three stitches in one, at the centre stitch of every point. 28th row. Knit plain. 29th row. Purl. 30th row. Knit plain. This forms a ridge which is thrown upon the right side of the knitting. 31st row. Knit two stitches plain, then continue as in 5th row, observing to knit ten stitches in place of eleven. 32d row. Same as 6th. Continue to repeat 31st and 32d rows until twenty rows, including 31st and 32d rows have been completed. 51st row. Same as 27th. Knit the four rows forming the ridge, the 51st being the first of the four. 55th row. Repeat 5th and 6th rows, knitting nine stitches in place of ten, and eighteen rows to the point. 73d row. Same as 27th. 74th row. Same as 28th. 75th row. Same as 29th. 76th row. Same as 30th. Decreasing one stitch every point, and two rows to the point, narrows the cloak to fit the neck. Make three points with blue zephyr for border, eight points with white.

COLLAR.—Cast two hundred and fifty-two stitches with blue zephyr. Knit four rows alternately plain and purl as in the cloak. 5th row. Knit two stitches plain, throw the thread forward, knit five plain, take off the sixth without knitting, narrow once, bind the slip stitch over the narrowed one, * knit five, throw the thread forward, knit one, throw the thread forward, knit five, take off one without knitting, narrow *. Repeat from * to * to the end of the needle, knitting last two stitches plain. 6th row. Purl. 7th row. Same as 5th. Continue to alternate 5th and 6th rows until ten rows, including 5th and 6th rows, are completed. 15th row. Same as 27th row of cloak. Knit the four rows forming the ridge, of which the 15th row is the first, the same as in the cloak. Make the collar five points deep. Then put cloak and collar together at the neck, taking up stitches on each, and knitting four rows, alternately plain and purl, as a finish. If not small enough, draw up to fit with cord and tassels.

From the above directions, the maker can lengthen or shorten the cloak at pleasure, observing always to keep the same proportions.

SUSPENDERS IN BRIOCHE STITCH.—A very pretty gift for a gentleman is a pair of suspenders knit in brioche stitch, and finished with the kid tips, to be purchased in any large town.

Materials: One ball of the silk imported for knitting stockings will probably suffice; scarlet is particularly desirable; steel needles of large size.

Cast a number divisible by three. Eighteen stitches makes a medium width. Put the thread forward, slip a stitch, and knit two together. Repeat to the end of the needle. Continue this simple pattern till the stripe is the desired length. Initials or a monogram may be embroidered in a contrasting color in the centre of the stripe.

SOFA PILLOW.—A simple, tasteful covering for a sofa pillow, a useful article in a sitting-room, may be made from the directions given below by any little girl, who can crochet. What a pleasant Christmas surprise it would be to mamma or grand-mamma!

Materials: Double zephyr wool; crochet hook of medium size. Chain of sixty-five stitches. **First Stripe.** Two rows of double crochet with the black wool. **Second Stripe.** One row dark scarlet, one row bright scarlet, one row light scarlet, one white, one light scarlet, one bright scarlet, one dark scarlet. **Third Stripe.** Two rows of black. **Fourth Stripe.** One row of dark blue, one row of bright blue, one row of light blue, one row of white, one row of light blue, one row of bright blue, one row of dark blue. **Fifth Stripe.** Two rows of black. **Sixth Stripe.** One row dark drab, one row of bright drab, one row of light drab, one row of white, one row of light drab, one row of bright drab, one row of dark drab. **Seventh Stripe.** Two rows of black.

Continue in the same manner till sufficiently large. Then cover the pillow on one side with the piece of crochet, on the other with woollen or silk of a shade to harmonize with the prevailing colors in the room, concealing the seam by a row of fancy gimp or a woollen cord, formed by twisting the various shades of the wool used in the covering of the pillow. The corners may be finished by tassels, rosettes, or small bows of black velvet or satin ribbon.

SNOW-FLAKE CLOUD.—No name could be more appropriate for this graceful and becoming hood, which when crocheted entirely of white wool, involuntarily brings to mind the idea of drifting snow-flakes. A charming variation, however, is to make the foundation of white wool, and the chain-work overlying it of some contrasting color. Black or purple over white is used for persons in mourning, or elderly ladies; blue or pink for others. Scarlet is admired by many, but the effect is almost too vivid for any one except a very young girl.

th of the cloud varies from three quarters to a yard and a quarter, according to the maker, and the width from nine shells. Therefore the exact quantity of wool cannot be stated. Split zephyr, shetland wool may be used; the latter has a pretty effect, and is less expensive; but necessary to consider the purse, split zephyr may be preferred. Five ounces of split wool probably be sufficient for a cloud wide and three quarters of a yard long. Cloud of moderate size.

Cloud twelve shells wide, make a chain of twelve stitches. 1st row. Cut four double crosses into the third stitch of the chain, * stitch, pass over two stitches in the chain, and make four double crochet third stitch *. Continue from * to * till of the foundation chain is reached, should be twelve groups of four double crosses; these groups are called shells, united by one chain stitch, that must be left to allow the work to lie flat. 2nd row. Two chain stitches, four double crosses in the centre of the first shell—leaving double crochet stitches on each side—one double crochet stitches in centre of second shell, four double crochet stitches in third shell. Continue to the end of 3d row. Same as second row. Continue cloud is the desired length. For the chainwork, which gives the snow-flake pattern, commence at lower right hand corner of first shell; chain nine stitches, and fasten the wool to the centre of the first shell; chain nine stitches, and fasten chain between first and second shell; chain nine stitches, fasten to centre of bottom of second shell; chain nine stitches, fasten to chain between second and third shell. Continue to end of 4th row. Chain of nine stitches, from centre of the bottom of the last row, catch it in the top of first shell in second row; * chain of nine stitches, fasten in centre of bottom of first shell in 2nd row; chain of nine, catch in chain stitch between second and second shell of second row; chain of nine, fasten in centre of bottom of third shell; chain of nine, fasten in chain stitch between second and third shells *. Continue from end of the row. All remaining rows of cloud is covered with the network, like

second row. The chain of nine stitches is fastened by merely passing the hook through a stitch where the chain is to be caught, and drawing the wool through that and the stitch on the needle. The ends of the cloud, if desired, may be drawn together and finished with a tassel, but in the writer's opinion are equally pretty if left straight and plain.

Cut a circle of paper, lay it in the centre of the cloud, and pass a ribbon around it by drawing it in and out through the meshes of the wool. Fasten the ends in a pretty bow. Remove the paper, and the ribbon will outline a little round cap. This trifling decoration adds greatly to the beauty of the cloud.

INFANTS SOCKS.—But in making Christmas gifts for the wee people, who will see their first Christmas in 1880, must not be forgotten, and nothing is more acceptable to baby or baby's mamma than two or three pairs of pretty, soft wool socks, to protect the restless little pink toes. The pattern given below is simple and tasteful. The effect is a tiny white stocking with blue, pink, or scarlet shoe.

Materials: Quarter of an ounce of white and half an ounce of colored single zephyr wool. Steel knitting needles of medium size. Cast forty-four stitches with the white wool. Knit two rows. (Count once across the needle one row). 3d row. Make holes. This is done by knitting the first stitch on the needle, putting the thread forward, slipping a stitch, knitting a stitch and binding the slip stitch over the knitted stitch. Continue to the end of the row. Knit two rows. Knit two rows of colored. Knit two rows of white. Knit two rows of colored. Knit two rows of white. Make holes. Seam one row. Knit one row. Make holes. Knit one row. Seam one row. Make holes. Seam one row. Knit thirty stitches, take the other fourteen stitches off on a needle. Slip one stitch, make seven holes, knit one stitch. Take the other fourteen stitches off on a needle. Knit one row. Seam one row. Make holes. Seam one row. Knit one row. Make holes. Knit one row. Seam one row. Make holes. Seam one row. Knit one row. Make holes. Knit one row. Seam one row.

Take these sixteen stitches off on a needle. Knit the fourteen stitches on the right hand side with colored wool, take up nine stitches across the side of the instep, knitting each as it is taken

WASHINGTONIAN SOCIETY.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

the exception of New York, busy, bustling New York, there is probably no length and breadth of our very long land which is so universally visited by domestic and foreign tourist as Washington; whose origin, age, and ground-plan are frequently described; no city whose build has been so often photographed. There is a village within our borders that has not personal interest here, scarcely a family in which has not at some time sent hither its members as sight-seer, lobbyist, or ex-office-holder.

Paradoxical as it may sound, I doubt if any city in any country which is so unknown and at the same time so little

known out three months every winter, January, February, and March, the newspapers are full of news from Washington; the most insignificant newspaper that aspires to nothing higher than "inside" has its Washington letter "from our correspondent," while the larger journals pains to give their readers a minute description of Mrs. A's superb toilette, of Mr. B's row at his last grand entertainment, or of the dreadful scandal. And our far-away sisters and aunts think they know all about

Washington when the Easter flowers are all withered and the past hope of more life in their present season the sudden heat of a few untimely days in April have put an end to Gertrude's garden the butterflies of fashion have spread their wings and fled (unlike the insect tribe) from the ardent sun, then Washington is described by the average correspondent as "totally deserted."

A pathetic and truthful picture is drawn of rapidly-emptying hotels whose long corridors no longer echo to the tread of many feet or the rustle of dainty skirts, and a Goldsmithian truthful picture is also drawn of the untenanted streets and the elegant mansions with fast-lights and double-locked doors. The reader reads these word-pictures, and conjures

up a mental vision of a large city, famous once (and not so long ago, either,) for its magnificent distances, suddenly converted into a howling wilderness, a modern Petra, whose streets would be grass-grown if they were not covered with asphalt.

Washington (including Georgetown, which is legally and actually part of its larger neighbor) has about 160,000 inhabitants. Is it not somewhat remarkable that any city can have more than two-thirds of its population "floating?" Even with that tremendous proportion of transient residents the residue would hardly leave the place quite deserted.

Of course the advent or departure of Congress makes a great ebb and flow in the social tide. There are about four hundred men in Congress; many of these have their own private clerks, stenographers, or secretaries, in addition to those employed by the different committees, and most of them bring their families with them; but even with the addition of these, even supposing each member and Senator to have the patriarchal allowance of children, the wildest imagination cannot cause Congressmen and their families to count up to over five thousand.

"The vast army of office-seekers," you immediately suggest, "the petitioners and claim-agents, the lobbyists and other disreputable hangers-on at Congressional skirts." Of course there are many of these, though not nearly so many of the latter fraternity as the diseased imagination of the sensational correspondent is in the habit of declaring; but ten thousand out of the 160,000 will cover them all.

But to be liberal (and in this matter I can afford to be), forty thousand is an ample number to be subtracted for Congressmen and their families, for office-seekers, lobbyists, claim-agents and the like; for very many of these remain in the city but a few days; a claim-agent or lobbyist who understands his business can pull a vast number of wires between one sunrise and its successor, and the bulk of office-seekers transact their business by letter.

Verify these figures if you choose, and you will

be convinced that there are a few people in the city between April and January. In midsummer none but the "Can't-Get-Away-Club" fail to take a few days' or a few weeks' rest at seaside or inland resorts, then the streets are (like those of any city) comparatively deserted. The cool October evenings tell a different story; the lovely early autumn days fill the streets once more, and very few houses are tenantless.

Even in midsummer, however, there is some social life. Though it is too warm to do anything but sit on the door-steps or porch and fan one's self, the girls are easily persuaded by members of the Analostan or Potomac boat-clubs that a row up the river, a supper on Table Rock, and a row home again before midnight will be "just too lovely for anything." And almost any still night from April to October the Potomac is alive with craft of all sorts; some of the boats contain the same girls, now clad in simple garments that will not be ruined by a little water, whom "our own correspondent" has so glowingly described, that you fancy she is never dressed in anything but tulle or satin; never exists but in a ball-room.

This same writer's letters are sometimes exceedingly funny to those who see both sides of the shield. Sometimes he tells only one-half of his story, goes into ecstasies over Mrs. A—'s tiny foot, her one-and-a-half shoe, but omits to say that the lady is only five feet high; or he describes the "*ravissante* combination of pink silk and blonde lace" worn by Mrs. B— at Mrs. C—'s ball, when the truth is that Mrs. B— was very ill, almost at death's door, the night of that ball, and moreover never owned or wore pink silk in her life!

And to read what all the Jenkinsees say about these "swell" entertainments you would naturally suppose that no lady ever went to a Senatorial ball or Cabinet minister's reception who was not dressed by Worth. They forget, or do not know, that some of the handsomest dresses worn on these occasions are made by colored dressmakers, and that many of the guests, having more friends, brains, or talent than money, appear in the plainest sort of evening dresses. For a department clerk is by no means shut out from the "gay whirl;" a young man who dresses, dances, and appears well and who is once introduced into society can go almost anywhere at any time and be welcome; and a lady clerk who chooses to do

so can go out every evening of her life, the poverty which compels her to work does not drive her into a corner in *this* city.

There can be few places where it is so easy for a perfect stranger to see something of gay life. Suppose a lady, probably accompanied by father, husband, son or brother who is immersed in business, finds herself alone and totally unknown at one of the hotels. She very naturally desires to see something of the city beside its public buildings, so (if she knows her privileges) she puts on the best dress she has brought with her—maybe it is only a plain cashmere, no matter—and starts out about two o'clock on a round of calls.

"Alone?" you ask. "I thought she was a stranger!"

Alone, yes; no matter. She can call upon any of the ladies connected with the Cabinet if it is Wednesday, and be as civilly received as if it was her twentieth visit, or upon a Senator's wife, or member's wife, or Supreme Judge's wife upon other days. Each of these ladies, as a rule, holds an open reception from two until four or five in the afternoon, and any one who chooses to do so can pay his or her respects. A terrible bore to the hostess these receptions are; for each call has to be returned if possible, or at least a "card call" is incumbent. The President's wife is the only lady who is never expected to pay any calls or visits of ceremony; but she, poor soul! has to receive and shake hands with hundreds of people every Saturday afternoon.

Of course at these receptions the hostess can do little more than exchange civil commonplaces with each stranger who calls, and they are stiff, wearisome affairs (in spite of "our own correspondent") at best. The evening card receptions have more of the nature of a private party, and really deserve some of the glowing encomiums Jenkins gives them; but even they are necessarily mixed when the host is a man of much political prominence, many of those invited are political acquaintances only, and occasionally some queer doings and queer people may be noted.

But who are these queer people? Who perpetrate these queer deeds, such as picking lace handkerchiefs from ladies' pockets, stealing spoons and forks, or sitting by the hour at the superb supper table? Are these a fair sample of Washingtonians? By no means; not one of them ever spent twelve consecutive months here most likely.

good reader, they are (some of them) your townsmen; this MONTHLY goes into many a town, but not into one that hasn't some low-wells in it, and it is these who are the pests and queer people generally who cause months of the political and social scandals. Our friends east, west, north and south, would pour our "sharp" gentry into jail, and your benefactors into the work-house, this city would be the "sink of corruption" that some of you expect it to be.

It is not the people who live in Washington who include the members of Congress now and their immediate families) who are standing by the outside the large hotels, but the lobbyists.

Those who throng the gaming-houses, the saloons, and other more than questionable resorts, should not be taken as a sample of Washingtonians; as a rule government clerks can't be thus indulged, and very few of them have the time to do so, and even members and Senators are the minority in those crowds. "Jenkins' blessing" there "by a large majority," hence the universal knowledge of the evils of the city; as a rule, describes the company he most

finds in a congressional election is at hand, the politician, desirous of "rotation," paints the innocent in the blackest colors, and tries to give the impression that he and all his colleagues are rogues, drunkards and rascals, using one or two examples to point his moral and adorn his argument overlooking the scores and scores who are early and late for the benefit of their country and their constituents. The disorderly ways of the House are enlarged upon, but the quiet ways of the Senate is forgotten. As for this body, its warmest advocate must admit that it often strongly resembles a badly-governed school, especially when Ben Butler and Sunset (when they belonged to opposite parties) have one of their amusing but undignified tilts. But now that these two have coalesced with whom will they spar? Will not the one occasionally forget his principles when he comes a good chance to bandy words with the other? Or will the latter be able to adapt his "fly" and other slang to some other devoted

I have seen the House in many a state of excitement, but there were always (up to a year or two ago) two members who never forgot the

dignity of their position, and who never even turned their backs to the Speaker in the noisiest debates. John Morrissey and Fernando Wood were always "eyes right."

It is also passed into a proverb that the Treasury is full of "pretty blondes" who have nothing, in character or intellect, half so good as their pretty faces. Out of several hundred women, of all ages and from all parts of the country who are employed as clerks in the various departments, there must necessarily be a few who are out of their element; but the mass of these clerks are not young and not pretty. Many of them are working to support their growing children, some to maintain their grandchildren, or an invalid mother or sister, or a husband who lost his health while defending the Stars and Stripes. Numbers of them are widows of men who, in their lives, held positions of trust and dignity; widows and daughters of judges, congressmen, literary men, and scientists are plentiful, and almost as plentiful are those who leave their desks to marry such men.

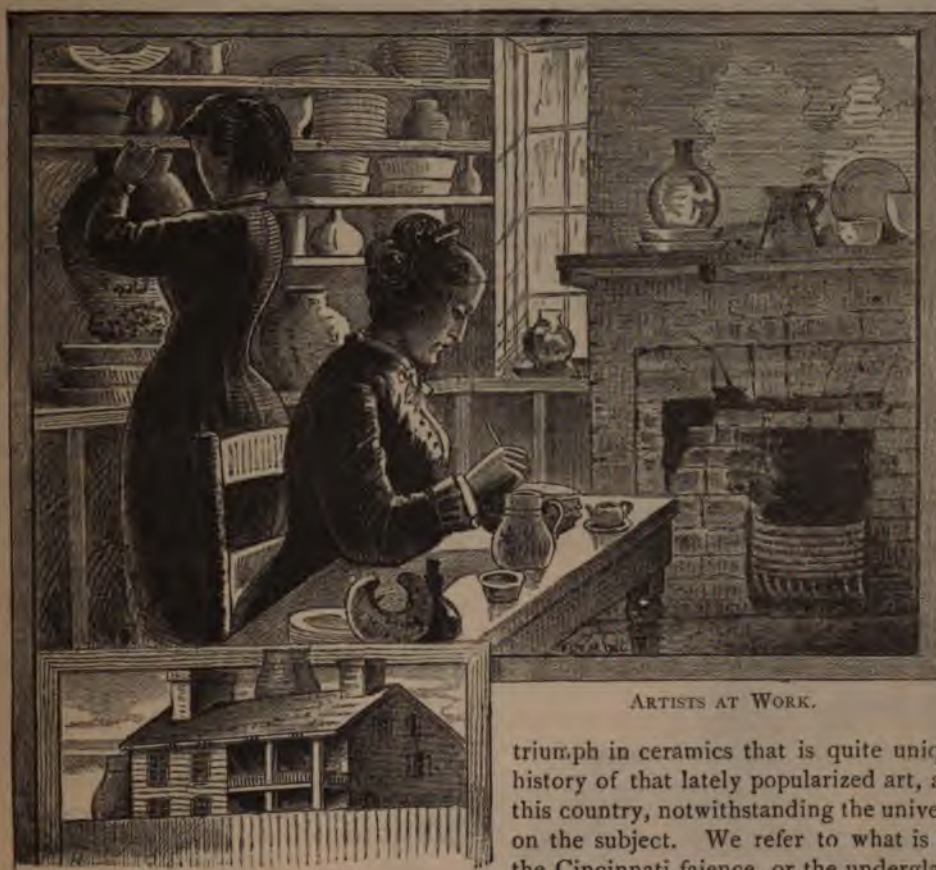
I think I may safely assert that there is not an office in any department where at least half the ladies are not educated above the average standard, or where one-tenth fall below it; not one where there are not at least two out of ten conversant with one or more foreign tongues; not one where there may not be found a number of good musicians and artists. And but a small minority of government clerks of either sex stand alone in the world without the necessity of sharing their salaries with two or three relatives.

As a body, too, the much-abused clerks are travelled men and women, and have had their angles softened, and their unreasonable prejudices removed by contact with the world, and especially by association with people in other sections of our own land.

Among so many people, gathered from all parts of the civilized world, as there are employed in various branches of government service, there must necessarily be some oddities, some who have one idea so strongly developed that it almost amounts to a craze; indeed a harmless lunatic sometimes goes undetected. There was, for instance, an eccentric little lady in the Treasury a few years ago (she is dead, or I would not so freely speak of her), who was the widow of one of our consuls at a Spanish port. She had resided

CINCINNATI FAIENCE.

BY ALICE C. HALL.



ARTISTS AT WORK.

MADAME TROLLOP'S HOUSE.

Nothing new or desirable come out of the West is often doubtless the mental query, if not outspoken sentiment of the average easterner, pluming itself on a due consciousness of its place with an older civilization? But sometimes doubting ones are startled out of their self-laziness by the discovery that now and then the West takes a stride in some direction which places her in advance of the East. And when, Crella-like, this younger sister steps forward to claim the superior honors accredited to her, no doubt takes a quiet satisfaction in her well-deserved triumph over her elder sisters. It is in the West that there has lately been achieved a

triumph in ceramics that is quite unique in the history of that lately popularized art, at least in this country, notwithstanding the universal craze on the subject. We refer to what is known as the Cincinnati faience, or the underglaze decoration as distinguished from the overglaze, or ordinary china painting.

That anything in the direction of the fine arts should have originated in Cincinnati may seem surprising to those who persist in associating that smoke-begrimed city with whatever is antagonistic rather than favorable to the æsthetic. But above her smoke rise the hills crowned with a beauty not to be surpassed, and covered with homes that are almost idyllic in their attractiveness. So also above her more sordid interests lies an atmosphere which in no small degree is conducive to the development of the arts. There is a paragraph clipped from a published interview between Eli Perkins and Mr. Bennett, soon after the arrival of the latter in this country, bringing with him the coveted secrets of

the beautiful Lambeth faience: "To-day when I saw Mr. Bennett he was in deep meditation. 'Is Cincinnati a large city and a cultured city?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said, 'Cincinnati is one of the most cultured cities in the Union. Her citizens own the best pictures, the rarest engravings, and she has the most beautiful music hall in the world.' 'Well,' continued Mr. Bennett, 'just as I have gotten all fixed here in New York I'm invited to go to Cincinnati.'"

This estimate of Cincinnati may be somewhat, although not largely, in excess of what the real facts would justify; for although her art possessions are among the best in the country, they can hardly be considered as taking precedence. In regard to her music hall there can be no doubt. Of its unrivalled excellence the city is justly proud, while her college of music, with a universally acknowledged genius at its head, was an achievement worthy the enterprise of her citizens. That she has lost the *prestige*, associated with the presence of so great a leader, is her misfortune rather than her fault, and one for which she experiences the sincerest regret. Those of us who have watched

his latest and highest achievements, felt a degree of pardonable pride in his success, which was only equalled by a corresponding *chagrin* when we saw him disappointed in his cherished plans. But Theodore Thomas, like many others who have set for themselves too high a standard, has learned the sorry lesson that in competition with the commercial demands of a practical age, one's ideals must only too often be ruthlessly sacrificed.

But it is to Cincinnati as associated with art rather than music that attention is directed. Although, as individuals, many of her citizens were art cultured, and her artists of no inferior order, the general interest was at a low ebb when the McMicker School of Design was established some eleven years ago. Mr. Noble took charge of it, bringing to the undertaking an enthusiasm which could hardly fail of accomplishing good results. He found but crude material to work upon; for aside from the previous introduction of drawing in the public schools, but little attention in a practical way had been given to the subject. By patient, persistent effort, however, and in the face of many obstacles, he and his able assistants succeeded in bringing the school into its present prosperous condition, numbering over three hundred, every member of which seems thoroughly alive, not only to the interests of the school, but

of art in all its existing phases. A life class that has lately been organized, and which constitutes the fourth grade, is doing work which gives evidence of the thoroughness of the training in the three preceding grades, while still another grade, soon to be added, that of original composition, will show the practical working of the school as applied to the ideal creative art. The drawings from casts, with which the school is liberally supplied by the antique class, the modeling



SPECIMENS OF POTTERY WORK.

the career of Theodore Thomas from the time when, years ago, in the city of New York, in company with four other skilled musicians, he, wielding a violin bow instead of a baton, gave those charming soirées in the old Dodsworth Hall to

by the class in sculpture, and the mural designs from the water color department, will doubtless compare favorably with the work of other art schools in the country; while the wood carving, which already has a national reputation, shows a prod-

which as yet has not been acquired else-

Seven years ago this department was to the school under the direction of Mr. Fry, whose absorbing devotion to the work has been the means of enlisting the interest of pupils to a marked degree. The class now numbers sixty-three. By the pupils of this department, as well as those from the private atelier of Mr. Fry, who is an undoubted genius in this

an amount of artistic work has been accomplished which would be difficult to estimate. The works of furniture, both in form and ornament, created by loving hands, bearing some sentiment appropriate to its use, have found their way into hundreds of homes, which are beautified by their presence. Many of the designs are original with the artist, and generally ex-
 come pleasing to the thought, if one is

interested to look for it, it can readily be seen that this work bears an artistic impress that is far above mere mechanical skill. The organization also of the Music Hall bears testimony to the skillful workmanship of the Cincinnati man in the carved panels that grace its interior. Indeed, an account of this work would form an interesting chapter.

The organization of the Woman's Art Association, about three years ago, gave an added impetus to the general interest in art matter. Its object was to form a nucleus for an art museum, which is the pleasing possibility of the future, and which, under certain conditions, some valuable collections of paintings have already been pledged. The first achievement was the formation of a Cincinnati Art Society similar to the one in New York and for the same purpose. But while the latter society shows a much larger display of woman's art, it would no doubt consider itself rich to be in possession of the ample accommodations of the Cincinnati Society, namely, two large galleries in the department of the Music Hall. These rooms afford unusual facilities, in the

way of hospitality, for the occasional receptions of the association, as well as an excellent opportunity for the display of decorative work, which, although not large, is of an excellent character, and promises well for the future.



SPECIMENS OF FAIENCE WORK—Pâte sur Pâte.

The association has also organized classes for instruction in various art departments. The class in sculpture was conducted last year by Mr. Preston Powers, son of Mr. Hiram Powers, who was originally a Cincinnati. Although still retaining his studies in Florence, Mr. Powers intends giving a portion of his time during the coming year also to this class in Cincinnati.

The china mania seized upon the women of Cincinnati, at least those artistically inclined, with a vigor which at once placed them among the front ranks of the amateur decorators of the country. Some of them reached a degree of excellence which was noteworthy, considering the newness of the art. One of the most proficient of these, Miss Louise McLaughlin, published a little work on the subject which was received with general favor, and is now used as a text book. It was this same indefatigable young lady who conceived the idea of applying her knowledge of overglaze painting to the reproduction of corresponding effects under the glaze, an art that as yet had not obtained a foothold in this country. Seeing at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia

some of the *Limoge* faience so largely manufactured in France by our own enterprising countrymen, the Havellands, she determined, if possible, to imitate it. During the following year, when others, who in Cincinnati as well as elsewhere, in

essaying to work upon the clay itself, contented themselves with simple black or incised designs on terra-cotta,



SPECIMENS OF POTTERY WORK.

or decorating the entire surface of the crude clay in colors, with a finish of varnish, she was experimenting in her underglaze coloring with a series of failures and disappointments best known to herself. In October of 1877, her efforts were crowned with success, for she had not only produced the desired effect in colors that would stand the heat consequent upon the glazing pro-

cess, but had made a creditable imitation of the *Limoge* faience. This was followed by still better results, and at the Paris Exposition specimens of this lady's work attracted considerable attention.

This new departure gave an added stimulus to those who aspired to pottery decoration, and much of the attention that had been bestowed upon china painting was now turned to efforts at mastering the new art. The terms overglaze and underglaze were bandied about, even among outsiders, with a daring which showed a due familiarity with their distinctive meanings, the confounding of which none but the most uninitiated would have been guilty of. One of the earliest styles of decoration was in the deep blue already much used on china.

After a time the *pâte sur pâte* came into general favor, the *modus operandi* being the application of thick layers of clay by means of a brush, to the surface to be ornamented, thus producing pleasing effects of flowers, leaves, and figures, colored or otherwise, to suit the taste, or by first moulding the ornament in clay either with the hands or appropriate tools, and afterwards applying them. Wonderful results have in this way been produced, not only in the way of actual beauty, but as showing a skillful manipulation that is as surprising as it is satisfactory. Indeed, ingenuity ran riot in devising new styles of decoration.

Meanwhile the Pottery Club was formed; and although it has been in existence but a little over a year, the advancement made in the newly acquired art, and the amount of work accomplished, seems incredible. Its first beginnings were in some small rooms belonging to the Decorative Art Society. These were afterward exchanged for a large room in the pottery building belonging to Frederick Dallas. This arrangement greatly facilitated the work of the club; for beside the convenience of having the material at hand, much trouble is avoided in the matter of transportation to and from the pottery

when the work has reached the firing and glazing process. There, amidst the prosaic surroundings of a common pottery, such marvels of beauty have been fashioned as would give the impression that they must have been created in the secret laboratory of some magician. The regular meetings of the club are on Wednesdays of each week; but the room is open at all times to the

members, and scarcely a day passes that some of the most indefatigable ones do not pick their way through the winding ways of the old rambling building, and the dust and rubbish inseparable to such a place, to their favorite resort for the purpose of devoting a few hours to their absorbing occupation. Just outside of the door stands a potter, casting or moulding vases, plaques,

which he then drives to the pottery, having in charge sometimes a carriage full of these specimens of handiwork, and guarding with jealous care their frail treasures until ready to commit them to the tender mercies of the potters.

Some work at home, some meet in small coteries for mutual aid. In the yard of Dallas's pottery, surrounded by huge kilns and numerous



DRAGON VASES.

pitchers, and other articles, according to the requirements of the club, sometimes changing a shape or "throwing up" one on his wheel with surprising dexterity, to suit the artistic caprice of some member who is perhaps more individual in her tastes. The shapes that have already been designed at this pottery for this special work, embrace a great variety, and are being constantly added to to meet the increasing demand. But the Pottery Club does not by any means represent the amount of work accomplished, for throughout the city and suburbs there are innumerable workers, mostly women, who take fre-

quency drives to the pottery, having in charge sometimes a carriage full of these specimens of handiwork, and guarding with jealous care their frail treasures until ready to commit them to the tender mercies of the potters. Some work at home, some meet in small coteries for mutual aid. In the yard of Dallas's pottery, surrounded by huge kilns and numerous buildings, of which it now forms a part, stands the old house occupied by Madame Trollop during her residence in Cincinnati. Glimpses of this dilapidated relic can be seen above the high board fence that encloses the pottery grounds. The quaint old rooms, so inconvenient and circumscribed as to space that they must have been a sore trial to her ladyship, are now devoted to the various paraphernalia of the pottery. In one of them, with low, time-stained ceilings, tumbled-down fire-place, and walls lined with pottery-ware, two working bees from the busy hive of amateur decorators have ensconced themselves.

Each day they mount the rickety stairs that lead to their "den," as they call it, and, oblivious of all outside distractions, apply themselves to their self-imposed tasks. The beautiful objects that have issued from that "den" are almost past belief, unless one has been fortunate enough to see them. It is an interesting coincidence, and one that offers a curious comment upon the fallibility of human foresight, that in the same house, the identical room perhaps, where Madame Trollop brooded over the hopeless lack of culture in Americans, there are now being achieved triumphs of Ceramic art not then dreamed of outside of their legitimate manufactories, and which places the efforts of our countrywoman in that line on a par, if not in advance, of her own. Could the spirit of the good old lady revisit the scenes of those early tribulations, it would no doubt feel not a little disturbed to find this abode, then quite out in the country, now forming one of the appurtenances of a bustling pottery yard, past which every two or three minutes thunder the cars of an inclined plane, carrying to the hill above, in a mere fraction of time, its human freight; the same hill-top up which she used so laboriously to climb when she wished to meditate in the unbroken forests.

The work of these numerous devotees of the art presents not a little diversity. Some succeed best in *Limoge*, others in the more finished designs adapted to China painting, while still others excel in the *pâte sur pâte*, among the latter one who is unusually successful in her modeling of Parian, the whiteness and delicacy of which is well adapted to the elaborate and careful finish of her work. Another excels in conventional designs, throwing over her plaques an intricate tracery of blue and gold. The work of one lady forms a specialty in itself. Instead of coloring her designs, she uses the natural clay in different colors with effects that are surprising; for instance, the wings of a stork or other birds in white relief, will be colored with different shades of brown clay, or upon a reddish brown vase will be a raised figure in still lighter shades. Upon some of her vases are Mexican scenes in relief, which are remarkably effective, considering that no color is used except that of the natural clay. Most of these clays are from Ohio, and this enthusiastic experimenter is doing a good work in developing the possibilities of this special resource of her State.

Still another lady who does not seem to consider that abundant wealth and family *pres* imposes upon her a life of idleness or so vacuity, devotes herself to the construction of dragon vases to such an extent that her work is also be regarded as distinctive. The ease and dexterity with which she manipulates these g



THE ALI BABA VASE.

tesque shapes that form her decoration is remarkable; throwing on her clay and shaping it into the desired forms with a rapidity that makes it seem more the result of necromancy than actual skill. The amount of work that she accomplishes, considering the enormous size of some of her vases, seems incredible, and induced the remark on the part of one of the workmen, that "if one of us was obliged to turn off so many vases, we should think we were doing pretty hard work." The

painting, and know the risks attended with it, in the process of which their cherished so often suffer damage, may have some idea of the amount of philosophy to be used by those whose colors are subjected to all greater risks consequent upon the glazing process. The heat required in this work is several times less than that required in the common pottery work, and so long as it is subjected to the heat of an ordinary kiln, much difficulty will be entered. A kiln is being constructed at the pottery better adapted to this work, and it is hoped that there will be fewer heart-breaking and more encouraging results. The colors mineral, and when applied differ much from what they are after the firing. As yet the list of colors used is small, but is increasing every day. Indeed, the risks to be encountered in many ways are great, and she who intrusts her frail handiwork to great kilns, knowing that it must take its place along with the common pottery, must lend herself to a vast amount of patience in waiting for the results. It may come out all right, there is an even chance that the colors may be washed out, or changed past all recognition;

the clay may shrink too much, the glaze may look as if filled with tiny cracks, a pet rose or leaf may be broken off, or the entire article may be destroyed beyond reparation.

This work, which is yet in its infancy, promises much for the future. What secrets shall yet be unravelled, what results achieved, it is impossible to conjecture. Already it has attracted much attention, and some of it has met with ready sales. That these efforts may sometimes crystallize into a valuable industry is not too much to expect. That such beautiful objects can be fashioned from the crude material which is to be found almost at our doors is a fact which in itself is sufficient to recommend it to the popular heart. That the art has taken a strong hold upon the affections of its devotees is sufficiently evident when a trio of school-girls met together for a mutual holiday frolic, choose to convert it into a patient practice of their beloved art, the result being a pretty Pilgrim jar, a graceful pitcher, and a flower-pot ornamented in white Parian, which shall serve not only as a pleasing ornament to her father's grounds, but a lasting memorial to her industry and good taste.

BENJAMIN WEST.

By J. H.

A few yards north of the railroad, and about the same distance from Swarthmore College, in Philadelphia, Delaware County, stands the birth-place of the celebrated American painter Benjamin West. The small house still there, is said to be the one in which he was born, though there have been disputes at times about the fact. The

author of this sketch recollects distinctly a dwelling standing within a few yards of the true one, that was claimed as the true birth-place.

But this is a matter of little importance; a location is sufficiently designated to guarantee the lovers of art a proper site upon which to erect a monument to American genius, if the idea will ever impress itself upon their generosity. The location is one of the most delightful along the side of the railroad, and will no doubt soon be surrounded by neat modern suburban residences. A monument to the artist would greatly enhance the value and beauty of the place.

Benjamin was born on the 28th of September, 1738, of John and Sarah West, whose chief wealth consisted of ten children, Benjamin being the youngest. He had nothing to gain, therefore, from "pampered wealth." He is claimed by his biographer, Galt, to have been under the special charge and guidance of the Quakers; but this and many other sayings of that author are known to be purely imaginary.

One hundred and forty years ago the surroundings of the little hamlet were not so picturesque and fascinating as at present. It was in the midst of peril, plunder and difficulties of almost every description. Large forests abounded on all sides. For many years after, the noted "thousand acres" of dense woodland through which the Strasburg road passed, leading from the city west, loomed up in continued range to the north of the hamlet. Over this thoroughfare wagoners passed in sections with loaded muskets, and strings of bells arched

and for Italy in his twenty-first year, with the object of obtaining full insight into the mystery of art. He was well prepared with letters of introduction, and had scarcely touched the pavement ere his fame began to spread as the regenerator from the wilds of North America. He was acknowledged leader in art, became attached to West, and together they made a tour of the art capitals of Italy, and it was only to the advantage of both; for West gained an independence of idea and style from the masters that gave him eclat, and the art a new lease of life. Two prominent paintings executed by him, "Cimon and Iphigenia," and "Angelica in Prison," added much to his fame as a shrewd and original character. He spent three years in Europe, gaining information and substantial fame. He then returned to America *via* England.

Soon after landing upon his native soil his life becomes involved in special circumstances. His future wife, Miss Elizabeth Shewell of Philadelphia. The attachment from the first seems to be mutual, and as ardent as mutual. Her father, Stephen Shewell, with whom she had grown up, and who had his own choice of a companion, wished her to marry, took violent exception to West on account of his lack of wealth and obscurity of his family. He used all the powers at his command; but she had a will of her own, and she was true to the man of her choice. She could not be won, and refused him in positive terms. He threatened the brother, particularly so when he learned that West had procured the affections he had desired to have bestowed upon his friend, and he resorted to violence as a means of severing the connection. He placed her a prisoner under lock and key, and the fact coming to the public ear produced sympathy and many friends for the lady, who was persecuted with the brother, but to no effect. His arbitrary course seemed to increase her attachment, and soften by these interferences, until it was that West never attempted to procure her release, and when she was released from her room; she returned to the house.

And Miss Shewell had passed their vows; she was in a situation over calmly. West made his arrangements to return to England, and the time of his departure was fixed. This fact became known to the brother of his affianced. West had been glad to have taken Miss Shewell as his wife, but the fates were against

that. So it was agreed between them that West should go alone, and she promised to meet him in any part of Europe whenever he should feel able and send for her. Stephen Shewell was not aware of this, and proceeded with his arrangements to thwart an elopement by turning the key upon her, and keeping her a close prisoner until after West had left the harbor.

It was a supposed triumph on his part. After a short interval the discarded friend was reintroduced, but only to be the more sternly rejected. In due course, Mr. West sent for his father and Miss Shewell, desiring them to take passage in the vessel by which he had sent the message. Miss Shewell made her arrangements; her brother objected; he said but little. Two days before the vessel was to sail, Stephen Shewell resorted to his former method of locking his sister in her room until after the vessel had set sail. But he had failed to estimate the feelings of the community. He was appealed to; but refused to listen to any one, and fearing interference as the time arrived, he determined, on the night before the vessel was to sail, to keep close watch. To this end he invited, unwittingly, some of her friends to remain with him during the night. They accepted; they were on hand; but there had been whisperings with Benjamin Franklin; Franklin had a talk with Francis Hopkins, then about twenty-three, and with Bishop White, then about nineteen. About dark these three took old man West to the vessel, made arrangements with the captain to sail the moment they furnished the lady passenger. Then they procured a rope ladder, and just about midnight Shewell's invited friends got up a little boisterous jollification; they kept up the noise and confusion long enough to allow Franklin, Hopkins and White to make good use of the rope ladder, get Miss Shewell safely away, and on board the vessel; then they sobered down, and as everything seemed quiet, took a little nap. Shewell kept awake until near morning, then dropped into a profound slumber, from which he awoke about ten o'clock. When the party were ready to retire, they were all wonderfully surprised to find the lady had disappeared. It was too late; with an ebb tide the vessel was out of reach of the fastest team of the age. Shewell's chagrin knew no bounds; he acknowledged himself beat, but never recognized his sister after, though she made repeated advances.

Miss Shewell had a safe passage; met Mr. West on the wharf in waiting, and soon after the wedding was consummated. It was surmised they would have returned to this country; but for the brother's relentless opposition, London became their permanent residence, where the painter ended his career, March 11th, 1820. Madam West died in 1817. They left two sons.

Notwithstanding West's birthplace, soon after taking up his residence in London he was claimed as an Anglo-American, subsequently as an Englishman. It was the highest compliment England could bestow upon him. America might claim West, but England demanded his genius. He rose almost at once under the patronage of George the Third, who continued his warm friend for forty years, during which time he executed twenty-eight large paintings for Windsor Castle. Of his earliest pictures, the "Death of Wolfe" is mentioned as having created pleasurable sensation, from the fact that it was the first and most radical deviation from the ancient Greek and Roman rule of painting in armor. The figures were habited in their appropriate costume. The painting of "Agripina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus" is also mentioned with much pride as one of superior merit, though the "Battle of La Hogue" was considered by critics as its superior.

West never rested upon others' ideas. His mind was grasping, and his ambition in proportion. He had no taste for fancy that did not harmonize with Nature; had nothing to do with chalk and carmine. He gave to his pictures the ruddy, rugged glow of the hardy knight or cavalier of the age; and blondes were not fashionable. In his conception of historical and Scriptural scenes he was beyond reach, and was always successful. Leaving portrait painting, he grasped at subjects requiring thought and correct information, as well as skill. One of his famous conceptions, "Christ Healing the Sick," originally designed as a present to the Pennsylvania Hospital, was not

allowed to leave London, but was purchased at the price of £3,000, and retained. A copy of the original was afterwards made by West, and is now in the possession of Philadelphia. "Death on the Pale Horse" has never been equalled in thought or execution.

It is a pleasing task to thoroughly criticise Mr. West's paintings. At first glance they are pleasing to the eye; but this is not sufficient; the mind becomes interested in the subject; if not, but little is gained to the beholder beyond that of a pictorial sign-board. Let the critic read and understand thoroughly the scriptural accounts of "Christ Healing the Sick;" then he will scarcely be content with a half-hours' examination of a painting that represents so faithfully, a scene that never after can be thoroughly effaced. So with "Death on the Pale Horse," he must read the Revelations. It is so with West's paintings generally; they are emanations from the mind at the command of genius, and demand of the beholder more than eye service.

The sharpest, and yet unjust modern criticism that we have seen and which might readily pass unnoticed, is that he gave a peculiar sameness to all his pictures by clothing his characters in a reddish brown cast. This is puerile at best. West's paintings are far less susceptible of criticism in this respect, than modern effusions that are run upon the other extreme of pearl and carmine. Admiration at the present centres on the blood idea, and not upon the natural glow of health and strength. We should not lose sight of this fact.

West's early display of genius is often attributed to precocity; but this could not be. Precocity leads to early decay of body, and often to imbecility of mind. West on the contrary retained his faculties until after his fourth score of years; a fact that proves his talent to have been true to nature. West was an exception in another respect; men of special genius are apt to fits of irritability; West, on the contrary, led an exemplary life.

THE foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy firesides.

TRUE courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying inso-

lence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

THE expectation of future happiness is the best relief for anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life and the comfort of death.

THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE REVEALED.

BY MRS. J. R. HASKINS.

V.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

SEPTEMBER was near its close, when I received news from my partner to hasten my return as my business, he said, was suffering on account of my prolonged absence. Now more ever anxious to make fame and increase my fortune for the benefit of my idol, I felt constrained to go; so, with many regrets and promises of return we parted. Letters, long and frequent, beguiled the period of absence, until the month of March, when I again stole time for a few weeks. It grieved me then to find Edith had allowed her father's threats, reiterated in his letters, to take almost a fatal hold upon her mind. Her health at this time delicate, I flattered myself that the change of her nerves might account in a great measure for the change.

imagining that she had incurred her father's curse, she nursed the belief that, sooner or later, she would work an endless amount of woe for both innocent and guilty; but that upon her would rest the heaviest weight, following her even beyond the grave. I found it impossible to combat these anticipations (too true, as I have since to my sorrow learned), though fortunately my love and presence were sufficiently monopolizing to lull me to rest for the time. When again obliged to leave her, it was with many forebodings; and I lived the days, long and dreary, until the summer would arrive and leave me at liberty to be with her. June brought the longed-for assurance, and I found in the following two months that Edith's health required all my care, my anxious, nervous state of mind, my most loving and patient love. I look back now, thank God, that neither even for an instant failed. To meet her fears my courage rose; to her weakness my strength increased.

Toward the middle of August, Mr. Livingston died unexpectedly and imperatively by his illness away from home. He left with reluctance, as the situation of his wife made

him unwilling to be away from home at that time. Edith's health was also so frail as to confine her most of the time to her room, and as it communicated with her sister's, my visits to and from were either unknown, or but little noticed by the servants, all of whom had been long in the family, and were particularly devoted to its members. In addition to these facilities for unobserved intercourse, Mr. Livingston's room was on the lower floor, the front of a wing, with windows and doors opening on a gallery, so I could go and come without the knowledge of any one in the house.

"Toward the close of the month, Mrs. Livingston gave birth to a son, and within twenty-four hours Edith lay in my arms in strong convulsions, and the first cry of a new-born infant, my child! thrilled my heart. The services of an old valued family physician and a faithful nurse had been engaged, and made the confidence of this anticipated event. But unfortunately the moment of urgent need had alone been provided for, trusting to circumstances for our guidance of future events. Scarcely had Edith's babe been launched into life, when Mrs. Livingston's, weakly from the first, fell into convulsions and died. The care of all present was, however, concentrated upon my wife, whose situation the doctor pronounced "alarming." Nor did I need his assurance, for I saw too plainly the death-seal upon her brow, and heard the rustle of his dark, swooping wings, as they beat time to the slow pulsations of her heart. She had recovered her consciousness, and was fully aware of her danger, which was increased a hundredfold by her remorseful memories, and the conviction that her father's curse would stand between her and heaven. Added to which, her anxiety for me and the future of her child divided her sufferings and her fears. To conceal from her father the truth, to obtain from me this promise, and a successful elusion of the deception practiced, she believed, in her then bewildered state, would alone avert all the awful consequences of his anger.

"Mrs. Livingston insisted upon knowing all that was passing, and though prostrated by her own sorrow and suffering, was yet roused into thought and action by her sister's physical danger and agony of mind. Thinking only of assuaging her pain, and rendering her death-hour tranquil and resigned, she proposed, under the influence of these feelings, to take our infant in place of her own, and thus forever avert the curse which her father, in his knowledge of our marriage would hurl upon the dead mother and living child. No one outside of those two rooms had known of the simultaneous birth and death of those little ones. In the dead of night, the doctor and I took the dead babe and buried it in a retired part of the garden.

Lulled by her sister's assurances, and by my solemn promise never to divulge our marriage or the maternity of the infant, and comforted and sustained by the prayers I, in my own bitter anguish strove to read for her (for there was no minister within miles), Edith became calm and resigned to her own sad fate. Just as the first ray of light ushered in the dawn of a glorious day, and while the lovelight in her eyes shone through the cold mists of death, she breathed calmly in my arms her last earthly sigh, leaving to me, as an undying memory of love and remorse, the little unconscious babe."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Edith with great agitation, "don't tell me that that child was Clarence Livingston, and he my brother!"

"Even so, my child; and well may you thank God for the strength that enabled you to obey so implicitly my commands, before it was too late. Now, too, you can understand what I also must have suffered in that terrible conflict; and though I do not expect, or indeed wish you to be blind to the weakness and error on my part in the case, still, I know that your loving heart will acquit me of all willful or premeditated wrong, in the unparalleled effects this long-buried secret produced.

"At this point perhaps it will be well for me to cease"—

"Oh, no, papa," broke in Edith, greatly excited, "continue the strange tale. I feel so bewildered. There is so much that is yet incomprehensible to me that it is like trying to arrange all the incidents of a strange, wild dream into something tangible and coherent. Tell me of Mrs. Livingston's future course in regard to her husband; for

I infer, from what I know of their family affair, that he must have remained ignorant of the truth. Still, I don't understand why she should have concealed the circumstances from him, as his consent to your marriage and his affection for Edith would have been sufficient justification of his wife's course."

"Yes, so I at the time thought, and urged her to tell him all, believing his exclusion from the knowledge of the facts to be an unnecessary precaution, and not contained in our solemn promise to the dead. But my arguments were vain; for she was possessed with the idea that he would never forgive her. Being most anxious for a son, having already heard by letter of his birth and safety, he would think, she insisted, that his sudden death, predicated upon subsequent events, was the result of a proper want of care, or some other inexplicable cause, for which he would ever hold her accountable. Suspicion, she said, was the dark spot in his character, and she knew he would never forgive her, never feel satisfied, never love her again as he had done, and rather than lose that she would endure the remorse that her deception must entail. Should, however, another boy be born to them, she could then in time disclose the truth. But as this was never the case, and as Livingston became more and more wrapped up in the boy as years went by, the time for courage and disclosure never came to either of us.

"Mrs. Livingston became immediately after her sister's death alarmingly ill under the excitement of these events, and her husband returned only to find her in the very arms of death. Had she died I certainly should have told him all; but as she recovered, I felt that the secret belonged more exclusively to her and the dead; and even though all the consequences of its suppression should fall upon me alone, yet my lips must remain forever sealed. Little did I anticipate the fearful responsibility I assumed. Little did I dream of the intolerable weight a single secret might become. I lingered restlessly about the place, keeping my nightwatch by that solitary grave, until all danger to the life of Mrs. Livingston had passed. Then, without any regret for leaving the infant that only secured to me the cause of all my woe, I returned home; but unfortunately so changed by the iron-handed blow I had received as to excite the conjectures and queries of all my friends.

"Truly my old self was gone, buried in the grave of my lost love, and could only return when we should rise together at the last day. Business, though without an object then, yet became necessary to save me from the distraction of my own thoughts and memories. Hence, I plunged into active life. A spirit of unrest was upon me, and only work could dispel its promptings. But in time, through all this sorrow, a sense of duty and a craving for the affections of life had not quite died out; though the winter of the heart had set in, and the summer lights had all gone out.

"The boughs were stripped of their leaves, and the birds no longer sang their morning song in its branches. Five long years had been thus spent, when I first met your mother. I had made up my mind to marry, because my heart still craved something less selfish and material than my lonely business life afforded. But I feared to insult any woman with the offer of a heart so battered and scarred as mine. It was not long, however, before I discovered that your mother's love was strong enough to demand but little return from me. She possessed a disposition and character that, in many respects, suited my needs; so, without deceiving her, yet without telling her all the truth, she was content to accept me, and exacted nothing I was not able to bestow.

"Good and considerate she certainly was, and her care for my happiness and home-comfort won my gratitude, though it could never fill the cold void that reigned over and above all else. At length you, my child, came as a sunbeam into a frozen heart, and with those little supplicating hands gathered up the broken fragments and wove them into shape and life again. During the first year of my marriage, Mr. Livingston had written me of his desire and intention of removing from his old home. His wife, he said, had never recovered from the painful associations connected with her sister's death, and he trusted alone to a change of scene to restore her lost spirits. As he preferred an agricultural life, he deputed me to look out for a well-cultivated farm in my own neighborhood. This proposition excited conflicting feelings; for though anxious now to see and know my boy, yet a dread of self-betrayal made me fear for the result.

"Had this plan gone into effect a year earlier, it is possible that I never should have married; for

I believe that the strong love that filled my heart for Clarence, awakened at first by his striking likeness to his mother, but growing by degrees, through the power of his own lovable, attractive qualifications, might have proved sufficient for my happiness. It was to this likeness that Mr. Livingston attributed my warm affection and subsequent interest in the boy. Hence, he could never understand or forgive the inexplicable course my dread secret forced me to silently pursue at that fatal time. Fool that I was! I believed that by throwing you together, nature would assert her claims and only such a love would spring up between you as angels might look upon."

"I can answer for my own feelings now, papa," said Edith, "and truly assert that they never exceeded the limits of a strong sisterly affection; only this, through the ignorance of a romantic, sentimental girl's imagination, was construed into something warmer. Now, I understand why it is that I could never root even that love out of my heart; and I bless God that at last I can believe it to be the work of his own hand. But mamma? After all her patient suffering and faithful love, did you allow her to die ignorant of the truth?"

"No. As my promise belonged to the dead, I believed that without any forfeiture of its conditions I could share it with one to whom it was due, and whose feet were even then standing within the portal. In those last days, I told her all; and thanked her for all those years of patient love and forbearance. She was satisfied; and with the clearing up of the mystery that had so long hung like a pall between us, together with the revelation this probing gave her of my share in its sorrows, she acquitted me of all blame, and thus, as you saw, died contented and happy."

After a few moments Mr. Neville continued:

"Now that my heart and conscience are relieved of this long-carried burden, I too might die content, were it not for the longing that is tugging at my heart-strings to look once more upon the face of my boy; to see love and forgiveness beaming from eyes so like his mother's, and to hear that confirmation from his own lips. This yearning still holds me to life; but the cords are giving way so rapidly that I fear my atonement must be perfected through this last trial, as I owe to Mrs. Livingston the sacrifice of feeling that she demands.

"Leave me now, my love, for I feel weak and

weary. I need not ask if I have won your full forgiveness, for the assurance of your present happiness, which also in part you owe to me, assures me that your past sorrows only make the present joy more complete and perfect."

After seeing her father comfortably settled upon his couch, the room darkened, and everything arranged for his comfort, Edith left him, glad of the opportunity to give free vent to the feelings that these disclosures had evoked, and sure of finding all the sympathy and support she needed in the heart of her husband.

Mr. Neville sank slowly but surely from that time, and though he never again alluded to the earnest longing of those last days, yet his daughter saw and felt how eagerly he still craved the presence of his son. Wondering in her own mind how to bring about the desired results without conflicting with his promises, she most unexpectedly found all difficulties removed by looking carelessly one day some weeks after, over an Eastern paper, in which she saw recorded the death of Mrs. Livingston. Knowing that the news would be more a relief to her father than a shock, she at once communicated it to him. After a few moments of anxious thought, he placed in her hands a letter, sealed and addressed to Clarence, which he said had been long in readiness for either this event or that of his own death, begging Edith to have it mailed at once to its destination.

CHAPTER X.—LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A BEAUTIFUL dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, with the form and step of a Juno, paced restlessly to and fro the length of two elegantly-adorned drawing-rooms. There was an anxious, nervous impatience evident in her step, in the constant clasping of the hands, in the evident eagerness which caused her to stop and listen to the sound of every step in the street as it neared her own door. Suddenly she exclaimed, "At last!" and as she reached the threshold of the vestibule, our old long-lost friend, Clarence Livingston, entered, and received in a sort of abstracted mood the kiss she earnestly, ardently, and yet with some degree of petulance, too, pressed upon his lips.

"I thought, Clarence, you would never come. I have been burning with impatience to see you ever since Mr. J— stopped in, to tell me your election was confirmed beyond doubt; and I do think you might have considered my feelings a

little earlier, and have let me hear from your own lips of the crowning honor of your life."

"There, speak your enthusiastic ambition, Mary. I am not so sure yet whether this may or may not prove the crowning honor of my life. Deeds, not events, lead to honor. But when I entered this contest (at your suggestion, and in part to gratify your ambition), yet in my heart the determination was strong to use my success, if it came, in the spirit and with the deeds of a true patriot. We have too many politicians whose sole aim is self-aggrandizement, and when the few beacon lights that are now our salvation, such as Clay and Webster—when these have burned out, I know not who will arise to save the country from drifting upon the rocks. To follow them in their wake, to emulate in the future their wisdom, is the only instigation of zeal or ambition I feel for the contest just ended."

He said this in a peculiarly sad tone, and with an expression in his eyes as if looking at something far, far beyond the visual sight. His wife had noticed this abstraction, and in so doing dropped his hand and rose quickly to her feet, as if moved by some uncontrollable impulse.

"Yes, Clarence," she said, in low and tremulous voice, as if striving to suppress the expression of some strong feeling waging war within her bosom; "yes, I see the truth. Even this excitement and honor have failed to rouse you from your dreams; failed to bury in oblivion the memory of that early trial, and the image of that one fair face. All my unswerving love, even the strong curb I have put upon my jealous heart, have all failed to draw you away from that one memory, failed to make the living love of such a passionate heart as mine supply the place of a buried, broken tie, or erase the memory of a woman who never knew what fidelity means; never, never knew what it was to love you as I do."

"Hold, Mary!" here broke in Clarence, springing to his feet, whilst his lips turned ashy pale, and the blue veins on his temples swelled like cords. "Hold! you have said enough. These scenes must come to an end, for I will bear no more. It is desecration: it is a constant insult to the man you profess to love—a taunt on the honor of your husband, which gives the lie to all your protestations of love and confidence. I have borne it, as you know, heretofore in patient silence,

either by word or act, to convince you of the loyalty of my love for you, making due reparation for that strong, passionate, craving heart that would absorb all or none; always to bear in mind, as excuse for all, the noble and generous heart that beats beneath my faults. But now that my efforts have all here remains but one more remedy, one chance to bring peace to both, and that is,

You can remain here when I go to London, and"—

"No, Clarence," here broke in his wife, with her arms around him, "take me with you; don't leave me; that were death. Oh, for—! I know I try you beyond endurance; you only knew what I suffer under the torture of this doubt of your love when it does arise, and indeed you would, pity me. Then it is I am tempted to believe that no deeper than gratitude prompted you to offer me mind and heart—gratitude to Louis for all attention to you in your bitter trials, and gratitude to me for my sympathy, and the efforts my love prompted me to offer when I met you lately."

Here she twined her arms closer around him and looked so pleadingly with her bright eyes, now subdued into a melting pathos of tears that suffused them, that he could not but forgive and love her, and take her again to his noble heart.

The blessed calm of holy, elevating, conjugal love filling the hearts of both in lieu of the feelings just passed, a servant entering with a letter for Mr. Livingston broke the spell of a love that never grows old, that never knows whose variety is endless, whose charm is in its beauty, and whose bliss combines the repose of heaven with the sweet dependence of holy trust that transmutes our earthly glimmerings of celestial light.

The letter proved to be a summons from his father to the deathbed of his mother.

"Must go at once, my love," he said; "but only for a few days. On my return we will discuss all that remains to be discussed of the matter just interrupted. Until then, adieu, and forget your promise;" then, taking her in his arms, and kissing her fervently, he left the

on the evening of the fourth day of Clar-

ence's absence, and Mrs. Livingston sat in the dining-room by a cheerful fire with a lovely boy of six months old asleep upon her lap, and the table arranged with everything necessary for a cosy, enjoyable supper.

Her attention alternated between the child and the clock. As the half-hour after eight struck she began to wonder what could keep her husband so late, then reaching forward, pulled the bell, and as the nurse entered, said:

"Take the baby, Susan, and tell James to go to the office and ask if any word has been received there to-day from Mr. Livingston; I fear he is not coming to-night."

"Why, madame," replied Susan, "Mr. Livingston has been in the library more than an hour."

Mrs. Livingston looked surprised; but laying the baby in the girl's arms she repressed an expression of astonishment. No sooner had the servant left the room than her eyes filled with tears, and she murmured, "It has come again; but I must keep my promise." Then controlling all signs of emotion, she took her way to the library, knocked, but without waiting for reply, turned the knob, and went in. So absorbed was Clarence in his own thoughts that he had heard no sound. He sat by a table in the centre of the room, his head resting on one hand, his eyes still moist from recent tears, and gazing with the old questioning look upon the Sibylline pages of the Past vs. Future. His wife was touched by the sad, worn expression; she gently laid her hand upon his shoulder as she pressed a kiss upon his forehead. Clarence started at the touch, then drew her down upon his knee, and clasped her in his arms with a passionate earnestness never before evinced.

"Don't chide me, darling," he said. "Indeed, I had no intention of being so long without seeing you; but as I came in, James told me that there was a letter here for me, and I thought only to get it, and then go to you, but"—

"Never mind the letter, Clarence; but tell me of your mother," said his wife.

"It is all over, Mary. My poor mother has I trust at last found rest and peace. It was a sad deathbed; so much reproach for her course to the living; so much remorse for her course to the dead."

"Why, what do you mean, Clarence? Surely,

if ever woman led a pure, blameless life, it was your mother."

"Ah, Mary," replied her husband, "every year of life convinces me that our faces and often our deeds are but the masks that conceal our heart's deep secrets. My mother was no exception to this rule."

He then proceeded to repeat to her in part the revelations of the circumstances of his birth made by Mrs. Livingston, and how in that disclosure all her wayward moods of alternate affection and repulsion toward him were now understood, pitied and forgiven; appreciating as he did at that moment how much she had suffered in the conflict, and how faithful through all she had been to the child who had brought such a blight upon her life. All she then asked as a proof of his love and gratitude was that he should never divulge even to his sisters the secret of his birth; never appear to the world other than the child of the husband she had so wronged, so that the world should never know that this son of whom he had been so proud was after all not even of his own blood.

"Of course, Mary, you were not included in this prohibition, for the husband's honor is the wife's. Beside, I could not hold in my own keeping alone the clue to the mystery that has darkened my life. I see its shadow fall daily over yours, when the power of expelling the gloom was in my own hands, and now I may tell you what before you would only believe with a reservation. It was not the image of Edith or my past love for her that so changed my nature, and called up at times those fits of gloomy sadness that made you so jealous and unhappy; it was the unfathomable mystery that enshrouded the circumstances and actors from beginning to end; it was the sudden silence and separation that fell like the pall of death between me and those I had so honored and loved; but, worse than that, it was the doubt and distrust of all future professions of friendship, that made the bitter fruit of these experiences. But this letter has made clear all that has been so dark, and has awakened the old love and reverence that made, glad my lost, boyish years. Don't start,

love, and look so pained. When you have read this," laying his hand on Mr. Neville's letter, "you will acquit me of all wrong, and will then believe what I have before told you, that my love for Edith was such as belonged to the dead; hallowed by the purity of the life out of which it grew, and sanctified by the mystery that would never allow either blame to fall upon her, or complete oblivion to swallow and annihilate those early memories, at once so sweet and so bitter. When you learn, as you will soon, the circumstances that made Mr. Neville my father, you will have no further fears, no more jealous pangs, for your husband should love his sister better than his wife."

A few more explanations, and Mary understood all. Amazement, joy and self-reproach possessed her in turn, and unwilling as she was to lose her husband again, even for a day, she yet urged him going immediately to Mr. Neville, and asking his departure in time for an early boat next morning.

The force of love in the dying man's heart had coped bravely with disease; the wings of Anguish were furled until the father and son were once more and for the last time clasped in each other's arms. The awe and majesty of a death struggle thus waiting on a human love placed the brother and sister at once in a natural position toward each other. When Edith saw this peaceful, heaven-sent termination to a series of events that had through long years proved so calamitous; when she saw the smile of satisfied, accomplished love mingled with the death dews on that beloved father's face, she felt that all past sorrows, all present grief should find their balm in a spirit of resignation to these mercies that thus dispelled all clouds from her future life, and left the memory of one so beloved beyond reproach forever. Then, then,

"All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow—
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patient
And as she pressed once more the dying head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank thee.'"

"CARPE DIEM."—How many moments we lose, when, by watchfulness, we might appropriate them to good result! It is told of d'Aguesseau, whose

wife always made him wait for his dinner, that she presented her with a book, saying: "There is the work of the moments before dinner."

A LILY FESTIVAL AT NOLA.

BY CYRIL RAYMOND.

is but an hour's journey by rail from . . . Why, then, you may ask, do travellers say so little of this ancient Campanian . . . The simple answer is that it has now lost its attractions, and dwindled into the an ordinary Italian town.

people one sees about the streets of Nola are very much unlike those brave inhabitants; and no doubt the town has lost those that so endeared it to the Emperor Augustus, and made it even the rival of Pompeii. . . . The surrounding country is particularly fertile. Vineyards, fruit-trees, meadow and tillage lie interspersed over a fertile and luxuriant plain, on one side of which rises a lofty mountain, just screening Vesuvius from view. . . . by the roadside, in the fields, or on the terraces, as usual, can be heard improvising little songs; and at certain hours of the day the streets, the porticos, verandas, and favorite piazzas of the old town are alive with the brawling and the restlessness of Italian men, women, and children.

are, at all events, two days in the year when Nola is the scene of unusual merriment. . . . when the gay bacchanalian procession of the *Carri* passes through the town, on their way to the grand festival of the Madonna, near the town; and the other is that which we are to describe as the fête-day of Nola's patron saint, Paulinus, who held a bishopric there in the fourth century. The people know really very little of the bishop; but they associate him, notwithstanding, with the highest type of a noble and exemplary man. A beautiful vase of silver, now to be seen in the cathedral, and which has been used at the marriage-feast in the town of Galilee, helps to keep alive the memory of Paulinus, who once possessed that precious gift of a devoted pilgrim to the Holy Land. But many of those who join in the games and the procession of the twenty-second of June doubt, influenced by an old tradition that the pure nature and the self-sacrificing life of the good bishop. A poor distressed

widow asked him one day for a small sum of money, in order that she might ransom her cherished son from the hands of the Saracens. Paulinus was touched by the mother's sad tale. He had not the money, but so keen was his sympathy that he offered to put himself in her son's place. He was accordingly taken to Barbary, and lived there in confinement many years. On his return he was welcomed with the most brilliant celebrations, and all the people of Nola expressed their joy in just such acts of devotion as are to be seen at the present day. Very few can tell you anything more about the Saint; but one becomes aware of the fact that they have learned to look upon the anniversary of his death as one of the most festive days in the year. No one could fail to be amazed at the curious yet magnificent pageant that on this day is made to do honor to the bishop's memory. There is then also every form of life and amusement about the streets of Nola. Apart from the special attraction of the procession, a cattle fair, horse-races, games, and every kind of fun that an Italian delights in, draw large numbers of pleasure-seekers from Capua, Caserta, and the neighboring villages. The ordinary quiet of the old town is suddenly astir with the hissing, hullabalooing, and clattering of a little Naples. Joyous throngs of young and old fill the streets and squares, and the shrill shouting of vendors, the braying of donkeys, the cracking of whips and the songs of merriment make one unceasing uproar.

The festival comes at a time when Nature lends a most delightful charm to the occasion. Towards the month of July, lilies occur in abundant perfection, and these the peasants gather in enormous quantities to grace the celebrations of the twenty-second of June. It quite astonishes one to see the lavish display of lilies and the curious use to which they are put. Trade-guilds of barbers, green-grocers, etc., undertake the management of the affairs, and strive to outdo one another in their preparations. They construct at their own expense huge wooden frames, which they cover completely with buds, leaves, and flowers, interspersed with religious emblems, and surmounted each by

a large cross. These structures are shaped like pyramids, and are often higher than the highest houses. They are divided into two stories, as it were, marked off by balconies. On the lower of these are children in the garb of angels, throwing flowers, trinkets, and scraps of paper to the hustling crowds beneath. On the upper balcony, no child could rightly be allowed to venture, and so paper angels are substituted, their arms and wings being made to move by strings worked from below. These colossal structures are each supported on a broad platform, and actually borne along on the shoulders of men, whose long white robes and sober aspect remind one of the religious nature of the display. Surely, the weight of these so-called "lilies" cannot be anything like so great as it seems to be, for twenty-five able-bodied fellows are found amply sufficient to carry each one, as long as the procession lasts. One cannot help pitying these poor creatures who thus "bear the burden and heat of the day;" yet they seem to take a certain amount of pleasure in the work, and are content with the paltry pittance they get from the accompanying crowds. At funeral pace the procession moves along the narrow streets and through the squares, stopping here and there before the houses of the principal citizens, who may possibly manifest their sympathy with the proceedings by throwing out a small donation. The air rings with the excitement of the surrounding life; the scene is one of mixed gayety and gravity. Frolic-

some youths, and merry maidens in their fancy-colored costumes, play in and about the crowd; hawkers with shrill cries are endeavoring to attract the bystanders to their display of wine, fruit and cakes; priests cast a benignant smile at the procession, or make a reverential bow of the head; and water-women fall on their knees as the "lily" passes by. The air seems filled with the paper-like articles that are being showered down by the little angels, who would have every spectator take away some memento of the Saint's beneficence. Some of the "lilies" have bells attached to them, which are kept continually ringing. This is only intended as an additional honor to Paulinus, who has long enjoyed the credit of having invented church bells; but not rightly, however, for they were unknown until the seventh century. Probably because they first came from Campania, the origin of their introduction has been attributed to the good Bishop of Nola, whom the people were ready to believe as the author of most of the blessings they enjoyed. It is a fact, however, that the people are now as ignorant of the meaning of the bells on this occasion as they are of the whole ceremony.

The festival of the patron Saint has been continued for centuries, and apparently never suggests anything more to its votaries than a day on which little angels shower down devotional images, and citizens in and around the town gather together for a general jollification.

BIRTHDAYS.

By COUSIN CONSTANCE.

THE years they come and go,
Leaving soft falls of snow
Upon our hair,
Touching with darkening fingers
Our eyes, 'till shadows linger,
At noonday fair.

The years, the swift, strong years,
Staying not for our tears,
Bearing away,
On their restless wings,
The loved and beautiful things
Of early days.

And yet, oh, years, ye bring
Balm for our sorrowing,
Rest after pain.

Experience born of care,
Many a treasure rare—
Soft the refrain.

Of your departing song,
Something to it belongs
That cannot die.
Some sweet and lengthening calm,
That like a holy psalm,
Hushes our sighs.

Blest they whom fleeting years
Bring no regretful tears
For wasted hours.
Walking with heavenward eyes,
Toward years that never die,
Or fade their flowers.

WOMEN AND CHIVALRY.

BY MAURICE M. HOWLAND.

NCE for the gentler sex was inculcated as a lesson of chivalry. In the early education, women were represented as the dispensers of respectful love and the dispensers of

The child was taught that to be an and happy man, he should prove himself of the love of a virtuous woman. "son," says Ulrich von Lichtenstein, in entitled "Duties Owed to Women," y sucked in with his mother's milk; so wonderful that love and honor should identified in his soul. When I was a young that I used to ride upon a stick, I persuaded that I ought to honor women that I possessed—love, goods, courage,

Till the age of seven, the child was to the discipline of women. Wirin von z, in his chivalric poem of "Wigolais," t while the knights would teach the boy exercises of chivalry, the women of the such an affection for his virtue that ed him when much older to go about liar manner among them. Büsching at with the decline of chivalry this tent the same time this manly, education ve been changed for a mode which did s to effect any such general object. und the rules of chivalry conspired in to convince youth that the object of its to be obtained by virtue; that the image held with all the rapture of the imagination to be approached in the discharge of that while infidelity might present its s to the senses, whatever the heart held me and in eternity was connected with Christ.

ing in the education of boys tended to he highest degree that reverence for ich had distinguished old Germany; to refine the manners of youth; to make generous and the person graceful by a constant and at the same time a id willing obedience. Tacitus says that ns thought there was something holy in d that they never despised their coun- neglected their answers. F

ably was this spirit evinced by St. Louis when the Sultan inquired what money he would give for his ransom, and he replied, "It is for the Sultan to explain himself; if his propositions are reasonable, I will make the queen acquainted with the terms enjoined!" The infidels were lost in astonishment at such respect for a woman. "C'est," replied the king, "qu'elle ma dame et ma compagne." To repeat the apology of Sir Philip Sidney, "It may seem superfluous to use words in praise of a subject which needs no praises, and withal I fear lest my unworthy tongue should utter words which may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honor;" and yet how can one allude to the knights, their toils and dangers, without making mention of the women "who witched them into love and courtesy." It is far too noble and gracious a subject to be attempted by my coarse pencil; but nevertheless, since I have put on the lion's skin, as Socrates used to say, I must not flinch, but proceed.

Nor were they unworthy of being the instructors of the good and brave. The following legend occurs in the annals of an old monastery. Taland, natural son of Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, fell in love with Hildegard, Charles's first queen, and during the absence of the king in his Saxon wars he had opportunity to disclose his design. After trying all the arts of persuasion, and even harsh threatenings, the empress at length pretended to consent, and appointed him to come to a chamber, where, as soon as he entered, the doors closed, and he found himself a prisoner. Upon the return of Charles she gave him his liberty, upon which he immediately accused her to his brother, whose love gave place to indignation, and he ordered that her eyes should be put out, and that she should then be executed. A generous knight resolved to save her, and hurried her off from the place intended for execution, after causing the eyes of a hound to be sent to the king, as a proof that his sentence had been obeyed. Hildegard fled to Rome, where she supported herself by her knowledge of simples and other medicines, with which she cured poor sick

In the meanwhile Taland became blind,

ly, took care of his estates during his in Palestine, and the historian says that under his rule the provinces were better governed than he had been present. The lords of the county of Chatenai, refusing to set free several villagers who were languishing in prison, the mother of St. Louis, at the head of her army, went to burst open the gates; and before the king's stick was still preserved with which he struck the door and commenced the attack on his own hand. Raymond Berenger, the last count of Barcelona, instituted the order of the *Ordre du Toison d'Or* for women, to honor the bravery of the champions who defended with that instrument the city of Tortosa when reduced to extremity.

The city of Palencia, being defended by John I., King of Castile, ordered that women should be admitted into the order of the *Orden de Santa Catalina*, founded by Alphonso, to enjoy all the privileges attached to it.

Ordericus describes certain lady knights among the *Normans* who met yearly to contend with each other in honor of Minerva. The women of the *Norman* ages were not so expert, if we may judge from an amusing instance related by Büsching. An old poet of the fourteenth century relates an event which happened in a fortress on the Rhine, where forty bold knights lived with their wives. During the absence of the men on campaign, who had left their army, the women laid out to hold a tournament; so they put on their armor, mounted their horses, and took the lord's name, all but one young maid, before called herself *Herzog Walrabe von der Rhine*. She tourneyed with them all that she sent most of the other women to the saddle; then they rode home and put the wounded to bed, and the pages to mention what they had perceived; but when the knights came back they found their horses in a sweat, their armor out of order, and many of the women in bed with sickness, so they asked their noble little pages, and they told them all about it. So they laughed at their wives' folly, and the adventure being wind, the Duke Walrabe determined to reward the maid who had won such worship in his name. He accordingly came to the castle, and gave her one hundred marks for dowry and a warder, and she was soon afterwards married to a nobleman.

At the tournaments of Edward III.'s time, women sometimes appeared with daggers and in armor. Ramon Montaner describes a Spanish woman, in the reign of Peter of Arragon, who put on armor and took a French knight prisoner, having killed his horse. Many women appeared in armor in the ranks of the Crusaders. In "*Tirante le Blanc*" women are represented in steel armor. In 1628 a gardener digging up a tree on the spot in Paris where the Exchange now stands, found nine cuirasses, which had been made for women, as their form denoted; and in the museum of the artillery of Paris may be seen the steel armor which was worn by Elizabeth de Nassau, mother of the *Maréchal de Turenne*.

The employment of Penelope was the favorite amusement of these noble women in the absence of their husbands. The Anglo-Saxon lady is described as weaving on curtains the actions of her lord. Cavendish says that when the cardinals waited on Queen Catherine, she came out to them with a "skaine of white thread about her neck." When Brithnod, the Anglo-Saxon warrior, was slain in battle against the Danes, to honor the memory of her husband his widow, Ethelfleda, embroidered in silk the history of his exploits, and gave it, with several other presents, to the monastery which contained his ashes; and during the absence of William the Conqueror in England, his Queen, Matilda, was employed in weaving that famous tapestry which is still preserved at Bayeux.

Women in the middle ages frequently added to the ordinary accomplishments of their sex a considerable degree of learning. Anna Sforza, Duchess of Ferrara, was an example of a woman uniting all female graces with extensive learning. Cervantes describes the duchess as quoting certain Latin verses of Politian, and in his time many Spanish women of high rank were well skilled in classical learning. In 1459 Pope Pius II. was complimented by Hippolyte Sforza, daughter of Francis Sforza, in a Latin speech.

Before a tournament the candidates hung up their shields in some public place, and if one of them was known to have spoken lightly of any woman, she had only to touch the shield in token of demanding justice. It was not a duel which ensued; but the knight guilty of this defamation was beaten soundly by his peers. King Charles V. of France banished from court a man who had spoken lightly in the presence of a woman; such

respect had men for female virtue. The right hand was given to a woman to show her honor; yet the ingenious gallantry of these ages provided for every case, by remarking that she on the left was nearest the heart of him who conducted her. It was not alone in England that the law of hospitality required women to kiss the stranger who arrived. In the Niebelungen, Rüdiger desires Trantine to kiss with all discretion the noble kings who arrive and their attendants; and when the Countess de Montford received Sir Walter Manny,

after his taking the Castle of Goney, in the forest, "She came," says Froissart, "and mette them and kissed, and made them great chere, and caused all the noble men to dyne with her in the castle." These examples from the age of chivalry may it is hoped serve to show what generous sentiments were then in honor; how little comparative value was attached to riches; how free the minds of men were from the infection of those base and selfish codes which in later times have been proposed with all the gravity that belongs to the teachers of wisdom.

A TALK ON HEALTH.

By J. S. W.

A WRITER has said, "Though health may be enjoyed without gratitude, it cannot be sported with without loss, or regained by courage," a fact which almost all are ready to recognize, but very few are disposed to act upon. And yet the preservation of health is so simply secured in the majority of cases by proper attention to diet, exercise and clothing, that it seems as if we must attribute debility, headaches, low-spirits, loss of appetite and most of the complaints so common among us, to little else than lamentable indifference to the elementary principles of hygiene. A statue of the goddess Hygeia should occupy a prominent place in the school-room and in the family circle; her precepts should be instilled by the teacher and practiced by the mother, before promiscuous eating and general imprudence have undermined the child's constitution. The extent to which indulgence is allowed the young in this respect is truly deplorable. Most of us no doubt can recall instances, perhaps personal experience tells, where puny frames, sallow faces and physical weakness, have resulted from either a mother's indifference or want of knowledge. For instance, rope-jumping has of late years been very popular with children; but few mothers or fathers think or care to caution their little ones against this dangerous practice. Not only is there an unnatural strain thus put upon the heart, but often serious injury is done to the knees and hips and to the spine.

Proper food and exercise are the principal conditions of health; but of course the amount of

either that a person needs, depends on his constitution, habits and work. In no better way can good health be preserved or restored than by paying careful attention to diet. Nor is it enough to know what to eat; we must learn how and when to eat. Regularity is as important as discretion in meals. Some would have it that a good appetite must invariably be a criterion of good health; yet it may in most cases be proved that this is the reverse of the truth.

Frenchmen or Italians are certainly as healthy, if not healthier than Americans; yet they eat half that we do. King Victor Emmanuel was a singularly robust man, yet he only ate one meal a day. It will probably be admitted by most people that we take more food than we need, and that there must necessarily spring evil results where our stomachs are not gauged according to our special habits and mode of life. Our breakfast-tables have been and are still the cause of disease and much misery. Instead of plain, healthy food, we aim at having an absurd variety and quantity, much of which, even taken in moderation, is far from nutritious, if not injurious. It is no excuse for one to say that he requires a heavy breakfast; that arises rather from habit. It is more than probable that he would be better off with a simple dish of oatmeal, cracked wheat or rice and a plentiful supply of coarse bread.

Experience will, in fact, convince one that an enviable state of health can be secured by careful attention to the quality and proper self-denial in the quantity of food taken, particularly at the

breakfast-table. Then all meals ought to be seasoned with pleasant conversation, for such acts as are digestive, and gives wholesome recreation to one's whole being. If men could spare the time to take a hearty dinner at midday, the benefit would no doubt be great; but as the case is, it would be better to take but two meals a day—one in the morning and one at night—than to depend for one's dinner upon a hastily-eaten meal of indiscriminate eatables. It is, moreover, a very desirable thing that those particularly who are in the habit of having "tea" at night, should take a crust of bread or something of the kind before going to bed, just as for the same reason one should take some little nourishment, whose time of rising and breakfast-hour are not close upon each other.

Our people have accustomed themselves to the use of ice-water to an extent truly alarming; for probably to this habit is largely due the prevalence of dyspepsia among young and old. It would be idle to enumerate the many pitiable forms of disease and distress that have grown out of reckless and irregular living in this matter of food and drink. Dyspeptics are painfully unhappy creatures; they have lost all merriment and jovial good-nature, and fail to sympathize with such as would carry out the adage "laugh, and grow fat."

They become morbid, indifferent, careless, irritable, and yet scarcely stop for a moment to consider what has been the cause of their condition, and what they can do to provide a remedy. It has probably never occurred to them to think that the stomach demands certain kinds of food, and that others it fails to assimilate; that some provide immediate nutriment, while others only weary and wear out the stomach. Avoid pies, cakes, confectionery, hot bread, ice-water, and in studying for variety in food, choose such as are nourishing and will not interfere with the organs of digestion. To see a man or woman neglectful of Nature's laws is not only suggestive of pig-headed ignorance but of unpardonable injustice towards those who are supposed to follow their example.

In so excitable an atmosphere as ours we need few stimulants; in fact we find that here we cannot eat, drink or smoke with such impunity as in a more humid climate. We need nourishing foods, and no country can furnish these in such abundance as our own. We have good beef, good wheat, and good milk, and what with excellent fruits and vegetables so particularly conducive to

a well-ordered system, there seems no excuse why every man, woman and child should not have palatable, nutritious, wholesome, and cheap food. It only remains then for the young to be taught and the old to be convinced as to the quantity and quality that they require, and the mode and manner of eating it. Some people, with the spirit of a Caleb Balderstone, strive to live on the meanest kind of sustenance, in order to make a conspicuous show in their outer life. They soon find out their folly to their own serious discomfort, and open up a Pandora's box of ills at which they never cease to make wry faces. No! Few of us learn to appreciate health until it has gone from us; then we grieve that we had not been more careful in what we ate, or that we had not had, as the ancients, "amethystoi" or sober stones to remind us of indiscreet indulgence.

Yet apart from proper food, the body requires well-timed exercise in order to be healthy; and this is within the reach of everybody, whether in or out of doors. We do not mean to insist upon the many forms of exercise that have lately become so popular. They no doubt have their social, moral and physical advantages; but, if not unnecessarily violent, they demand too much time for most people. The principal point to aim at in the matter of exercise, is constancy and regularity, and then the development is rapidly felt. Some vigorous action of the body after rising every morning, a brisk walk taken regularly an hour or so after a meal, but never on an empty stomach, a few swings of the Indian-clubs or the dumb-bells, will work wonders if properly practiced. It may seem at first very irksome to undertake anything of the kind, but such very soon enters into the routine of one's daily life. Only those who have tried it can at all realize the robust health, high spirits and bodily activity, that are sure to result from a few minutes' constant and regular exercise of the limbs. Our women complain of headaches etc., but do they ever stop to think that a little physical exertion on their part, and plenty of fresh air, would rid them of much if not all of their trouble? The assertion finds proof in the condition of our women when they are in the country or at the seashore, and we need not do more than refer to the physical development that has attended the recent enthusiasm in lawn-tennis, riding, rowing, roller-skating, etc.

Want of exercise, however, it may be urged, is

world. But the truth is, nobody can get along with the landlady."

"Oho! And what is wrong with her?"

"She's the queerest of queer old maids; the most prying and inquisitive of mortal women, with the most tattling and abusive of tongues."

"Is that all?" laughed Dick, "I guess I can ask that. There'll be no scandal in our house; we'll be as open as the day. We'll have the simplest of furniture, so there'll be nothing to excite her curiosity. We'll do nothing but enjoy ourselves, so she needn't feel especially interested in our actions. Finally, we'll mind our own business, so that she can't feel called upon to do it for us."

"Easy to talk, my dear young man," gravely remarked an old gentleman who had acted as his informant; "but if you take my advice, you'll keep out of Miss Priscilla's way."

"You'll be sorry if you don't," added a middle-aged man.

Dick felt taken aback. The cottage was so beautiful, and his heart was set on having it. Suddenly, a slight feeling of indignation took possession of him. He glanced around the circle of men in the little country store and thought, "How contemptible! All these men set against one woman, and simply because she's old and queer. I'll stand by her, anyhow. I'll take the cottage. (Aloud.) Please direct me to Miss Priscilla's; I believe I'll try and rent her house."

It must be confessed, however, that his courage failed him somewhat on meeting the lady; for she really looked the character given her—she was cross and ugly. Her greeting was so snappish, her replies were so sharp, that Dick was glad enough to transact his business with as few words as possible. Only that his desire of renting the cottage was so strong—only that he thought from her poverty-stricken surroundings that she really needed the money it would bring—he would have gone away without accomplishing his errand. As it was, he was glad enough to get out of the woman's presence.

"Such a rookery!" he soliloquized; "within a stone's throw of that lovely little bower, yet living in a shanty hardly fit for civilized dogs. No paint, no hinges, paling loose, no grass, no flowers, bones and rags flung all over the yard, a dozen half-starved cats under your heels. I must tell May we will have an operatic, open-air concert."

night without charge. No carpet, no curtains, not a book, a picture, or an ornament—what a panorama! Dowdy head, no teeth, no collar—can it be that such a looking creature ever had the heart and hopes of a woman?

"But I did rent the house, didn't I? Yes, I did, and I paid the first month's rent in advance. Still, I said very little. I can hardly remember what. How funny it was that when she asked me how many there were in the family I said two, without saying that they were myself and sister, instead of myself and wife, or grandmother, or uncle, or who. No danger but she'll find out, though, quick enough. I hope, however, that May'll never meet her. She'd never have any peace if she did."

A few days later, and Miss Priscilla, at her post of observation, the window, concealed however by the blind, noticed a wagon-load of furniture standing before the door of the cottage. A few minutes' later, Mr. Dick was visible, superintending and helping, while the teamsters began their work of lifting.

"H'm!" sniffed the watchful maiden, "Iron bedsteads! Straw matting! Cane chairs! Poor people, eh! If I couldn't afford to have handsome furniture like rich people, I couldn't afford to put on airs, and take a cottage in the country! Sally Jane Wiggins ought to know of this; she can't abide people that try to live beyond their means!"

"Ho! ho! What's all that? Crocket! Bows and arrers! Fishing-rods! Ain't they got nothing better to do than waste their time with all that trumpery? It won't put bread and butter in their mouths. Besides, idleness is sinful. I believe it's my duty to tell the minister."

"Oh, my, there's his wife! Rather pretty; but they don't have as pretty girls nowadays as they did when I was young. Wouldn't her feathers have dropped if she could have seen *me*, when I was all fixed up, with a white frock on? Who does up all them there ruffles, I wonder? She don't, I know; they're all too lazy to work in these days. Catch her puttin' them white hands in the washtub! Women ain't good for anything any more—Oh, my, no! They must play the pie-anna, and read, and be waited on like all creation!"

"What kind of a mother had she, anyway, to let her get married so young? They ought to

have been switched, both of them. That gal ought to have had a sensible maiden aunt to bring her up right. Now, I don't believe in gettin' married anyhow; but if you do, to wait till you are nearer my age, then you'll have some discretion, and know what you're about. I shouldn't wonder if her husband drinks and beats her, even if he thinks people don't know it. I'll fix him, though; I'll manage to let people find him out.

"Sakes alive! See how she smiles at that driver! And her husband's back turned! How does he know she don't smile on every man that way! How does he know she ain't got a lover somewhere? The impudent chit! If she were my daughter, now! Well, all I've got to say is, he'd better watch her; she may make him no end of trouble. Oh, how he'll rue the day he ever married her! How I blush for my sex, that they're so weak! I guess, as a neighborly kindness, I'd better advise Mrs. Hoskins not to let her daughters get too intimate with her; you can't touch pitch without being defiled."

Meanwhile the object of this scrutiny worked on, happily unconscious of it all. Merry enough were Dick and his sister over their housekeeping escapade. Blithely they tacked down their matings, hung up their pictures, and arranged their light furniture, their tongues running nimbly all the while.

"Next week," said May, "we'll have Will and Clara out. Week after, when pa and ma get back from the seashore, they must come. As to Joe, I guess he'll be out often."

"Wonder what the old maid will think of it all," remarked her brother; "she'll think it very extravagant in us to have so much company. And, May, what will she think when she finds out you've got a beau?"

May's cheeks burned, and she felt like boxing Dick's ears. She only said, "I guess she'll wish she had one herself."

Unconscious innocent! Little did she suspect what the lady in question really would think.

Two evenings later:

"Well, I declare!" commented Miss Priscilla, "there's a man knocking at the door! I wonder if he's his brother? No, he don't look a bit like him—Mr. Lindley's rather small, with light hair and mustache—this fellow's large, with dark beard. Maybe he's her brother. No, he don't look like her, either. Well, whoever he is, I hope he's

respectable. I don't want anybody of doubtful moral character about my premises. There! she's letting him in. How provoking! If she had stayed at the door just a second, I could have seen whether she had the same white dress on or not. I believe it's all she's got.

"Ho! ho! Here they come out again, promenading round the ground, arm in arm. Mighty affectionate, that! Wonder where her husband is; does he allow such goings on? Like as not he's walked down the village. Strange I should have missed seeing him. He must be rather soft, or he'd keep an eye on her.

"Heavens! the fellow's kissing her! Oh, how my heart aches for that poor deceived young man! Why don't somebody tell him he's married a whited sepulchre? It would be somebody's Christian duty to open his eyes. If I didn't pity him too much now; if I didn't feel a delicacy about it, why I might wound him for his own good.

"They're sitting down under the arbor mighty confidential. I wonder if they would see me if I were to steal softly behind the rose-bushes? Not that I want to be inquisitive; but I might overhear enough to convince me, in my own mind, that she really was unfaithful to her husband; for it would be a pretty thing if I were to tell him so with no more proof than I've got. I don't believe in accusing a fellow-creature unless you're sure; its best to be on the safe side."

And seeking to insure herself against making a mistake, Miss Priscilla quietly wended her way through the shrubbery in her own backyard, slipped out the gate, and scrambled through a broken panel in the fence belonging to the adjoining house. Noiselessly as a cat she picked her way behind the lilac-bushes until she stood immediately back of the arbor in which sat the unsuspecting lovers. She heard, however, for her pains, just one word, spoken in a deep, bass voice—"Darling!"

"Merciful goodness!" ejaculated the spy, lifting her hands in holy horror, "does he not fear that the earth will open and swallow him up for daring to speak so to another man's wife? What in the world are we all coming to? Oh, how faithful I am! Yes; I must sacrifice my feelings at the call of duty; I must tell that poor, wronged husband that he has warmed a viper in his bosom!"

Just then Dick appeared on the piazza. What was his surprise, as he stood there, gazing lazily

him, his hands in his pockets, to feel him-
tched by the elbow, while a strange voice
ed tragically in his ear :

me," it said, "come, I will show you a
nich will astonish you."

hy, what's the matter?" he demanded,
off the grasp, and looking hard to deter-
ho the assailant was.

u're in danger!" Miss Priscilla continued,
chral tones; "there's a pair of vipers in
or."

onsense!" declared Dick, incredulously;
nothing worse than garter-snakes in this
."

, you don't believe me," she went on; "I
: you wouldn't. Only my great pity for
ld have induced me to tell you. But far
your blood should curdle while there is
e than that you should be devoured alive."

ll, I declare!" cried the puzzled fellow,
ou so much afraid of a couple of harmless

Wait till I get a club and a few stones,
I soon despatch them if you would feel
o have me kill them;" and he stepped
off the piazza as though he meant busi-

ung man, you misunderstand me," said
iscilla. "You cannot kill these serpents;
only leave them to the justice of that
iose laws they have outraged. But come
e, come! Better you should be unde-
it once."

wondering if she were not crazy, the be-
d youth followed where Miss Priscilla led.
sly she took him through the bowery
until they stood back of the arbor, and
ves invisible, could peep through its leafy

And overwhelmed with amazement Dick
and saw—only Joe and May seated in
nate position and confidential chat, their
owards their audience.

you not see?" whispered Miss Priscilla.

: what?" bluntly demanded Dick.

: what!" repeated the detective, "Your
the embraces of that scoundrel!"

fic silence. Then Dick did precisely what
iscilla had expected he would—executed a
ance in the wickedest kind of swearing.
d Joe sprang to their feet as if startled by
n earthquake shock, and the very picture

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of consternation, stood confronting Dick and his
strange companion. Oh, what a rare triumph for
Miss Priscilla!

"Yes, you whited sepulchre, you may well look!"
she exclaimed, shaking her finger at startled May.

"And so may you, you deceitful villain!" look-
ing at poor Joe. "As for you, young man,"
turning to Dick, "I pity you from the bottom of
my heart; and I am only thankful that I was able
to undeceive you!"

Horrors! Dick turned upon her as though
consideration for her sex was the only thing that
prevented him from tearing her to pieces.

"You meddlesome old cat!" he roared, "Get
out of here!"

"What! This to me; when I out of pure dis-
interestedness revealed to you what a false, per-
jured wife you have!"

"May!" cried Dick, with an air of terrible,
savage humor, "Come here and kiss me!"

"Oh!" declared Miss Priscilla. "That's the
kind of people you are, is it? I've had all my
pains for nothing."

"If you'd only minded your business, now,"
said Dick, "we might have had some respect for
you; but as it is, you stand before us all convicted
as a scandal-monger."

Miss Priscilla began to whimper. "Will you
insult a lady on her own premises?" she began.

"You had no call to be on these premises,"
enunciated the terrible Dick, "I have paid my
rent in advance for them, consequently I expected
no trespassing. But, here is your key! We'll
leave the place to-morrow," and he took the key
from his pocket, and flung it at her with savage
energy. "And now, before we part, let me in-
troduce my sister, Miss May Lindley, and her in-
tended husband, Mr Joseph Montfort, to whom
she is to be married in three months. Good-
night; and farewell, forever."

"Yes," said the men in the store, before the
week was out, "we told him, but he wouldn't be-
lieve us. Nice young fellow, that Mr. Lindley;
but the angel Gabriel himself couldn't live in
Miss Priscilla's house. He thought he could, but
he went away sooner than anybody—odd, though,
that he wouldn't say what for! Well, one thing,
she'll never rent it again."

And she never did. The beautiful cottage went
to rack and ruin.

or himself the localities of some distant land. Let the artist be encouraged to study in a school which is most essential to the content of his own powers. Let the politician be persuaded to survey the country where he is most concerned concerning other solutions of the problem with which he has to deal. Let the antiquary like himself to any accessible antiquities which he has a theory of his own; the architect to the cathedrals and State buildings of other countries; while the conchologist, geologist, and naturalist have of course no need of such extraneous inducements, having permanent sources of curiosity at work to persuade them to visit new localities and even the least of a specialist among workers may interest himself better, when setting himself the task of verifying some of one of his favorite novels,—one of Scott's many graphic stories, or one of Thackeray's, or Dickens's, or even Austen's or Mrs. Gaskell's,—than by any work without any object at all which he can feel or feign a definite interest in. In all, it is not so much the real activity of the work you accept for such a purpose as this, the definiteness and aspect of method which it gives to our plans, which is the useful thing. The difficulty with a man who feels that he could not leave the old groove, but that he is lost if he does, is that if he merely to try hap-hazard change for which he has no desire, is this,—that so long as the change is mere amusement, there is nothing which he expects to find amusing, so that nothing is gained. If to his vacant imagination; and if he makes his first effort a failure, he is in danger of being more hurt by his holiday than profited. But if the plan of definitely shaped plan before him, which is artificial at first the thread of interest which there is something definite which, through the influence of method become habitual on which it draws him on, till at last he either finds himself sure in its execution, or else, perhaps, finding it quite different from his first idea which it has, nevertheless, suggested to him. In the case of a greatly overworked man, nothing is more likely to fail than the mere chance pursuit of a plan. But any plan which involves something definite, something that has to be regularly followed out, almost as if it were the appointed working-days, lends a certain mild tonic to the otherwise indifferent will, which

starts it fairly on a way in which it is very likely to find or pick up a real interest.

To all who have the renewal of energy for their object, it is clear enough at least that no needless risk should be run of taking more out of oneself in holiday-making than the same or a much longer time of steady labor would take out of oneself. Yet many an Alpine climber actually does spend more nervous strength on his holiday than all the year is likely to restore. Of course, we are not speaking of mere physical fatigue, which, except under very extraordinary conditions, is often advantageous rather than otherwise to the full restoration of nervous tone, but of the moral excitement of serious danger and anxiety for others which accompanies the more perilous expeditions. And again, if a holiday is to be spent in true recreation of energies exhausted in the year's work, the opportunity should be taken not only to get a physical stimulus to the general health, not only to get some sort of exercise for the mental interests kept in abeyance in the ordinary field of labor, but also to get a fresh store of that trust in a source of light outside us which the weariness of continuous labor is so apt to exhaust, simply because it leaves us in ourselves weak and dry.

We believe that a great many holidays are deprived of their value by being so exhaustively mapped out as to leave no chance of true spiritual rest, no freedom from the sense of absolute engagements to be here or there at certain times and seasons, no interval that is not parcelled away into journeyings, or excursions, or sights, or even fixed spiritual exercises in which you take a given part that leaves little room for true rest,—because true rest does not mean hectic flushes of emotion, or fits and starts of aspiration, or abrupt resolves to do better in the future than you have done in the past, but rather the escape from all these struggles within your life, and from the profound sense of nothingness which they are apt to produce, into the strength of perfect acquiescence in a divine purpose and repose on the everlasting will.

One great part of the weariness of life is the necessary punctuality and punctiliousness of its engagements. There are people who say, with the Quakers, that even in worship, the multiplicity of observances, the kneelings and risings, the recitations and chauntings, make a transaction of

worship, instead of a rest. And we are certain that for an exhausted mind this is not the most fitting kind of spiritual restoration. The "re-creation" of the spirit of man is not to be secured by the mere practical exercise of it in the most approved formulas. It must come from a true experience of the buoyancy of the power on which your own mind leans; and however true it may

be that in the strength of solemn social tradition and with the help of the language that has been attained by centuries of suffering and hope, the buoyancy is in the general way most amply afforded, yet it is certain that after periods of exhaustion, other and less apparently formal attitudes of mind are needful to "re-create" the jaded life even of religious devotion.

LADY MARY.

By E. B. COTLER.

Here sits in the red sunset,
Lonely and pure and bright—
With cheeks all flushed and glowing,
And sweet eyes bright.

She is watching for his coming
Over the distant hill,
Each moment that betrays the stillness
Bids her wild pains still.

Her face and fragile fingers,
So sweet and so true,
Bear a sweet gift of roses
For the beloved one.

Her golden locks are gleaming
In the sunset's crimson ray:
Faint emblems of a glory,
That faded not away.

A dark speck in the distance
How fills the lady's heart:
How glad they be together,
As never more to part.

Nearer he comes, and nearer,
She sees his waving hair,
His eyes of deepest hazel,
His brow so broad and fair.

Look up, look up, young lover!
Thy fair betrothed one see,
With words of tenderest welcome
She is bending down to thee.

He sees her not. The roses
Drop from her fingers still,
Her cheek grows white as marble,
Her quivering heart-stings still.

Her mother's cry of anguish
Rings through the startled air,
Just as her lover's footsteps
Is heard upon the stair.

One smile, bright as an angel's,
One quivering, long-drawn breath,
And the lovely Lady Mary
Scapes the long sleep of death.

No tears, no fond caresses
May win her back to life;
She hath done with care and anguish,
She hath done with tears and strife.

No longer pain and sorrow,
No longer bitter tears,
But peace and joy and gladness
Through never-ending years.

AFTER A DREAM.

By CLARENCE H. URNER.

I MUST have heard sweet music as I slept;
For, oh! I had a dream of heavenly things;
Methought my spirit rose on rapid wings,
And through the gates of heaven exulting swept.
Somehow a woe within my bosom crept,
And though 'tis mute—I feel it as it rings:
Now from the scenes of earth new transport springs,

Which once unto themselves they dumbly kept.
Perpetual light wrapped all, that met mine eyes,
While in my breast as mild a light was felt;
The air was filled with balm and gentle sighs,
Yet in my heart as sweet a fragrance dwelt;
But, now—upon the soul flesh heavily lies,
Although I dreamed its last weight had been dealt.

CURRENT TOPICS.

t month was a notable one in our Philadelphia. It witnessed the gathering of the chosen ones of the great Presbyterian family throughout

These came from Austria, Belgium, France, Spain, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, India, Ceylon, Victoria, Eastern and Southern Australia, New South Wales, and New Hebrides. A delegation representing all the Presbyterian bodies assembled also to welcome these brethren from the most ample preparations for their entertainment here were made, and the generous and courteous they received on all sides most favorably impressed. Distinguished and eminent divines present, many with world-wide fame, afforded us a pleasure to which, when possible, to avail ourselves of their discourses in some of the leading churches during the session. And especially was this the case with the Rev. Brodhead from India, a classmate at college, we had not seen for twenty-seven years. Though we have grown dim since then, he has lost none of his energy and untiring zeal in the Lord's cause. The next sessions on the 3d ult. The next session held at Belfast, Ireland.

st prominent topic current in the popular mind in to-day is that of the coming Presidential election; from the tone of the partisan press and mouths of the several political parties, one might almost feel that the safety of the country were at stake. From one end to the other of the country go up the claims of would-be patriots in laudation of their candidates and party principles, and most bitter and personal diatribes against opposing candidates and party principles. This is but a repetition of what has happened every four years; and with nothing serious offering, we presume that the people can abide by it. There is, however, another feature which appears itself as a concomitant of our elections, which menaces public polity as well as public safety, and is growing laxity in political morals. The indications of fair and honest elections—the true and honest will of the popular will—are daily becoming more dubious. Subterfuges of the most questionable are resorted to, and that by all parties, to accomplish the defeat of their opponents; and in the prosecution of these means money by the thousands of dollars are lavishly

Arguing that the ends justify the means, bribery, personating, false counting, or any other equally effective, is boldly resorted to, and with the least fear of opinion of conscience. So emboldened by previous efforts have these partisans become, that they even to boast of their skill in this respect. Is it not a disgrace to contemplate on the part of the true patriot, that it not become a fair subject for earnest con-

In the purity of the ballot-box lies the safety and perpetuation of our government. Is it not essential, therefore, that a halt be called by the sober second thought and sound sense of our community? May it not already have gone beyond all hope of a correction? We pray it may not; but through what means may the dangers be avoided that lie in our present path? Only through the proper agitation of the question, with a corresponding condemnation through public opinion of all parties guilty of such crimes. Make it an issue paramount to all others, and let every high-minded and honorable man rise above every consideration of personal or self-interest and second the effort. Let us establish a healthier tone in political morals; and to secure this, place upon every plank of fraud the sign-manual of utter condemnation. If the present penalties of the law be not severe enough to deter its violations with impunity, let them be increased at the earliest possible moment. If imprisonment and outlawry will not suffice, then make the offence a capital one, and string up the offender. It is murder at best, since it strikes at the very life of the nation.

Some of our readers may suggest that even this would not amount to anything, since it would be in the power of the pardon authority to stay the hands of justice, as has already too frequently been demonstrated. We would even go so far as to destroy this power. There must be no hope held out to the daring political highwayman. Let his fate and the law which fixes it be as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Then and then only shall the ballot-box become a sacred thing in the eyes of all freemen; then and then only will its portals become the true exponent of the popular will, and the best safeguards against political destruction.

Our Schools Scandalized.—One of our periodical writers has recently taken occasion to find serious fault with our popular plan of education. He maintains that our public schools turn out "flimsy bundles of nervous tissues;" that they rather unfit our sons and daughters for the duties of life, in that girls are not trained to be successful servant-maids, and boys learn to rise above the lower scales of drudgery. We do not care to do more than refer to the lamentable weakness that Mr. Richard Grant White has displayed in dealing with the subject which he has attacked. He argues from a wrong basis, when he maintains that our schools are the hot-beds of intellectual and moral deterioration. That they are defective, is evident; that they fail to fit our boys and girls for what we would specially wish, is naturally a cause for regret; but one is by no means justified in saying that our educational system breeds pride, indolence, and other objectionable traits of character. It is not in the school-room, but in the home, that one must look for the good or bad influences in the moral education of the young. If the girl acquires a love of dress and extravagance, or that disagreeable coarseness so self-asserting in the cross-breeds of this country, it is to be attributed to no other cause

than is to be found in the associations of in-door and out-door life away from school. The child assumes an air of self-dependence; his whims are gratified; his ideas and actions are pretty much under his own control; if he aspires to be a "little more of the gentleman" than his father, his ambition meets with ready response. In bringing before the public this important tendency in the Irish-American and German-American element of our population, Mr. White has done far greater service than he may ever expect to do in exposing the defects of our educational system. Home-life, home-influence are unfavorable to the satisfactory training of the young of either sex. Mothers sacrifice the moral to the material welfare of their daughters; humor them in their ambition to rise above their station, and are glad to open up any opportunity that may give an air of gentility and greater freedom than comes with waiting on table, cooking a dinner, or wheeling a perambulator.

Waste Products Utilized.—Few people realize the vast amount of waste that is continually going on under their very eyes. And so those inventions deserve special honor which tend to utilize what we have been taught to regard as of no value. It is saving that makes the individual rich and the community prosperous. The glycerine industry which has attained colossal proportions is a notable illustration of a great manufacture based entirely upon the saving of a product that until lately was a waste result with the soap-boiler. Even more important in magnitude, we may estimate the industries connected with the manufacture of the aniline colors and artificial alizarine from the refuse coal-tar that was formerly the curse and nuisance of gas-works. The waste blood of the abattoirs is sought after by the sugar refiner and the manufacturer of albumen. Old boots and shoes and leather waste are turned to good account by the chemical manufacturer in producing the cyanides, ferro and ferric cyanides, so indispensable in color printing and photography. Sawdust, mixed with blood or other agglutinative substance, and compressed by powerful pressure, is moulded and turned into door-knobs, buttons, and a thousand decorative and useful articles; or, as is the case too, with the spent tan of the tanneries and the spent bark of the dye-works, it is utilized for fuel. Oyster shells are burnt to lime; the waste of the linseed oil manufacture is eagerly sought for as food for cattle. River mud is mingled with chalk, burnt and ground, to make the famous Portland cement. The finest glue size is made of the waste of parchment skins. The waste gases of the blast furnaces are now employed to heat the blast, to generate the steam that drives the engine, to hoist ores, drive machinery etc. The enormous hills of anthracite coal dust that have for years borne silent testimony to the crudity of our methods of coal mining bid fair to disappear in time beneath the boilers supplied with ingenious dust-burning devices, or in lumps of artificial fuel. Even the anthracite itself, not many years ago, was a black stone unappreciated and useless. And now, having endeavored to illustrate what modern invention has done in the direction of utilizing the waste products of nature, or those of the industrial arts, we shall be prepared to consider the question, whether there are not waste forces of nature that can and should be turned to useful account,

and whether we are not neglecting to avail ourselves of exhaustless and incalculable stores of power that could be made to do our bidding.

What are we to do with our Apples?—According to reports the apple crop this year promises to be so enormous that the growers are at a loss to know how to dispose of the vast surplus. Throughout the State of New York and elsewhere the trees have actually been injured by the breaking of the heavily-laden boughs. The abundant yield has come unexpectedly. The orchards are strewn with the fallen or picked fruit, teams are hurrying to and from the cider-mills, and wagon loads of the richest varieties are being conveyed to the market to sell from thirty-five cents to as low as five cents a bushel. Farmers will stock their cellars with apple butter, cider, and vinegar, even millions of barrels of apples will be sold, yet we are assured that the unusual harvest must prove comparatively useless; that enormous quantities of the fruit must be allowed to rot, as not bringing a price sufficient to pay even for the barrels.

The only open outlet to the producer seems to be the foreign market; but the conditions of success are subject to the special intelligence and care of the shipper, or perhaps one ought rather to say of those who are entrusted with the gathering and packing of the apples. The utmost attention should be given to picking the fruit at the right time and when free from atmospheric moisture, and preserving the apples from bruises or exposure to the sun or storms. When the apples are once stored in good condition, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance to pack them satisfactorily for the foreign market. We have recently been informed of an excellent method for accomplishing this, which would consist in wrapping the apples in tissue paper soaked in a very dilute solution of salicylic acid, and dried before it is used. The cost of this paper, it is asserted, would be trifling when compared with the splendid condition in which it would preserve the fruit even when bruised. There seems no reason why the apple trade with Great Britain should not be increased, seeing the large demand and the high prices that the American fruit continues to ensure. The present appears to be a favorable opportunity for producers to take the matter into serious consideration, and turn what is looked upon as an unprofitable harvest into a source of unexpected income.

Progress in China.—In this country, as in Europe, much attention has within recent years been directed to the spirit of intellectual and material advancement among the Chinese. But still many fail to form any adequate idea of the vastness, the wealth, the antiquity, the unique importance of the empire which these people represent. We are perhaps made familiar with the two classes of Chinese who come to this country—the student and the workingman—and we are impressed with the marked intelligence of the one and the industry and pertinacity of the other. We do not stop to think that these Chinamen come from one of the most favored portions of the earth's surface, that they represent the most ancient civilization now in existence, that the millions of their countrymen embrace one-third of the human race. The difficulties of their language, their coherence and religious belief, have favored a state of isolation; and we

now comparatively little of the country beyond what recent complications with Russia have brought about. Civil reforms, military successes, commercial and educational vitality are conspicuous within the past few years. The Empire of the Manchus has become strong, rich, and warlike. It is rising to the position in which it can manage its own affairs or provide its own needs, and regulate with complacency its dealings with other nations. The revenue of the Empire reaches something like \$300,000,000, and yet it is the lightest taxed of all nations. A formidable army, with an arsenal providing all the necessary requirements, a naval dockyard, and special importance given to the appointment of only competent officials, are very marked evidences of what is being done to develop the long-latent power of China. There is still the danger from the side of Russia to stimulate the Chinese to renewed warlike preparations. The province of Kulja, in Central Asia, is the bone of contention between the Empires. On the confusion consequent upon the Taiping Rebellion, the Russians undertook to keep the peace in Kulja until China felt in a position to reoccupy it, when it would be handed over to the ancient owner. They now refuse, however, to fulfill their promise, and China, feeling that she is unjustly deprived of what she has held for more than twelve centuries, and that she is exposed to unexampled humiliations, is watching a favorable moment to deal a heavy blow upon the Empire of the Czar.

Utilities of Forest Culture.—When one stops to reflect upon the wholesale destruction of forest trees that goes on in our country from year to year, there seems to spring up an irresistible impulse to cry down the short-sighted spirit of gain, and the willful indifference that will lead men to convert acres of most valuable woodland into tracts of comparative waste. Yet all that we can say seems to be of very little avail. Only by constantly keeping the subject before the public, by disseminating all possible knowledge, by the valuable services of such interested men as Professor C. S.argent and Mr. Northrop, and by bringing results of experience to convince the lumbermen that they are "killing the goose that lays the golden egg," can we hope to see some remedy provided by which the planting will be proportioned to the destruction of trees. Much has been said of the important part shared by forests in the industrial and hygienic welfare of our people, and evidences of their influence are observable in contrasting the dry, sterile, desolate soil of cleared timber-land with the healthier climate, greater productivity, etc., of forest areas. Droughts are the inevitable result of denuded woodland. India and China suffer from famine because the trees have been swept from the mountain slopes which feed their streams, and the people of Connecticut are beginning to see that the lumberman's axe has been the cause of their river running dry. Fires have aided to spread fearful desolation among the valleys of the Andes, as in many of our own States, so that it is with special wisdom that attempts are being made to carry on extensive tree-planting. What valuable results can be brought about in this way is shown in the enterprise which converted the once barren valley of Barcelonnnette in the Lower Alps into fields of rich vegetation. A strong inducement to direct special attention to forest culture is the fact that it

will serve as a check to the grasshopper, which hatches and thrives best in dry places, and on a tract of territory that is in a state of chronic drought. As conducive to health, the presence of trees is an acknowledged fact. The great secret of the healthiness of Australia, and even of the tropical portions of Queensland, is the exhalation from the forest, the aroma of which is not only pleasant but fever-chasing. It is said, too, that by the planting of forests in some parts of India large tracts of country have been restored to their former healthfulness and fertility. It ought certainly to be the wish of all sensible people to encourage private individuals or the State in their endeavors, not only to prevent the willful destruction of timber-land, but to reclaim worn-out soils and arid wastes, and provide for the wants of future generations by a systematic system of tree-planting.

Astronomy in Rochester.—The new Warner Observatory which is being erected at Rochester, New York, is attracting much attention in social and literary as well as scientific circles. The new telescope will be twenty-two feet in length, and its lens sixteen inches in diameter, thus making it third in size of any instrument heretofore manufactured, while the dome of the Observatory is to have some new appliances for specially observing certain portions of the heavens. It is to be the finest private observatory in the world, and has been heavily endowed by Mr. H. H. Warner, proprietor of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and other remedies. Professor Swift has labored under numerous disadvantages in the past, and the new comet which he recently found was in spite of many obstacles; but as the new institution is to be specially devoted to discoveries, there are good reasons to expect very many scientific revelations in the near future from the Warner Observatory at Rochester.

Tomatoes in years gone by.—It is a Newport tradition that tomatoes were first eaten in this country in about 1823, in a house still standing on the corner of Corne and Mill streets. About that time there came here an eccentric Italian painter, Michele Felice Corne. He purchased a stable on the street now called for him, fashioned it into a dwelling house, and there lived and died. Previous to his coming, and long after tomatoes, then called "love apples," were thought to be poisonous. A gentleman told me recently that in 1819 he brought them from South Carolina and planted them in his yard, where they were looked upon as curiosities and prized for their beauty. They became later, however, a very unpleasant missile in the hands of the small boy. A charming old lady also told me that in 1824 she was sitting with a sick person, when some one brought the invalid, as a tempting delicacy, some tomatoes. The astonished attendants exclaimed, "would you poison her?" and yet Corne, in his section of the town, had been serving them for a year previous. As late as 1835 they were regarded as poisonous throughout Connecticut.

New York capitalists are about to erect one hundred and thirty small brick tenements on thirty acres of land recently purchased in the northwestern part of the city. The houses will rent from \$10 to \$15 a month.

TABLE-TALK.

Popular Amusements.—I cannot think we have gained much in the substitution of some of the present popular games for those of the past time. To begin with, croquet, which seems to be most assiduously cultivated by all classes—can it, in point of healthfulness at least, at all compare with that most graceful of games, "Graces?" In croquet the body is continuously in a bent position, the chest contracted, the head held low. In "graces" the head is uplifted, the chest thrown forward, the arms well exercised, most of the time held aloft in tossing the hoops. Take a party of school girls let from their desks in differing dress, no regulation suit as in croquet, with erect forms, tossing from the sticks the gayly-wound hoops, with streamers flying, and beside it the croquet field, with its bent-over players, that never fail to remind me, in their absorbed intentness of driving balls, of Bunyan's allegorical representation of a man poking with a muck rake in the earth, while over him an angel holds a crown which he entirely ignores.

Another thing that prejudices me, too, against croquet is the fact that invariably presents itself, of the stirring up of bad passions. No sooner does the game begin to wax warm but you hear one and another accused of cheating. Even among quite young children I see it. I never saw or heard of it in the game of graces. And this exciting of the passions of cupidity, deception, fraud, etc., forever sets me against all games of cards.

I have been labored with by friends, with patient care and self-sacrifice, that I might learn to play whist and croquet, but I have so little interest in the forms that to-day I cannot call the names of the cards, and invariably retreat ingloriously from the croquet-grounds as helpless as I began. I would not say that a game of whist or croquet has never been played without a quarrel; I have never seen one played without some recriminations.

Take the game of base-ball, with its temptations to intemperance, and its real dangers to life and limb and contrasted with the old-fashioned ball game, or even the exhilarating one of shuttlecock and battledore, I think the present loses in comparison with the past in real healthful recreations, which to me seem all that is desirable in thus spending time. And this carries me back a few years. I lived opposite the home of a wealthy manufacturer, who had at the time just retired from business and settled down to—croquet. As soon as breakfast was over the whole family adjourned to the ground in full view of my windows. The bowed forms bent to their tasks, and the click of the hammers began. From sheer exhaustion they at last threw themselves on the settees to recuperate. Time was taken for dinner, spared for tea, but in the interval how devotedly they wielded those hammers! The father was an old gray-haired man. If at times I could not help thinking at least is this a proper life-work, who shall blame me? I may as well acknowledge here that I have come to think that anything, amusements included, that does not in some way benefit

not only ourselves but others is better in the breach than in the observance.

I believe we can provide our children with amusements that shall excite no wrong passions, but arouse the noble ones, alas! too dormant, of benevolence, and thoughtfulness of others—an end surely to be desired by all lovers of the race. As to these old-time games I have contrasted with the present, I seem to see incipient mustaches curling upward, and have the disdainful expression of "Girl's play!" But why need it be so? Cannot masculine arms gain strength and masculine natures become polite and chivalrous in tossing hoops and playing at battledore as in the everlasting base-ball and croquet? I'm afraid if the question were answered truly, it might be found that the real objection to the former games lies in the fact that they don't allow of winnings.

As ball used to be played when we girls took our stand with our brothers, not even being debarred the bat if we wished, and with never a suit or yellow shoes, could hold our own with any of them, there could hardly be a nicer game. The manly, polite boys of that period, that never failed to run after the ball, however far we beat it away, and never snarled "You cheated!" we can't forget.

Seriously, is not this devoting of columns of newspapers to the doings of base-ballers and their competitions exciting not only a taste in the young for gambling, but actually nauseating older ones? Is any game that takes boys and young men miles away from their homes, very often inflicts injuries physical upon them—I glance at a late paper and read in the account of a game at Boston "with both of her 'catchers' disabled"—a game that ever ought to aspire to be called "The National Game?" If we must have games for our children, pray let them be those that neither dwarf physically, mentally, or morally.

Let them be games that keep the body erect, the chest well thrown out, the arms often lifted, and certainly the percentage of curved spines, narrow chests, and predisposition to apoplexy will be lessened at least. The last thing I would wish a child of mine to do on coming from school-desk, where the head is bent over lessons, or if a mechanic at his bench, a book-keeper at his ledger, would be to see the head still bent over croquet balls.

COUSIN CONSTANCE.

Influence of Light in Animal Life.—In nearly all animals clothed in fur or feathers, the color of the body is deeper above than beneath; and these colors grow darker in summer than in winter. The white or light-colored moths that fly by night cannot boast of the lovely hues belonging to the butterflies sporting in the sun; and among the latter, the varieties that appear in spring are more brilliant and fresh than the autumnal ones—the azure and golden dust in which they are arrayed following the tone of ambient nature. The owl and most night birds wear a

gray or fawn, and the softness of their integuments strongly with the rigidity of those which fly by every lover of the seashore must have remarked the difference of the shades on the shells which seek shelter under the rocks, compared with those lying in the light; that a difference there is between cold regions and warm countries! The colors of the birds, animals and plants which people the immense forests, or lie on the banks of the broad rivers of the torrid zone, are of dazzling brightness, while in the Polar regions the tints are gray, and much akin to the snow in which they

Men and Spectacles.—We have known charming women who wore spectacles; but, as a rule, we do not confess becoming to ladies. They are apt to give a coarseness, a culine, semi-scholastic, semi-clerical appearance to the wearer, which is not particularly prepossessing. A mark is unpleasant in a woman, and glasses generally look more or less to the wearer. We are not fond of spectacles, and although we are far from agreeing with the old adage that a woman should never look straight in the face of a man, we are not fond of being deliberately stared at by a spectacled lady. Most ladies' noses are not well fitted by Nature for carrying spectacles; consequently when they use glasses they are obliged to throw their heads slightly back in a manner which appears at first sight impudiculous.

Health and Study.—The pursuit of letters if carried to a certain point is like other pursuits, attended by inconveniences. These, which have been greatly multiplied, ultimately result, as has been already said, from two causes—too much exercise of the mind, or too much exercise of the body. Insanity or indigestion, a disordered head or a disordered stomach, are the avenging of the lucubrations of literary libertinism. But the body suffers far more than the brain. How many men set their books day after day, immovable as the unhappy Fakirs before their gods, deranging their animal system without any advantage to themselves or society! Many of these sedentary victims lose their appetite, and their increasing their intelligence! How many without their discernment destroy their digestion! These men whom melancholy follows like a shadow, having them for her own. No need for them to drink the bitter cumin.

Plant Baskets.—A few well-arranged hanging plants are among the most beautiful ornaments for the parlor of the house in winter. No other method of decorating the class of plants used for this purpose combines so much of the rustic or beautiful effects. The plants required are rather part simple and easily grown, and the baskets, in instances do not permit, need not be expensive. Desired, very neat and suitable baskets may be produced. The materials are simple and easily obtained. Very tasteful and unexpensive ones—fully durable for one season—can be made of round berry baskets, and bottoms, covered with rustic wood, bark, or fancy

knots. These will do for smaller ones. Larger ones may be made of anything suitable to hold the covering. Wooden bowls are largely used by makers of rustic work, and are much more durable than berry baskets. The ordinary wire horse-muzzle may be used as a hanging-basket if desired. In making wooden baskets the parts should be well oiled before putting together, and one or two coats of varnish given to the outside as a finish. The handles may also be made of rustic wood.

The present time is a good one to fill hanging-baskets for winter. Good friable soil that will not pack too much should be used. Let the plants be young and thrifty, and pot-grown if possible, but the roots should not be too much bound. After planting, keep the baskets pretty well shaded until new roots are formed, when they may be exposed to the sun; but in summer we would not recommend too free an exposure to the sun and winds, as it will be apt to injure the freshness of the plants. The variety of plants used for filling hanging-baskets is very large. Anything that taste may suggest, selected from the immense variety used for this purpose, is suitable. Baskets filled with plants of a single kind are very handsome if the growth is thrifty, and any of the free-growing drooping sorts are suitable for such baskets. Where several kinds of plants are used erect, growing ones should be used for centres and the drooping ones for the sides. For centre plants geraniums—those of fancy leaf markings such as Happy Thought, Mrs. Pollock, Mountain of Snow, etc.—are prettiest. Coleus (the newer varieties are much the finest), Begonias, Achyranthes, etc., are used. For drooping plants the variety is much greater, among which are Ivies of various kinds, Smilax, Lobelia, Panicum Variegatum, Sedum, Koniga Maritima (variegated Sweet Alyssum), Pylogre Suavis, Othonna Crassifolia, Crassula Spathulata, Dew Plant, Russelia Juncea, etc. In filling baskets select rather tall plants in preference to dwarf for centres, as they show off, when the baskets are hung up, to much better advantage. The practice of covering the soil with moss after the work is finished is a good one.

In regard to watering hanging-baskets, an exchange says to immerse them in a tub of water. This is an excellent plan, as the roots are thus thoroughly saturated, which cannot be so easily done in any other way. Whatever kind of basket is used, be sure that it gives good drainage.

C. A. M.

Table Manners.—The following valuable suggestions, culled from one of our prominent exchanges, are deemed of sufficient interest to lay before our readers:

"To those who merely 'eat to live,' it may seem a matter of small consequence how one is dressed when he comes to the table, or how he behaves during the meal. But a very little thought ought to convince the most careless person who is not altogether 'of the earth, earthy,' that good manners at the table are preferable to bad manners, and that it is conducive alike to comfort and a sense of 'the fitness of things,' that the members of the family should come to the daily repasts, not only with clean hands and face, but neatly attired. The few moments spent in preparation for the table are not time misspent. On the contrary, the slight loss of time is more than made up by the increased charm

of the family gathering. One can eat as heartily in 'shirt-sleeves' or with towseled locks as in a decent coat or with nicely-ordered hair; but the *atmosphere*, so to speak, of the table will be far more agreeable and refined in the one case than in the other. The simple formality of putting on a coat and brushing the hair has a tendency to exalt the meal from a mere feeding-process into a festival, not only for eating and drinking, but for the interchange of social courtesies and pleasant words. Of course, no amount of outside polish can do this unless the members of the family have it in them to be courteous and agreeable; but, given the disposition, the dressing up for the table has its effect—and no small one, too—in transmitting the inward feeling into outward action.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon a household by the atmosphere of the family table. A neat, well-ordered table is in itself a lesson to the children. To the inviting table, where there should be always something attractive, however simple the meal may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly.

It really is worth while, and when philosophically considered is a matter of great importance, to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of the hard work done before and to be done after a meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at this time. The habit of brooding over our work and exhausting ourselves by going it all over in our minds is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing which takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity. Everybody knows that food digests better when eaten in agreeable company. It was something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer vacation away from him, as it gave him dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied.

It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unvaryingly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from brain, allowing the stomach to get its share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word which is not at least kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food.

Ceramic Teapots.—Perhaps the most ill-used of domestic utensils in the hands of the modern potter is the very domestic teapot. It has been tortured into every possible shape, from a China mandarin sitting on his haunches to an elephant with upturned trunk to form the spout, his tail being antithetically used to form the handle. The grotesque, says Mr. Forbes-Robertson in "Great Industries of Great Britain," is as good as a joke; but the fun is lost

when it is applied to articles of utility. Now the teapot is a utensil, and utensils have their primary existence in *use*. The use of a teapot is for the quickest decoction of tea with the least loss of heat. An instant's reflection would tell the thinker that he would obtain the largest amount of contents with the least amount of radiation by the use of a sphere, and if we examine the ordinary teapot of China or Japan made for native use we shall find that it approaches as near a spherical form as it is possible to obtain without fracture in burning. Into one side of this pot, very near the bottom, is inserted a *straight* spout, which, being much wider at its base than at its mouth-piece, is readily cleansed from adhering tea-leaves. At the other side is a hollow protuberance, placed rather near the top, into which a wooden plug can be fitted as a straight handle. By this means the heat is retained in the pot, and the handle is kept cool. The modern teapot maker, on the other hand, tortures his spout into a serpentine shape, and gives us the smallest contents with the largest possible radiating surface, and so contrives the handle that it shall absorb the greatest amount of heat. He aims, in short, at unnecessary effect, and in doing so forgets the primary purpose of the vessel. Let him revert back to the common principles of common sense, and the common sense of purchasers may be relied on in the building-up of his fortune.

The Value of a Daily Bath.—To wash the body from head to foot every day is the one thing needful in respect to ablution for the pure sake of health. To become so accustomed to this habit that the body feels uncomfortable if the process is not duly performed, is the one habit of body, the one craving that is wanted, the one habit that needs to be duly acquired in the matter of body cleansing. The process may be carried out as speedily as possible. Moreover, it may be carried out as cheaply as possible, and all the hygienic advantages may be the same as if great expense had been incurred. A formal bath is not actually necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal bath in which the bather can stand in front of his wash-hand basin, a good large sponge, a piece of palm soap, a large soft Turkish towel, and two gallons of water are quite sufficient for all purposes of health. In the North of England there is often to be met with in the bed-rooms of hotels, and sometimes in those of private houses, the most cheap and convenient of these small and useful baths. To stand in such a bath as this, and from the water of the wash-hand basin to sponge the body rapidly over, and afterwards to dry quickly and thoroughly, is everything that is wanted if the process be carried out daily. Once a week it is a good practice to dissolve the water used for ablution common washing soda in proportion of one quarter of a pound to two gallons of water. The alkaline soda frees the skin of acids, is an excellent cleanser of the body, and is equally serviceable to persons of a rheumatical tendency, who are often troubled with free acid perspirations.

Tea dealers continue to trade upon "inducement" in the shape of crockery and glassware, but the accommodating public does not know how much the tea is worth.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Ultima Thule. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These eighteen little poems, bound up in a neat volume, and bearing the above title, are probably familiar to most readers, as having gone the rounds of the principal magazines and newspapers; yet far from losing their attractiveness, they seem to possess a special charm in the form and connection in which we now read them. Many of them are, no doubt, redolent of old age, yet there is a youthful vigor, a touching sweetness associated with every verse, such indeed as would hardly justify us in believing that our American laureate would carry out his thoughts, when he says:

"Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
Here in thy harbors for a while
We lower our sails; a while we rest
From the unending, endless quest."

In his heart-stirring tribute to Bayard Taylor, the power of his genius seems to give unspeakable reality to the picture of the great traveller-poet, as

"Dead he lay among his books."

There is a beautiful simile in the comparison of the soul when it has left the man in his prime, with the traveller hurrying on his way, where yet the shades of night have begun to fall:

"Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone, who was its guest;
"Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve."

And, as suggestive of the fact that a man's merits are never appreciated in his own generation, he tells us:

"On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last."

The gift of an arm-chair, presented by the children of Cambridge, is the occasion of a poem full of sweetness and tender sympathy. As we read the lines, we seem to picture to ourselves the genial poet of "three score and ten" giving amusement and instruction to the band of eager children that flock around him. He tells them of his happy associations, and sings a song of grateful remembrance that few of his little listeners can forget:

"The heart bath its memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought."

The "Iron Pen" and the recently published "Robert Burns" are too well known to demand anything more than mere mention at our hands. One of the prettiest little poems in the collection is the "Maiden and the Weathercock." The former, overjoyed at the hope of seeing her lover, speaks tauntingly of the vane that would change with the wind, whereupon the weathercock seizes his opportunity, and says:

"Oh, pretty maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day,
You will thank me for looking some other way."

It would be possible to quote gems from every page of the little book before us, but it would be a needless thing to do, convinced as we are that very few indeed of those who can appreciate true poetry will fail to read the verses and admire the genuineness of love, sympathy, truth, and cheerfulness that breathes in the "Ultima Thule" of our favorite poet.

The Back-Bay District and the Vendome. 32 pp.
Illustrated. By MOSES KING, Editor of "The Harvard Register," "King's Hand-Book of Boston," "Harvard and its Surroundings," "King's Pocket-Book of Cincinnati," etc.

This little work describes and illustrates a district of about one thousand acres that the City of Boston has added to its area by filling in the salt marshes and waste flats of the back bay. The district thirty years ago was wholly unimproved; now it is one of the finest architectural sections in the world. On it are many of Boston's celebrated public institutions, churches, hotels, and residences. The Vendome is the white marble, palatial hotel that is being erected at a cost of \$1,000,000. The book contains numerous engravings, giving views of prominent buildings in the district described.

The Iron Gate and Other Poems. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

In this very attractive volume we have another collection of poems already more or less familiar to the reading public. Though in their bound form, however, their special interest seems to be reserved for such as are concerned in the particular events which the poet has been called upon to commemorate, yet they have for all that charm which is so peculiar to the style of the autocrat. Boston people have certainly found in Dr. Holmes a precious acquisition. Clubs, birthday and centennial celebrations, college reunions, social and literary gatherings, have provided a subject for laudatory, dedicatory, and commemorative strains. Few men are so skilled in combining rich humor with delicacy of touch and depth of meaning as our "florist in verse." Nor, even now in his seventieth year, does he seem to have lost any of that cheery nature, or of that blithesome spirit that

"never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh."

The opening poem—"The Iron Gate"—of this little book was read, it will be remembered, at the Holmes breakfast given last year by the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly." The circumstances under which it was composed have rendered it singularly indicative of the thoughts, feelings, and declining years of the poet. That is a very pretty verse in which he says:

"Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last."

The annual meeting of the class of '29 has never failed to be graced with the flashes of wit and good-natured humor

and jovialty that spring up in this happy recollection of by-gone days. Old faces come together, old friends exchange mutual associations, the vacant chairs are carefully noted, and the poet is tempted to say:

"How narrow the circle that holds us to-night!
How many the loved ones that greet us no more,
As we meet like the stragglers that come from the fight,
Like the mariners flung from a wreck on the shore!"

In his tender tribute to James Freeman Clarke, we trace a harmony of strength, beauty, and manly sympathy thoroughly worthy of Dr. Holmes:

"What blending thoughts our memories share!
What visions yours and mine
Of May-days, in whose morning air
The dews were golden wine.
Of vistas bright with opening day,
Whose all-awakening sun
Showed in life's landscape far away
The summit's to be won!"

In the score of poems of which we have endeavored to give the reader some sort of idea, it is extraordinary that there should be so great an attraction, considering the nature of the topics upon which they treat. Yet Dr. Holmes is specially adapted to make whatever he undertakes captivating, and even were the present poems of inferior interest, they would doubtless be eagerly sought after and read, merely from the prevailing confidence in the attractiveness of the Author, of the Poet, and the Autocrat at the breakfast-table.

Magdalen Ferat. By EMILE ZOLA. Translated by JOHN STERLING. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The character sketching of this author is excessively vivid; the principal characters being drawn with a master touch. This is all, however, that can be said in favor of the work. In all other respects it bears a strong resemblance to the preceding works of the same writer, with probably some slight redeeming qualities in its favor.

Stories and Romances. By H. E. SCUDDER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A selection of excellent and well-written stories and sketches of romance. The qualities of each will bear uniform comparison, the writer evidently possessing the happy faculty of diffusing an attractive style throughout all his work.

A Windfall. By A. T. PERRY. New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

This is a really interesting story, and one in which the reader's attention becomes wholly absorbed from the beginning to its ending. The author has shown no lack of skill in the arrangement of his plot, and the incidents of the story have been worked up in a masterly manner. "A Windfall" bears promise of a successful reception at the hands of our fiction-loving public.

A Bibliography of Ohio. By PETER G. THOMSON. Cincinnati: Published by the Author.

We are indebted to the generous consideration of the author for a copy of this excellent and most valuable work, which we prize all the more highly because it fills a void,

which has heretofore been the source of much loss both in time and patience. It is a work that will prove indispensable to all libraries, booksellers, and persons interested in the collection of Americana, as well as to the general collector of books of reference.

In its arrangement of details the author has shown rare good judgment, having evidently, in all instances, had the convenience of those who might consult its pages under consideration. The title of each book is given in full, and the notes accompanying each are both interesting and valuable, as they show how the book relates to the subject, the period it covers, etc. The "index by subjects" also proves of great value, as it shows at a glance under each head, alphabetically arranged, the events, localities, and individuals treated of in the books themselves, in which respect we believe it is the pioneer attempt in a work of its character.

It is a royal 8vo., of 436 pages, printed on the finest paper, and in the handsomest style of the typographical art; an excellent specimen of the line of work in which the author is engaged.

Manuscript of St. Peter.—We learn through a late correspondence of Miss Helen Stanley, that the very important discovery has just been made in Jerusalem of what purports to be the original manuscript of St. Peter. We are pleased to give the statement as she makes it:

"On the 13th of July, 1879, their died at Jerusalem a certain poor man known throughout the city for his great age, which was reputed to be 109 years. For the last half century this hermit had lived retired from the world without exchanging a word with his neighbors, by whom he was regarded as a saint. At his death, as no one knew any of his friends or relations, the local authorities took possession of all that he had. On visiting the grotto inhabited by the man, whose name was Core, situated at the foot of the Hill of Gethsemane, they were surprised to find it decorated with some degree of elegance. It was overlaid with tigerskins, and the actual couch of the deceased had been composed of these materials of very great value. After removal of the skins a trap door was found, which led into an underground passage, five yards long, by three or four yards high. There a case was found fastened by an iron bar. On opening it the explorers came upon a heap of money of different countries and periods. A large quantity of gold was discovered—English, Turkish, and Grecian—the fruit probably of a long career of mendicity on the part of the holy man. The value of the treasure has been estimated at £8,000. Under the layer of coins a packet was disclosed, wrapped up in old newspapers. After this coating had been removed, a handsome cashmere shawl appeared, much the worse for time and damp, but estimated originally at about £80. The shawl again concealed several papers attesting to the origin of poor Core, who in these was declared to be a Hebrew belonging to a very rich family established at Stockholm. Finally, under these papers a voluminous manuscript on papyrus was brought to light, wrapped in a piece of green silk so entirely consumed by age that it fell to pieces at the first touch.

The papyrus bore, written in beautiful ancient characters, the following words:

ter, fisherman and disciple of Jesus, the Son of continuator of His works, speak to the people of who hear the word of the Lord according to the in the name of the very Holy God."

anuscript is signed in an elegant and original

er, fisherman, in the name of Jesus, have finished the word of love in the fiftieth year of my age, on Passover after the death of my Lord and Master, ist, the Son of Mary, in the house of Belierl, the ar the temple of the Lord."

pyrus of this manuscript is tolerably flexible and n spite of its age, and the ink is still very black. the discoverers to think it was the work of Core; avants of Jerusalem, after a lengthy examination, hich they vainly endeavored to decipher sundry rms, came to the conclusion that it was impossible ern author to write ancient Hebrew with such ease, id propriety of language, presenting both an ac- e with the signification of certain words, and a archaic form peculiar to that tongue at its best Besides, everybody knows that papyrus is no longer red, which proves at least the antiquity of the . But can it really be a manuscript of the Apostle ? To elucidate so grave a question, the Bible So-

London was communicated with, which at once

sent a commission to the spot to examine the case. After long investigations, this commission is said to have pronounced in favor of its authenticity. The numerous questions—philosophical, philological, historical, and Biblical—raised by this discovery promise to be most curious and interesting.

The Bible Society appeared to take it for granted that St. Peter could write, which, on the strength of the testimony of St. Mark and a rather obscure passage in the Acts of the Apostles, has hitherto been considered doubtful. This point further stimulated the zeal of the Bible Society to study the manuscript.

Between the commission, which had its seat at Jerusalem, and the Society of London, a brisk exchange of letters and telegrams has been going on. Finally, the family at Stockholm inheriting the property of the ancient hermit of Jerusalem has been offered £20,000 for the acquisition of the manuscript by the Bible Society; but all these people will agree to is, to grant the right of reproduction and translation. The firm of Abdullah Brothers, in Constantinople, has offered to bring out a photographic edition.

The above account appeared originally in the *Sabaath*, a journal printed at Jerusalem in the Jewish interest, whence it was extracted by the *Seminatore* and *Fiaccola* of Rome, two organs of evangelical interest in Italy, and has now found its way into the French papers.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

and American Girls.—As the intercourse between America and European countries increases, the old feelings of prejudice are disappearing, and we seem certain apishness of foreign, particularly of English, and customs, springing up amongst us. Our men who have any claims whatever to recognition are now quite surprised at the amount of attention given, and return home with the conviction that a must be made in the status of their social relations of living. The American girl finds herself a object of attraction abroad. Her beauty, grace, lively quick-wittedness have become proverbial, while the time her accomplishments are associated with wealth to be desired. She who had perhaps learned with contempt or indifference upon the conventional English aristocracy, now esteems it an enviable line, dance, drive, or to be the guest of any one of her Ten." Her beauty, it may be, is thought too our people to appreciate, and a mother's ambition for an entrance to parties, balls, drawing-room receptions, where titled young gentlemen shall vie with her in doing her honor. She naturally is carried to the gay round of social life, the slavish adoration of the gay, and the consciousness of being one of the belles of the season. If she thinks little of Count This or Duke That, she is reminded of the social recognition their title gives some of our American girls have married extremely for the nobility, but the ordinary conditions under

which such marriages are made is anything but favorable to happiness. They need only fear in England the indifference or disreputable character that their husband may evince; but a recent case in Germany tells us that the young lady must first review the conditions of her social standing before accepting the hand of a German noble. Miss Moulton had not long enjoyed the title of Countess Hatzfeldt, when she discovered that the fact of her grandmother having been an actress shut her out from the court circle. Her husband found position stronger than love, and his accepting the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was the signal of divorce. This, with other instances, stand out as a warning to our American girls who have any show of self-respect, and who would realize the dangers of reaching above their position.

Conversation.—To be ready, discreet, and polished in conversation is a gift that anybody might well envy. There is an irresistible charm about the man, woman, or child who can always talk with ease, grace, and propriety. One seems to be spell-bound in the presence of such a one, and we go away convinced that cheerfulness and brilliancy in speech, as the outcome of a pure, sympathetic soul, must certainly be among our highest intellectual, moral, and social forces. Of course we do not give any credit to the rattling, gossiping talk that is ready to expose the shortcomings, even of friends, and to speak with venomous irony of whatever comes under their notice. No; conversation has a noble duty to fulfill at

home and in the world at large. Under its influence the household is guided; all learn to enjoy and improve from one another's intercourse, and men's hearts and minds are linked together. The secret of true conversation lies in the neglect of self. So soon as what we say in the slightest degree reflects self, the charm of our words disappears. This is a very common and a very great fault; while it may come from a morbid state of mind, it more often is the result of gratified waywardness. It ought to be our duty to snub such as continue to indulge in this form of conversation. It is an easy work to accomplish; a few telling words will effect a surprising change.

Delicacy in conversation is also an important thing to remember. Swift says: "One of the best rules is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid." There are plenty of things to talk about without fear of injury to the feelings or sentiments of any about us; yet to carry on "small talk," to gossip about our neighbors, to say the wrong thing, and that, too, at the wrong moment, or to adopt conventional modes of expressing ourselves on humdrum topics are just the errors that we are likely to fall into. Some of us lose power over our tongues, and need, like Gracchus, a flute-player behind us, to recall us to moderation.

Sincerity in conversation would save us many inconveniences, and insure respect while it would justify our own conscience; for

"What a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

Words spoken without truth, earnestness, and simplicity are too often "like the bloom from a soiled flower;" while on the contrary bright, sparkling, healthy conversation is like the raindrop that, according to an Arabian tale, fell into the ocean, and was converted into a diamond.

Apart, however, from the valuable influence that discreet conversation may have upon society, it has a power that every father and mother should bring to bear upon the education of their children. Nothing is so apt to mould the child's character for good or for evil as the words it hears from the mouths or at the connivance of its superiors. We can tell them stories, help them in their studies, let them hear all we have to say about great men, places and things, correct them when they fail to speak properly or with the necessary caution; there are innumerable ways, in fact, by which we can train them to be fit conversationalists, and at the same time win from them duty, obedience, and respect.

Indecision of Character.—Of the many causes which hinder men from attaining success, indecision is undoubtedly one of the greatest. Without any determined course marked out for themselves, the majority of young people set out on the great ocean of life, depending more upon chance than any fixed law, whereby a definite result may be obtained. Thinking to-day, perchance, to amass a fortune in some pursuit, they, to-morrow, easily change it for some other. And so they spend their lives, continually varying, always discontented with the present, and ever looking to the future for brighter days, which their indecision does not warrant them to expect. How many young men there are, who if settled in their purpose of obtaining a livelihood, would

ultimately be crowned with success. How many old men there are, who if they had not lightly and frequently changed their vocations, would now be in the enjoyment of happiness and every comfort, whereas their latter days are embittered by want and penury, and their home the work-house or asylum. It is the curse from which no one is exempt, that "man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Such being inevitably the case, let us not be over-fastidious as to the nature of our employment, provided it be honest.

If we feel dissatisfied with our lot (which in fact we all do, the king as well as the beggar), let us nobly and manfully endure it, and console ourselves with the pleasing certainty that soon all our toils and troubles and privations will end. Let us not too readily try to divest ourselves of the weight Providence has burdened us with. Whatever our condition or state in life be, let us discharge its duties, and if we calmly submit to the All-wise Creator's good will, rest assured our allotted span will be more happy and less troubled than if we day after day seek an evasive means of obtaining that which Cræsus, with his fabulous wealth, could only possess—a living.

Great Endeavors.—It is not enough, even in this exacting world, that one should be simply busy. It depends upon what he is about. You see men in every day life bustling constantly around, and yet apparently never accomplishing anything worthy the pen that records it. You have their natural symbol in the swallow which circles round and round an old chimney in the summer twilight, fitting as earnestly on its work as if a world depended upon its effort, scarcely pausing to twitter out a salutation for its equally industrious neighbor as they meet, for fear so many sweeps should fail to be accomplished before dark. And yet when they have all settled down into their narrow home, the ungracious sky, instead of appearing in any respect bettered by their strenuous exertions, or grateful for the extraordinary enterprise displayed, only seems a good deal relieved to be rid of the fussy commotion.

Now we have seen societies of women, and men too, which befrighted away energy just in this manner. A little work, that one of each could do, excited a score to go out, elect a president, two secretaries, an advisory committee, a treasurer, of course, and so have a Swallow Association; and every night they would come out in full force, and flutter and fly, and jabber and twitter, and at last most benignantly go in the chimney; and the relief was indescribable.

The poet Cowper has made a calculation on this subject, which will at least attract attention as a literary curiosity, and as a new sort of poetic numbers. "I sum up half mankind," he says,

"And add two-thirds to the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams."

Men there are who wear out all their lives in a perfect fever of excitement and zeal. It is not a fair question what we should do without them; it cannot be tried. That which most exercises us in our need is, what under the sun we shall do with them. Carlyle compares them to balky horses, "all move and no go."

Now there is need of a worthy aim to make any activity

And the possession of such ennobs the worker. ous purpose," says Channing, "makes much out of eathes power into weak instruments, disarms diffid id even turns them into aids." You can see in imunity how true it is that the man who stands on d, and keeps standing there, will in time draw the ifm, or push it to his determined spot. Why, when nts wanted to picture torments of the lost in hell, of their being set to do just what men take up of i accord nowadays. Sisyphus was rolling up o the top of a hill, and then letting it roll down xion was walking around an endless wheel. The were drawing water from a deep well with sieves ts. One would think Tartarus was reproduced in

ndeavors, made on principle, are far better than de for show. They accomplish more, and they e greatness. James, the king, wrote a "Counter- nst Tobacco." Britain laughed at him for belittling r, and went on smoking. But a Scotch maiden in realm told her lover she "would not marry a " and one pipe went out, to say the least of it; verthenceforth believed in his soul there never was l.

nding Influences and Character.—It is seem- ight, or at least asserted by certain individuals, person is merely the result of chance; that there tural laws governing our existence; that we are at we happen to be; and that if a person is gifted moderate powers, it is foolish to believe he can his dwarfed state through cultivation. This idea

of human nature seems to me not in harmony with sound reasoning. Now suppose we plant two hills of corn in the same soil, and cultivate each with the same general care. In this case we have no reason to believe there will be any difference between these two hills in their final yield of grain. Now let us suppose that these two hills of corn come up; that one soon has large, thrifty stalks, and the other, from some cause, looks as though it was laboring under general debility. If we utterly neglect the one that is now prosperous, and at the same time make every possible effort to restore the other, have we not reason to believe that the latter will finally outstrip the former? Any well-informed farmer will tell you that under these circumstances the chances are greatly in the latter's favor. That small tree growing in your garden may be trained to grow in any direction you wish. So, that little son or daughter will be likely to grow up and live in accordance with early influences. But I believe that there is sometimes an exception to this rule. There are those whose dispositions to do right are so strong that they will conduct themselves properly in spite of all the evil influences that can be brought against them; but in such persons there is something rather out of the course of human nature—something nobler and better. Let not parents imagine their children by nature so perfect as to neglect giving them the proper moral instruction. And above everything else, set good examples; for children are preëminently liable to imitate. Teachers everywhere should pay no more attention to the education of the intellect than to the education of the moral nature; for, without morality, human life is in reality a failure. And as all of us exert more or less power over our fellow-creatures, let us see that our influences may lead to some good.

VARIETIES.

Missing.—A farmer living about forty miles above It that it was his duty to drop the Lime-Kiln Club the effect that he had lately discovered human eteen inches long in a clay-bank on his farm. is neighbors argued that they were relics of the period, and others that some circus giant had escape and was wandering around the country. rivate theory was that some member of the Lime- had passed that way on a hunting expedition, and his suspicions verified or put to flight. r Cha'rman, I regard dat communication as an dis club!" said the Rev. Penstock, as soon as he h his feet. ort de insult!" added Giveadam Jones. en," said Brother Gardner, as he came forward, s feet could be plainly seen from all parts of the no use concealin' de sack dat No. 12 butes am a fit for moas' of de members of dis club. I doan't ievie dat any of us leave tracks nineteen inches ur one I am allus ready to face de music when de alled into play. Somebody made tracks up dar.

It's no use squirmin' 'round, fur de tracks am dar. We can't make our feet any smaller by votin' dat letter an insult. De Seckretary will slowly call de roll, an' if any member of dis club has been up dat way, let him riz up as his cognomen am reached."

A call of the roll proved that none of the club had been out of the city for months. Referred to "Bijah," of Central Station fame, to clear up the mystery.

"Keep Gittin'."—"My friends," said Plato Johnson, in one of his oratorical moods, "de worl' am so constertuted dat while dar am jest 'bout 'nuff fur everybody who is willin' to work, dar ain't a morsel left for de man who sits under de trees an' 'spects de apple to fall into his mouf. No, de better way am to git your eye fixed on somethin', an' den keep movin', keep movin'. De whole philosophy of life is in de words, 'Keep gittin',' and after awhile you are sho' to fin' yourself somewhar."

A good story is told of Professor Blackie. On the door of the Greek class-room in Edinburgh University, Professor

Blackie had occasion a few weeks ago to put up this notice: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scraped out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside of the college quadrangle as the "lasses." But who can joke with Blackie? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses!"

How to Look for Lost Property.—A countryman had driven his horses into the woods to graze, and when he came in the evening to drive them home, a gray horse was missing. He looked a great while for him, and ran about the neighborhood to no purpose. At length he met a man on horseback, and asked him if he had seen his gray horse. "No," said he; "but have you looked for him?" "To be sure," answered the countryman, "everywhere." "Everywhere!" said the horseman. "Have you looked for him in the crow's nest on that tree?" "No!" said the countryman. "How should he come up there?" "That is all the same to you," cried the other. "Only climb up; one must look for things where there is the least reason to expect them. If they were in the place one supposes them, they would not be lost." The countryman, who had no answer to make to this, began climbing up the high tree; and when he had hardly got half-way up, he cried out, joyfully, "I have found him, I have found him!" "So I thought," said the man on horseback, and rode away. It is almost needless to state that the countryman, having climbed sufficiently high to overlook the surrounding country, saw his gray horse grazing in a field not far distant.

An Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day, and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied, "Och, sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a strake o' fat and strake o' lane aqually, one after the t'other?"

A gentleman at a fashionable party, being asked by a lady his opinion of a beautiful ring she wore, in which was a very small miniature, and most striking likeness of her husband, observed "that he was no great judge of painting, and having seen Mr. — but once, he was hardly competent to pronounce on the likeness. Nevertheless, he was happy to see that she had a husband that she could turn on her finger."

Ignorance of Fear.—A child of one of the crew of the British man-of-war Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by the destruction and death all around him, he persisted until a cannon-ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat. When seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you!"

During a political campaign in Michigan, a well-known lawyer was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers. In order to win the confidence of his hearers, he said, "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn." Here the speaker was rudely interrupted by some one in the audience, who exclaimed, "A pumpkin, by jingo!"

An English servant girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home was told that she "looked really aristocratic," to which she responded, "Yes; in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

Some years ago the late Empress of Russia, while inspecting a girls' school in that country, asked one of the pupils "What is love?" Blushing deeply, and much embarrassed, the girl made no reply. Her teacher stepped forward, and bowing low to the empress, informed her that "in my school no instruction is imparted to the pupils on this particular subject, and in all probability the girl does not even understand the meaning of the word your majesty has deigned to pronounce." "That is much to be regretted," replied the empress; "for woman's life is naught but love—first of all, love for her parents; then love for her husband; and lastly, love for her children. If these girls have acquired no just comprehension of love, they have been very badly prepared for the duties of life." Having thus expressed herself, the empress left the school in manifest displeasure, and a few days later the teacher was dismissed.

"Well! I should er thought he'd er taken the old line instead of the new one," exclaimed a Kentucky woman when she found her husband hanging in the barn.

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once, in his capacity of judge, about to pass sentence of hanging upon a man, the culprit pleaded for his life, and, among other arguments, declared that he and his Honor were related. "How can that be?" asked the judge. "I am named Hog and you Bacon, and the two have always been deemed kin." "That is true," answered his lordship, "but a hog is never bacon until it is hung, and until you are executed you can be no relation of mine."

Two Irishmen were passing some blackberry bushes. "What are these, Mike?" inquired Pat of his companion. "Nothing but blackberries," said the latter. "But they're red, Mike!" "Well, Pat, blackberries are always red when they're green."

The best case of absent-mindedness of which we have lately heard was that of a Heidelberg professor. While he was crossing a street, a watering-cart let its flood loose upon him. The professor quietly raised his umbrella and walked the length of the street before he discovered that the sun was shining brightly.

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OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

A SKETCH OF THE FIRST REGIMENT, N.G.P.

By G. S. S. RICHARDS.



THE NEW REGIMENTAL ARMORY.

ON that beautiful day of the early spring, the 15th April, 1861, while the sullen roar from Sumpter's guns, in answer to the opening rebel fire, was all reverberating over the rice-fields of the Carolinas, over the valleys and mountains of Virginia, across the Potomac, far north to the green hills of

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New Hampshire, and away over the West, even to the shores of the peaceful sea; when the call had been proclaimed, and flashed across the wires east and north and west, for volunteers to maintain the nation's honor and vindicate her flag, the time had come again, though few of us re-

alized it then, which was once more "to try men's souls."

On that eventful day, and most eventful of the days of anxiety, of peril, and of dread, the darkest in our country's history, when the angry cloud of armed rebellion, brooding from its horizon in the South, cast its ugly shadow ominously, threateningly, insultingly, over the peace, the prosperity, and over the millions of throbbing, loyal hearts of this loveliest of lands,—then it was, at the very earliest hour of that most critical time, the regiment of which we wish to give a brief account effected its organization.

There were thousands of us then incapable of even measurably forecasting the magnitude of the terrible struggle through which we were to pass, and which, thanks to an all-wise Providence, has resulted in maintaining that Union which, in the words of Webster, was to be "one and inseparable now and forever."

It certainly was in the providence of the Almighty that a few far-seeing men happened among us,—men who, uniting experience and prophetic sight, knew that the time for action was at hand, and acted on this knowledge then and there without a moment's pause—at once.

Among such were the men who subscribed to the following plain and business-like special notice, published on that day in the *North American and U. S. Gazette*:

"Retired and contributing members of the Light Artillery Corps of Washington Grays, over the age of forty-five years, are requested to meet at the Wetherill House, Sansom street, above Sixth, on Wednesday evening, 17th inst., at 7.30 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a 'Reserved Guard' for the protection of the city and support of the Constitution and laws of the United States of America.

"(Signed) Cephas G. Childs, Joseph M. Thomas, P. C. Ellmaker, George W. Wharton, Jacob Bennett."

This, in its proportions or its text, without any florid ornament of boasting patriotism or excessive zeal, was commonplace, but plainly practical, and to the great surprise of all who had signed it, met with a splendidly practical reply. We quote a record of this preliminary meeting, and a subsequent one, as follows:

"Eighty citizens were present at this meeting. The intention originally was merely to form a

company, but the applications to become members being so numerous, in order to make the parties eligible, it was decided to amend the call by inserting the words, 'and other citizens.' An agreement was then drawn up and signed by about eighty persons, and the meeting adjourned to re-assemble at Sansom Street Hall on Friday evening, the 19th inst."

"An adjourned meeting of the retired members of the Washington Grays, and other citizens, over the age of forty-five years, was held at Sansom Street Hall on April 19th. Mr. Charles S. Smith presiding.

"There were no regular speeches delivered, the proceedings being entirely of a business character. A few remarks, however, were made by P. C. Ellmaker, Morton McMichael, Joseph M. Thomas, and Jacob Laudenslager, all of which were enthusiastically received."

The following plan of organization was then adopted:

"The President of the United States having, on the 15th inst., issued a proclamation announcing that a portion of the people were in open rebellion against the laws and the Constitution, we, the undersigned, retired and contributing members of the Washington Grays, and other citizens of Philadelphia, over forty-five years of age, hereby agree to form a regiment of at least 800 men, for the purpose of defending the city, and do hereby adopt and mutually pledge ourselves to be governed by the following rules."

The rules chosen were well digested and complete in their character, and have remained the same with but few exceptions to the present time. Among other points to be noticed in them was the prohibition of the discussion of all political and religious subjects under a summary penalty, which made this rule effective in preventing disputes, and promoting that harmony so essential to the maintenance of the regimental *esprit du corps*.

In a little over a month from that first call for a company merely, a regiment was formed, and made its first parade completely uniformed, but without arms. The following was the first roster of officers, which we give in full, that it may be seen how many distinguished heroes were graduates of this school of the Washington Grays, either returning to their homes with honors thick upon them, or remaining on their monumental battlefields to fill heroic graves:

Colonel, Peter C. Ellmaker; Lieutenant-Colonel, Richard H. Rush; Major, Napoleon B. Kneass; Adjutant, Jos. T. Ford; Quartermaster, Jos. M. Thomas; Paymaster, R. P. DeSilver; Quartermaster-Sergeant, A. R. Foering; Surgeon, W. L. Atlee, M.D.; Assistant Surgeon, Thomas M. Drysdale.

Line Officers: Company A—Captain, Charles S. Smith; 1st Lieutenant, James D. Keyser; 2d Lieutenant, George F. Delleker.

Company B—Captain, William H. Kern; 1st Lieutenant, Charles F. Hupfeld; 2d Lieutenant, Benjamin K. Ripperger.

Company C—Captain, Charles M. Prevost; 1st Lieutenant, Atwood Smith; 2d Lieutenant, C. P. Herring.

Company D—Captain, J. Ross Clark; 1st Lieutenant, Edw. Watson; 2d Lieutenant, W. T. Martien.

Company E—Captain, Jacob Laudenslager; 1st Lieutenant, Julius C. Sterling.

Company F—Captain, Joseph N. Piersol; 1st Lieutenant, William W. Wagner; 2d Lieutenant, John G. Murphy.

Company G—Captain, George W. Wood; 2d Lieutenant, Harry Gornian.

Company H—Captain, Silas Wilson; 1st Lieutenant, John M. Ross; 2d Lieutenant, James Brown.

Company I—Captain, George W. Briggs; 1st Lieutenant, Edw. Dewees; 2d Lieutenant, Benjamin W. Hays.

Company K—Captain, Charles P. Warner; 1st Lieutenant, H. D. Welsh; 2d Lieutenant, J. S. Hess.

A short time after this the regiment was armed through the instrumentality of General Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War.

It early attained to that soldierly drill and discipline which made it a valuable adjunct to the city authorities, as well as a competent school of military instruction, and we may also add, that it remained a never-failing contingent throughout the war, from which to draw thousands of well-disciplined men and able officers, as the exigencies of the service required.

The first active service of the regiment was rendered to the State in May, 1862, when Schuylkill County became the scene of threatened riot and bloodshed, owing to the turbulent dissatisfaction of large bodies of miners on a strike for higher wages.

On the 7th of May, on the requisition of the Governor, a force of about 160 men, comprising companies A and C, and details from companies B, E, and H, under command of Captain Charles S. Smith, of A Company, left the city by the 3.15 P.M. train, to proceed to Schuylkill Haven and report to the sheriff of said county. Arrangements had been made to move the battalion at once to Minersville, where, on arrival, it reported to the sheriff, who had provided rations for the command. After remaining a short time, it was marched to Forestville, about three miles distant, and thence to Heckscherville, on the opposite side of Thomas Mountain.

The difficulties between the employers and employes having been satisfactorily adjusted, owing in a great measure to the presence of the militia, the battalion left Heckscherville and returned to Schuylkill Haven, where were found companies D and F, under command of Captain J. Ross Clark, of D Company, in waiting; the united command then left Schuylkill Haven for Philadelphia.

The rapid marching over the disaffected district, and the dispersing of unruly crowds by what might be called the moral influence of one hundred and sixty muskets, was entirely effective, though not a shot was fired. The alacrity with which the men met this first call to face a foe, with the splendid drill and discipline which they had acquired in this, the first year of their history, was an earnest of that high degree of efficiency and usefulness which has marked the career of the First—and its offspring—through the war and until close within the memory of us all, when they stemmed the tide of robbery and murder at the hands of Pittsburg's raging mob.

In the same year, August 30th, the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers was organized. This regiment, which participated in all the great battles of the Army of the Potomac, was in a considerable degree supplied with officers from the school of the First. Prominent among them were Colonel Charles M. Prevost, Captain and Second Lieutenant C. P. Herring, both of Company C; afterwards Colonel and Major respectively of the 118th. Both of these gentlemen were severely wounded, and brevetted Brigadier-General for conspicuous gallantry in action. And now these companions in arms have united their interests in the more peaceful and prosperous fields of trade.

Many of us can remember the gloomy prospects

of the Union cause in the month of August, 1862. McClellan's retreat after the Seven Days' fight, and the second discomfiture at Bull Run, were the climax to a long series of defeats and retreats, which had not only chilled the ardor and enthusiasm of the earlier days of the war, but resting like a burden on the hearts of some of our staunchest of men, secretly caused them to despair

that the old Colonel of the First, Peter C. Ellmaker, sought for and received authority from Governor Curtin to raise a regiment for three years' service. Nearly all the officers, and a large number of the men composing it, were members immediately volunteering from the First; consequently this regiment was known as the 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers (Gray Reserves).



COLONEL PETER C. ELLMAKER.

of ultimate success. It was in these days that our people, uneducated in war, and taught to think by scores of quiet years that peace would last forever, first began to realize the extent of their concentrated power; no dreamer could have divined the wonderful tenacity of purpose, and the remarkable recuperative ability, which in these perilous times displayed themselves so marvelously in the face of treachery, incompetence, and consequent disaster.

It was at this time of general depression

The record of the 119th Regiment will compare favorably with any regiment enlisted from Pennsylvania. Recruiting commenced on the 5th of August, 1862, and on the 31st, before the organization had been perfected, it was ordered to Washington. It proceeded thither on the following day, eight hundred strong, and was assigned temporarily to duty at the Arsenal. It was here joined by a company of 130 men, recruited by Captain John B. Adams, and the organization was completed with the following field officers: Peter C. Ellmaker, Colonel; Gideon Clark, Lieutenant-Colonel; Charles C. Knight, Major.

On the 19th of September, two days after the battle of Antietam, it was ordered to fatigue duty on the northern defenses of the Capital, and was employed in the construction of Forts Mansfield and Reno. A month later it joined the Army of the Potomac, still in camp in the neighborhood of the Antietam battle-field, and was assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. Though suddenly thrown among veterans of two campaigns, it was prepared by its thorough training to hold its place with credit.

At first some of these veterans were inclined to carp and jeer at what they thought fit to think its clumsy way, and dubbed it the "elephant." But when once its drill and movement, under the practical soldierly ability of its Colonel, were displayed upon the field, it was remarked by Colonel Pratt, brigade commander, that "it was rather a back-action epithet for any other troops to continue to use any longer."

It was during the first Fredericksburg campaign that the 119th received its "baptism of fire," securing and maintaining its position on entering its first action, under a galling artillery

and infantry fire, with fortitude and conspicuous bravery. Upon the organization of the Light Division, the brigade with which the 119th was associated, being under the command of General David A. Russell, moved on the 28th of April to the Rappahannock, at Franklin's Crossing, where, under cover of darkness, it crossed the stream in pontoon-boats, captured and drove the enemy's

enemy posted in a wood concealed from view, and at once were heavily engaged at close quarters with his infantry. In this engagement, though confronted by greatly superior numbers, they stubbornly held their position, though with grievous loss.

During the battles that were fought between April and June, 1863, prominent this one of



CHARGE OF THE 119TH AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VIRGINIA.

pickets back, and effected a permanent lodgment on the opposite bank. On the following morning it moved forward in line of battle, engaged the enemy's pickets, and took his rifle-pits. In this position it remained until the 3d of May, when the enemy's works on Mary's Heights were carried by assault; immediately upon which the corps to which the 119th belonged was moved in pursuit of the flying foe. The 119th and 95th Pennsylvania were, however, detached from the brigade and moved upon the plank road toward Chambersville.

At Salem Church, midway, they came upon the

Salem Church, the regiment had twelve killed and one hundred and twelve wounded out of four hundred and thirty-two present for duty. Captain Peter Rodgers was among the killed, and Captains Charles P. Warner and Andrew T. Goodman and Lieutenant John M. Cook among the wounded.

The men lost their knapsacks on this occasion, of which they had divested themselves before the fight, and ever afterwards dispensed with knapsacks, so as to be always in fighting trim.

In June the regiment was ordered on the march for the Pennsylvania campaign, arriving at Man-

chester, Maryland, on July 1st. From this point it was summoned in great haste to Gettysburg, commencing the march thither the same evening at 9 P.M., and arriving, after nineteen hours of steady tramping, at 4 P.M. next day. This splendid forced march may be compared favorably with any similar one on record; it was borne with patience, endurance, and in silence. Many still remember the shout that greeted the loud-mouthed corporal, when he broke that silence by hollering, "Boys, it's rough, but it's regular."

Upon arriving at Gettysburg, the 119th was placed in a position on which some of the heaviest fighting, it was supposed, would turn, its character for thorough reliability being appreciated by the general in command, who found occasion on another field to single it out for special commendation. It was not its fortune, however, to be in the brunt of the battle on those memorable days, though it performed effective service in finishing the rout and pursuing the defeated foe.

The regiment was subsequently moved down over the old Virginia battle-fields again, and encamped at Warrenton, where its splendid appearance and high standard of drill and discipline became so marked as to cause it to be classed among the very first regiments in the armies of either the East or West.

The 119th took part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac that were fought after June, 1863, and at the battle at Rappahannock Station lost seven killed and forty-three wounded. Captain Cyrus M. Hodgson, Lieutenants Edward Everett Cox and Robert Reaney were among the killed.

General Russell, in command of the division, had been instructed to storm the enemy's works, situated on a range of hills skirting the river. Between them and the Union forces, under cover of the woods on another ridge, was a valley, at the bottom of which flowed a dividing stream. General Russell's brigade, under the command of Colonel Ellmaker, of the 119th, with that regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, led the assault. Rapidly covering the ground in silence until the stream was reached, they charged the enemy above, in the face of a fierce fire of artillery and infantry, with such a frightful yell as waked the echoes from the distant hills, carried the works at the point of the bayonet, and captured the entire rebel force—artillery, small arms, battle-flags and all.

General Russell was highly complimented on this achievement by Major-General Meade, commanding, who took occasion to particularize the superb conduct of the storming party under Colonel Ellmaker.

The regiment was also with General Grant in the spring campaign of 1864; and at the battle of the Wilderness had seven killed and sixty-three wounded, Lieutenant George G. Lovett mortally; four color-bearers were either killed or wounded at Spottsylvania. Lieutenant Edward Ford, Jr., was killed during a charge May 10th, 1864.

May 12th, 1864, Major Henry P. Trufitt was killed, and almost immediately thereafter Captain Charles P. Warner, who had succeeded in command, was also killed near Spottsylvania Court House. The scene of this struggle was known as the "Bloody Angle," or the "Slaughter Pen." In the series of engagements up to this time, commencing on the 5th of May, out of an aggregate for duty of four hundred, the regiment had lost two hundred and fifteen.

On the 18th of May Lieutenant Colonel Clark assumed command (Colonel P. C. Ellmaker having resigned January 12th, 1864, and been honorably discharged), the regiment having been led since the fall of Warner by Captains Gray and Landell. At the battle of Cold Harbor Lieutenant George C. Humes, acting Adjutant, was among the killed.

On April 2d, during a picket skirmish preparatory to storming the enemy's works near Fort Stedman, the 119th, unaided, dislodged him from a formidable interior work, capturing many prisoners, with artillery, small arms, and stands of colors. In this desperate encounter Colonel Clark, Lieutenant George W. Shriver, and Adjutant John D. Mercer were severely wounded, the latter mortally, and the command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, under whom it returned to Philadelphia, and was mustered out on the 19th of June, 1865.

The above is but a brief statement of the signal services which this regiment rendered through the fiery brunt of the fiercest period of the struggle. It will be noticed that on its first appearance on the field it took its place side by side with the veterans of two campaigns, and through drill and discipline it held that place with credit. So will it be also observed that further on, at Fredericksburg, at Salem Church, at Rappahan-

nock Station, at the Wilderness, and through a score of other bloody fields, it held its own with honor to the end.

While the First was thus creditably represented at the front by the 119th, an invasion of the enemy into Maryland was the pressing occasion for a call for volunteers to defend the State. A brief account of the services of the First (among the foremost to respond to this call) will not be out of place.

On the eleventh day of September, 1862, acting under authority of the President of the United States, Governor Curtin called for fifty thousand men, directing them to report by telegraph for orders to move, and adding that further calls would be made as the exigencies should require.

In response to this call of the Governor, the First Regiment was mustered into the service of the State on the twelfth day of September, 1862, as the Seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Militia, and ordered to Harrisburg on the 15th, reaching there on the morning of the 16th, and after a review by the Governor, proceeded by rail to Chambersburg. It remained all night in that town, and on the morning of the 17th, according to orders, marched to Camp McClure. But no sooner had it halted when orders were received from headquarters, directing it to re-embark in cars and proceed to Hagerstown.

On the 18th, near Hagerstown, the regiment was drawn up in line of battle, as the enemy was in its immediate front; Company C being detailed for picket duty, and so remained until the morning of the 19th without being attacked. At 7 P.M. of the 19th orders were received to strike tents and prepare for a march.

Every thing being in readiness, the regiment marched through Hagerstown toward Green Castle, Pennsylvania, resting a short time on the way, and reaching the town on the morning of the 21st. The regiment then went into camp (Rest). The emergency having passed, the militia regiments were ordered to return to Harrisburg, and in accordance with the conditions upon which they had been called into service, they were, on the 24th, mustered out and disbanded; the First Regiment arriving in Philadelphia on the 25th.

The following officers were in command during the present campaign:

Field and Staff: Colonel, Napoleon B. Kneass; Lieutenant-Colonel, Charles H. Graeff; Major, Joseph N. Pierson; Adjutant, William W. Keys;

Quartermasters, Alfred R. Foering, Alexander P. Colesberry; Surgeon, William C. Byington; Assistant Surgeon, Silas Updegrove; Sergeant-Major, Benjamin H. Dusenbery; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Edwin Watson; Commissary-Sergeant, Cauffman Oppenheimer; Hospital Steward, John H. Pratt.

Company A—Captain, Charles S. Smith; 1st Lieutenant, James D. Keyser; 2d Lieutenant, George F. Delleker.

Company B—Captain, C. Fred. Hupfeld; 1st Lieutenant, William Hart, Jr.; 2d Lieutenant, Charles S. Jones.

Company C—Captain, Atwood Smith; 1st Lieutenant, William W. Allen; 2d Lieutenant, John W. Powell.

Company D—Captain, J. Ross Clark; 1st Lieutenant, Charles K. Ide; 2d Lieutenant, Charles E. Willis.

Company E—Captain, Jacob Laudenslager; 1st Lieutenant, Julius C. Sterling; 2d Lieutenant, Thomas Allman.

Company F—Captain, Harry C. Kennedy; 1st Lieutenant, Harry A. Fuller; 2d Lieutenant, Robert M. Banks.

Company G—Captain, George W. Wood; 1st Lieutenant, George W. Mackin; 2d Lieutenant, John Rutherford, Jr.

Company H—Captain, Francis P. Nicholson; 1st Lieutenant, William W. Keys (promoted to Adjutant); 2d Lieutenant, George W. Kern.

Company I—Captain, George W. Briggs; 1st Lieutenant, Edward A. Adams; 2d Lieutenant, Joseph A. Speel.

Company K—Captain, Henry D. Welsh; 1st Lieutenant, David A. Woelpper; 2d Lieutenant, John Wandell.

Company L—Captain, Isaac Starr, Jr.; 1st Lieutenant, Benoni Frishmuth; 2d Lieutenant, John A. Jenks.

In an order issued by Governor Bradford, of Maryland, soon after the battle of Antietam, he says: "To Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and the militia of his State, who rallied with such alacrity at the first symptoms of an invasion, our warmest thanks are also due. The readiness with which they crossed the border and took their stand beside the Maryland Brigade shows that the border is, in all respects, but an ideal line, and that in such a cause as now unites us Pennsylvania and Maryland are but one."

Thus, it will be observed that the modest beginning of a year before, in the meeting of a few patriotic men at the Wetherill House, for the purpose of raising a company, had ultimated in placing two effective regiments in the field, and that, too, at the critical period of an invasion of the enemy in force.

And this was not the only time when the First was represented by more than a thousand of her

The regiment left Camp Russell, Harrisburg, June 28th, 1863, and marched across the Susquehanna River, and went into camp about a mile above the fortifications. Broke camp July 1st, and marched toward Carlisle, where, after a tedious tramp, it arrived in the evening, and was greeted with much enthusiasm by the citizens; Brisbin's brigade being the first body of Union troops that had entered the town since its evacua-



CAMP UPTON, CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY, JULY, 1869.

sons in fighting trim; for on that most momentous and vital of occasions in '63, when the enemy was on the defensive no longer, but proudly marching northward, when it became known that Lee and his legions were over the Potomac, and marching towards Pennsylvania, and when Governor Curtin, on June 26th, issued his proclamation declaring that the enemy in force, was advancing upon the border, and called for sixty thousand men, to be mustered into the service of the State for ninety days, the First promptly responded, and was the first one mustered in under the call, and known as the 32d Regiment, P.M.

tion by the Confederates. They had been in town but a short time when the place was attacked by the Confederate General Fitz-Hugh Lee in force. His summons to Major-General Smith, U.S.A., commanding the division, to surrender the place, was refused, and the brigade held the town all night under a steady fire from the enemy's guns of shell, grape, and canister. In this engagement several men of the regiment were wounded, one mortally. The government barracks were fired and destroyed by the Confederates. Advancing from the town in the morning, it was discovered that the entire force of the enemy had retreated. They remained in camp upon the barracks-ground until

day morning, July 4th, when the brigade moved over South Mountain to Pine Grove, and on the 6th arrived at the Gettysburg Hotel, after a severe march, and encamped at the "Man's Tavern." On the 7th broke camp, marched to Waynesboro', arriving at 6 P.M., went into camp about one mile from the town, and they remained until the 11th. Orders were

ordered into line of battle, at 7 A.M., and remained in the line until orders were received that the whole of the Confederate army had recrossed the Potomac. The brigade then remained in camp until the 21st, when it was ordered to break camp; marched to Hagerstown, thence to Greencastle, Pennsylvania, where the regiment encamped on the same spot as it did in September,



COLONEL R. DALE BENSON.

break camp at 7 A.M., and after a march of eight miles, the brigade crossed the line of Maryland. A reconnoissance in force was here sent to capture a party of Confederate cavalry, which companies K and G secured prisoner. On the 13th broke camp and marched to Hagerstown, where was formed a close junction with the Army of the Potomac; orders were received to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action; part of the brigade (Blue Reserves), under General Kilpatrick, ordered into action, and a skirmish, having nine of their men killed. On the 14th the brigade was again

ordered into line of battle, at 7 A.M., and remained in the line until orders were received that the whole of the Confederate army had recrossed the Potomac. The brigade then remained in camp until the 21st, when it was ordered to break camp; marched to Hagerstown, thence to Greencastle, Pennsylvania, where the regiment encamped on the same spot as it did in September, 1862, remaining until the 25th, when it received further marching orders. Started for Chambersburg, arriving at 11 A.M., and went into camp, remaining until the 26th, when it was embarked for Philadelphia, where it arrived on the 27th, and on the 1st of August was mustered out of the service.

The following from Bates's "History of Pennsylvania Volunteers" is worthy of note:

"Further services for which the militia had been called were no longer required, and during the months of August and September the majority of the men were mustered out."

"With few exceptions, they were not brought to mortal conflict. They nevertheless rendered most important service. They came forward at a moment when there was pressing need. Their presence gave great moral support to the Union army, and had that army been defeated at Gettysburg, they would have taken the places of the fallen, and would have fought with a valor and desperation worthy of veterans. Called suddenly to the field from the walks of private life, without a moment's opportunity for drill or discipline, they grasped their muskets, and by their prompt obedience to every order showed their willingness, all unprepared as they were, to face an enemy before whom veterans had often quailed."

The field and staff on this campaign consisted of the following:

Colonel, Charles S. Smith; Lieutenant-Colonel, Isaac Starr, Jr.; Major, Frank P. Nicholson; Adjutant, George S. Bethell; Quartermaster, Edwin Watson; Assistant Surgeons, William Darrah, Jr., Thomas A. Downs; Chaplain, J. W. Huntington; Sergeant-Major, John J. Rutherford; Commissary-Sergeant, George A. Smith; Quartermaster-Sergeant, J. P. Broomall; Hospital Steward, Samuel Meader.

Company A—Captain, James D. Keyser; 1st Lieutenant, W. W. Hollingsworth; 2d Lieutenant, Amos Lanning.

Company B—Captain, Charles S. Jones; 1st Lieutenant, J. McCreight; 2d Lieutenant, George Dodd, Jr.

Company C—Captain, William W. Allen; 1st Lieutenant, John W. Powell; 2d Lieutenant, J. Lowrie Bell.

Company D—Captain, J. Ross Clark; 1st Lieutenant, Charles E. Willis; 2d Lieutenant, Harry F. West.

Company E—Captain, Jacob Laudenslager; 1st Lieutenant, James Muldoon; 2d Lieutenant, Franklin C. Garrigues.

Company F—Captain, Harry C. Kennedy; 1st Lieutenant, Benjamin H. Dusenberry; 2d Lieutenant, Robert M. Banks.

Company G—Captain, Henry J. White; 1st Lieutenant, James C. Wray; 2d Lieutenant, Thos. H. Mudge.

Company H—Captain, George W. Kern; 1st Lieutenant, Mortimer L. Johnson; 2d Lieutenant, David Jones.

Company I—Captain, George W. Blake; 1st Lieutenant, W. Maris, Jr.; 2d Lieutenant, John C. Sullivan.

Company K—Captain, William W. Keys; 1st Lieutenant, David A. Woelpper; 2d Lieutenant, Silas H. Safford.

The rank and file of the 32d in this campaign were composed of about as youthful a set of "men" as ever was designated under the familiar title of the "boys," ranging as they did from fifteen to twenty years of age. They were but boys in fact, yet they were men in their readiness to stand the manly brunt of conflict to the death.

It is related by an old officer who was severely wounded at Gettysburg, that he was astonished at the serious-minded and business-like manner in which this youthful regiment stood not only ready, but anxious, to enter the *mêlée*. "There might have been many among them," he remarked, "who were as pale as a sheet, or shivered and trembled with emotion when they thought of the dear ones at home, whom they might never meet again; but every mother's son of 'em," he went on to say, "were nerved up to that desperate pitch to do or die, and I believe they only wanted the opportunity to do it. They reminded me," he continued, "of an anecdote I once heard of the English General Napier, the daring hero of the Indian mutiny. He was trembling like a leaf, and ashen pale, on entering his first engagement, when but a stripling ensign of twenty years. 'Shake on,' he was overheard to mutter to himself. 'Go on—shake on—but when you've got where I am going to carry you, you'll shake and quake a d—d sight worse than this.'"

Nothing of importance occurred in the regiment after the campaign of 1863, until its reorganization under the new militia law of 1866. Although receiving very little support or encouragement from the city or State, it yet managed, by individual efforts, to maintain a high state of discipline and drill.

At a stated meeting of the Board of Officers, held December 4, 1867, Brevet Colonel and Major William McMichael was nominated for Lieutenant-Colonel, and elected to that position December 7, 1867, and on the 14th Brevet Colonel and Adjutant James W. Latta was elected Major.

On January 11, 1868, Lieutenant-Colonel William McMichael was elected Colonel (Colonel Prevost having been promoted to Major-General).

On January 20, 1868, Brevet Major R. Dale Benson was appointed Adjutant.

On January 18, 1868, Major James W. Latta was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and March, 1868, Adjutant R. Dale Benson, Major. George H. North was appointed Adjutant September, 1868. November, 1868, Lieutenant-Colonel James W. Latta succeeded to the Colonelcy; January, 1869, R. Dale Benson to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and Captain James D. Keyser to the Majority.

me, did not reach me in time to elicit a suitable response. Although *apres coup*, it is not too late to express my appreciation of the honor you conferred upon me, and now that your encampment is terminated, I heartily congratulate you on the success attending your efforts.

"Commendations of the appearance and discipline of the Gray Reserves, while at Cape May, have reached me from various sources, and of such a nature as to inspire the hope that, under



SERVICE AT THE MINES AT HAZLETON.

In July, 1869, the regiment had a very successful encampment at Cape May, N. J., from the 16th to 23d, and was honored by a visit from General U. S. Grant, then President of the United States. The encampment was called Camp Upton, in honor of Brevet Major-General E. Upton, U.S.A., and who, in reply to an invitation from Colonel Latta to attend the same, paid the regiment a very highly deserved compliment in these words:

"MY DEAR COLONEL:—I regret exceedingly that your letter of July 7, apprising me of the proposed encampment of your regiment at Cape May and your purpose to name your camp after

your command, assisted by your zealous and efficient officers, the regiment will place itself in the front rank of the militia of the United States.

"Your commencement has been most auspicious. Your regiment has been reviewed by his Excellency, the President, and received such marks of his distinguished approbation as to make it conspicuous before the country. This position you must hold. The Gray Reserves constitute the First Regiment of Infantry of Pennsylvania; you and your officers should be content with nothing less than making it the first in drill and discipline not only in your State, but, if possible, in the country. I shall ever take a deep interest

in your regiment, and if you but continue to display the high soldierly qualities which distinguished you in the field, its success will be assured."

On December 1st, 1869, the designation of the regiment as the First was authoritatively settled by the decision of the Adjutant-General's office to that effect.

On the 25th day of November, 1872, the regiment left the city to participate in the parade of Evacuation Day, in New York City, and became the guest of the Seventh Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., returning home on the 26th, on which day the Colonel commanding issued the following:

"The Colonel commanding congratulates the command upon the great success that attended the excursion to New York on the 25th inst.

"Its results surpassed and exceeded all that has been hitherto done; the press, the people, and the soldiery of both our own and our sister city unite in universal encomiums on the drill, discipline, marching, and excellent military and gentlemanly deportment of the entire regiment. The ovation on Broadway, the enthusiastic reception at the Stock Exchange, the review at the City Hall Park, almost faultless in its execution, have added new and brighter laurels to your history, and will ever be pleasing reminiscences to all the participants.

"This expedition, it is believed, has done much to improve the tone of public sentiment towards the encouragement of the National Guard service, and to you it should be but a further incentive to strive by continued application and strict attention and obedience to all orders and instructions to earn a municipal, State, and national reputation that shall stamp this regiment as the peer of all its fellows in all that serves to make the true American soldier."

On the 20th of January, 1873, the regiment proceeded to Harrisburg to participate in the inaugural ceremonies of Governor-elect Major-General John F. Hartranft on the following day.

Colonel James W. Latta having been appointed by his Excellency, Governor Hartranft, Adjutant-General of the State, with the rank of Major-General, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Dale Benson was, on the fourth day of June, 1873, elected Colonel of the regiment, J. Ross Clark Lieutenant-Colonel, and Charles K. Ide Major.

During March, 1874, some trouble arose among the railroad hands employed at Susquehanna Depot, with every indication of becoming a serious matter, when the First Regiment was again ordered to active duty. The official report of the Colonel commanding gives a full detail of the regiment's movements and operations in that direction:

"SIR:—I have the honor to report, in conformity to instructions from the Major-General commanding 9th Division, N.G.P., that in accordance with the following telegraphic order from His Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, received at 11.50 P.M. on the 28th of March, viz.,—

"Col. R. DALE BENSON, 1st Regiment Inf., Philadelphia.

"Have your command in readiness to move to Susquehanna Depot not later than noon to-morrow. Have telegraphed General Prevost.

"(Signed) JOHN F. HARTRANFT." immediate measures were taken to place my command in marching order. At 8.20 A.M. on the 29th of March I received Special Orders No.—from Headquarters 1st Division, N.G.P., directing me to proceed at 11 o'clock A.M., via Pennsylvania Central Railroad, to Susquehanna Station, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and to provide my command with three days' rations and ten rounds ammunition per man. It being Sunday, and the notice being but two and a half hours before the hour designated to move, and being compelled to send three miles for the ammunition as ordered, it was utterly impracticable to supply the men with proper rations; subsistence was, however, furnished by the regimental Quartermaster for immediate necessity, though inadequate. A staff officer was dispatched to the magazine as ordered, and I reported my command at 10.40 A.M. to the Assistant Adjutant-General of the division as prepared to move.

"Just previous to the hour fixed to move I received verbal instructions from Major-General Prevost countermanding Special Orders No.—above referred to, and directing me to hold my command in readiness to move at three hours' notice. In compliance with instructions from his Excellency, the Governor, I then directed that the command should be placed under arms every three hours, the rolls of the several companies called, and report of each made to my Headquarters, which instructions were literally carried out

A.M., March 29th, when verbal instructions were received for the regiment to proceed to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot and Susquehanna Depot.

Command left said depot at 8.50 P.M., to Major-General Osborne, at Susquehanna Depot, information having been received that no train had only been arranged as far as Susquehanna Depot, where I reported my com-

but from unavoidable delays in obtaining motive power, we did not reach Ninevah Junction, on the Jefferson Branch of the Erie Railway, until 11 o'clock A.M., March 30th. Upon receipt of information that the latter station was the nearest point to Susquehanna Depot that transportation could be obtained, no trains moving on the Erie Railway, the regiment disembarked and marched to Susquehanna Depot, where I reported my com-



THE MARCH TO TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET CROSSING, PITTSBURGH.

ely telegraphed to Superintendent of Susquehanna Division Central Railroad, Jersey, at Mauch Chunk, for motive power. In compliance with his telegraphic in-

motive having arrived, we left Bethlehem A.M., March 30th, and were joined at Mauch Chunk by Brigadier-General John D. of the Governor's staff, who, reporting to his chief of our progress *en route*, the necessity of my communicating the situation as ordered by the Governor in public instructions. Every effort was pushed forward to the designated point,

mand to Major-General Osborne for duty at 12.10 P.M., and requested that his Excellency, the Governor, might be advised of our arrival.

"Quarters were assigned the regiment in the machine shop of the Erie Railway, which it occupied until relieved from duty.

"The regular and daily routine of garrison duty was immediately ordered, interior guards posted, etc., and the strictest military discipline enforced, and I take pleasure in stating, that at the several regular roll-calls each day commandants of companies reported every man present or properly accounted for.

"By verbal instructions from your Headquarters, my command was relieved from duty at 2.30

p.m., April 1st, and ordered to march to Ninevah Junction, embark, and proceed to Philadelphia."

In April, 1875, the coal regions in the neighborhood of Hazelton were disturbed by the dissatisfaction existing among the miners, and the First Regiment was again ordered into active service (Major-General Osborne, commanding 9th Division, N.G.P., making a special request to the Governor that this regiment might be assigned to him for duty).

Its tour of duty on this occasion occupied about three weeks, the substantial particulars of which are also detailed in the official report of the Colonel commanding:

"COLONEL:—I beg leave to report that, in compliance with S. O. No. 14, Headquarters 1st Division, N.G.P., dated April 7th, 1875, received at noon on same date, I immediately took measures to place my command under arms, and ordered the proper staff officers to provide subsistence and ammunition, as called for in the order. About an hour later I received the following telegraphic order through Headquarters 2d Brigade, 1st Division, N.G.P.:

"Major-General C. M. PREVOST:—Direct Colonel Benson to move with his regiment at once, by rail, to Hazelton, via N.P.R.R. He will immediately place himself in communication, by wire, with General E. S. Osborne at that point. Advise him also to communicate here the hour of his departure and his progress along the route.

"By command of JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

"J. W. LATTA."

"R. R. Campion, Captain and Quartermaster, at 1.10 p.m. telegraphed Major-General Osborne, at Hazelton, that I could move my command at 2 o'clock p.m., without rations, receiving a reply that General Osborne had not reached Hazelton; the providing of subsistence was prosecuted with all dispatch; upon being advised by the Brigadier-General commanding brigade that transportation would be in readiness at 5 o'clock p.m., at depot N.P.R.R., moved my command from its armory at 3.30 p.m., provided with subsistence and ammunition, as ordered, and proceeded to the depot named. At 4.45 p.m., in accordance with instructions, advised the Adjutant-General of the State, at Harrisburg, by telegraph, that my regiment was on train and would proceed at once to Hazelton. Left the depot at 5 o'clock

p.m., reached Bethlehem at 7.15 p.m., Mauch Chunk at 9 p.m., reporting at each point to General Latta, as instructed. Reached Hazelton at 11.7 p.m., immediately reporting in person to the Major-General commanding. Quarters were assigned the regiment at Hazle Hall. On the morning of the 8th of April, in accordance with S. O. No. 2, Headquarters 3d Division, N.G.P., same date, I ordered a battalion, consisting of companies A, B, D, H, and I, under Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, to proceed and garrison the mining towns of Jeddo, Eckley, Ebervale, and Highland, with Headquarters at Jeddo; Assistant-Surgeon Leach and Commissary-Sergeant Elder were detailed for duty with this battalion. Colonel Clark was directed to report the disposition of his command, to place himself in communication at once with Captain Post, 9th Infantry, commanding at Buck Mountain, with two companies of the 9th Infantry, that post having been placed under his command. He was instructed to report daily to my Headquarters the situation within his command, which orders he promptly and regularly complied with.

"The battalion of the regiment remaining in Hazelton, consisting of companies C, F, G, and E, held as a reserve, was placed under the command of Major Ide, still occupying the quarters at Hazle Hall. Major Ide was instructed to institute garrison duty in every detail, to carry out the same with exactness and strict discipline, and to drill his command constantly, with which he faithfully complied.

"The weather being quite severe during the first two weeks, this tour of duty proved very trying to the entire command, being unprovided with blankets, especially in the battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Clark. No application was made direct from my Headquarters to the State authorities for blankets, as I was informed it had been done from superior Headquarters, and they were unable to furnish the same. But the liberality of the citizens and corporations that, on the 11th of April, forwarded, as a gift to the command, blankets for the entire regiment, added materially to the comfort of my men, who were actually suffering for such protection, and, I have no doubt, was the means of preserving the health of the entire regiment, which, from the Assistant Surgeon in charge of official report, was, under the circumstances, considered excellent.

"I constantly visited all the posts under my

although the patrol, outpost, and as a severe test upon the discipline it, owing to the severe cold and in-ter, to the credit of the officers and stated, they never relaxed in their pace, and any hardship or extra duty about a murmur. situation warranted, and the peace of order my command, through the force

ment, N.G.P., there were on duty at the operations in Luzerne County 24 officers and 330 men, a total of 354 officers and men.

At noon on the 16th of June, 1875, the regiment left Philadelphia for Boston, arriving there on the 17th, for the purpose of participating in the Centennial Anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill; returning to the city on the 19th. While in Boston the regiment was under escort



CHARGING THE RIOTERS AT PITTSBURGH.

authority, began to be restored, I duties at the several posts lightened, authority of the Major-General com- manded finally, toward the close of our mere sentinel duty was observed. of the Major-General commanding, of the military seeming sufficient to peace, Colonel Clark's battalion was battalion 9th Infantry, and drawn April 26th, ment remained on duty until April was relieved." to the field return of the First Regi-

of the First Regiment, Massachusetts N.G. The regiment had on parade 29 officers and 419 men, a total of 448 officers and men.

At a meeting of the Board of Officers, held on the 8th day of July, the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the Board of Officers of the First Regiment gratefully appreciate the public consideration and sympathy extended to the National Guard of the State by the business men of Philadelphia on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill; and, while thanking them for their generous, unso-

licit action, they take occasion to assure the subscribers to the fund, that their substantial recognition of a body of citizens, hitherto somewhat neglected, has done much to sustain the spirit, encourage the hopes, and revive the pride of the volunteer organizations of this city.

"Resolved, That the First Regiment, as their representatives in part in the city of Boston, make special acknowledgment for the honor of selection, and are grateful that, through their liberality, they were permitted to appear in column on the 17th of June, 1875, with some of the best disciplined regiments from Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, and other States."

In July, 1877, when the disaffected and riotous spirit of strikers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had extended into Pennsylvania, inoculating thousands of violent men with the resolution to take their remedy for grievances (imaginary or real) into their own hands, and when these thousands of turbulent rioters were supported by the sympathy and encouragement of scores of thousands of so-called "citizens" of Pittsburgh, where the first demonstration of this extensive conspiracy was to be made in force, and when this immense and powerful throng began to feel its power, and turbulence had given place to violence, mere threats to mad destruction, and robbery, murder, and confusion reigned, the First was again called upon. When law and order were defied, and the spirit of a peaceful strike was lost in the fierce ardor for a destroying communistic war, the services of the First were again required to stem what seemed to be the gathering tidal-wave that was to sweep over us as over fair France, in one overwhelming flood of ruin.

And lest this picture should appear as overdrawn, it is necessary to recall the times when the slumbering volcano of communism was threatening to burst upon us—when and where no man could say. Is it not within the memory of us all, how in those sleepless nights and watchful days stern, repressive measures were found absolutely necessary even in our own peaceful city to smother the rising of a threatened *emeute*?

We would also recall how that true and tried commander on many a field, then Governor of the State, though a thousand miles away, considering the magnitude and significance of these uprisings, hurried back on lightning trains to do his duty and maintain the law.

The gallant part which the First took during these eventful days may be gathered in some measure from the modest report of the Colonel, R. Dale Benson, then commanding:

"In compliance with the verbal instructions of the Brigadier-General commanding brigade, I have the honor to report that verbal instructions were given the 1st Regiment Infantry to be placed under arms the evening of July 20th. Being absent from the city, the communication of the acting Assistant Adjutant-General of division, advising that the troops of this division were ordered to be held in readiness to proceed to Pittsburgh, Pa., did not reach me until 10.27 P.M. that date. I immediately repaired to the armory of my command, and found that Lieutenant-Colonel Clark and the officers of the regimental staff had, with commendable promptness, placed the command in marching order. By verbal orders of the Brigadier-General commanding brigade, the regiment marched from its armory at about 12.45 A.M., fully equipped, numbering 268 total, with 1500 rounds ammunition, and proceeded to depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Thirty-second and Market streets; embarked in train there in waiting, leaving depot about 2 o'clock A.M., July 21st. By order of Major-General commanding, about one-half my ammunition was distributed to other commands. At Harrisburg ammunition was distributed to my regiment, allowing an average of about twenty rounds per man. At Altoona sandwiches of bread and ham, also coffee, were issued to my regiment. Arrived at Pittsburgh about 1.30 P.M., July 21, when the same rations were issued. Stacked arms in Union Depot until about 3 o'clock P.M.; when ordered under arms, proceeded upon right of brigade, in column of fours, along the line of Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. The column was constantly halted, owing, I am informed, to difficulty in moving battery of Gatling guns. While on march, a party of thirty or forty citizens moved directly in my front, preventing me from observing what should take place. I ordered them to disperse; a citizen, much agitated, since ascertained to be Sheriff Fife, of Allegheny County, approached me, stating the body of citizens referred to was a sheriff's posse, the troops were to support them in making arrests, and inquiring, 'Would my men do their duty?' I informed him I had received no such orders, my front must be cleared, and it was not his business

to inquire as to whether my command would perform its duty, and he was referred to General Matthews, commanding brigade. The order to clear my front was obeyed, and General Matthews afterward, coming to the right, stated that the sheriff's posse were ordered to march in front of the troops, and they were allowed to do so. Proceeding along the line of the railroad, amid the jeers and insults of the mob that covered the

placed my battalion in line of battle, facing railroad shops, gave the order 'forward,' the battalion at 'carry arms;' the mob moved slowly and sullenly, addressing vile epithets to the officers; having cleared the tracks to the line of cars, battalion was halted and order was given to post a double line of sentinels, two from each company, to hold the line, before moving to the rear to clear the other tracks, when I received the order



THE ROUND HOUSE, PITTSBURGH.

roofs of the cars standing upon the tracks on both flanks, the column was halted at Twenty-eighth street crossing, in the midst of an immense crowd. My command, being still in column of fours, was, when halted, entirely surrounded by the mob, those composing it standing shoulder to shoulder and breast to breast with my troops. The sheriff's posse being upon my right, I was unable to observe what took place in my immediate front. Upon receipt of the order of General commanding brigade to clear the railroad tracks the length of my battalion, I informed the mob on my left flank of the order, that I proposed to execute it, and that there was no necessity for violence;

of Brigadier-General commanding, through a staff officer, directing 'my front rank to stand where it was, and with rear rank to clear the other track,' to which order I replied that 'I must protest; is it not a mistake?' Staff officer replied, 'Those are General Matthews' instructions.' I replied, 'They will then have to be executed.' It seemed in my judgment extremely hazardous to expose a single line to the crowd bearing against it in such compact masses; and having but one officer to a company, except in two instances, it left my rear rank without officers to command it, and to move the crowd from the other tracks exposed it in the same manner as front rank, and more so, all the

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

not being filled, to be broken by the pressure of the mob, if not by attack. The order was executed; the crowd not being as heavy on that flank, now my rear, gave way, and the tracks were cleared and held open by my command until relieved; the distance between my two ranks was about fifteen to eighteen paces. Through my ranks I observed other troops were brought forward and placed upon my right, covering the space between my ranks. A few moments afterward I saw some of the men in those commands open fire; receiving no order, I gave the order to my battalion 'to load,' as a matter of military precaution, and awaited the order to 'fire,' which was not communicated to me, and which I did not consider I was authorized to give, superior officers being present. Pistol-shots were frequent from the mob, and stones were thrown in large quantities at the troops; two men in my right company were shot, one disabled by a blow in the head from a stone, and some of the muskets of the men were grasped by the mob before my battalion fired; then file-firing commenced in my right company, and I immediately gave the order to 'cease firing.' The yelling of the mob and the musketry firing prevented my order from being heard through the entire command at once, but, as soon as heard, it was obeyed. The firing, confined almost entirely to the right wing, had dispersed the crowd. As to the firing of my command without an order from the commandant of battalion, whether the situation of the troops justified it, or self-defense on the part of the men required it, or whether the order to fire should have been given, probably is not my province to decide or express an opinion officially.

"My battalion was then, by order of the Brigadier-General commanding the brigade, moved to the right to more fully cover Twenty-eighth street, where the mob was still in large numbers; and upon the mob refusing to keep back to a line indicated, I brought my three right companies to a 'ready,' when they scattered. By order, a company was thrown across the entrance to the grounds of West Penn Hospital to protect the rear, and my battalion remained in the position last indicated until about 7 o'clock P.M., several men fainting and others made sick by the extreme heat and want of water.

"The battalion about that hour was relieved, and the brigade proceeded to the 'Round

House,' farthest from Twenty-eighth street, for line and stacked arms; guards were detailed posted, and the entrances covered by my battalion as directed. Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, of the regiment, was detailed as brigade officer of day.

"During the night I was ordered to send a company to the windows of the Round House, facing Liberty street, to support the two companies of the 3d Regiment, as the mob had placed a piece of artillery in position. Company D, Captain Wiedersheim, was detailed for that duty, performing the same in an admirable manner, and remaining on duty until the troops left the building. Later in the morning, being ordered to relieve a detachment of the 3d Regiment, I ordered companies F, Captain Huffington, and K, Captain Cromelien, to relieve that command, which promptly done; they remaining on duty until the brigade moved out of the building. Considerable exchange of shots took place between the troops and the mob during the night, but the mob was unable to fire the piece of artillery or remove it owing to the skillful and effective manner in which the men on duty kept it covered, and a number of the mob lost their lives in attempting to gain the piece. Rifle-firing, from the cover of a boardwalk opposite the Round House, which was active and constant, was trying to the men, but was not effective, as they were instructed to keep themselves covered, and my command lost no ground that building. During the night, hearing of musketry, my command was placed under arms as a precautionary measure, and perfect order was maintained.

"About 8 o'clock A.M., July 22d, my command was received to move, and the regiment moved on the right of the division, through the city from the shop to Liberty street, by direction of the Brigadier-General commanding brigade; before reaching the building, I detailed twelve men sent ahead from my right (E) company, as scouts, and upon reaching the street, ordered Captain Filley, E Company, to assume command. The column marched, without opposition, out of Penn avenue, and, when nearing the city, firing that had been heard in the distance increased rapidly, and, being dismounted, I was aware of it, most of the other companies of the division came rushing through my command indiscriminately, knocking some of

and for a moment disorganizing my regiment, though there was ample space on both my flanks, still being in column of fours. Lieutenant-Colonel Clark and myself endeavored to drive them from our ranks, threatening to run them through with our swords. The right company and skirmish line hearing my order to halt, quickly did so; a drummer, beating the long roll, greatly assisted; the battalion was halted, formed to the left, to allow the other troops in full retreat to pass, when the Major-General commanding division in person ordered me to take my battalion to the rear of the division, stating it was a military necessity. I requested permission to march my battalion as my judgment dictated, which was granted. I then formed my right wing in column of fours on one sidewalk, and left wing on the other, leaving the Gatling battery in centre of avenue, between the two wings, and followed the division; my object being by that formation the men could see what was occurring in their rear, and I should be enabled to enfilade the streets or buildings on either side; my battalion was not attacked after taking the rear. One officer and several men were missing, but have since reported, and will be ordered before a Board of Inquiry, except in cases where exhaustion or sickness has been fully established. Crossing the Sharpsburg bridge, the command proceeded to grounds of the Allegheny County Poor House, about ten miles, over which entire distance my command assisted in hauling the Gatling guns, owing to which fact the details constantly being compelled to relieve each other, and the necessity that the men should obtain food that they could purchase or obtain from the houses *en route*, the march being an exceedingly trying one and fatiguing, regular halts were not made and the column was not kept closed up.

"Reached Allegheny County Poor House late in the afternoon; toward night coffee and bread were issued, the first ration since 1.30 P.M. on the day previous; encamped for night; took cars at

Claremont Station early following morning; proceeded to Blairsville Junction, and were joined there by detachments of 127 officers and men. Encamped there, performing regular camp duty until July 27th; embarked on cars that evening and proceeded to Pittsburgh; encamped on grounds of West Penn Hospital, remaining until August 1st. Broke camp at midnight, and proceeded to en-



CAMP AT BLAIRSVILLE JUNCTION.

trance to grounds of West Penn Hospital, and awaited transportation until daylight; proceeded to Harrisburg and returned to Sunbury; there taking the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, proceeded to Scranton; during the night I was ordered to detail two companies to form an advance and march in front of train; Company E, Captain Muldoon, and Company D, Capt. Wiedersheim, were detailed for that duty, and they marched about eight miles, between Nanticoke and Plymouth, in that position, taking five or six prisoners."

"Upon arriving near Scranton, I was ordered to disembark my battalion, and advance into the town, which was done without interference. The regiment was quartered in the Valley Hotel, a vacant building; guards were posted, all the duties of a post carried out, including battalion and company drills, dress-parades, and guard-mount. The

rations were received, but no tents; yet they were faithfully and uncomplainingly performed with great credit to themselves comparatively.

"There was but little sickness in my company. I have no hesitation in saying that both officers and men are deserving of the highest commendation for the discipline maintained throughout



COLONEL THEODORE E. WIEDERSHEIM.

regiment took train at 10 o'clock P.M., August 4th; reached Philadelphia about 8 o'clock A.M., August 5th, and after a short march was relieved from duty, and proceeding to its armory, was dismissed.

"Throughout the tour of duty the details from my command were very heavy, and the men much taxed; the rations, a large portion of the time, inadequate for the needs of the men, they frequently being compelled to purchase actual necessary rations; limited means of preparing these

tour of duty, and for the manner in which duty assigned them was performed, notwithstanding trying circumstances.

"The casualties in this battalion, all occurred at Twenty-eighth street, Pittsburgh, July 23: four: one man shot in calf of leg, one killed and two wounded by stones, all of E Company.

"Private E. M. Baker, E Company, head and wounded with stone, remained in the entire time, and the ball was extracted on return to Philadelphia, and he is deserving

in return for the valued services that have just been rendered the commonwealth.

At Blairsville the boys happily secured the wherewithal to fill the inner man, and time to rest and "fight their battle over again." From thence, on the 27th, they returned to Pittsburgh, and remained until the first of August, when they took the cars for home.

After their long absence from the city and their various business callings, no little anticipation was felt and indulged in, in singing, with its refrain,—

"We'll all be home in the morning,
We'll all be home in the morning,
We'll all be home in the morning,
In the morning bright and gay."

It was anything but gay, as many will remember, when the train backed out the wrong way of the Harrisburg depot, and with Scranton as the objective point. Nor did those who had distributed their little delicacies around on the early prospect of better things at home look very gayly on the gratified recipients who devoured them with commendable gusto.

Detained but a short time at Scranton, they at last, on August 4th, were *en route* for home, after playing the principal part in suppressing a communistic riot which, in its dimensions and significance, was immeasurably more dangerous to our whole business and social structure than were the whisky riots of a hundred years ago, which took General Washington and 15,000 troops to quell.

From December, 1877, until September, 1878, the First Regiment was without field officers, but was ably commanded by Captain James Muldoon, of Company E, whose thorough knowledge of the duties of a soldier enabled him to maintain the regiment up to the standard in drill and discipline. The following resolution, offered by Colonel R. Dale Benson at the regular meeting of the Veteran Corps, October, 1878, and unanimously adopted, pays the Captain a well-deserved compliment.

"*Resolved*, That in the service rendered the First Regiment Infantry by Comrade James Muldoon during the year that he was called to its temporary command, amid the embarrassment incident to the year, in the National Guard service of the State, this corps recognizes the soldierly ability and qualifications exhibited by Comrade Muldoon, and desires to place upon record its recognition of that service to the active com-

mand, and congratulate him upon the successful issue of his temporary administration."

At an election held September 26th, 1878, Captain Theodore E. Wiedersheim was elected Colonel and Captain W. H. Gilpin Lieutenant-Colonel.

On September 24th, 1878, the Adjutant-General of the State issued Circular No. 1, directing the officers and men of the National Guard of Pennsylvania to equip themselves in the uniform prescribed for them by the State authorities. In conformity therewith the regiment was duly equipped and made their first parade in the regulation uniform at the annual muster and inspection, on November 7th, 1878.

On the 20th of January, 1879, the regiment visited Harrisburg, and participated in the ceremonies attending the inauguration of General Henry M. Hoyt as Governor of the Commonwealth.

On December 11th, 1879, the Artillery Corps, Washington Grays, the source from which the First Regiment originated, was united with the regiment by command of Governor Hoyt, as in Special Orders No. 38:

"I. G Company of the First Regiment Infantry is hereby transferred to and consolidated with B Company of that regiment.

"II. A and D companies, Third Regiment Infantry (Artillery Corps, Washington Grays), are hereby consolidated and transferred to and will be known, as consolidated, as G Company, First Regiment Infantry.

"III. Captain Eugene Z. Kienzle is assigned to the command of G Company, of the First Regiment, and Second-Lieutenant Gustavus K. Morehead is transferred to it as its Second Lieutenant.

"IV. The enlisted men rendered supernumerary by these consolidations will be furnished with proper discharges by the company commanders of the companies to which they are assigned, subject to the approval of the commanding officer of the First Regiment of Infantry."

Thus, after an honorable service of more than a half century in the militia and National Guard of the State, it was consolidated with the organization it originally created, and became a part of the First Regiment as Company G.

On the 16th of December, 1879, the regiment paraded in the reception of General U. S. Grant, ex-President of the United States; the number of

men in the regimental line being greater on this occasion than the command had paraded for a period of nearly sixteen years, and the appearance and soldierly bearing never better; number of officers and men on parade being 670.

The regiment has paraded on each anniversary of its organization, viz., April 19th, for numbers of years past, and has also attended divine service yearly to listen to a discourse from the Chaplain of the regiment.

The following is the present roster of its field, staff, and line officers:

Colonel, Theodore E. Wiedersheim; Lieutenant-Colonel, Washington H. Gilpin; Major, Wendell P. Bowman; Adjutant, H. Harrison Groff; Quartermaster, L. C. Tappey, Jr.; Commissary, Henry L. Elder; Paymaster, William H. Taber; Surgeon, Alonzo L. Leach, M.D.; Assistant Surgeon, J. Wilks O'Neill, M.D.; Assistant Surgeon, W. W. Valzah, M.D.; Chaplain, Rev. Robert A. Edwards; Sergeant-Major, Henry Avery, Jr.; Quartermaster-Sergeant, J. Dallett Roberts; Commissary-Sergeant, Frank Davis; Hospital Steward, Charles Ouram; Drum-Major, W. T. Baker.

Company A—Captain, Charles A. Rose; 1st Lieutenant, George A. Deacon; 2d Lieutenant, J. F. Smith.

Company B—Captain, J. Lewis Good; 1st Lieutenant, William Ewing; 2d Lieutenant, Louis K. Opdyke.

Company C—Captain, William S. Poulterer; 1st Lieutenant, ————; 2d Lieutenant, Pearson S. Conard.

Company D—Captain, Harry O. Hastings; 1st Lieutenant, G. W. Thomas; 2d Lieutenant, Harry C. Roberts.

Company E—Captain, James Muldoon; 1st Lieutenant, William H. Dole; 2d Lieutenant, James A. Filley.

Company F—Captain, Thomas E. Huffington; 1st Lieutenant, Frederick P. Koons; 2d Lieutenant, A. L. Beck.

Company G—Captain, Eugene Z. Kienzle; 1st Lieutenant, Gustavus K. Morehead; 2d Lieutenant, A. L. Williams.

Company H—Captain, ————; 1st Lieutenant, Clarence T. Kensil; 2d Lieutenant, J. L. Smith, Jr.

Company I—Captain, George K. Snyder, Jr.; 1st Lieutenant, ————; 2d Lieutenant, Frederick William Weightman.

Company K—Captain, ————; 1st Lieutenant, J. Campbell Gilmore; 2d Lieutenant, Edward S. Barnes.

In all these twenty years since the First Regiment was organized, it has contributed both men and means to the utmost through our prolonged civil war, and also aided largely in suppressing some six or seven revolutionary riots, and restoring order to as many localities. During this period it has ever felt the practical and pressing need of an armory in a building of its own.

If this commonwealth which it has served so faithfully is not ungrateful, as republics are said to be, or at all events, if this great city, to which it is not only an ornament and a pride, but an ever-ready reserve for any emergency, is not, it will certainly not be long before the First has an armory which will, at least, compare in point of comfort, usefulness, and elegance, if not in proportions, with the palatial quarters of the Seventh, of New York.

In a recently published history of the First, this pressing need and the action taken to provide for the same are thus set forth:

“The want of suitable armory accommodations has been sadly felt by the command for many years; the ten companies being quartered in four different buildings, at inconvenient distances from each other, and the matter of bringing the entire organization under the same roof has been considerably agitated and discussed by the members and its many friends, as well as by officers of large corporations, merchants, manufacturers, and all citizens, in fact, who are interested in the preservation of law and order, for every prudent man must acknowledge ‘that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.’ A regimental armory was the subject of discussion among the officers for a long time, but no definite action actually taken until October 23, 1878, when Colonel Wiedersheim called a special meeting of the Board of Officers of the First Regiment, at which there was present, by invitation, the trustees of the Regimental Fund, the trustees of the State Fund (money returned by State of Pennsylvania, being the amount advanced by the citizens of Philadelphia for equipping the Twentieth Regiment, and by direction of subscribers to the same placed to the credit of the First Regiment Armory Fund), and members of the Veteran Corps. After the chairman had stated the object of the meeting to

be the consideration of a plan to erect a suitable armory, the matter was fully and freely discussed, and the chairman was directed, by resolution, to appoint 'a Committee of Thirteen, to consist of representatives of the Board of Officers, Veteran Corps, and of the Trust Funds, to whom the subject of the erection of an armory should be referred, and the committee to report such suggestions as they deemed proper and necessary in the matter.' "

After many changes, caused by declinations and inability to give it proper attention, a committee was finally selected, consisting of Colonel Theodore E. Wiedersheim, Chairman; Captain George K. Snyder, Jr., Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Gilpin, Major Wendell P. Bowman, Captains James Muldoon, William S. Poulterer, Joseph H. Burroughs, E. Z. Kienzle, Henry L. Elder, W. H. Taber, Lieutenants L. C. Tappey, Jr., William H. Dole, and Pearson S. Conard, to which was added an energetic committee of the Veteran Corps, viz: Colonel P. C. Ellmaker, Major William H. Kern, Major W. W. Allen, Lieutenants Charles J. Field and Henry S. Field; subsequently the Veteran Corps, at the meeting in January, 1880, appointed a special committee to aid in furthering the efforts of the General Committee, and assist in procuring funds for the purpose; this committee consisted of Comrades James W. Latta, William B. Smith, H. C. Miller, A. W. Taylor, Joseph W. Lewis, Thomas Marsh, D. Stanley Hassinger, James C. Wray, J. Parker Martin, and James A. Moss.

The General Committee issued a circular address to the citizens of our city, and in response thereto Major Edwin N. Benson (who was among the first to join the regiment twenty years ago, and has ever since manifested the greatest interest in the command, who originated the Veteran Corps, and has always been foremost in purse and person to assist the National Guard of the State) and the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad subscribed \$5000 each; Messrs. Drexel & Co., Mr. George W. Childs, Philadelphia National Bank, Philadelphia Saving Fund, and Philadelphia Contributionship, \$1000 each; assurance and insurance companies, the mercantile and manufacturing community, and the several companies of the regiment also subscribed largely, until at this time over \$75,000 are in the fund, and it will require at least \$150,000 more to carry

out the desires of the committee and the necessary wants of the regiment. A lot has been purchased at the southeast corner of Broad and Callowhill streets for \$80,000, but no attempt will be made at building until sufficient funds are pledged to enable the committee to erect an armory and deliver the same to the command free of debt.

This brief history of the First Regiment is well concluded in mentioning some interesting facts about its latest offspring, the Veteran Corps, First Regiment, N.G.P., organized in 1875, and composed of those who had served in the United States army as regulars or volunteers, who had at any time been connected with the First Regiment, and any who had served with the First Regiment under any of its names, viz.: Gray Reserve Regiment, Seventh Regiment, P.M., Thirty-second Regiment, P.M., and First Regiment, N.G.P.

On December 8th, 1876, the Corps numbered some two hundred members, and on that day elected officers as follows:

Colonel, Charles S. Smith; Lieutenant-Colonel, S. Bonnafon, Jr.; Major, Edwin N. Benson; Adjutant, James W. Latta; Quartermaster, Edwin North; Paymaster, Charles S. Jones; Commissary, D. Stanley Hassinger; Captains, Henry J. White, William A. Wiedersheim, James C. Wray, Joseph W. Lewis; and Charles S. Boyd; Lieutenants, Daniel K. Grim, Albert D. Fell, George F. Dellaker, J. N. Donaldson, and William P. Atkinson; Surgeon, William S. Stewart.

On the 22d and 23d of July, 1877, special meetings of the Corps were held to take action in reference to the troubles existing around Pittsburgh, caused by the rioters.

On motion, the Corps tendered their services to the Mayor of Philadelphia, in case the riot should extend to this city, and it was also agreed to raise a regiment, fully armed and equipped, and tender the same to the Governor, which was done, and the regiment accepted and mustered into the service of the State as the Twentieth Regiment, P.M.

We take the following from the report of Colonel S. Bonnafon, Jr., commanding the Twentieth Regiment, to the Veteran Corps, under date of October 17th, 1877:

"The Twentieth Veteran Regiment was uniformed and equipped by the aid of the Finance Committee appointed by the Veteran Corps, First

Regiment, N.G.P.: Colonel P. C. Ellmaker, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles C. Knight, Major William H. Kern, Major William H. Lloyd, and Lieutenant Charles J. Field, and paid for by them from loyal citizens of Philadelphia.

"I desire to call the attention of the Corps to the fact that the total time occupied in mustering into the service, uniforming, arming, and equipping the Twentieth Veteran Regiment, N.G.P., was thirty-six hours, a feat unprecedented and unparalleled in the military history of this continent.

"On July 27th the regiment left Philadelphia, *en route* for Pittsburgh, and on July 28th reported to Major-General R. M. Brinton, commanding First Division, N.G.P., at Pittsburgh, for duty, and continued with that command until August 4th, when the regiment was ordered to report to Major-General A. L. Pearson, commanding Sixth Division, N.G.P., for duty at Wilkesbarre, and continued with that command, doing guard, outpost, and patrol duty in the Luzerne coal-fields, and protecting the lives and property of the citizens of Luzerne County.

"It would be impossible for me to speak in better terms of the conduct, deportment, drill, and discipline of the Twentieth Veteran Regiment, N.G.P., than has been expressed by the officers under whose command it served, and the just appreciation of its services as shown by the citizens of Wilkesbarre."

The following are the present officers of the Veteran Corps:

Colonel, George H. North; Lieutenant-Colonel, William W. Allen; Major, Charles J. Field; Adjutant, James C. Wray; Paymaster, Edwin N. Benson; Surgeon, C. S. Turnbull, M.D; Chaplain, Rev. Robert A. Edwards; Quartermaster, Edwin North; Commissary, D. Stanley Hassinger; Captains, J. Parker Martin, James D. Keyser; Lieutenants, John A. Wiedersheim, H. P. Dixon, George W. Briggs.

Thus, while New York has her Seventh, Boston her Corps of Cadets, Baltimore her Fifth, the Gate city, of Atlanta, her Guards, Philadelphia has her First, and the first of them all in a record illuminated with its glorious deeds.

THE PICKENSES ABROAD.

BY LEIGH S. NORTH.

Now, the poor Pickenses were a very quiet and estimable family, of whom their worst enemies (if they had any) could say nothing startling. They had lived tranquilly for a generation or two back (there was a little uncertainty as to whether they had a "grandfather;" but that does not affect the present tale), and borne their daily sorrows and performed their daily duties as such quiet people should.

But Arabella Pickens was of different stuff. In the cradle she kicked off her infant shoes in scorn; hers was a soul and toes that required to live untrammelled, and her early days were but a type of her future. The family were divided in sentiment; some in secret shared Arabella's aspirations, while others dreaded to have an idea take possession of her lest they should fall victims to its execution. She traveled east, she traveled west, adding fuel to the flame that was already consuming her, begetting schemes for range, and consolidating the great pi

at last burst upon the family in this form, "We will go abroad!" The eyes flashed, the mouth was firm, and echo answered, "We *will* go." The announcement was received by the younger members of the family with scarcely suppressed jubilation, the mother turned pale, while *pater familias*, though not easily astonished, especially by Arabella, laid down his knife and fork, and gazed at her open-mouthed. Then he showed her an empty purse and his bank account, but in vain.

So some with misgivings and some with enthusiasm lent a helping hand, the various preparations were made, and they sailed. "I will not succumb to this horrible seasickness," said the proud spirit of Arabella, and she walked the deck with a firm tread (before the vessel started), and then as she found after they got out to sea that it had a peculiar practice of running away from under the feet, *self*, and gazed with half contemptuous *tenances* which surrounded her,

gradually paling, and finally flying the scene. "All it requires is strength of will," she thought, as a queer sensation began to creep around the base of her brain.

"My gracious! how pale you are," cried Sam Pickens, whose "sea-legs," already acquired, seemed to fit him like an old salt, and who rolled about and sniffed the breezes with relish.

"Samuel," observed his father, in a sepulchral tone, "I advise you to keep quiet."

"Just look at Arabella!" again exclaimed that young man, walking forward with a filial disregard of the parental injunction.

"What a fall was there, my countrymen!" Arabella, too, had fled the haunts of men!

Company's charge for food consumed a good round figure; food consumed, next to nothing, except by Sam, who did duty manfully for two or three. "What a pity we are not boarding ourselves," sighed the financier of the family; "but all that must go down to the account of losses." Sam Pickens enjoyed the voyage; the rest of the family—well, they didn't. Sam could tell many tales about it if he only would.

But, like all miseries, it came to an end, and the twelfth day saw them safely landed. The custom-house officers passed lightly over the feminine trunks; but some waggery of poor Sam's brought down upon him the judicial condemnation, and nothing would do but his portmanteau must be thoroughly searched, revealing such a collection of miscellaneous articles as called forth an indignant protest from the united family that he would largely increase the expenses by carrying so much unnecessary luggage, while down in the very bottom the officers pounced upon the prohibited tobacco, which was forthwith confiscated, and a small fine extracted from Arabella's bag, which produced the wildest indignation on Sam's part and little less on hers; his point being the officers, and hers including his guilty self.

Then a cab was called, and an argument ensued between Arabella and a Hibernian, who demanded payment for calling a cab, which he had not done. "You brought us on this wild-goose chase, and you may settle it yourself," said the elder Pickens, morosely, leaning back; and settle it she did, coming out of the conflict flushed, but victorious, and contemplating fondly the two-pence saved from his rapacious grasp. "Penny wise, pound foolish; that's you and Sam," grumbled

the elder Pickens again; but Arabella was silent.

So they took the third-class carriage train, and sped away to "fresh fields and new;" the older the new scenes were, the—any thing only a hundred years of age—worth looking at.

"I'm hungry," murmured Sam, "lo sweet." He felt himself slightly in disgrace, suppressed himself temporarily.

"You ought to starve till you make it fine," said his sister, sternly; but she relented and gave him a small biscuit, which he devoured and asked for more, but in vain.

"Look at the scenery," said Arabella.

"Don't find it fillin'," he growled.

When they reached a city, they first sought a cheap hotel or lodging, and then went to the cathedral. When there was a height to be climbed, they climbed it; when they had any breath left, they gasped, "Beautiful!" when they had none, they gazed in wrapt silence. Everywhere Sam would write his name; everywhere he *would* write his name; Arabella tried to stop it; she pleaded, threatened him with "short commons" or "commons," but in vain.

"Do you think I'm coming to Europe and nobody know I've been here? No, thank you. So the highest points were always adorned with 'Sam Pickens,' or 'Samuel Pickens, Jr.,'"

The days were spent in sight-seeing—things in making up accounts. When the expenses were in excess, there was jubilation on the part of all, triumph in Arabella's flashing eye; when the expenses were balanced, there was calm; when the expenses were in excess, Mrs. Pickens pointed out the difficulties of the expedition, bemoaned herself, and they would end up in the almshouse. If only that leader repent and regret that she had never! Making up accounts was an unpleasant business; "like drawing teeth," Sam said. In England the money had to be translated into shillings and pence to dollars and cents; in France it had to be changed back through the pound and shilling to dollars; and in Italy and Germany the process was still deeper and more involved. In Mrs. Pickens alone was true to her native land, through all the changes she still clung to the familiar currency, and in France particularly of francs as dollars and centimes as cents, annoyance of Arabella and the great grati-

of Sam, who would forthwith proceed to twit his sister with the vast expenditures.

"Sam Pickens, when we are making up accounts is just the one occasion when your room would be better than your company," was Arabella's broad hint; but Sam was obtuse, and remained to cheer and infuriate alternately.

"I'm a man and a brother," he said, striking his breast in a theatrical manner. "Do you think I'd leave you to wrestle with such difficulties alone, without my cheering sympathy? Never! Come, let's go at it again. 'One, two, buckle my shoe.' 'If you find you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' Rome was not built in a day, nor the Pickens finances rescued from oblivion!"

"It is not necessary to eat so much abroad; people eat so much less, particularly in France and Italy. 'In Rome you must do as the Romans do,'" quoted Arabella. So they ordered provisions for two and plates for six, and the "garcons" grinned or frowned, but obeyed.

"My turn to play the bones to-day," said Sam, wrestling with a drum-stick; "there was not enough on that chicken to keep off the chill of the kitchen fire."

"A large appetite is very vulgar," said Arabella, quenchingly. Some of the family throve, others lost pounds, by this system of supplies; but as they were obliged to confess they had never been better in their life, that didn't signify. "Fill them up with new ideas," said Arabella, looking at the dresses and coats which were once entirely occupied, and now hung loosely upon their wearers. "It's easier to move round quickly when one has not so much to carry, and there's less chance of our missing trains; so that's another advantage," she continued, cheerfully.

"Did you ever hear of that man who brought his horse down to an oat a day, and then the horse died?" asked the elder Pickens, a little grimly.

"If you could only get us up to the point that you could hire a dinner, and just let us look at it, that would be a fine thing," said Sam. "Imagination goes a great way, you know."

"Do take another roll, and be still," said his sister.

"Put a plaster on the trunk, my hearties, and she'll pay you for it," said Sam to the railway officials.

"The luggage must be reduced," said Arabella, firmly.

"Well," said Sam, resignedly, "then I'll have to go to bed and stay there while my shirt is washed; I don't believe I've got more than two now. Pity you couldn't bring us down to the costume of the Sandwich Islanders,—a toothbrush and a hat."

In regard to languages the Pickens family were somewhat limited. Arabella spoke French like a native—American. It was her only foreign tongue. Mr. Pickens had a slight acquaintance with German, while Mrs. Pickens, Sam, and the other members of the family were of opinion that it would be much better if all the world talked English; "then there would be no difficulty about making them understand, you know." Sam, however, got on famously with a very limited vocabulary. An occasional *parlez vous*, a word of Italian or German, pointing, and a vast amount of gesticulation generally, managed to convey the meaning that he desired. And not unfrequently it happened that after Arabella's efforts in French and Sam's in the sign language, the person addressed would respond in English, at which Sam would remark, "My amiable friend, why didn't you tell us that before? It would have been to the point, and saved expense in my sister's poor French and my magnificent pantomime. It was because I devoted much time to the study of the game called 'dumb crambo' in early youth, as well as on account of natural genius, that my private theatricals are such a success."

But the Pickenses' travels came to a stand-still in a very small German village, where they at present remain, waiting for remittances from America, which, daily expected, do not arrive. The contents of Arabella's bag still continue to sustain life, if nothing more, and she lives content in the memory of what has already been accomplished. The elder Pickens gets through the day by practicing his German, smoking, and grumbling. Mrs. Pickens is a "lone, lorn creetur," except when the counter-irritant of repairing damages in Sam's wardrobe raises her spirits a little, while Sam and the junior members of the family manage to find various sorts of entertainment. When the funds arrive, if they ever do, there will probably be a division of sentiment; some of the family will doubtless vote for immediate return to their native shores, others to continue their travels. Which party will conquer, or whether they will divide, time alone will show; but till then we must leave them.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CUSPIDOR.

By G. T. C.

I BOUGHT two like this when I was in college. I sold its counterpart at a closing-out sale of the chattels I had on hand at the end of my college course. This I wanted to keep, and I brought it home with me together with a few other articles from the old room.

I wanted to keep this for several reasons. I wanted to keep it for its beauty. You observe its shape is a combination of graceful curves, and that it is gorgeously painted in colors of red and gold. Of course, I was glad to keep it for its usefulness, for a cuspidor is really indispensable in a room in which men are accustomed to come who use tobacco, though many intelligent people seem not to know it. But, most of all, I wanted to keep it for the sake of association. I could have depended on some of the other traps for associations in general, but my story is of an association in particular, and nothing but this innocent-looking, red and gold-banded, wide-mouthed, round-bellied, metallic cuspidor, sitting near the rug and blinking, as it were, in the light of the fire, would do to keep me in mind of that. Of course, we don't believe in ghosts and spirits. I don't, and never did; but I came pretty near believing in a spirit once. It happened in this way:

The house in which I and half a dozen other chosen fellows had our lodgings in college was a plain, two-story building, which had formerly been the dwelling of a private family. One of the professors lived in it; but in the changes of life his household, which for many years consisted of his only daughter and two sons, was broken up. The old man's life proved too lonely for him on making a trial of living alone for two or three months after the death of his daughter and one son and the departure into the world of the remaining child, and the year before we boys secured possession of the house he had resigned his seat in the faculty and gone away. The room which I occupied as a study and sleeping-room was a single apartment on the second floor. Back of it and opening off by a low, narrow door was a smaller room, for which we had never found any better use than to store in it old papers, books, and odds and ends of all sorts.

I remember well when I was first disturbed by that sound. It was a fine evening toward the latter part of September, and I was sitting in my room, ensconced in my arm-chair, with my feet on the desk and pipe in mouth,—after the approved manner among college boys,—ruminating and smoking and looking out through the open window over the quiet valley of the Hoosic and beyond to the mountain whose tinge of blue was growing darker and darker in the fading light. It was still and peaceful as night settled down over the land, and I was loath to break with my feeling of harmony with the surroundings by arousing myself to light the lamp. I was probably in a sleepy state of body and mind, and, when the view which had been occupying my attention was shut out by the darkness, without doubt would have gone off altogether had not my senses been suddenly spurred to their full activity by a sound which seemed to me different from any I had ever heard. It lasted but a moment, and, in my dim idea that I had been dozing, I thought at first that I had mistaken a familiar sound for one weird and unnatural. I listened for it to be repeated, almost holding my breath in my desire to hear it distinctly. It came again. I was not mistaken. I had never heard that sound or the like of it before. It resembled that of the human voice, yet not entirely. It was, perhaps, what is termed in ghost stories an unearthly sound. There was something almost musical in it. It was subdued and full of sorrow.

Had I been a believer in ghosts and spirits, I should probably have left that room instead of sitting stock-still in my chair gaping about in the darkness. But I was not, and I quietly listened while the sound was repeated five or six times. Once I thought it came from beneath my feet. Then it appeared to come from a point across the room near my bed, and again I heard it out of the air itself. I got up finally and went to the table on which stood my lamp, lit the light, and looked about. I could see nothing. I listened ten or fifteen minutes, but the secret voice was still. I made a search about the room. It did not take me long. The room itself was plain and

the furniture consisted only of a bed, lounge, table, desk, chairs, and a few unimportant articles. The sound could not be hidden. Nor did a look behind the curtains reveal anything. There was that unoccupied empty place for mysterious beings. I took the little door that led back into this room, with lamp in hand went in and looked about. There was nothing there but an empty desk that extended from the bare floor to the ceiling. In it were a lot of papers covered with dust and smelling of age, its only sign of life a "chirp, chirp" of a cricket concealed within its crevices. More papers and books lay about the floor of the room, and that was all. I returned to my room with a sort of relief, and as I paused on its threshold again, I could hear through the open door only the well-known whistle of the train in the yard. The light of the lamp flickering about seemed to have alarmed the sole occupant of my room into silence. I sat the light and sat in the dark for a time, rather foolish all the while; but I heard nothing. I then was inclined to laugh at myself as I was disturbed. Yet I was confident that I had heard a very strange sound. It occurred to me possibly it might be a mere hallucination. I turned around and read of such conditions of mind.

It was the fact, I knew that a change of environment would be good for me. At any rate I would have it, and I took my hat, and opening the door that lead into the main hall of the upper floor I passed across it and went into a room, the closed door of which I heard voices in conversation. The old "crowd" was going on promiscuously about as I had seen it many times before. I can almost see them as they entered attracted little attention, and a chair near the door, having made up my mind to say nothing of my recent experience.

The fire of chaff and small-talk was going on one side of the room, seated on a trunk and looking for a seat when the influx of guests filled the chairs, sat the object of a look of it, an old darkey,—old Jake, as he was called,—a frequent visitor at our place, and a welcome one, despite the fact that his long-recurring tale of misfortune scarcely added, so effective was it, told in his pathetic and secure for him, by the time of his "goo'-

nite, y'ung gemmen," a contribution of money which light pockets (chronic state in those days) had subsequent cause to regret. Jake was a gray-headed, kind-hearted old soul, whose fortunes had been hard from the time he first saw light in a slave-hut on the banks of the Ocklawaha to the time I knew the last of him, and so they were after that, I'm afraid. He was not directly connected with the college, but had been about it for many years, and because of numerous traits was looked upon as the most interesting of its many interesting characters. As I remarked, the tenor of what Jake had to say was generally of a lachrymose nature, and on this occasion his usually attentive audience was in a far opposite mood, and full to overflowing with talk of their own, so the old man found few pauses, and those unfavorable for him, to get a hearing, and he sat for some time with a kind of doleful smile on his broad face, now and then ejaculating a "yes, sah" in his fruitless endeavor to satisfy himself and the company that he was keeping abreast of all that was going on. He found his opportunity at length, and he improved it by relating a piece of information that interested the company in general and startled me in particular.

"Hab you heerd de news, Mas'r 'Enry," addressing himself to one of his staunchest friends and admirers."

"No, Jake. Wife been combing you with the axe, or is Sam, your noble offspring, breathing the sweet air of liberty again?"

"No, Mas'r 'Enry, t'ings be'n peac'ble 'long back wid me. Dis yere's 'bout ole P'fessor Sedley,—he's dead; died dis arternoon. I heerd 'em tell it ober a' de pos'-offus afore I come ober. Dey got de telegraf jes' now."

Here he was interrupted by expressions of surprise and regret from the company. Professor Sedley had left the college before our time, but was well known to us by reputation.

"Yes," continued Jake, with a tremulousness in his voice, "he's gon'. De wurl use' heem pretty ha'd de las' free o' fo' yeahs. Mees Rachul's def bo' heem down awful, an' den y'ung Mas'r Joe wor' took, and den Mas'r Willie lef' fo' de Wes'."

"He coon't stan' it heah ver' long arter t'ings was brok' up so. He's bean down dere at Cham'n'tou eber sin' he lef' heah. He wor' boan down dere, you know; an' he wen' to libin' wid an' ole

lady frien' of his what use' to know heem w'en he wor' a boy. He wath boan dere at Cham'n-ton, you know; yes, and dey say he tuk on pow'ful bad eber sin' he lef' heah. All his spirit gon'. I heerd he use' to set in de house all de time, and tak' on an' tak' on pow'ful bad.

"He wor' bery good to me—Lor' bress heem fo' it. He allus had Jake fo' 'is sawin' an' shubblin', an' w'en I wen' to whare he wor' a settin' in his room,—why, he use' to lib heah in dis bery hous'. Das so; Lor', how t'ings is change'!—w'en I wen' in fo' de pay, he hab me sit down an' tell him 'bout mysulf, an' as' 'bout de chansus ob winterin' frooh, an' 'sult wid me 'bout Sam. Dere ain' many frien's fo' fellahs like me in dis yeah wurl, but its all fo' de bes', all fo' de bes'. Mas'r Frank," he went on, turning to me, "youah room wor' de ole p'fessor's study. He wor' a allus studyin' an' writin', settin' at hees desk frooh de day, dere by de window, 'cept w'en restashun call him to de colleg'. I been in dere early mornin' long afore bref'ast an' late nights afore I go hom', an' he wor' a allus settin' dere by de window, readin' and writin'."

I had heard Jake's announcement of the professor's death in silence, and with outward composure, although I confess that inwardly my previous disturbance of mind was increased. It had occurred to me before Jake spoke of it that the professor at one time lived in our house, but I did not know that my room was the dead man's study, wherein he passed most of his waking hours.

I went rather abruptly out of the room. Twenty-four hours ago I would have scoffed at the idea of a spirit returning to the scenes of this life, but now the thought had flashed across my mind that the sound I had heard half an hour before was really the voice of the old professor, whose spirit, freed from its burden of flesh, was revisiting the home of its earthly existence. No one knew better than myself the absurdity of the idea. But here was the plain fact of the occurrence, at nearly the same time—perhaps the very same—of the professor's death, and the peculiar sound which I had heard. Certainly a very remarkable coincidence, I kept saying to myself, if coincidence is all there is of it. To be sure, I had long before settled my ideas about spirits and nonsense of that kind in the way all sensible people do, but this was the first time my convictions had been tested by any

thing inexplicable, and I was not by any means easy in my mind.

Before going back to my room I took a turn about the college ground to try and recover in the cool, quiet air of the night my more sensible self. In this I was fairly successful, and on reaching my room I went directly to bed.

Sleep did not soon "steep my senses in forgetfulness." On the contrary, they were unusually wide awake. And to some purpose, for I had not been in bed long when I heard that peculiar sound again. There was no mistaking it. It had not ceased before I was out of bed and across the room in the direction from which it came near the window. It ceased, probably, at the noise I made, and the only return I had for my pains was a sight, through the window, of the moon peeping over the hills and a blow on the ankle from the edge of a spittoon which I had struck against in my rush and sent rattling under the desk. I went back to bed and lay awake some time afterward, but heard nothing more, and sleep finally won the day over my apprehensions.

It were better to speak of the occurrences of the next nine months that have to do with my story in a general way. For three weeks after the incident I have related the mysterious sound continued to be heard. It proved itself during that time to be a very unorthodox sound for a ghost or spirit, if it was to either of them I owed the unpleasant visitations of that time. For these visitations were not confined to glimpses of the moon, nor to the witching hours of night. They came in the morning as I sat at my desk digging away at Greek or mathematics; and in the afternoons, too, of those soft September days, I would hear that same brief, melancholy sound, now soft and low, now rising and full, coming from somewhere, I could not tell where, in the space of my room.

Strange to say, at the end of three weeks it was no longer heard. My spirits grew lighter as day by day my conviction grew stronger that it was really gone. My room was no longer a chamber of mystery to me, but a snug and comfortable college den. By night I kept my bed in peaceful sleep; by day I could study or read or smoke, with nothing to molest or make me afraid. Once more I sat among my friends, partakers of my hospitality, and did not fear that, at the voice of my unbidden guest, some one of them might be startled into crying out, "What was that?"

again flowed smoothly along, and down n, almost beyond the reach of memory, ruffle on its bosom.

r came and went. Vacations passed. ame, and sunny May, and succeeded tear- . With the bright, warm days the brown w on its green garb of spring, and animal e.

ure it was in the former month that I was de uneasy by hearing the same sound in that I had heard before. It was useless pooh, pooh myself out of the evidence of senses. I heard it distinctly, the same / human-like moan. For a week follow- etimes at night, often during the day, I intervals that voice, if voice it was.

most people with troublesome secrets, I ill along that it would be a relief to tell somebody. I did. I told my *fidus* my best friend, Tom Woods, all about nfided to him its coincidence with Pro- dley's death. Tom did not laugh at me. he thought me in too earnest a frame of be laughed at with impunity. He came om and heard what I had heard. He ggest no explanation which I had not of, tested, and found impossible. We d that before we told the other fellows l do our best to solve the riddle alone. lished a secret service. He would come om during the day and in the evening. d talk and read, but were constantly on to hear and see. It was some time before s were rewarded.

the spring term of that year our class e recitations a day, two in the morning in the afternoon. It was during the in- etween these recitations and our meals and I mainly kept our watch. I don't say that all our time unoccupied by reci- d sleep was given up to this occupation. d not have stood all that. I defy the f Banquo, Hamlet's father, and Julius mbined to keep the attention of young h as we were in those days, for any great time. We took too lively an interest in s of this material world to dance a long e on ghosts.

orning after the close of a lecture in Tom and I were in my room awaiting r-hour. Tom was sitting on the lounge,

resting his elbows on his knees, and idly toying a cane between his hands. I was sitting in the seat near the window. We were talking over the lec- ture. It had been on the subject of sound. We had been so interested by the experiments of the morning, that, contrary to our custom, we were dis- cussing them without the walls of the lecture-room. The lecturer had produced for our instruction a set of resonators. Perhaps I might say, with less superiority than Macaulay used the phrase, that "every school-boy knows" what resonators are; but, in order that it may be understood exactly what I mean, I'll just say that a resonator is a light, hollow hemisphere, or three-quarter sphere, of some metal narrowing to a neck with a small aperture or mouth, which is used for the purpose of magnifying sound. The note C, for instance, is struck on a tuning-fork, and the fork placed in the mouth of one of the resonators, which, if it be the proper resonator, will reflect the waves of sound, or what is the same thing, the note magni- fied, and instead of a low, soft tone, the note will be given full and sonorous. It was the experi- ments with these resonators that Tom and I were engaged in discussing, when I was astonished by the strange conduct of Tom. Without any warn- ing, he suddenly jumped from his seat, and cried out rather wildly for so sedate an individual, "I have it, I have it!"

I looked at him blankly for a moment, and then rushed across the room and seized him by the coat. He said afterward that he thought I would stran- gle him. Said I, "Tom, what do you mean? What's the matter with you? You haven't found it?"

He pulled himself free from my grasp, and shouted out, "I have, I have!" Then he quieted down, and said, "Sit down, and I will tell you about it."

I sat down and looked at him with anxious ex- pectation.

"Frank," said he, "you know we have heard the voice of our hidden friend once or twice while we have been sitting here."

I nodded an impatient yes.

"Now," he went on, "I am going to show you in the first place that I understand this thing, and afterward I will tell you about it. To show you I understand it, I will agree to give you just one second's warning before you hear the voice of our mysterious friend. Sit perfectly still and be ready to hear it when I say 'Now.'"

We sat still as rocks five, ten, fifteen minutes ; it seemed all of an hour ; and then he spoke, " Now."

And sure enough, from somewhere in the quiet air of that room, there broke upon my straining ear the well-known sound, clear, musical, and sad.

" Listen," he continued, softly, and held up a warning finger. Again it came distinct as before. Then there burst from him a shout of laughter that fairly startled the dust on the curtains, and straightway he strode across the room and seized that identical cuspidor, that doesn't shine so smartly since the fire's burned away, held it aloft, and said :

" Frank, you have read of ghostly castles and haunted houses, but did you or any one else ever see, hear of, or imagine a haunted cuspidor?"

I looked at him in blank amazement. With that he placed it on the floor before me.

" Now, sit still where you are and watch that cuspidor," said he. " Don't let the slightest thing about it escape you, and don't move."

I did watch it. It sat there, and I eyed it as it basked in the sun until my eyes felt ready to start from their sockets. I noticed not the slightest movement in it, nor heard from it the least sound. Yes! now a fly alights upon the rim of its broad flange. He walks along an inch or two, and then he spreads his wings and buzzes over to the opposite side, and lo! as he flies (can I believe my ears?), out of the depths of the cuspidor escapes that voice. That rascal of a cuspidor is a resonator!

SARAH BERNHARDT.

BY GENEVIEVE E. BARCLAY.

ALMOST as magic a sound to the young scions of the present generation as were Ellen Tree and Mrs. Siddons to our grandfathers. " What is she?" some one asked a Frenchman the other day, and thinking his interrogator was either mad or not a member of civilized society, her countryman answered, " She is the great Sarah!" " Do you ever call her Sally?" queried the other; and the gentleman left him in disgust. I say she is a great actress, a poor painter, a good sculptor. Am I right or wrong? Is there any one who will stand up and declare she is a splendid painter and sculptor. I have seen her acting, her pictures, and statues. Of the first, I will say she is a magnificent actress, grand, powerful, and true, with a force of execution few women have ever excelled, and yet I would sooner see Ellen Tree play " Portia" than witness one of Sarah's grandest rôles. She is not a pretty woman by any means, as any one who has seen her portrait in Earle's Gallery can testify. A long, sallow face, a pair of rather pretty dark eyes, a tall, painfully thin figure, dressed in the height of fashion, with a yard of frilling encasing her neck and wrists, and you have the *tout ensemble* of Miss Bernhardt.

You who wish to weave a particular romance of your own about her, refrain from inquiring into her private life, and don't visit her at the hotel, where you will sit about a dozen yards away from

her. There is a mighty difference between the Sarah sweeping on the stage in her robes of velvet and satin and the Sarah one meets in society, with her every-day face and her every-day manners. A poor artist. That is the universal verdict of artists. Of course, there are some who are ready to see genius and talent in whatever she does, just as long ago some were ready to believe Taglioni could sing as well as she could dance. I was standing before one of her pictures not long ago when an American artist came up and asked me what I thought of it. " Daub," I replied, turning on my heel. He laughed and assented, yet I positively heard a gentleman who prided himself on being a connoisseur say, as he raised his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, " Beautiful! lovely! divine!" It is only fair to add, that when the same person came to one of Rembrandt's pictures, he thought it " looked like a coal-pit with a red lamp in it."

A good sculptor. I cannot say she is a magnificent one, for I apply that adjective to John Rogers and Mr. Ezekiel; but her statues are a great deal better than her paintings. The former display talent, if not genius, and though she is not able to turn out such masterpieces as the " Phidias" of Ezekiel, or the " Favorite Scholar" of John Rogers, she displays a hand that has enough cunning and power to cause her name to rank with the famous " Hewers of Stone."

THE PAVILION ON THE LINKS.

By R. L. S.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

TAINLY, that night I thought of no one else ; ough her whole conduct and position seemed ous, I could not find it in my heart to enter- doubt of your mother. I could have staked : that she was clear of blame, and though : dark at the present, that the explanation mystery would show her part in these events both right and needful. It was true—let me my imagination as I pleased—that I could no theory of her relations to Northmour ; elt none the less sure of my conclusion bet- t was founded on instinct in place of reason, s I may say, went to sleep that night with ought of her under my pillow.

t day she came out about the same hour and as soon as the sand-hills concealed her he pavilion, drew nearer to the edge, and me by name in guarded tones. I was as- ed to observe that she was deadly pale, and gly under the influence of strong emotion. r. Cassilis!" she cried ; "Mr. Cassilis!" peared at once, and leaped down upon the

A remarkable air of relief overspread her nance as soon as she saw me.

h!" she cried, with a hoarse sound, like one bosom had been lightened of a weight. hen, "Thank God you are still safe!" she ; "I knew if you were you would be here." not this strange, my children? So swiftly isely does Nature prepare our hearts for great life-long intimacies, that both your r and I had been given a presentiment on e second day of our acquaintance. I had then hoped that she would seek me ; she elt sure that she would find me.) "Do she went on swiftly, "do not stay in this

Promise me that you will sleep no longer t wood. You do not know how I suffer ; t night I could not sleep for thinking of eril."

eril?" I repeated. "Peril from whom? Northmour?"

ot so," she said. "Did you think I would m after what you said?"

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"Not from Northmour?" I repeated. "Then how? From whom? I see none to be afraid of."

"You must not ask me," was her reply, "for I am not free to tell you. Only believe me, and go hence—believe me, and go away quickly, quickly, for your life!"

An appeal to his alarm is never a good plan to rid one's self of a spirited young man. My obstinacy was but increased by what she said, and I made it a point of honor to remain. And her solicitude for my safety still more confirmed me in the resolve.

"You must not think me inquisitive, madam," I replied ; "but, if Graden is so dangerous a place, you yourself perhaps remain here at some risk."

She only looked at me reproachfully.

"You and your father——" I resumed ; but she interrupted me almost with a gasp.

"My father! How do you know that?" she cried.

"I saw you together when you landed," was my answer ; and I do not know why, but it seemed satisfactory to both of us, as indeed it was the truth. "But," I continued, "you need have no fear from me. I see you have some reason to be secret, and, you may believe me, your secret is as safe with me as if I were in Graden Floe. I have scarce spoken to any one for years ; my horse is my only companion, and even he, poor beast, is not beside me. You see, then, you may count on me for silence. So tell me the truth, my dear young lady, are you not in danger?"

"Mr. Northmour says you are an honorable man," she returned, "and I believe it when I see you. I will tell you so much ; you are right ; we are in dreadful, dreadful danger, and you share it by remaining where you are."

"Ah!" said I ; "you have heard of me from Northmour? And he gives me a good character?"

"I asked him about you last night," was her reply. "I pretended," she hesitated, "I pretended to have met you long ago, and spoken to you of him. It was not true ; but I could not help myself without betraying you, and you had put me in a difficulty. He praised you highly."

"And, you may permit me to say, that I am not a dangerous man, but a very good one."

"From the bottom of my heart," she said, "I am glad to hear that, for I am sure you are."

"Will you suppose that I am not far away?"

I said, "You do not see me very often."

"Why should you say that?" she said. "You are no friend of mine."

I know not what came over me, my children, for I had not been out of the house for weeks since I was a child, and I was so near her by this room that my eyes prickled and filled with tears, as I continued to gaze upon your mother.

"No, no," she said, in a changed voice; "I did not mean the word, unkindly."

"It was I who offended," I said; and I held out my hand with a look of appeal that somehow touched her, for she gave me hers at once, and even eagerly. I held it for a while in mine, and gazed into her eyes. It was she who first tore her hand away, and, forgetting all about her request and the promise she had sought to extort, ran at the top of her speed, and without turning, till she was out of sight. Then, oh, my children, I knew that I loved your mother, and thought in my glad heart that she—she herself—was not indifferent to my suit. Many a time she has denied it in after days, but it was with a smiling and not a serious denial. For my part, I am sure our hands would not have lain so closely in each other if she had not begun to melt to me already. And, when all is said, it is no great contention, since by her own avowal she began to love me on the morrow.

And yet on the morrow very little took place. She came and called me down as on the day before, upbraided me for lingering at Graden, and, when she found I was still obdurate, began to ask me more particularly as to my arrival. I told her by what series of accidents I had come to witness their embarkation, and how I had determined to remain, partly from the interest which had been awakened in me by Northmou's guests, and partly because of his own murderous attack. As to the former, I fear I was dangerous, and led her to regard herself as having been an attraction to me from the first moment that I saw her on the links. It relieves my heart to make this confession even now, when your mother is with God, and already knows all things, and the honesty of my purpose even to those for whose life she lived, although it often pricked my conscience. I

can never see the man who so undeserved her. Even at the present time a married life as ours, is the one medical which kept the princess from her death.

From this the talk branched into other subjects, and I told her much about my lonely and wandering experiences; and, for her part, giving ear and saying little. Although we spoke very naturally, and latterly on top of that might seem indifferent, we were both sweetly agitated. Too soon it was time for her to go; and we separated, as if by mutual consent, without shaking hands, for both knew that, between us, it was no idle ceremony.

The next, and that was the fourth day of our acquaintance, we met in the same spot, but early in the morning, with much familiarity and yet much timidity on either side. When she had once more spoken about my danger—and that, I understood, was her excuse for coming—I, who had prepared a great deal of talk during the night, began to tell her how highly I valued her kind interest, and how no one had ever cared to hear about my life, nor had I ever cared to relate it before yesterday. Suddenly she interrupted me, saying with vehemence:

"And yet, if you knew who I was, you would not so much as speak to me!"

I told her such a thought was madness, and little as we had met, I counted her already a dear friend; but my protestations seemed only to make her more desperate.

"My father is in hiding!" she cried.

"My dear," I said, forgetting for the first time to add "young lady," "what do I care? If he were in hiding twenty times over, would it make one thought of change in you?"

"Ah! but the cause!" she cried. "the cause. It is"—she faltered for a second—"it is disgraceful to us!"

CHAPTER IV.—TELLS IN WHAT A STARTLING MANNER I LEARNED I WAS NOT AT ALL IN GRADESEA WOOD.

THIS, my dear children, was your mother's story as I drew it from her among tears and sighs. His name was Clara Hadfield, and his name was beautiful in my ears, but not so beautiful as the other name of Clara Hadfield's, which she was reading the longer and I thought the more of her life. Her father, a certain Mr. Hadfield, had been a private banker, and a very large

way of business. Many years before, his affairs becoming disordered, he had been led to try dangerous, and at last criminal, expedients to retrieve himself from ruin. All was in vain; he became more and more cruelly involved, and found his honor lost at the same moment with his fortune. About this period, Northmour had been courting your mother with great assiduity, though with small encouragement; and to him, knowing him thus disposed in his favor, Bernard Huddleston turned for help in his extremity. It was not merely ruin and dishonor, nor merely a legal condemnation that the unhappy man had brought upon his head. It seems he could have gone to prison with a light heart. What he feared, what kept him awake at night, or recalled him from slumber into frenzy, was some secret, sudden, and unlawful attempt upon his life. Hence, he desired to bury his existence and escape to one of the islands in the South Pacific, and it was in Northmour's yacht, the *Red Earl*, that he designed to go. The yacht picked them up clandestinely upon the coast of Wales, and had once more deposited them at Graden, till she could be refitted and provisioned for the longer voyage. Nor could your mother doubt that her hand had been stipulated as the price of passage. For although Northmour was neither unkind nor even discourteous, he had shown himself in several instances somewhat overbold in speech and manner.

I listened, I need not say, with fixed attention, and put many questions as to the more mysterious part. It was in vain. Your mother had no clear idea of what the blow was, nor of how it was expected to fall. Her father's alarm was unfeigned and physically prostrating, and he had thought more than once of making an unconditional surrender to the police. But the scheme was finally abandoned; for he was convinced that not even the strength of our English prisons could shelter him from his pursuers. He had had many affairs with Italy, and with Italians resident in London in the later years of his business, and these last, your mother fancied, were somehow connected with the doom that threatened him. He had shown great terror at the presence of an Italian seaman on board the *Red Earl*, and had bitterly and repeatedly accused Northmour in consequence. The latter had protested that Beppo (that was the seaman's name) was a capital fellow, and could be trusted to the death; but Mr. Hud-

dleston had continued ever since to declare that all was lost, that it was only a question of days, and that Beppo would be the ruin of him yet.

I regarded the whole story as the hallucination of a mind shaken by calamity. He had suffered heavy loss by his Italian transactions; and hence, the sight of an Italian was hateful to him, and the principal part in his nightmares would naturally enough be played by one of that nation.

"What your father wants," I said, "is a good doctor and some calming medicine."

"But Mr. Northmour?" objected your mother. "He is untroubled by losses, and yet he shares in this terror."

I could not help laughing at what I considered her simplicity.

"My dear," said I, "you have told me yourself what reward he has to look for. All is fair in love, you must remember; and if Northmour fomented your father's terrors, it is not at all because he is afraid of any Italian man, but simply because he is infatuated with a charming English woman."

She reminded me of his attack upon myself on the night of the disembarkation, and this I was unable to explain. In short, and from one thing to another, it was agreed between us that I should set out at once for the fisher village, Graden Wester, as it was called, look up all the newspapers I could find, and see for myself if there seemed any basis of fact for these continued alarms. The next morning, at the same hour and place, I was to make my report to your mother. She said no more on that occasion about my departure; nor indeed did she make it a secret that she clung to the thought of my proximity as something helpful and pleasant; and for my part I could not have left her if she had gone upon her knees to ask it.

I reached Graden Wester before ten in the forenoon; for in those days I was an excellent pedestrian, and the distance, as I think I have said, was little over seven miles; fine walking all the way upon the springy turf. The village is one of the bleakest on that coast, which is saying much; there is a church in a hollow; a miserable haven in the rocks, where many boats have been lost as they returned from fishing; two or three score of store-houses, arranged along the beach and in two streets, one leading from the harbor, and another striking out from it at right angles; and at the

...and trying to ... Mr. Hiddle-

...the river ... with a de-

...and one of ... find at ... my ... he was ... had ever ... the deep ... New-

...the man ... like ... and ... men ... thirty ... com- ... by ... hats, ... A ... ger- ... The ... forty ... link ... less ... shock ... reason ... argue ... began

...the man ... like ... and ... men ... thirty ... com- ... by ... hats, ... A ... ger- ... The ... forty ... link ... less ... shock ... reason ... argue ... began

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...the man ... like ... and ... men ... thirty ... com- ... by ... hats, ... A ... ger- ... The ... forty ... link ... less ... shock ... reason ... argue ... began

more dismal evening ; and whether it these external influences, or because my re already affected by what I had heard my thoughts were as gloomy as the

per windows of the pavilion commanded able spread of links in the direction of aster. To avoid observation, it was ne-hug the beach until I had gained cover higher sand-hills on the little headland, ight strike across through the hollows, nargin of the wood. The sun was about he tide was low, and all the quicksands , and I was moving along lost in un-hought, when I was suddenly thunder-perceive the prints of human feet. They el to my own course, but low down upon instead of along the border of the turf ; I examined them, I saw at once by the coarseness of the impression, that it was to me and to those in the pavilion who tly passed that way. Not only so ; but recklessness of the course which he had steering near to the most formidable f the sand, he was as evidently a stranger untry and to the ill-repute of Graden

step I followed the prints, until a quar-ile further I beheld them die away into astern boundary of Graden Floe. There, e was, the miserable man had perished. ad broken through the clouds by a last l colored the wide level of quicksands ky purple ; one or two gulls who had, seen him disappear, wheeled over his with their usual melancholy piping. I some time gazing at the spot, chilled rtended by my own reflections, and with nd commanding consciousness of death. er wondering how long the tragedy had l whether his screams had been audible ilion. And then, making a strong reso-as about to tear myself away, when a r than usual fell upon this quarter of the l I saw, now whirling high in air, now lightly across the surface of the sands, ck, felt hat, somewhat conical in shape, had remarked already on the heads of s.

e, but I am not sure, that I uttered a wind was driving the hat shoreward,

and I ran round the border of the floe to be ready against its arrival. The gust fell, dropping the hat for a while upon the quicksand, and then, once more freshening, landed it a few yards from where I stood. I took possession with the interest you may imagine. It had seen some service ; indeed, it was rustier than either of those I had seen that day upon the street. The lining was red, stamped with the name of the maker, which I have forgotten, and that of the place of manufacture, *Venedig*. This, my dear children, was the name given by the Austrians to the beautiful city of Venice, then and for a long time after a part of their dominions.

The shock was complete. I saw imaginary Italians upon every side ; and for the first, and I may say for the last time in my experience, became overpowered by what is called a panic terror. I knew nothing, that is, to be afraid of, and yet I admit that I was heartily afraid ; and it was with a sensible reluctance that I returned to my exposed and solitary camp in the Sea-Wood.

There I ate some cold porridge which had been left over from the night before, for I was disinclined to make a fire ; and feeling strengthened and reassured, dismissed all these fanciful terrors from my mind, and lay down to sleep with composure.

How long I may have slept it is impossible for me to guess ; but I was wakened at last by a sudden, blinding flash of light into my face. It woke me like a blow. In an instant I was upon my knees. But the light had gone as suddenly as it came. The darkness was intense. And, as it was blowing great guns from the sea and pouring with rain, the noises of the storm effectually concealed all others.

It was, I dare say, half a minute before I regained my self-possession. But for two circumstances, I should have thought I had been awakened by some new and vivid form of nightmare. First, the flap of my tent, which I had shut carefully when I retired, was now unfastened ; and second, I could still perceive, with a sharpness that excluded any theory of hallucination, the smell of hot metal and of burning oil. The conclusion was obvious. I had been wakened by some one flashing a bull's-eye lantern in my face. It had been but a flash, and away. He had seen my face, and then gone. I asked myself the object of so strange a proceeding, and the answer

came pat. The man; whoever he was, had thought to recognize me and he had not. There was yet another question unresolved; and to this, I may say, I feared to give an answer; if he had recognized me, what would he have done?

My fears were immediately diverted from myself, for I saw that I had been visited in a mistake; and I became persuaded that some dreadful danger threatened the pavilion. It required some nerve to issue forth into the black and intricate thicket which surrounded and overhung the den; but I groped my way to the links, drenched with rain, beaten upon and deafened by the gusts, and fearing at every step to lay my hand upon some lurking adversary. The darkness was so complete that I might have been surrounded by an army and yet none the wiser, and the uproar of the gale so loud that my hearing was as useless as my sight.

For the rest of that night, which seemed interminably long, I patrolled the vicinity of the pavilion, without seeing a living creature or hearing any noise but the concert of the wind, the sea, and the rain. A light in the upper story filtered through a cranny of the shutter, and kept me company till the approach of dawn.

CHAPTER V.—TELLS OF AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN NORTHMOUR, YOUR MOTHER, AND MYSELF.

WITH the first peep of day, I retired from the open to my old lair among the sand-hills, there to await the coming of your mother. The morning was gray, wild, and melancholy; the wind moderated before sunrise, and then went about, and blew in puffs from the shore; the sea began to go down, but the rain still fell without mercy. Over all the wilderness of links there was not a creature to be seen. Yet I felt sure the neighborhood was alive with skulking foes. The light that had been so suddenly and surprisingly flashed upon my face as I lay sleeping, and the hat that had been blown ashore by the wind from over Graden Floe, were two speaking-signals of the peril that environed your mother and the party in the pavilion.

It was, perhaps, half past seven, or nearer eight, before I saw the door open, and that dear figure come toward me in the rain. I was waiting for her on the beach before she had crossed the sand-hills.

"I have had such trouble to come!" she cried. "They did not wish me to go walking in the

rain. I had to show them my temper," she added, tossing her head.

"Clara," I said, "you are not frightened?"

"No," said she, with a simplicity that filled my heart with confidence. For your mother, my dear children, was the bravest as well as the best of women; in my experience, I have not found the two go always together; but with her they did, and she combined the extreme of fortitude with the most endearing and beautiful virtues.

I told her what had happened; and though her cheek grew visibly paler, she retained perfect control over her senses.

"You see now that I am safe," said I, in conclusion. "They do not mean to harm me; for, had they chosen, I was a dead man last night."

She laid her hand upon my arm.

"And I had no presentiment!" she cried.

Her accent filled me with delight. I put my arm about her, and strained her to my side; and before either of us were aware, her hands were on my shoulders and my lips upon her mouth. Yet up to that moment no word of love had passed between your mother and myself. To this day I remember the touch of her cheek, which was wet and cold with the rain; and many a time since, when she has been washing her face, I have kissed it again for the sake of that morning on the beach. Now that she is taken from me, and I finish my pilgrimage alone, I recall our old loving-kindnesses and the deep honesty and affection which united us, and my present loss seems but a trifle in comparison.

We may have thus stood for some seconds—for time passes quickly with lovers—before we were startled by a peal of laughter close at hand. It was not natural mirth, but seemed to be affected in order to conceal an angrier feeling. We both turned, though I still kept my left arm about your mother's waist; nor did she seek to withdraw herself; and there, a few paces off upon the beach, stood Northmour, his head lowered, his hands behind his back, his nose white with passion.

"Ah, Cassilis!" he said, as I disclosed my face.

"That same," said I; for I was not at all put about.

"And so, Miss Huddlestone," he continued, slowly but savagely, "this is how you keep your faith to your father and to me? This is the value you set upon your father's life? And you are so infatuated with this young gentleman that you must

brave ruin and decency and common human caution——”

“Miss Huddlestone——” I was beginning to interrupt him, when he, in his turn, cut in brutally.

“You hold your tongue,” said he; “I am speaking to that girl.”

“That girl, as you call her, is my wife,” said I; and your mother only leaned a little nearer, so that I knew she had affirmed my words.

“Your what?” he cried. “You lie!”

“Northmour,” I said, “we all know you have a bad temper, and I am the last man to be irritated by words. For all that, I propose that you speak lower; for I am convinced that we are not alone.”

He looked round him, and it was plain my remark had in some degree sobered his passion.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

I only said one word: “Italians.”

He swore a round oath, and looked at us from one to the other.

“Mr. Cassilis knows all that I know,” said your mother.

“What I want to know,” he broke out, “is where the devil Mr. Cassilis comes from, and what the devil Mr. Cassilis is doing here. You say you are married; that I do not believe. If you were, Graden Floe would soon divorce you; four minutes and a half, Cassilis. I keep my private cemetery for my friends.”

“It took somewhat longer,” said I, “for that Italian.”

He looked at me for a moment half daunted, and then, almost civilly, asked me to tell my story. “You have too much the advantage of me, Cassilis,” he added. I complied, of course; and he listened, with several ejaculations, while I told him how I had come to Graden; that it was I whom he had tried to murder on the night of landing; and what I had subsequently seen and heard of the Italians.

“Well,” said he, when I had done, “it is here at last; there is no mistake about that. And what, may I ask, do you propose to do?”

“I propose to stay with you and lend a hand,” said I.

“You are a brave man,” he returned, with a peculiar intonation.

“I am not afraid,” said I.

“And so,” he continued. “I am to understand

that you two are married? And you stand up to it before my face, Miss Huddlestone?”

“We are not yet married,” said your mother; “but we shall be as soon as we can.”

“Bravo!” cried Northmour. “And the bargain? D—n it, you’re not a fool, young woman; I may call a spade a spade with you. How about the bargain? You know as well as I do what your father’s life depends upon. I have only to put my hands under my coat-tails and walk away, and his throat would be cut before the evening.”

“Yes, Mr. Northmour,” returned your mother, with great spirit; “but that is what you will never do. You made a bargain that was unworthy of a gentleman; but you are a gentleman for all that, and you will never desert a man whom you have begun to help.”

“Aha!” said he. “You think I will give my yacht for nothing? You think I will risk my life and liberty for love of the old gentleman; and then, I suppose, be best man at the wedding to wind up? Well, he added, with an odd smile, “perhaps you are not altogether wrong. But ask Cassilis here. He knows me. Am I a man to trust? Am I safe and scrupulous? Am I kind?”

“I know you talk a great deal, and sometimes, I think, very foolishly,” replied your mother; “but I know you are a gentleman, and I am not the least afraid.”

He looked at her with peculiar approval and admiration; then, turning to me, “Do you think I would give her up without a struggle, Frank?” said he. “I tell you plainly, you look out. The next time we come to blows——”

“Will make the third,” I interrupted, smiling.

“Ay, true; so it will,” he said. “I had forgotten. Well, the third time’s lucky.”

“The third time, you mean, you will have the crew of the Red Earl to help,” I said.

“Do you hear him?” he asked, turning to your mother.

“I hear two men speaking like cowards,” said she. “I should despise myself either to think or speak like that. And neither of you believe one word that you are saying, which makes it the more wicked and silly.”

“She’s a perfect cock-sparrow, Frank!” cried Northmour. “But she’s not yet Mrs. Cassilis. I say no more. The present is not for me.”

Then your mother surprised me.

“I leave you here,” she said, suddenly. “My

father has been too long alone. But remember this: you are to be friends, for you are both good friends to me."

She has since told me her reason for this step. As long as she remained, she declared that we two would have continued to quarrel; and I suppose that she was right, for when she was gone we fell at once into a sort of confidentiality.

Northmour stared after her as she went away over the sand-hill.

"She is the only woman in the world!" he exclaimed with an oath. "Look at her action."

I, for my part, leaped at this opportunity for a little further light.

"See here, Northmour," said I; "we are all in a tight place, are we not?"

"I believe you, my boy," he answered, looking me in the eyes, and with great emphasis. "We have all hell upon us, that's the truth. You may believe me or not, but I'm afraid of my life."

"Tell me one thing," said I. "What are they after, these Italians?" What ails them at Mr. Huddleston?"

"Don't you know?" he cried. "The black old scamp had *Carbonaro* funds on a deposit—two hundred and eighty thousand; and of course he gambled it away on stocks. There was to have been a revolution in the Tridentino, in Parma; but the revolution is off, and the whole wasps' nest is after Huddleston. We shall all be lucky if we can save our skins."

"The *Carbonari*!" I exclaimed; "God help him indeed!"

"Amen!" said Northmour. "And now, look here: I have said that we are in a fix; and frankly, I shall be glad of your help. If I can't save Huddleston, I want at least to save the girl. Come and stay in the pavilion; and, there's my hand on it, I shall act as your friend until the old man is either clear or dead. But," he added, "once that is settled, you become my rival once again, and I warn you—mind yourself."

"Done!" said I; and we shook hands.

"And now let us go directly to the fort," said Northmour; and he began to lead the way through the rain.

CHAPTER VI.—TELLS OF MY INTRODUCTION TO THE TALL MAN.

We were admitted to the pavilion by your mother, and I was surprised by the completeness

and security of the defenses. A barricade of great strength, and yet easy to displace, supported the door against any violence from without; and the shutters of the dining-room, into which I was led directly, and which was feebly illuminated by a lamp, were even more elaborately fortified. The panels were strengthened by bars and cross-bars; and these, in their turn, were kept in position by a system of braces and struts, some abutting on the floor, some on the roof, and others, in fine, against the opposite wall of the apartment. It was at once a solid and a well-designed piece of carpentry; and I did not seek to conceal my admiration.

"I am the engineer," said Northmour. "You remember the planks in the garden? Behold them!"

"I did not know you had so many talents," said I.

"Are you armed?" he continued, pointing to an array of guns and pistols, all in admirable order, which stood in line against the wall or were displayed upon the sideboard.

"Thank you," I returned; "I have gone armed since our last encounter. But, to tell the truth, I have had nothing to eat since early yesterday evening."

Northmour produced some cold meat, to which I eagerly set myself, and a bottle of good Burgundy, by which, wet as I was, I did not scruple to profit. I have always been an extreme temperance man on principle; but it is useless to push principle to excess, and on this occasion I believed that I finished three-quarters of the bottle. As I ate I still continued to admire the preparations for defense.

"We could stand a siege," I said at length.

"Ye—es," drawled Northmour; "a very little one, per—haps. It is not so much the strength of the pavilion I misdoubt; it is the double danger that kills me. If we get to shooting, wild as the country is, some one is sure to hear it, and then—why, then it's the same thing, only different, as they say: caged by law, or killed by *Carbonari*. There's the choice. It is a devilish bad thing to have the law against you in this world, and so I tell the old gentleman up-stairs. He is quite of my way of thinking."

"Speaking of that," said I, "what kind of person is he?"

"Oh, he!" cried the other; "he's a rascal

fellow as far as he goes. I should like to have his neck wrung to-morrow by all the devils in Italy. I am not in this affair for him. You take me? I made a bargain for Missy's hand, and I mean to have it, too."

"That, by the way," said I, "I understand. But how will Mr. Huddlestone take my intrusion?"

"Leave that to Clara," returned Northmour.

I could have broken his back, my dear children, for this coarse familiarity; but I respected the truce, as, I am bound to say, did Northmour, and so long as the danger continued not a cloud arose in our relation. I bear him this testimony with the most unfeigned satisfaction; nor am I without pride when I look back upon my own behavior. For surely no two men were ever left in a position so invidious and irritating.

As soon as I had done eating, we proceeded to

inspect the lower floor. Window by window we tried the different supports, now and then making an inconsiderable change; and the strokes of the hammer sounded with surprising loudness through the house. I proposed, I remember, to make loop-holes; but he told me they were already made in the windows of the upper story. It was an anxious business, this inspection, and left me down-hearted. There were two doors and five windows to protect, and counting your mother, only four of us to defend them against an unknown number of foes. I communicated my doubts to Northmour, who assured me, with unmoved composure, that he entirely shared them.

"Before morning," said he, "we shall all be butchered and buried in Graden Floe. For me that is written."

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SONG.

BY WILL. E. BAKER.

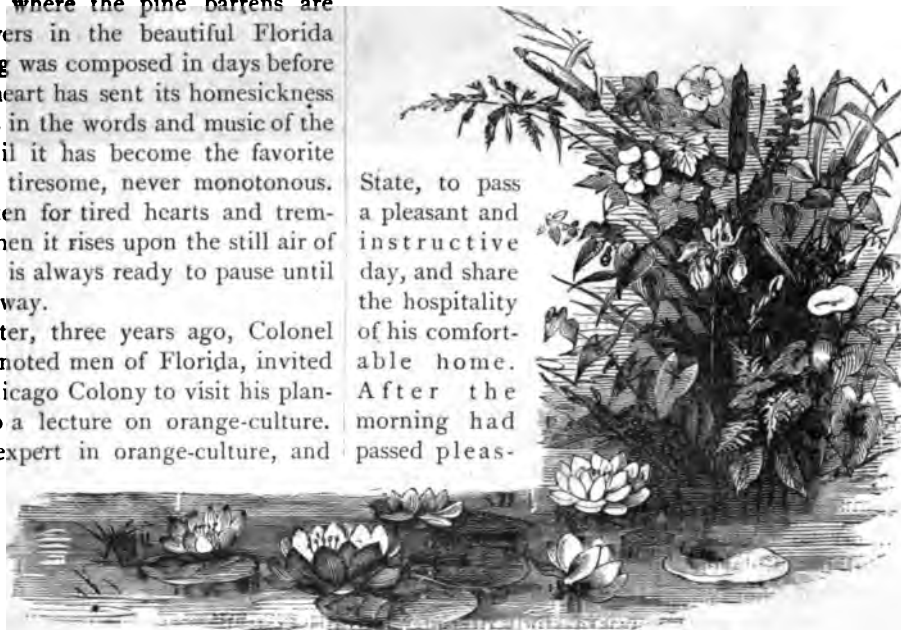
"WAY down upon the Suwanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay."

Way down where the orange-groves bear fruit
In November, and where the pine barrens are
carpeted with flowers in the beautiful Florida
winter, this old song was composed in days before
the war. Many a heart has sent its homesickness
out through the lips in the words and music of the
dear old song, until it has become the favorite
which never grows tiresome, never monotonous.
The song was written for tired hearts and trem-
bling voices, and when it rises upon the still air of
night, the passer-by is always ready to pause until
the last strain dies away.

One Florida winter, three years ago, Colonel
Hardee, one of the noted men of Florida, invited
a number of the Chicago Colony to visit his plan-
tation and listen to a lecture on orange-culture.
The host was an expert in orange-culture, and
as his views were
worth listening to,
especially when
practically dem-
onstrated in his
fine grove, the in-

itation was eagerly accepted, and a day appointed.
At the time specified, a party of perhaps twenty
gathered at the Colonel's plantation upon the
Suwanee River, in the northern portion of the

State, to pass
a pleasant and
instructive
day, and share
the hospitality
of his comfort-
able home.
After the
morning had
passed pleas-



antly, the guests assembled after dinner, and about 5 o'clock followed Colonel Hardee to a large, roomy log cabin upon the banks of the Suwanee River. The host occupied a chair at one end of the cabin, and the guests ranged themselves around at pleasure. The lecture was witty, entertaining, and instructive, and the quick-coming semi-tropical night began to close down ere the guests were aware of the long space of time which had been consumed by the speaker.

character, and they perfected themselves in imitating the songs and dances of the slaves. They became much attached to the place, and when the time came for their return to their home and work, they prepared to depart with as much sadness as a man would feel in leaving the scenes of his childhood. The day before they left they composed the famous song which has attained world-wide notoriety."

The gloom had deepened, and the speaker was



"DAR'S WHAR MY HEART IS TURNING EBBER."

Colonel Hardee suddenly turned from the subject which he had been pursuing, and said that in closing he would relate a little incident which he believed would interest his audience. Speaking slowly, he said :

"Before the war there came to Florida two young men who were minstrels in New York City. They were broken down in health, and hoped to regain that precious boon amid the pine-trees and orange-groves of Florida. They became the guests of my father upon this plantation. They were good banjo players, and such jolly good companions that they soon became general favorites. Their favorite pastime was a study of the negro

hidden, but every word was heard distinctly in the breathless silence which reigned. With dramatic emphasis, he continued, "Gentleman, those men were Sam Christy and his friend, and in this cabin, in the chair in which I am sitting, and upon the table before me, Sam Christy composed the old song, 'Way down upon the Suwanee River.'"

Not a word was spoken. Every mind was impressed with the memories which clustered around the room in which they were sitting; but there was still another surprise in store. Scarcely had the sound of the last word died away, when from the darkness outside came the blending melody of

a chorus of the negroes on the plantation. It was a song sung as never such a song was sung before. It was full of sad memories. Sweet and clear rose the tune upon the calm Florida night and drifted out over the tawny bosom of the stream, breaking into ripples in the fragrant pine woods upon the

farther shore, and dying away in the distance with a sad, ineffable sweetness. The silent audience sat in tears and listened, and the song was

"Way down upon the Suwanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay."

THE CELESTIAL GOES TO SCHOOL.

BY MARY LOCKWOOD.

SITTING one day in my room on — street, the door-bell rang, and the Rev. Walter C. Young was announced. He is a Christianized Chinese, who has taken holy orders in the P. E. Church, and is doing missionary work among his countrymen in San Francisco, under the auspices of Trinity Church, of which Rev. Dr. Beirs is the Rector.

I shall have more to say of Mr. Young before I am through; at present, I have to deal with the purpose of his visit. He wished to engage me to teach a class in the P. E. Mission School, of which he is the Principal. For certain reasons, in which filthy lucre had the smallest share, I had determined to dash into good, hearty work. Recalling the pungent words of Carlyle, "Act, and you shall understand," I had resolved to apply the key of occupation to the life-problem, and Mr. Young's visit was the opportunity.

Nothing could be more gentlemanly than his manner of making his proposal. There was, in fact, a modesty almost amounting to diffidence in his voice, as he said, deferentially: "Would you be willing to undertake it? I am afraid it might be too hard for you, and we can afford to pay but very little."

I answered promptly: "It is the very thing—it will interest me—I will do it."

He seemed greatly pleased, and saying in very good English, "Come next Monday evening, if you please, at a quarter to eight," left with as much graciousness of manner, and probably more sincerity, than the average cultivated Anglo-Saxon would have shown.

When I came to reflect upon my promise, I felt almost alarmed. The subject of the Mongolian, from the teaching standpoint, was to me practically an unexplored region. I had studied him up in every other conceivable aspect than as

a scholar. I had canvassed him, to my own satisfaction at least, morally, religiously, socially, politically, and economically; as an opium-smoker, and appropriator of other people's hens, as a worshiper of Joss, a non-family man, a non-voter, and an absorber and shipper of our silver coin. And I had got into deep water until I began to study him philosophically. "Nature has her own problems to work out," I said; so I accepted him as the inevitable, as the incarnation of destiny, and found peace.

All this, however, was matter of theory, or deductions from the experiences of others; but I had had personal experience with the heathen Chinese as a laundryman and as a house-servant, and he was not a favorite with me. As the former, indeed, I had admitted that he was a success; but under a protest, as it were, remembering that he uses saliva for sprinkling, and is said to wear out the clothes, through some other mysterious process, whether of flagellation or chemicals, the deponent saith not. But as a house-servant, I had taken issue with his admirers, whose name is legion, and declared that in future I would none of him. Dismal reminiscences of his morose, sullen disposition came crowding upon me. "What if he will not learn?" I said to myself, recalling his obstinacy in the matter of beefsteak and potatoes, not to mention sundry other minor culinary operations, which he persisted in performing in his own way. As servants, in fact, I had always been quite helpless in their hands. Did I mildly indicate a particular method of procedure in any house-keeping details, the Celestial had always some better way of his own which he preferred, and with his "allee samee dis way," proceeded, with provoking sullenness, to operate by his own method. Some Yankee woman of faculty had always got hold of him previously, and taught

him *her* way, and all the powers of earth and air combined could not shake him out of it, for what he once learns he will stick to: he is a machine, and will only do mechanical work.

By some cunning instinct, too, this curious piece of mechanism invariably seemed to read my physiognomy as soon as he arrived, and to find out my vulnerable point. By some occult quality, he appeared to divine that he had only to *persist*, to get his own way. "Peace at all hazards," was the basis of my domestic economy, and the Mongolian discovered it before twenty-four hours. I could send him away as a nuisance, but I could not condescend to quarrel with him, so he went.

But in the teaching-matter it might be different. Here, at least, I was on my own ground; and then, too, a happy thought struck me. I recollected that even my youngest China boys had been always intensely curious whenever I took up a book or a pen. I recalled how they would follow me from room to room, peering curiously over my shoulder when I wrote a letter, and watch with admiring wonder each word as it developed under my pen. If I picked up a newspaper, they had me under surveillance, and coming stealthily behind me would startle me by pointing suddenly to some conspicuous word or caption, and propound their everlasting conundrum, "What you callee him?"

The heathen Chinese has two qualities,—he is curious, and he is ubiquitous. One, in fact, is the outcome of the other, and he is ubiquitous because of his curiosity. He is here, there, and everywhere at the same time—turns up in the most unexpected places and situations, and is himself an insoluble problem.

"So much the more will he want to learn," I said to myself; and feeling quite hopeful, I took the Kearney-street car on the following Monday evening, and soon found myself at the Protestant Episcopal Mission Chinese school, 913 Clay street, and next door to the Chinese Consulate. Except the sign, there was nothing to distinguish it externally from a private residence.

I was glad to find that I was to have my Celestials all to myself, as I discovered on being conducted to a basement-room which was set apart for class purposes. There I found half a dozen of this grave, funereal race, collected around an ordinary centre-table, over which was a blaze of gas-light—the table covered with eclectic readers,

and all solemnly awaiting the arrival of the new teacher—no doubt as much of an event to them as the Anglo-Saxon school-boy.

They stared at me as I entered, and their pig-tails wagged inquisitively. "Regular notes of interrogation," I mentally commented. That, however, was a good beginning, for the more curiosity the better when learning is on the tapis.

"Good evening, boys," I said, and sat down among them. But the old idea struck me,—What if these queer creatures should be as perverse about reading as about cooking?

And so, in fact, it was. However, I felt that here I held the vantage-ground. I knew that I had a vast reserve force of adaptation for all emergencies outside the domain of beefsteak and potatoes, and had, as it were, even an especial aptitude for peaceably solving most problems. The China boys wanted their own way in the kitchen, and now they wanted it in the school-room. That was the proposition to be met.

"All right," I said, *sotto voce*. "If I am an imbecile among pots and pans, I am a philosopher, a Socrates, in the groves of Academus. Fools are obstinate, but wise people fit themselves to the situation."

Examining their books, I found they were in words of two and three syllables, and just commencing the "Second Eclectic Reader."

"Now," I said, "let us have slates and pencils, and the new words in each lesson you will write on your slates." Sullen looks and shaking of heads was the response; pig-tails wagged obstinately.

The slate exercise, it may be observed, is an important adjunct in teaching ordinary scholars to read. The writing of the words, or even the effort to write them, impresses them on the memory, and while it is the best way of learning to read, it is the only true way of learning to spell. All the spelling-lessons in the world, committed to memory in the old-fashioned way, will never make a speller, since it is almost entirely a matter of the eye.

But the China boys could not understand all this, and if they could, it would have made no difference, for they are as obstinate as mules. They had come to learn to read, and not to learn to write—that, no doubt, was the way in which they put it to themselves. Finding the proposal for slates received, as has been said, with sullen

looks, I wisely accepted the situation, and after a short consultation with the Principal, decided it best to humor them, and stick to the reading *per se*. With Anglo-Saxon pupils the slate or blackboard exercise, however, should not, as already intimated, be dispensed with. Not only is it important in learning to spell, but the variation and relief from the monotony of learning to read adds zest and interest to both teacher and pupil. But I am well assured that it is useless to devise any scheme for relieving the drudgery of learning in teaching a Mongolian. By nature, he prefers the solemn and lugubrious phase of things, and knowledge enveloped in a smile would be beyond his comprehension. He would be suspicious of it, and suspect it to be a snare. A Stoic by nature, he would not care to be wafted even to Paradise on beds of roses.

Keeping this before my eyes from that time forth, every thing went on swimmingly. I had six in class, four of them not far from thirty, perhaps, and the other two possibly boys of fifteen or sixteen. I touch with extreme caution, however, upon the matter of their age; for it is one of the peculiarities of this very peculiar people, that it is next to impossible to tell how old a Chinaman is. He knows no more himself than the man in the moon as to when he appeared on this mundane sphere, and he may be a Methuselah or a Cagliostro, for aught he knows to the contrary. As to his face, it is a sphinx which tells no secrets; it perpetually propounds riddles, but never answers them.

Another perplexing thing about this curious race is, that in a general way they all look alike. At least I never could tell my own laundryman from everybody else's laundryman; and I have met my own China boy in the street without knowing him, so precisely was he like a hundred other China boys. Naturally, one would expect all sorts of odd complications to arise out of this. If the Caucasians looked alike in the same ratio, there would be such an unmitigated confusion of Dromios and Antipholuses as would baffle the sagacity of an Œdipus to unravel. But, strangely enough, with the heathen Chinese no such result seems to take place; at all events the courts are not troubled with cases of mistaken identity. Every Chinaman knows apparently the hole that he fits into, and goes there, which is more than can be said of many white men; and if he is the

wrong man, nobody is any the wiser. If he is not "Ah Sin," he is at least his counterpart, and there is no more to be said.

I soon found myself greatly interested in my queer pupils, and certainly their progress was remarkable. In this drudgery line of learning—for I call this initiatory stage drudgery—they are certainly more apt scholars than Caucasians of the same age. Nothing can be more dreary, not to say hopeless, than teaching the ordinary American or European adult who has grown up without any education. At first glance this contrast in favor of a less civilized race is a puzzle; but it must be remembered that reading in its initiative is a purely mechanical process, and, as is well known, they are a mechanical race. In writing they are equally apt, and learn with a readiness that would distance any white competitor. Thus much for their deftness and sleight of hand. Morally, we Christians might take a lesson from this heathen Chinese in his unselfishness and in the consideration of each one for all the others. They hold together, as some one has said, "like the bundle of sticks" in the story. There were two of my class for example who could have gone on much faster than the rest, and wishing to do the best by them individually, I rather urged this; but they always replied, "No; too much for our man." As already hinted, it was not my policy to force them.

Among any gang of Chinese workmen, it is well known, there is always a leader. And so in my class there was one who gave the cue, and was a sort of oracle. All leaders must have qualities that give rise to such leadership, and the oracle of my class was no exception to this rule; he was an excellent fellow. He was quite worthy of "giving the nod," and the rest sanctioned it, as if it were aye and verily

"The stamp of fate and sanction of a god."

Now, this "boss" man, as they called him, had a huge Chinese-English dictionary always at his elbow, which he kept under his especial jurisdiction. When I failed by pantomime or language to make clear any definition, it was the province of Quou (Christianized William) to search this oracle, a still greater one than himself, and having found the solution, to explain it to his fellows. What surprised me was the ease with which he could ransack this dictionary from end to end. What Anglo-Saxon pupil, let me ask, having made

no farther progress than the "Second Eclectic Reader," could do as much with an English dictionary?

I may mention that one of my scholars read by himself, in an English-Chinese book, explanatory hieroglyphs accompanying each lesson. This is no doubt the way in which all the beginners have been at first taught. In addition to the class already mentioned, I afterward took charge of three more advanced pupils, giving extra time. One of these had an especial ambition to study grammar. He was the only pupil in the school who was considered capable of dealing with the abstruse subjects of syntax and etymology, and was indeed quite a superior person in his way. He went by the name of Thomas, and was a Christian and a communicant. There was less difficulty in teaching him grammar than I had anticipated; his progress was retarded, however, by his limited knowledge of the language, but there was no want of capacity.

At 9.15 P.M. the school recitations closed for the evening, and were followed by brief religious exercises in the chapel, in which the whole school joined. These included the commandments, creed, Lord's Prayer, etc., in English. A hymn was then sung to the melodeon, and with the doxology and collect for the day, very reverently read by Mr. Young, the school was dismissed.

Their organist was Wy Tong, a Christian convert who had adopted the American costume, and was one of the best-looking Mongolians I have ever met with. On occasional evenings when he was absent I offered my services, and performed as organist, to the apparent wonder of my own class, who gazed at me with as much astonishment as the native Mexicans did at the cavalry of Cortes. It is to be presumed these people must be in a chronic state of amazement at every thing they see in this country—a country where woman is the ruling power, and where she can not only teach, but play upon musical instruments! Is it any marvel that their pig-tails wriggle into notes of interrogation, and their faces become stereotyped into exclamation-points?

The Protestant Episcopal Mission School of San Francisco was established in 1878—Mr. Young, the Chinese Principal, with two or three English assistants, constituting the corps of teachers. The two rooms on the first floor, which communicate with folding-doors, are used as school-rooms, and

are furnished with desks, maps, blackboards, etc. The back room is fitted up as a chapel, with the Lord's Prayer in Chinese, and the Creed, commandments, etc., in English, conspicuous upon its walls. There Mr. Young preaches on Sunday evenings in Chinese to his countrymen, and on Sunday mornings reads the Episcopal service to them in English.

The Rev. Mr. Young is quite an interesting person. Although he cannot converse freely in our language, yet he reads it with surprising accuracy, and understands nearly all that he reads. His chirography is excellent, and he writes rapidly and with great facility. More than this, he is in many respects an uncommonly good grammarian, and is quite at home in that part of syntax which we call analysis. But when he comes to make practical application of this knowledge in the construction of his own sentences, it is there he finds that the puzzle begins. It is easier, he discovers, to pull apart than to build up—to analyze than to synthesise. Shall it be an adjective or an adverb, a verb or a participle? These are comparatively simple questions, but to capture the right prepositions and deftly insert them in their proper places—to chase after the relative pronouns and set them gracefully in the niches where they belong—this to a foreigner is high art.

Mr. Young came from Canton in '66, and worked his way out to Mexico, where he remained three years; from thence went to New York in '69, and afterward to Philadelphia. There he made the acquaintance of Rev. W. H. Munroe, who sent him to a mission school for two months. Next he is working at Andalusia College, near Philadelphia, and picks up a little reading between hours from the students, but cannot write. He remains there for three years, and through his kind friend, Mr. Munroe, is then sent by the Evangelical Missionary Society as a student to Kenyon College, Ohio. There, in the short space of ten months—the extent of his college course—he acquires his knowledge of English grammar, learns a little Latin and becomes an excellent penman. His college course finished, Mr. Young proceeded to San Francisco, where for three years he pursued his theological studies under the Rev. C. N. Spalding, as a missionary student, preparing for missionary work. He was ordained to holy orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, on the 10th of May, 1879.

Mr. Young is about thirty-five years of age, and apparently thoroughly Americanized in his habits and feelings. He enjoys the friendship and esteem of several cultivated, pious American ladies, and is the recipient of numerous friendly letters, expressing great interest in himself and in his work. He is, in fact, a most worthy person. It does not come within the scope or intention of this article to consider the vast Chinese problem that is to-day looming up before the Chris-

tian civilized world. The conflict between the two civilizations has already begun upon the Pacific Coast, and it is certain that nothing can arrest its onward march. My conviction is that we are standing face to face with the inevitable. In the light of philosophy I look calmly on. For it is as impossible to avert this conflict as it was for the Canute of history to drive back the omnipotent sea by the breath of his mouth, and by the vain words, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

THE RIVER.

By F. E. H.

SMILING the river runs down to the sea,
The happy river;
The dancing river that laugheth at me,
The golden river.

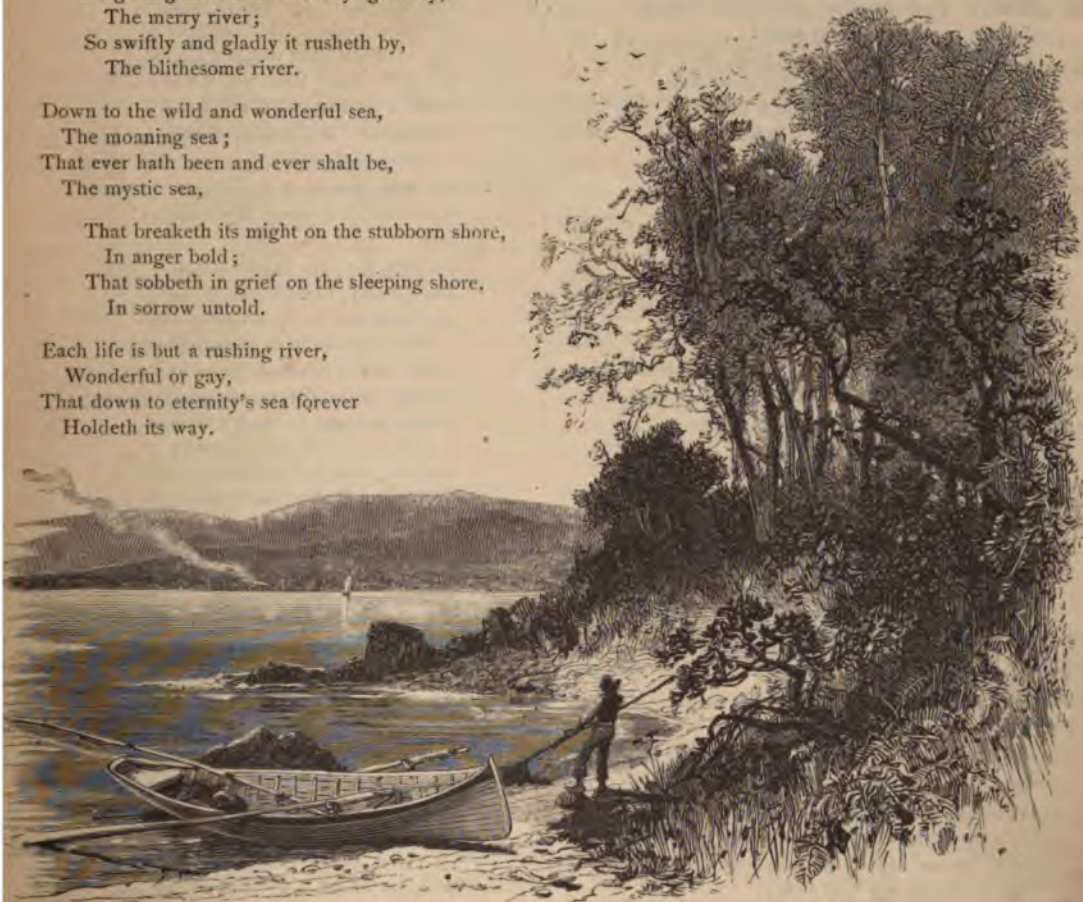
Forgetting the sorrows of days gone by,
The merry river;
So swiftly and gladly it rusheth by,
The blithesome river.

Down to the wild and wonderful sea,
The moaning sea;
That ever hath been and ever shalt be,
The mystic sea,

That breaketh its might on the stubborn shore,
In anger bold;
That sobbeth in grief on the sleeping shore,
In sorrow untold.

Each life is but a rushing river,
Wonderful or gay,
That down to eternity's sea forever
Holdeth its way.

God help us each our course so to run,
That, when 'tis o'er,
He shall say, "Faithful servant, well done;
Rejoice ever more!"



COLEUR DE ROSE.

COLEUR DE ROSE.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

I. WILHELM SPEAKS.

HEINRICH, old fellow, is this you,
Chambered in such enchanting wise?
Why, you were wading in the blue
Up to your scornful, steely eyes
A year ago—and now behold
My stolid cynic's fine repose,
Stretched on a couch of 'broidered rose,
Laced with a net of sunset gold!
Ah, but that giant grip's the same!
Nor all the wiles of Fortune's dame,
Nor dimples in the pool of Fame,
Nor siren blandishments of Fate,
Thy thews of friendship enervate!
Ha! let me snatch a moment's breath—
You would not squeeze your friend to death?
There! Heinrich Ross, you're not a speck
To rest unnoticed on my neck!
How fat you've grown, and jolly, too!
Ye gods! when clouded skies dropt dew,
I would have looked for mirth in you.
Come, what's the secret? Pray, disclose
This marvel of *couleur de rose*.
Fame is it? No, for what is fame
But shadowy afterthought of men,
Following the inward sentient flame,
As symbols chase the glowing pen?
No, Heinrich, 'tis not fame, I ween,
Has made thy gloomy brow serene;
Nor riches, for in days of old
Thy pittance was but unspent gold.
Is't *love*? Ah, now thy guilty cheek
With tongue of flame essays to speak!
Come, tell me all. Thanks; here's a chair.
Lend me your pipe. Now visions fair
Shall drift athwart the hazy air!

II. HEINRICH SPEAKS.

Wilhelm, I'm married!
Nay, sit still;
The cup's a-brim—'twill overspill.
There! take your ease, and you shall hear
A love-tale never lent to ear,
Save hers and yours.

Do you recall
The evening of the Innsbruck ball?
Of course you do! for all that week
Of naught else could you think or speak.
Both day and night your busy tongue
The praises of my lady sung,

And her exceeding gracious grace
In asking us to Innsbruck Place.
And so assiduous was your plea,
At last you conquered even me.
When came the appointed eve, we went,
Black-gowned, to blot the merriment.
Ah, the experience of that night—
Exceeding surfeit of delight!
The glamor of the thousand lamps;
The white-robed fair, like tented camps;
The perfumes caught from Paradise;
The shining out of starry eyes;
The low, sweet murmur at your side;
The charming secrets she'd confide!
The little hand that almost talked
Upon my arm, as on we walked;
The melting of the tender glance
Her liquid lids did but enhance!
Ah, Wilhelm, that was our Beyond!
We never knew life's world was round,
Until in student gown we went
To blot the Innsbruck merriment!

Ah, well, the story, as it grows,
Grows shorter—every lover knows!

Up from the very depths of self,
The gloomy, narrow gulf of self,
She drew me, as the noonday sun
Draws up the dark and slimy pool,
And in the heavenly sweet and cool
Weaves deftly, till the white cloud's spun!
I cared not now for selfish fame—
I cared not for it—yet it came;
And she, with her redeeming eyes,
Tear-wet and glad, made sweet the prize.
Methought, if she had said it, Nay,
I had not heard the world's great Yea;
But reverent at my side she stood,
And wept for joy; so it was good.

Wilhelm, you wonder at these walls
Warm with the colors of the rose;
That sunny silence comes and goes,
And luxury like a mantle falls.
You wonder that a self-sick youth
Woke at the blessed touch of truth;
That from the bitterness of one,
Through the sweet tenderness of one,
He loveth all—is it not well?
Wilhelm said "Yes," and silence fell.

evening among the books, he makes up his mind that he will have sufficient light. As one by one the six jets are set ablaze, the rattle of wheels on the frozen street is heard in the library. A carriage drives up in front of the house; and stops. Then there is a ring at the hall-door bell, which James, having finished his lighting, starts to answer. Philip is on his feet in an instant.

"James," he calls after the departing man-servant—"James, if that is Miss Howard, ask her to kindly wait in the drawing-room, and then come and tell me immediately."

James bows assent, and now at the third attempt quits the room.

At the end of five minutes, during which time Haverholme has taken up his novel again, and devoured the four lines of which the darkness sought to rob him, James returns, and throwing open the door leading from the hall, announces, "Mr. Tracey."

Before Philip can rise, Mr. Tracey, a tall, fair young man, with a blonde mustache, quite handsome, and very stylish, attired in a long overcoat, has entered the room, and is coming toward him.

"What a wonder I caught you in," he says, pleasantly; "I had no idea of it."

"So glad to see you," returns Philip, advancing to meet him; "didn't expect you over to-day in the least." Here they shake hands. "Take off your coat, old fellow, and sit down. Awfully glad you've come. I've got the house quite to myself, and it's dismally dull, you may imagine."

Tracey removes his coat and takes the proffered chair.

"Sorry I can't stay with you," he says, warming his hands at the fire, which Philip has begun to poke in the hope of urging some life into it; "but the fact is, I met La Toche at the depot, and he made me promise to dine with him at his club. Reform Club, I think it is; somewhere about Fifteenth and Chestnut."

"What! you don't mean you are not going to stay here to dinner. Are you really going to eat alone?"

"Awfully sorry, you know; but I really couldn't refuse La Toche; haven't seen him for an age, and he's such a jolly fellow. You'll see quite enough of me before I get back. I suppose you know your adorable aunt invited me to spend the holidays here."

"Yes," answers Philip, who has given up the

fire as beyond his powers, as he reaches for the bell-pull, "I knew she invited you; but I hadn't an idea you'd be on to-day. Thought you would consider the Quaker City too tiresome to spend more than a week in,—most New Yorkers do,—and so wouldn't make your appearance before Christmas Eve. The pleasure of your coming is all the greater, being unexpected, you know."

"Thanks! Now, Phil., old man; you really mustn't think my opinion of this enlightened village is so poor. I rather like it; your aunt's house especially. By the by, are there to be many here this year? I know she generally fills up pretty well at this gay and festive season."

"She's going to have a few, I believe; among them a Miss Howard, Fanny Howard, I think her name is. Whatever induced Aunt Harry to ask her is more than I can tell; she's fresh from the country, and must necessarily be the laughing-stock of the party. Horribly queer, you know."

"How amusing!" adds Tracey; "a country cousin, eh? By Jove! I shall be anxious to see her. When is she expected to arrive?"

"That's the mischief of it," returns Haverholme, emphatically; "she's been coming for two weeks past, and hasn't got here yet. To tell the truth, that's what I'm home for this afternoon; got to do the honors, don't you know?"

At this juncture the footman makes his appearance in answer to Philip's summons, and proceeds to put on some fresh coal, and build up the wavering fire.

"Oh, I say, Phil.," Tracey remarks, as though the thought had just come to him, "do you know what room I'm to have? If you do, just have my trunk sent up, will you? for to tell the truth, I really think it's time I was making my toilet, if I mean to keep that engagement at eight."

"To be sure. James, have Mr. Tracey's trunk taken to the spare room next to mine immediately."

And when James has departed to carry out these instructions, Tracey rises to follow. Just as he gains his feet the jangle of the hall-door bell comes to his ears. Philip hears it as well. The two young men look at each other knowingly.

"The country cousin!" exclaims Tracey, ominously, standing with his hand on the back of his chair, and waiting the time necessary for information to get to the library, if it really is that long-tarrying person. Exactly two minutes and a half

are recorded by the polished brass clock on the mantel when the omnipresent James again appears.

"Miss Howard is in the drawing-room, sir," he announces in his usually monotonous tone, and closing the door after him, makes his exit.

Tracey's face becomes one radiant smile. Haverholme rises petulantly and stumbles over the drowsy pug which has slept unheeding through the fire-doctoring, and now only rouses enough to give two or three sleepy winks and a languid yawn as she settles herself for another nap.

"Just my luck!" exclaims Philip, irritably, as he goes to a mirror to make sure that he is presentable, which he soon finds he is not; his hair being in a state of bewildering confusion, consequent upon an afternoon spent in the downy depths of a luxurious sofa-cushion; "if it wasn't that Aunt Harry is out, she'd never have shown herself; even if I had you here to help entertain her, I don't believe she'd have come; but because I am absolutely alone, left to my own resources, here she must pounce down upon me. Oh, you needn't laugh, Fred." (this as he turns around and beholds Tracey's jubilant countenance); "I really consider it no joke. Think how horribly I shall be bored; a whole evening spent in the society of an ignoramus,—a country milk-maid, in all probability. Confound it all, old fellow, what can a man talk about to such as her? 'Pon honor, I don't know anything about farming; haven't the least idea what to say, you know, that will put her at her ease."

"Come, come," urges Tracey, still smiling at his friend's discomfiture, "maybe she's not so bad; all country people are not quite bereft of their reason. Tell you, Phil., I've often met quite pleasant girls from the country. There's May Cameron, for instance; you know her, she is from Catskill, and a perfect lady."

"Oh, yes; that's all well enough," goes on Haverholme, endeavoring to smooth down his hair with his hands, being determined that he will not go to the trouble of brushing and combing for the benefit of this rural lass; "that's all well enough; there may be nice girls in New York State, but I'm sure they don't turn out ladies where this damsel comes from."

"Jersey?" queries Tracey, laconically.

"No; if it were Jersey I should say nothing, there are so many nice little towns in Jersey; but it is Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, you know. Ever

been there? No? Well, neither have I; but I can tell you about what it is: an old Moravian town—something like the Shakers, the Moravians are—and populated, with the exception of a few families that have recently settled there, by Pennsylvania Dutch. Awful place! Can't expect much from there. There now," as Tracey turns to go, "don't you envy me? Hang it all! I wish I was going to the club with you."

Tracey, still smiling, starts off for his room with a parting injunction and a few words of encouragement:

"Keep up your courage, old fellow; I'll be back about twelve, and if you haven't vanquished the fair maid by that time, I'll try my hand. Ta! ta!"

CHAPTER II.—SHE CHARMS.

As Haverholme enters the well-lighted drawing-room, his hair still in an unbecoming state of frowsiness, and his features wearing a forced, and therefore rather sickly smile, a lady in a long, gray traveling coat and black gypsy bonnet, who has been amusing herself in surveying the spacious apartment and its rich but tasteful fittings, looks up at him from the seat she has taken by the chimney-piece. As he gets a glimpse of her bright, intelligent face, with its clear, fair complexion, its large, laughing blue eyes, and pink, pouting lips, showing between them just a hint of pearly teeth, his expectations are considerably shattered. Surely this cannot be the country girl whom Aunt Harriet has been expecting! Without doubt her appearance is as lady-like as any one could wish for, and he begins to have reasons to hope that her manners and conversation are not quite as bad as he has so readily caused himself to believe. Crossing the room, the smile he is wearing all the while becoming more pleased and natural, he experiences no difficulty whatever in finding words to address her.

"Good evening," he says, in his pleasantest tone; "I suppose this is Miss Howard, whom Mrs. Adair—in fact, whom we all have been expecting."

Miss Howard rises politely as Haverholme speaks, and he discovers that she is quite tall, and as far as he can judge, though the gray coat does much to conceal her figure, well proportioned.

"Yes," she replies, in a sweetly modulated

voice, that drives away most of the remaining suspicions that she is any the worse for being from the country.

"I must apologize for Mrs. Adair's absence," Philip goes on; "had she known positively you were coming to-day, I have no doubt she would have been at home to receive you; but she and Eleanor had a very pressing invitation for a dinner party to-night, and they accepted."

"Don't mention it. I would not have had them stay home on my account for anything. To tell the truth, I am rather glad they didn't know I was coming, if it would have kept them at home."

At these words the last of the young man's prejudices against his country cousin dissolve away as vapor, and he determines he will make himself as agreeable as he knows how.

"If they had known," he continues, offering her a chair and taking one himself, "you certainly wouldn't have had a strange cousin to receive you; for I suppose we are cousins whether we ever saw each other before or not. If I am not mistaken, Mrs. Adair is an aunt to both of us?"

"She is not really my aunt," replies Miss Howard, frankly; "she is only my stepmother's sister; but she is very nice, and so I have always called her aunt."

Here is an opportunity for the young man to become slightly familiar, and, that the formality which has so far characterized their meeting may be done away with, even at the risk of being impertinent, he determines to avail himself of it.

"Then, if I find you 'very nice,'" he says, smiling very pleasantly, and his eyes mischievously twinkling, "I suppose you will allow me to call you *cousin*, won't you?"

At this Miss Howard—quite blinded to the impertinence of the words by the gentlemanliness of the manner—laughs good-humoredly.

"We will see," she says. "Suppose I should form an opposite opinion of you?"

"Then," he replies, rejoicing at the success of his little venture, "you will of course call *me* Mr. Haverholme, and not Cousin Philip," thus introducing himself without any awkward cold-blooded announcement that "my name is so-and-so."

There is a mutual smile at this, and then both of the young people know that the "ice is broken," and that they shall get on well together.

"And now," says Haverholme, "I suppose you would like to see your room?"

"Yes, please."

In answer to the summons James makes his appearance, and Miss Howard follows him out of the apartment.

"We dine at seven," Philip calls after her.

Having waited until she has had time to reach her room, he hurries up to his own, and proceeds to make his toilet.

Seven o'clock finds them both in the drawing-room again, but each has undergone a decided transformation. In the place of the travel-stained person in the long, gray coat, there is a charming young lady in an admirably-fitting black silk, a dress which, being fashionably made, shows off to perfection the plump roundness of her tall, slender figure. Her hair—a golden floss—is caught back becomingly into a thick plait, and her complexion having been rid of the inevitable dust of a railway journey, is even clearer and softer than when first we saw her.

The possessor of the frowsy head and wearer of the brown check morning suit has budded into a gentleman in decorous evening dress, whose hair is so neatly brushed and combed that one would suppose confusion was to it a state unknown.

They are going into dinner now, he and she; and as they walk across the glassy oak floor of the spacious hall, Haverholme cannot help thinking how different he expected this would be when, but an hour ago, he first heard that Miss Howard had arrived. Even at that moment he had pictured to himself the annoyance he should feel escorting this country girl, in her ill-fitting, old-fashioned clothes, into the dining-room, where she would be sure to provoke the mirth of the butler; and how that worthy would be laughing in his sleeve at the awkwardness and discomfiture of the new arrival. But how different is all this! The lady he now has beside him he would not be ashamed of anywhere in all the land. Where, thinks he, could one find a person more refined, more graceful, more stylish? She is, indeed, the very opposite of all he had supposed her to be, the very reverse of what one would expect a country town like Bethlehem to contribute to the world's great family. They have been discussing the merits of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, and commenting on the usual pleasures and annoyances of traveling.

"It was very unlady-like of me, I know," says Miss Howard, when they are seated at the table,

and the soup has been brought on, "to keep Aunt Harry in suspense about the time of my coming; but I didn't know myself positively until this morning, and then I thought it hardly worth while to telegraph."

"So glad you didn't," puts in Haverholme, "for then she'd have been at home; and if she had, I don't believe we should have got on so well together."

"Don't know? Why?" innocently.

"Because she would have plied you with all sorts of questions, and you'd have been so busy answering you wouldn't have had time left to give any attention to me" (here he makes an attempt to swallow a spoonful of soup, which, being rather warmer than is palatable, burns his mouth, and for a few seconds delays the flow of his words). "And," he goes on, "it's more than probable I should have felt badly over that—for I like attention, you know—and wouldn't have made much of an effort to be agreeable, and so we might have gone through dinner without exchanging three words; for I am awfully quiet when I'm out of humor, and see what a pleasure I should have missed!"

"What a misfortune it would have been! and how very kind it was of George Darley to delay his coming, and so prevent my getting off two weeks ago!"

George Darley! How very familiarly she uses the name! Probably this very pleasant young lady will not prove so pleasant, after all. If she is engaged to be married—and she surely must be near it, to use a young man's name as familiarly as she has used that of Mr. Darley—half the interest of her acquaintance is gone; for what pleasure, indeed, is there in striving to be agreeable to a person, when her whole thought is running far away to some other person who is, in her eyes, inestimably superior to yourself? So thinks Haverholme, as for a minute or two he applies himself to the still steaming soup.

"So that's what kept you, was it?" he asks, at length being determined to settle the question at once, and have no annoying suspicions that may be true and may be false; "it was your desire to see Mr. Darley that caused you to delay your visit?"

"Do you know him?" asks she, eagerly.

"Haven't the honor of his acquaintance."

"I wish you had. He is so nice. He has just

returned from Turkey, where he was one of the correspondents of the *Herald*; he couldn't stand the climate though, poor man, and so he had to return."

"Perhaps he had something to return for?" suggested Philip, looking across the table and scanning closely Miss Howard's face to see the effect of his words. He fancies he detects a blush, as she replies with a smile:

"Well, yes; I suppose he *did* wish to see some one again."

This quite decides him. Miss Howard is without doubt engaged to George Darley, and George Darley is her *beau ideal* of a man. Nevertheless, Haverholme resolves that he will amuse himself in trying to "cut George Darley out," and thinks that between himself and Fred. Tracey this may possibly be done, though it will probably take some delicate maneuvering to do it, Darley being evidently firmly rooted in the young lady's affections.

After dinner—which lasts over an hour—they return to the drawing-room, and by means of cards and music manage to spend the evening.

They have been playing casino for some time, and as Philip wins every second game it has at last grown monotonous and he votes to change the amusement.

"Do you sing," he asks, suddenly. "No one sings here, and it has been so long since this room has heard vocal music, that it would be quite a treat for it, not to mention the joy it would give me."

She laughs lightly at this sally, and replies:

"I sing sometimes; but I am afraid my voice is not much of a treat for any one; I do not pretend to be a vocalist."

"Don't mention it," adds Haverholme; "so it is singing, it makes little difference to me whether it is very good or very bad; for, to tell the truth, I know almost nothing of music. When I go to the opera I always applaud when the rest do, for I never can judge for myself."

"You will not be critical, then?" says Miss Howard, as she changes her seat for the piano-stool, and allows her hands to run lightly over the keys. The next moment she is singing, in a voice clear, rich, and musical,—a sweet soprano,—that simple, melodious Scotch ballad, "Bonnie, Sweet Bessie." Undoubtedly her voice is better than she would have led Philip to suppose, and

judge that he is, does not perceive any inferiority in Miss Thursby; but then of course he is not supposed to know. Critics at Miss Howard's voice is good; it has music; but it lacks one essential—sufficiently cultured; a little training makes of her a first-class singer.

Adding adds one more charm to the many charms of the young man has already found his countenance to possess; and leaning over the end of the piano, gazing into her dainty pink and white face, enjoys it to the utmost. The last note has fallen from her lips, he looks as though for a few brief moments he has reached Elysium, and is now suddenly dropped to earth again.

"May I ask where you learned to sing?" he asks; "you are certainly a credit to your master."

"I scarcely know who my master was, or indeed I ever had one," she replies, smiling. "I used to sing in the choir at home, and I suppose to the leader of that musical body is due the credit of my singing, small as it may be."

"Mayn't I have one more song?" seeing her about to rise; "only one, and I promise I won't ask you to sing again this evening."

"And if I sing one," she says, yieldingly, "will you excuse me, and let me go to my room? I am rather tired after my journey, and I don't think I'll wait up for Aunt Harry to-night."

"Certainly. Notwithstanding the pleasure your company gives me, the prize for its relinquishment is too great to be refused."

And so she turns to the piano again, and lightly touching the keys, brings from the instrument a sparkling, gay melody; a melody such as to cause the blood to run faster, the eyes to brighten, and the feet to feel an almost unconquerable impulse to waltz away with the body. Philip thinks he has heard it before, though when or where he cannot remember, until her voice trills lightly over the words to which this was the prelude. The song is from the opera of "Giroflé-Girofla," and that in the singing Miss Howard's perfect as may be. Again, the music, he is

he cannot. "And Miss Howard's French master credit also; is he is?"

"You were not to criticise," she returns, amiably, "and you begin by remarking about my singing and now about my French; you don't keep very closely to your agreement, I fancy."

"Perhaps," he says, fingering a pile of music that lies on the piano, "perhaps our ideas of criticism differ. In these days praise is not considered to come under that head. To be a critic one must find fault to pieces; one must find fault here and there, until he has thoroughly provoked and criticised. Praise is the very reverse of criticism."

"Thanks for the explanation. Well, then, I learned most of my French in Paris; the Parisians were my teachers, and I am afraid, as my master was so good, I do not do him credit."

"Oh, but you do; your French is excellent," adds Philip, still more astonished to learn that his country cousin has been abroad. "And are you going now?" seeing her rise. "Yes? I am so sorry. How long the evening will be without you!"

"What nonsense!" she exclaims, laughing; "you will be glad I am gone, so you can have quiet smoke. There now; good-night! and please make an excuse for me to Aunt Harry."

"I'll attend to her," returns Philip. "Good-night!" And so she is gone.

CHAPTER III.—SHE TEASES.

It is now the twenty-first day of December, two weeks since the coming of Fred. Tracey and Fanny Howard. During this time the remaining guests have arrived, and the house is quite full. There is a Mrs. Sedgewick, a very worldly but very æsthetic Boston lady, who has a son of twenty-five, both of whom are among the visitors. The son is fresh from Yale and is of the opinion that what he is ignorant of is not worth knowing; and the daughter is a languid, inanimate being who thinks to charm by her assumed childishness and feigned invalidism. Then there is old Colonel Banks, a red-faced, white-

"There is not the least use in trying to understand a man's actions," says Mrs. Harrison, whose three months' experience of connubial bliss has led her to believe that she knows everything that is worth knowing about "all conditions of men everywhere." "I have found that they never signify the same thing twice. Now, there's my husband. One day he came home with a face as long as your arm, and would hardly open his mouth; and at last, after much coaxing, I found out that it was because his friend Ralph De Forest couldn't dine with him; and—would you believe it?—not a week after he was in the same way again, and this time because Ralph *was* coming to dine on the following Sunday."

"Very strange," adds Mrs. Adair, stroking the pug's smooth, yellow back, "very strange; could you never account for it?"

"Oh, yes! after some weeks; but I was sorely puzzled at the time. It appears Ralph had told Jack he would be up to dinner on Sunday, to see the pretty girl who was once his sweetheart,—he used to visit me, you know, before I knew Jack,—and that, of course, made Jack awfully jealous." She says this with a self-satisfied air, that shows she is fully aware of her own beauty.

"Yes," continues Mrs. Adair, "and I think you will find that Philip's behavior can be accounted for in much the same way. All we shall have to do is to wait."

"But, ma," Eleanor urges, "isn't it very strange for Philip to be so attentive to Adaline Sedgewick? He has known her so long, you know, and I rather thought he never cared very much for her before."

"I hardly think he does now, my dear. I am older than you, and I am inclined to believe it is only a little flirtation."

"But Philip never flirts."

"Don't you believe it," puts in Mrs. Harrison. "All men flirt, and Philip Haverholme is no exception, *I'll* warrant."

"But if he wants to flirt," Eleanor goes on, "why don't he flirt with Fanny Howard? She is much pleasanter than Adaline, *I* think."

"So does Mr. Tracey think," Mrs. Harrison remarks. "Do you know, Ella, what Mr. Tracey told me this morning?" Eleanor shakes her head. "No? Well, he informed me he was engaged to a Brooklyn lady, and that his attentions to Miss Howard were only out of politeness, nothing

more; and here you thought he was in love with her."

"What an awful fellow he is, then!" says Eleanor, who has an idea that for a man to trifle with a woman's affections is an offense that should have been included among the prohibitory commandments. "He has taken her everywhere, to the opera, to the theatre, to the Rink, and to the Park, and last Sunday at church he read out of her prayer-book; he seems to have eyes and ears for no one but her."

Mrs. Harrison laughs in a way that indicates she knows more than some others.

"But, notwithstanding his endeavors," she says, "I don't think she's very much in love with him. She doesn't say much, you know; but as I'm quite a talker, I found out, in conversation with her last evening, that she is rather fond of Mr. Haverholme. Of course, she didn't exactly say so, but I'm pretty quick at perception in a case like that, and I am sure that she *is*."

"What a girl you are!" exclaims Eleanor, with evident admiration.

"I think," says Mrs. Adair, who appears to have grasped the situation, "if Philip knew Fred. was engaged, and that his affair with Fanny was only a flirtation, he would very soon change places with him."

"Do you mean that you think he is in love with Fanny?" asks Mrs. Harrison eagerly, in joyful expectation of having a pair of lovers in the house.

"Not in love; Philip is hardly smitten so badly as that, I fancy; but" (very deliberately) "I think it lies entirely with Fanny to bring him to such a condition, and I know of no one I would rather see him marry than her."

"Oh, dear, I shall——" begins Mrs. Harrison; but the appearance of Mrs. Sedgewick and her daughter causes her to leave the sentence unfinished.

Miss Adaline is attired in a pale blue morning gown with a long train, which sweeps slowly after her as she walks languidly across the room and sinks into one of Mrs. Adair's comfortable easy chairs.

"My dear," says Mrs. Sedgewick, standing before her, and surveying her daughter's inanimate figure, "have I not often told you not to wear that dress. The contrast with these olive green chairs is absolutely hideous; indeed, it fairly puts my teeth on edge."

to burn more fiercely at every attempt to quench it.

At eleven promptly, the horses, black and sleek, with a groom at the head of each, are at the door. As Philip comes running down the stairs, looking handsomer than usual in his tightly-buttoned, single-breasted riding-coat, he meets Fanny Howard in the hall. She is looking very pretty. Her dark green habit sets off the beauty of her fair face, and contrasts pleasingly with her golden hair.

"Ready before me, were you?" he says, taking in the loveliness of her appearance at a glance, and feeling the flame to dart up with renewed vigor.

He leads the way out, and helps her to her saddle. In a moment he is astride his own horse's back, and the grooms stepping away, they go walking slowly up the square side by side. It is some time before they reach the Park, and when, at a swift canter, they dash in at the Green street entrance, they are both in a very good humor, and both are enjoying the morning immensely. The ground is hard and smooth; the sun is sparkling on the frost-covered limbs of the gaunt, gray trees, and on the stretch of snow that lies in a thin sheet, crisp and white, over the sloping lawns. On they ride, past the Lincoln Monument, where the martyr President, in the rigidity of bronze, sits cold and uncovered in the chill December winds.

"Do you not like our Park?" asks Philip, as

the horses subside into a walk; "there is so much of it, and one can go so far without turning round, you know."

"It is grand," answers Miss Howard; "how I should like to live in the city, where one has all the life and gayety of society, and all the pleasures of the country as well."

"And why don't you live here?"

"Because my father's business is in Bethlehem," she replies; "and where my father is, there my home is."

"But do you propose to always live in the country? Don't you expect ever to be married?"

"Perhaps," replies she, laughing, "when I find my ideal."

"And haven't you found him yet?" he asks, turning his eyes full upon her, while in his brain the names of George Darley and Fred. Tracey are continually tossing each other up and down.

She turns toward him with a mischievous smile playing about her mouth.

"What right have you to ask?" she says; and then touching her horse lightly with her whip, she urges him into a gallop. "Let us see who will be first at the bridge," she calls, as she dashes away down a bridle-path. In an instant Haverholme is after her. He is annoyed to be thus bantered; but yet even this has had only the effect of increasing his admiration for the girl, and he for the moment gives up all hope of extinguishing the flame that is now burning so fiercely.

(*To be continued.*)

MY FRIEND.

BY ETHEL TANE.

A FRIEND have I. At times we meet
Where myriads pace the city street.

Step aside from the stranger throng;
Talk for a little—never long.

Glimpses these of a larger life,
Gay with laughter and tough with strife.

Better thoughts that were waning dim
Brighten again at sight of him.

The words he drops are vital seeds,
And bloom anon in worthy deeds.

What shall I say? He comes to me
Much as the west wind, fresh and free,

Blows on a rose-bush, parched and lone,
Cramped in a pot of brick or stone,

Clipped at a foolish owner's will,
Prisoner of the window-sill.

But he of friends has goodly store;
What to him one acquaintance more?

Well, an additional pair of eyes
That understand and sympathize.

HOME DECORATION AND HOLIDAY GIFTS.

BY MARIAN FORD.

THE increasing prosperity of our country, with the greater leisure thus secured to devote to the pursuit of the beautiful, has nowhere been more conspicuous than in the adornment of American homes. Even where the purse was slender, deft fingers and busy brains have devised many pretty articles to make parlor and chamber cheerful and attractive.

It is universally acknowledged that nothing gives more relief to the bareness of a scantily-furnished room than curtains draped over windows or doorways. The materials used for this purpose vary according to the taste and means of the owner; but very charming effects can be produced at trifling expense. Dotted muslin trimmed with fluted ruffles; plain muslin with an initial or monogram embroidered in the centre; scrim finished with insertion and edging of antique lace; tatting, crochet, or Torchon lace, are all fashionable.

The usual method is to trim the front and bottom of the curtain; but a very pretty variation is the use of insertion, either of the same or different widths, running horizontally across the drape, in the manner shown by the accompanying illustration.

This curtain is made of scrim, with three rows wide and three of narrow crocheted insertion. The design illustrated is so clear that no one accustomed to crocheting will find any difficulty in following it. Only one row of the rosettes should be used for the narrow width. The design in the illustration is completed with a heading of chain-stitch, converting it into an edging to be used for finishing the bottom of the curtain, if the hem is considered too plain. Small rings are sewed on at the top to attach the drapery to the rods, now more fashionable than cornices.

Tatting, antique, or Torchon lace may be employed in place of the crocheted insertion if preferred. For a sitting-room, dining-room, or chamber, where heavier materials are desired, unbleached cotton may be used in place of the scrim, and trimmed with bands of Turkey-red calico, or the pretty stripes sometimes found in crêtonne, with excellent effect.

If rods are too expensive, a cornice may be

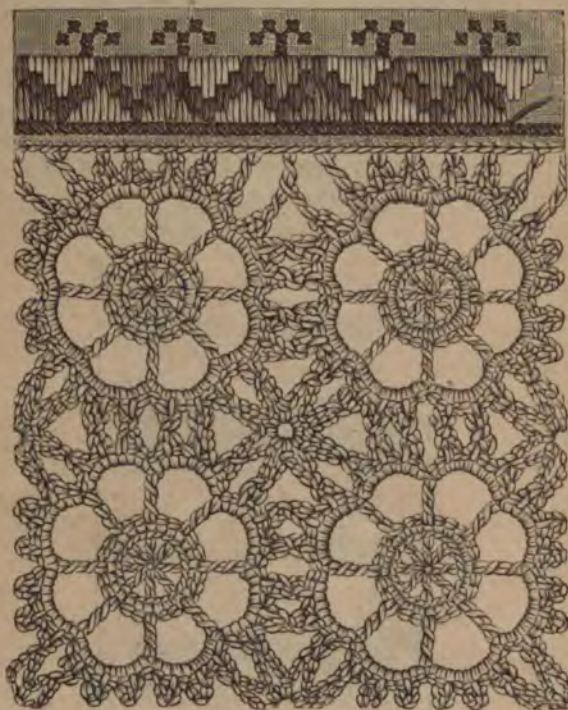
manufactured at home of a flat board, with ends nailed to it to project it a sufficient distance from the window. This board may be painted, covered with a broad paper bordering, or better still, a piece of the Turkey-red calico or figured crêtonne, matching the trimmings of the curtain. The edges of the paper or crêtonne can be fas-



SCRIM CURTAIN WITH CROCHET INSERTION.

tened down with strips of the narrow gilt, wood, or gayly-painted mouldings, to be chased for a few cents a yard. If there is difference in the color of the material selected these pretty cornices, the lightest edge should be at the top line. Any one accustomed to hand tools can make the frames in a few hours, and can assure our readers that if neatly done the result will be very satisfactory. The curtain gathered to a tape and tacked lightly to the casement, or if preferred, to the back cornice.

CURTAIN TRIMMED WITH LACE.—Another pretty style of curtain is made of batiste of a rich cream tint. Cut it three-quarters of a yard longer than



CROCHET INSERTION FOR SCRIM CURTAIN.

the measurement from the top of the window to the floor. Hem each end and both sides, and add a border of lace the width of the hem. A row of insertion, matching the edging, may be let in an inch from the hem. Turn over the top of each curtain, so that when looped back the bottom will just touch the floor. Three inches from the top, and two inches apart, run two threads, forming a casing with a ruffle at the top. Pass a rod of plain wood through the casing thus formed, finishing the ends with a gilt or wooden ball, clover leaf, or arrow-head, and hang by lambrequin-hooks from the window-casing. This arrangement makes a lambrequin and curtain in one, and is specially adapted for chambers, or any room where it is desirable to exclude the light as little as possible.

CURTAIN TRIMMED WITH DRAWN-WORK.—If lace insertion and edging are too expensive, threads of the batiste may be drawn out an inch

from the hem that is to form the lambrequin. Draw them for the space of half an inch, omit half an inch, and draw the threads again for the same space. Pass ribbon, half an inch wide, of a color corresponding with that prevailing in the room, in and out through the drawn threads. At the bottom of the curtain, one inch above the hem, draw the threads of batiste for the space of an inch, omit an inch, and proceed thus until you have three rows of drawn threads, each an inch wide. Through these rows pass ribbon an inch in width, the same shade as the half-inch ribbon used at the top. Loop the curtains back with straps of batiste, lined with the color of the trimming ribbons. The effect is novel and pretty. The widths of the drawn rows and the number used may, of course, be varied to suit the taste of the maker.

TOWEL-SHAM.—A trifle, which nevertheless adds greatly to the beauty of a chamber, is the device of concealing the towels in use, which have necessarily lost their smoothness, beneath a more or less richly embroidered cover. This is sometimes a towel trimmed with drawn-work, which in its turn may pass through the wash when soiled, sometimes a so-called towel-sham, made of various materials ornamented in various ways. One pretty style is Turkish toweling, cut in deep scallops at the bottom and bound with braid.

Four scallops would be a sufficient number to cut in a towel-sham intended to drape a towel-rack of ordinary size.

Between every two scallops is a row of wide braid, scarlet, blue, or black, embroidered in fancy patterns with bright-hued wool or silk, or simply feathered-stitched to the material. Leaves, butterflies, or any other design that may suit the fancy are cut from cloth or flannel of the same color as the braid, and appliquéd on the scallops, and tassels are fastened to the bottom of each



EMBROIDERY FOR TOWEL.

scallop and in the several spaces between, finishing the braid.

If a handsome towel is preferred, the accom-

panying illustration of drawn-work will be found very pretty. Threads are drawn from the linen and worked in the manner shown, with scarlet or blue embroidery cotton, or the silk that comes in balls for knitting stockings. On each side of the drawn-work is a very effective pattern, the method of embroidering which is clearly illustrated in a separate wood-cut. The straight stitches may be blue and the curved ones red, or the whole may be of one color, according to the maker's fancy. This will be found a very rapid and inexpensive way of preparing a handsome, showy article, and may be numbered among the list of Christmas gifts that are always acceptable to housekeepers.

Another illustration of drawn-work, suitable for towels, the top and bottom of chair-backs, or the ends of the long, scarf-like table-covers now in vogue, is given below. The beauty of the pattern will amply repay those who have the time and patience to follow the intricacies of the pattern. For the solid portions of the darning, red embroidery cotton may be employed, using either black or blue for the single stitches passing over the narrow separating lines.

MALTESE-CROSS TIDY.—A very pretty tidy, suitable for the back of a chair, may be made with a trifling outlay of expense and trouble in the following manner. Take a square of the desired size of velvet, satin, flannel, felt, or cloth, and pass two ribbons, contrasting in color with each other and the foundation, diagonally across it. A tasteful arrangement is a square of black cloth, crossed with a blue and a cardinal ribbon. Feather stitch the cardinal on both sides with old gold, and the blue with white embroidery silk. Upon these strips any design may be embroidered or painted,—a running vine, small, scattered flowers, or set figures, care being taken to blend the colors judiciously. Small, flat buttons, covered with bits of the ribbon, are placed in the angles formed by the crossing of the strips, or if preferred, a tiny daisy, a star, or a polka dot may be wrought on the material. The square of black cloth is then trimmed with antique, Cluny, or Torchon lace. If a heavier finish is preferred, three rows of pinked cloth or flannel, one the color of the square, the others the shades of the ribbons, may be placed around the edge, with the scallops overlapping, the upper row covered where it joins the tidy with a fancy gimp.

BLOCK TIDY.—Another very handsome design is made of squares of the antique lace to be purchased at any fancy goods store. Two squares of the lace, with two blocks of silk or satin, trimmed in miniature after the design of the tidy previously described, and bordered with antique lace, would



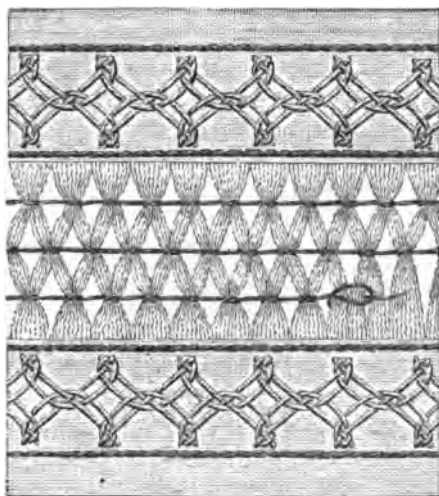
DRAWN-WORK FOR TOWEL, TIDY, OR TABLE-COVER.

be extremely effective. Another beautiful design is to paint or embroider a single flower or bright-hued butterfly in the centre of each satin square.

JAPANESE TIDY.—Still another style of tidy which, though it has lost the gloss of novelty, continues to remain in favor, is made by applying the Japanese crêpe pictures to be bought in any large town for a trifling sum to mummy cloth,

Turkish toweling, crash, or coarse butcher's linen. Baste the picture firmly to the foundation, then fasten it by feather stitching black braid, black velvet, blue or cardinal satin ribbon around the edges, and border the whole with antique lace. It is a beautiful ornament for drawing-rooms.

If a larger or more elaborate tidy is desired, baste a second row of braid or ribbon an inch or an inch and a half from the first, feather stitch it on both sides with old gold, cardinal, scarlet or blue embroidery silk, and in the space between the two rows work with black silk imitations of the quaint Japanese or Chinese letters. Instead of lace, the edge of the mummy cloth or butcher's linen may be raveled and knotted to form fringe.



DRAWN-WORK FOR TOWEL.

This is an extremely pretty finish, and less expensive than lace.

Persons living at a distance from towns can obtain these pictures by mail from the Eureka Trick and Novelty Company, 39 Ann street, New York.

SCRAP-BASKET.—Another article, which is both useful and ornamental, may be made from the plain straw baskets used in offices to hold waste paper. They are now placed in chambers and sewing-rooms to hold unfinished work, or the scraps that daily accumulate. Strips of ribbon, with their lower ends pointed and finished with balls or tassels, are caught in loops down the sides. The tops of these strips are concealed by a flat band of embroidery, which may be either canvas

worked in ordinary cross-stitch, or felt or flannel ornamented with Kensington stitch.

Another method of trimming is to omit the strips of ribbon, supplying their places by two rows of felt or flannel points, contrasting in color, each finished with a tassel, and having a daisy wrought on the point. The embroidered band then finishes the upper row of points.

TISSUE-PAPER LAMP-SHADE.—A pretty and fashionable lamp-shade can be made from a sheet of tissue-paper, rose-color, scarlet, lavender, blue, pink, or white, as best suits the room where it is to be used.

Cut from the centre of the sheet a circle large enough to leave an opening the size of the top of the globe. Fold it as a handkerchief is folded, making the square half as large, then fold in triangular shape, repeat once or twice in the same direction, creasing it heavily each time. Next take it loosely in the right hand, partly unfold it, and draw it gently through the other hand to soften the creases and make them flexible. If the hands are inclined to moisture, wear cotton or wool gloves to prevent the paper from tearing. A narrow fringe of tissue-paper of the same or a contrasting color at the top and a wider one at the lower edge of the shade form a graceful finish.

EMBROIDERED TABLE.—A beautiful table may be manufactured with the help of an ordinary carpenter. The top is cut in the shape of a "clover leaf." In each of the three divisions of the top a hole is made to receive the legs, which should flare slightly outward to give a firm support. Burlap, felt, flannel, Turkish toweling, and mummy cloth are all used for coverings; but the last-named material is the prettiest and most fashionable. This may be embroidered in Kensington stitch in crewels on one leaf, with a cluster of flowers and grasses and a butterfly flitting above, or a vine may be wrought, following the outlines of the table. If the maker's skill is not sufficient for this, the flannel or felt flowers, beetles and butterflies, to be purchased at any shop where materials for fancy work are sold, may be used with excellent effect.

After nailing this covering to the table, conceal the fastening by a strip of mummy cloth, cut seven or eight inches wide, and raveled on one edge. Buttonhole above the raveling with bright-hued wool, harmonizing with the tints used in the

table-top, to prevent the fringe from becoming deeper than was originally intended. Feather stitch on the plain part of the border two or more rows of worsted braid of different colors, and tack to the upper edge of the margin of the table with brass-headed nails. Another finish, if

it can be afforded, or the maker's skill can accomplish the work, is the fashionable Macramé lace.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that any of the smaller articles described would make pretty, useful, and acceptable Christmas gifts.

DECORATION IN STRAW MOSAIC.

BY LAURA S. WOODWARD.

THE art of straw mosaic does not necessarily require the use of machinery for its execution. The facility with which it may be done, and its beauty when accomplished, render it a desirable

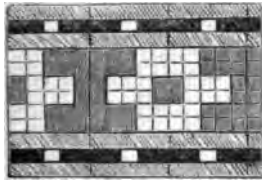


FIG. 1.

addition to the list of those decorative arts which are especially suited to ladies.

Although the straw grown in this country cannot be said to equal that of Tuscany, it has sufficient brilliancy

and delicacy of surface to form a tolerable good substitute. Wheat-straw, which contains a large amount of silica, or flint, is far harder and more highly polished than that of any other of the cereals. By careful selection, many straws may be procured which are naturally of good colors, in delicate and deep yellows, and in several tints of green and light red; other tints must be given by dying. This, in the Italian straws, is accomplished in the following manner:

They are first spread upon the grass for a night to soften. A blue color is given by a boiling solution of indigo in sulphuric acid, called Saxon blue, diluted to the desired shade; yellow, by a decoction of tumeric; and red, by boiling hanks of coarse scarlet wool in a bath of weak alum-water. A perfect white is obtained by bleaching with sulphur, and this is frequently done before dying is resorted to, as the straw then takes the color better. To effect it the straw is suspended in a net in a vessel, in the lower part of which is a pan of burning charcoal, with a dish containing sulphur placed over it. Perhaps, however, the most simple method of imparting color is by the use of those *aniline* fluids prepared from coal-gas and waste, and sold by druggists under the name

of "simple dyes," as these involve no trouble in their preparation and use, and give brilliant hues of all kinds.

As the hard glazing of silica upon the straw is slow to take color, we have, in our own experience, found it better to boil it for some time in plain water to soften the enamel, afterwards to add the dye, and move the pieces of straw briskly about in it. For very deep shades, oat-straw or rice-straw, though less highly polished than that of wheat, will be found better, as its softer texture permits of its taking up a larger quantity of coloring matter. The best portions of the straws for use will be those a little above the knots, as these are cleaner, from being protected by the flag of the plant, which will have to be peeled from them. The pieces of straw should be first cut into short lengths, after which, those that require it, should be dyed. They must then be split with a sharp penknife into strips of equal width—about that of the bands and squares given in the illustrations—and cut with a pair of sharp scissors into squares and lengths suited to the work to be performed. For greater facility, it will be well to place those of different sizes and colors in separate paper trays.

It is essential to the accuracy and beauty of the

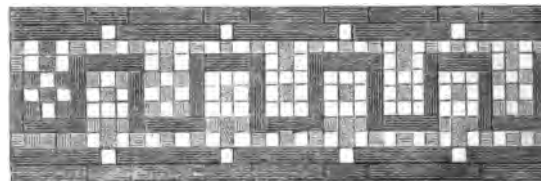


FIG. 2.

work that the width of the bands and squares should be all precisely the same, and to ensure this, the beginner will do well to cut them at first

by a paper pattern. A little practice will, however, soon enable him to dispense with such assistance, and he will find that he can proceed much more rapidly without it. It will be found to save some trouble in the after-pressing, if the bands, when cut, are laid upon a hard, smooth

ever, the operator intends to work merely from a sketch or from a print, it will be better to rule the paper with lines of the same width apart as the width of the bands and tesserae, intersecting each other at right angles, as shown in Fig. 1. By the aid of these lines, little difficulty will be experienced in arranging the details of the pattern as the work goes on.

Before laying on the straw, the ground must be brushed over by means of a camel-hair pencil with a strong cement. The cement we should recommend may be formed by dissolving isinglass in acetic acid. On this ground or surface the bands and tesserae must be neatly laid in their places; and as the small size of the latter will render their removal with the fingers difficult, it will be well to use a boxwood point to take them up, the end of which has been first touched with the cement. When laid in their places, the pieces must be flattened down together with a hot smoothing-iron, a piece of thin, clean paper being laid over them. If they are attached to paper, they should, when the sheet has been again cemented to its place on the wood, card-board, etc., be again ironed down.

For this description of work, those patterns are generally the best which can be executed in straight lines only, and the different varieties of the fret may always be used with excellent effect in it as borders. Of

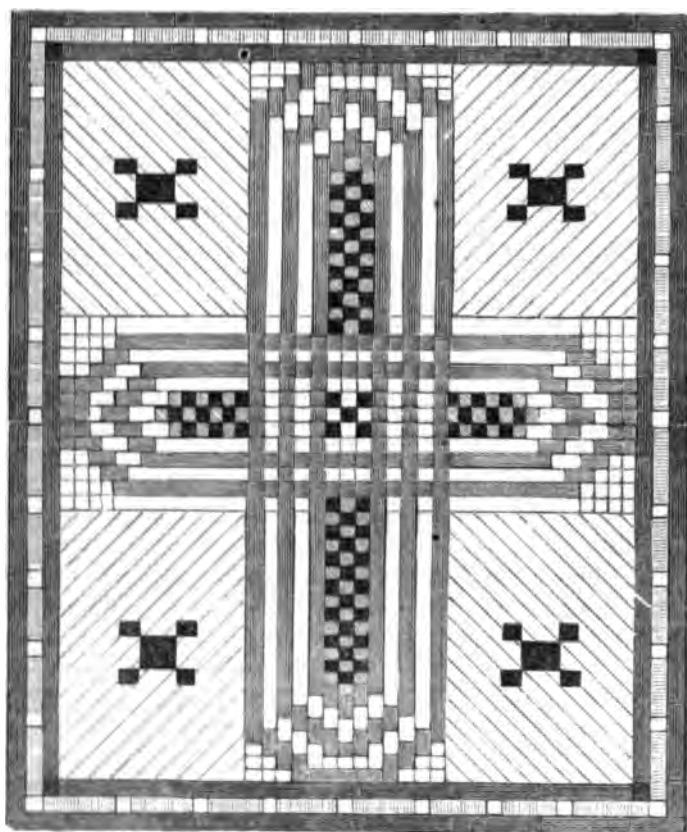


FIG. 3.

table or board, and flattened with a rather hot smoothing iron, a piece of thin, clean paper being laid between to preserve the straw from discoloration.

The ornamentation may now be proceeded with, and this may either be done by cementing the pieces of straw at once on the wooden box or other article to be decorated, or by first fixing them to a piece of paper, to be attached to the article afterwards. If a working pattern of the full size has been provided, it will not be necessary to draw the design in detail upon the surface to be covered, though it may be well to rule in a few leading lines to prevent the work becoming inaccurate. If, how-

this we give examples in Figs. 2 and 3. In Fig. 3 we give a design in which straight lines only are also employed.

Objects in curved lines are not, in our opinion, so well adapted for straw mosaic; but as the imitation of flowers is always pleasing to the ladies, we shall give some few suggestions. In such material it is of course utterly impossible to give the graceful lines and delicate drawing which constitute one-half of the beauty of these natural objects, and the only way in which curves can at all be approached is by dividing the tesserae diagonally, which is somewhat of a delicate operation, as there is danger of splitting the straw. It is, however,

see a man sit down and devour what has cost care and skill and taste to prepare, and never one word of approval or gratification. It is the way of some men, and a most boorish, disagreeable way it is.

While traveling, a few years since, I was detained some days in one of our Western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alley-way, in which were several houses occupied by the better class of artisans, and I became much interested in one of these, so much, that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice, than I knew it was meal-time, and "Daddy was coming," and I took up my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well-governed house. On the way in, the father raised the rejoicing child in his arms, and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door-sill, and this was lifted also, and its little cheek laid tenderly upon the shoulder, which was hunched up to bring it close to that of the father's. By this time, the wife had brought a bowl of water and a white, coarse towel; then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats, now on the shoulders of the little ones, and now on the broad, fatherly ones; and now the chairs were placed at the table, and while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him. They said grace, they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more than once I found myself wafting them a benediction with the tears in my eyes. It is so brutish to pass without a word of recognition of the Great Giver.

The husband was a grave man, and the wife a lively, cheery one, neat as a new pin, and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moroseness in the man nor levity in the woman, and when Sunday came, and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold. Theirs was quite model keeping house as far as it went.

I wish my readers would read more than once the story of Ruth Pinch, as given in "Martin Chuzzlewit"—it is enough to make one in love with cooking and keeping house; the pretty girl does every thing with such a grace and alertness; her whole soul is so bent upon infusing comfort *into every thing*; she is so unselfish, so loving,

so wise, and so unconscious of her wisdom; so good, and knows so little about her goodness, that she is one of the sweetest of Dickens's many lovely, thoroughly humane women. And here let me remark, that Dickens, like Shakspeare, portrays men and women not monsters of perfection; and he is a safer guide, if guide be needed, than the great mass of fiction writers. If women form their opinions of the other sex by what they find in these books, they will be greatly shocked when they come to the reality, and learn that men act and think very much as they themselves do in ordinary life, only a *little more so*; the conventional man to whom "it is agony to weep"—who is "the very soul of honor;" who is "brave as a lion," and, "oh, so tender!" who is very taking, and a cross between a saint and devil, like Jane Eyre's hero—is a myth; men are nobler and better, because more human than all this, and if women would cast all this nonsense aside, and judge them by what they are and were meant to be, they would find themselves happier, and they themselves would impart more happiness to others.

I think men are more naturally inclined to system and order than women are; they dislike to "see things out of place;" perhaps the nature of their studies, and the great exactitude required in all and every species of handiwork, produce this effect, and hence it often happens that matrimonial bickerings are produced by this cause alone, and thence they go on, till, like the accumulating drift of the maelstrom, petty vexations increase and are swallowed up in one vast circle of never-ending, always-beginning discords.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is the law for good housekeeping. A bag for twine and strings; a basket (or cheap vase, which is prettier) for loose papers; a box for bundles, neatly assorted and strongly tied; jars of all the delicious fruits labeled; loops to dusters; pegs for all needful purposes; and over and above all, the pleasant, watchful eye of the mistress. Every week, from attic to cellar, every department is inspected by the good, careful wife; and every morning the daily work should be so planned that cheerfulness and good order will prevail, and no flutter, no fluster, nor hurry mar the sweetness of her handsome, winsome face.

I do not say, "Avoid the first quarrel," as most of writers do, for what chance is there for quarrel-

ing between a truly-mated pair? They may have now and then a little breeze, but there will be no bitterness in it, and the one that first says, "Forgive me, darling," and puts up the lip for a kiss, is, for the time being, the loveliest and noblest of the two. If the pair are candid, genial, and unselfish, they will each so generously magnify the excellences of the other, that nothing can be better than the way which the other thinks and does; and there will be a sort of good-natured strife to exalt and please each other.

"Oh, there is nothing like home" to such a pair; and it is little short of heaven to pure hearts, where no rancor is, nor selfishness, nor envy, nor malice, nor evil-speaking, nor malevolence of any kind.

"There is, of course, blame on both sides," is the plausible remark of lookers-on when difficulties arise in the marriage relation. It would be wiser, kinder, and better to say, "They are unsuited to each other," and where such is the case, the relation is a scourge and a mockery, deadening and destructive to soul and body; rooting out all that is genial, noble, and lovable in character. It is the great life-mistake, and God help such!

Then again we shall hear of "change." "Love has died out between the two." Love never dies! "It was not love that went." It was something altogether unlike, lower, coarser, and allied to what is infernal, rather than divine. Love is older than creation; stronger than the eternities. Jacob Belsham has said, "I know not but love is stronger than God;" he is glorious in the grandeur of the thought, however paradoxical it may sound. Those who love *once*, love eternally.

In adjusting the household, I would have the pair mutually helpful; but there are certain matters that look handsomer in the hands of a woman than in a man. I think he, as a gentleman, who should be independent of all others, ought to be able to broil a steak, mend a rent, or "sew on a button;" but it is more suitably the province of a woman to do these things, the husband being supposed more profitably employed elsewhere.

Every woman should be able to cut and make household linen and garments with economy, neatness, and dispatch. She should cut her work, and always have a piece ready for the needle to husband her time, and avoid hurry and confusion, and lastly, my lovely married pair must so manage the needful work of the household, that one hour at least in the twenty-four be devoted to reading and study—good, solid, substantial books, to be read with care, for mutual advancement of thought and solidity of character; poetry and romance also, to elevate and enliven, not forgetting the great storehouse of our spiritual ideas, the Bible.

Human beings have not yet reached any very high degree of perfection; even my handsome pair may fall into error, and then the interference of *outsiders* is very apt to increase the evil; but let them settle the case between themselves, remembering that the greater the fall the greater the need of a dear loving hand to lift us up, and the worse we may become the more shall we need friends; no true wife will turn from the man of her choice in the day of his adversity, nor in the day of his moral darkness; rather will she love him with a deeper, because of a sorrowing tenderness, and she will lead him on, step by step, till he more than recovers the ground he may have lost.

WOMEN AS WORKERS.

BY MARY WALSHINGHAM.

PERHAPS there has been no age of the world when the feminine rage for "decorative art"—from the highest point of æsthetical painting and modeling to the simplest "fancy work"—was greater than it is at present. Not a newspaper we pick up, and scarcely a magazine, which has not some few words of encouragement or instruction for the fair sisterhood who, in all parts of the world, and in every conceivable channel, are

bending their energies to the embellishment of home, and home things. Nor is there any reason why we should look upon this as a mere freak, a passing fancy or fashion, which is to pass away as other fashions—the caprices of the modiste's art, for instance—vanish, or melt into new extravaganzas. It is an incontrovertible truth, that every step taken in the direction of culture, in the pursuit of the truly beautiful, however simple, is a step

toward a higher degree of moral and spiritual excellence. We cannot refine our taste, we cannot school our eyes to the love of beautifully-harmonizing colors and symmetrical proportions, without training them also more or less to the perception and correction of moral and spiritual deformity. However short-lived may be the fever which accompanies this infatuation for ceramics, the craze for china-painting, the enthusiasm for fern-grouping, etc., the real philanthropists of our race, the thoughtful men and women who look on and know that the search for the beautiful inevitably tends upward, cannot fail to see in it the nucleus of lasting and substantial good in many ways. The inundation will subside; but as the Nile leaves upon the overflowed lands from which it has receded a residuum which proves a benediction to the soil, so will this epidemic of decoration, after passing its flood-tide and equalizing itself, leave behind a stratum thick with the inspiration of true art. And not alone in an æsthetical way will this be beneficial to our sex, but in the more tangible and substantial way of opening to women many avenues of industry now either not pursued at all, or followed by men solely. Since painting on china has come into vogue as a fashionable female accomplishment, many women have discovered in themselves not only a remarkable facility in decorating, but also an unsuspected genius for moulding the more elegant forms of pottery. Lady artists in several cities are combining their talents and energies in order to secure for themselves home-kilns, where they can cook their own pottery, and one energetic lady has gone so far as to provide for the requirements of a regular pottery, it being her ambition to mould as well as paint and bake all her own ware.

In this is matter of congratulation. It promises that the unevenly-balanced opportunities of men and women, the monopoly which the former to a great extent enjoy of money-making, is not to be the source of endless jeremiads. Women have naturally a passion for decoration, a fine and delicate sense of the beautiful. For ages they have found vent for this only in the allurements of self-ornamentation, the fascinations of the toilette. Now, we have the hope, nay, the indisputable evidence, that the innate passion and sympathy of our sex for ornamentation and the pursuit of beauty will be turned into useful and practical channels. The great wave of fashion, which

commenced by prescribing the patient study of a few autumn leaves in order to reproduce them faithfully in chrome-yellow, lemon, and scarlet-vermilion, or the exquisite convolution of a handful of feathery fern in order to group them so their airy grace and supple delicacy might not be lost, will end, we hope and believe, by placing much of the decorative work of the world where it should be—in the hands of women. But let those of our sex who are ambitious of becoming well-rewarded laborers in these new fields—paid artisans, not dilettanti only—lay one truth to their souls, and act upon it, as they hope for success. It is proficiency alone in these as in all other branches of art, a thorough mastery of the profession chosen, which insures success. Women are accustomed to wonder at the preference shown to masculine labor, and even to murmur at the "injustice" of it; whereas the really candid among us cannot refuse to acknowledge that there are very few things we take the trouble to learn as thoroughly as men do. Until we correct this habit of half-doing things, this setting up to a professorship on a mere smattering of knowledge, we may expect this preference to be shown. Manufacturers and employers will always select the best workmen (or women), no matter who gets hurt. It is simply a question of ability; and as we cannot fail to acknowledge the ability has hitherto been almost always on the side of the opposite sex, they have gotten the lion's share of the world's wages without any injustice being either practiced or intended. Mrs. Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, herself a lady of masculine ability, says she willingly pays to women the prices paid to men for manuscripts and designs when they are found capable of producing work of equal merit; but this rarely happens. The root of the trouble seems to be that women will carry with them into business matters the expectation, and even claim, of having their shortcomings condoned and their faults indulged on the plea of being "only women," while at the same time, by a paradoxical species of logic, they are frantically proclaiming themselves "the equals of men in every respect," and demanding their "rights" as such. This is blowing hot and cold from the same mouth with a vengeance. Through long immunity they are naturally averse to routine duties and the dry discipline of apprenticeship; consequently when they come to compete with men on the neutral

CURRENT TOPICS.

Political.—Once more have the American people asserted their prerogative as freemen, and through that powerful factor of their peculiar institutions, the ballot-box, have selected from their numbers the representative individual who is to discharge the executive functions of their government for the four years succeeding the fourth of next March. That they shall have chosen wisely and well remains to be seen; but if one is to judge by the amount of vituperation and abuse that was heaped upon the successful candidate throughout the campaign,—and we are free to confess that it is deserving of consideration as a criterion,—then the people are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their choice.

It has almost become an assured fact, that the worst abused man in a Presidential contest proves the successful one; and in our own limited experience we have frequently observed this to be the case in many minor elections. For this reason, it is a matter of much surprise to us why party leaders resort to such tactics. It is certainly not the true spirit in which a campaign should be conducted, and besides, the moral effect produced by it on the enemies of republican institutions is, to say the least, exceedingly detrimental. Aside from this, there is another great objection to be urged against it, and that is the dread which it engenders in the breast of an honorable and high-minded man against facing the ordeal of such a campaign. So much so has this become the case of late years, that it is with much difficulty good and reputable men can be induced to allow themselves to be brought before their fellow-citizens as candidates for their suffrages. The result is that political tricksters and men of questionable repute too often obtain political advancement to the injury of public interests as well as public morals.

The candidates of the two prominent political parties at the late election were both honorable and acceptable men, however, and either would have made an excellent administrative officer. In making a selection the American voter could not very well have gone astray with respect to the individual candidate. But men alone do not weigh in the matter of such an election. The issues involved, and the principles of political economy governing the ruling masses, were of paramount importance, and he who was the best representative *per se* of these, received their endorsement and support.

The battle is over, and the political excitement of the past few months has subsided. Business, which in a great measure suffered stagnation, is gradually reviving, and all indications promise a restoration of commercial activity throughout the country, such as it has not witnessed for many years past.

Ireland.—Unhappy Ireland is just now exercising considerable public attention through the state of anarchy which exists within her limits. Her affairs are presenting a truly alarming and threatening aspect, and intense excitement prevails throughout Great Britain on account thereof. The cause of all this is the war between the tenantry and the

landlords. The landlords are afraid to compel those who till their land to pay the stipulated rents. In their attempts to do so they have been met by resistance and violence. And in such resistance the tenantry have had the moral support of the Land League, an organization of agitators.

Reports indicate that charges have been sworn out against a number of these Land League agitation leaders for conspiracy, among them Mr. Parnell, member of Parliament. A Mr. O'Connor, chief lieutenant of Parnell, represents that if the government persists in its prosecution of these Land League members, murder and agrarian outrages must be expected; that, in the event of their imprisonment, meetings of Irishmen will be called in that country, in England and Scotland, and a demand made for a confederation of Ireland, England, and Scotland, in place of the existing union.

The prosecution of leading members of the Land League is for seditious utterances, and it is difficult to see what else the government can do. The government is bound to assert its supremacy; it is bound to protect life and make the ownership of property secure. The leaders of this League declare their intention of unsettling existing property rights altogether; the change they propose is right, but the way in which they propose to make the change is wrong. The inflammatory language used by the leaders has led many of the ignorant people to believe they were cruelly wronged, and has incited a good deal of the landlord-shooting, and many of the numerous minor crimes.

It certainly is the duty of the government to put a stop to this deplorable condition of affairs. The combination against property is supported by recent tribunals armed with all the power that absolute unscrupulousness supplies. Landlords and agents are threatened, and many perambulate the country stirring up sedition and class warfare. Arms are pouring into the country by the thousands, and in every hamlet and in almost every homestead are deadly weapons purchased for an object only too well known. It is not what the state of the country is to-day, nor what it will be a week hence, that excites the attention of patriotic and order-loving men, but what it will be a month hence, if no provision is made to check the torrent of lawlessness and sedition which is pouring over the country.

A Terrible Harvest.—We would commend to the earnest consideration of those critics who have so generously espoused the cause of the publishers in the "Nana" discussion, especially since they have so persistently displayed their peculiar views to our attention, the following statement of facts as furnished to the *London Christian* by the well-known writer and correspondent, Henry Varley, Esq. We quote his own language:

"In 1878 the suicides in France had reached the fearful total of 6434, or at the rate of 124 per week. In 1870 the numbers were given at 1457, so that there is an augmentation of nearly 2300 in eight years.

"Such acts are most common among the young, and especially women from seventeen to twenty-one. In five years, says the official report, 'the acts of self-destruction in this section of the community have actually doubled.'

"Is there not a cause? Most certainly. The axiom of science is—for every result there must be an adequate cause. Among the causes may be named:

"1. The flood of impure and licentious novels that have corrupted the women of France.

"2. The shameless French plays, and the infamous social life that undermines honor, modesty, and truth, that is fast making Paris as vile as were Pompeii and Herculaneum.

"3. The infidelity, more corrupt than Papal iniquity and superstition, that laughs to scorn the restraints of home, of law, of right, and God, and last, not least, the Moloch fashion, that makes fair forms and features the fascinating bait in the gilded dance of death. Natural affection and holy love trodden down in the French metropolis lie weeping, and hellish passion sweeps the boulevards in dainty tresses amid the exquisite refinements of our higher civilization. No wonder that the list of suicides among the young women from seventeen to twenty-one increases!

"Natural affection is a blessed and yet a terrible power. Unrestrained, undisciplined, and without the fear of God, in thousands of cases, it hurries the young into the vortex of corruption; and where the dark dogma of infidelity and the cant lie of skepticism, 'Death ends all,' is believed, who can wonder that the blasted life hastens to destruction in the dark waters of the Seine? We ask, How long, O Lord, ere 'the mystery of iniquity' shall end?"

In return for the bountiful harvest which an all-wise Creator has vouchsafed us of that which is nourishing to both soul and body, and of which we are enabled to send abroad a plenty to millions of suffering and starving fellow-beings, we do not want the fruits of such a harvest. Against its importation we demand the protection of the most stringent of protective tariffs. We are raising enough Cain here now without importing more.

Cremation.—Through a late copy of the *London News* we observe that the Italians are resolved to make the system of cremation as perfect as possible. The headquarters of the institution at Milan have recently received a very singular addition. Its customers were confronted with a difficulty which at first had not been anticipated. The difficulty was to know what they were to do with the ashes of their deceased relatives. It seemed improper that ordinary sepulture should follow so unusual a process as cremation. The management at Milan has at last found its way out of the difficulty. Incineration is, after all, but a revival of an old fashion, and it was only necessary to follow out the usages of its originators in order to cause all difficulty to disappear. The Crematory Temple at Milan is to have an annex, which will, in fact, be a cemetery. The municipality has already selected its architect and approved the plans which he has furnished. The cemetery, when completed, will differ as widely from an ordinary graveyard as cremation differs from ordinary sepulture. It will be an Etruscan building, thirty-six feet high by about twenty feet

long, and will be furnished with recesses, one hundred and twenty in number, according to the present design, in each of which several cinerary urns can be placed. The authorities are so confident of the success of the undertaking that they have ordered vaults or catacombs to be constructed under the nave, and these will become the private property of families. The practice of cremation seems to have made more way in Italy than in Germany, to which two countries of Europe it has as yet been almost entirely confined.

The American Bible Revision Committee have completed the revision of the English version of the New Testament, and transmitted the result of their labor to England. The British committee will meet shortly for final action and the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge are expected to issue the revised New Testament in February, 1881. The Old Testament will be published two or three years later. The American revisers have given their time and labor for eight years without compensation. The necessary expenses have been provided for by voluntary subscriptions. Any friend of the great undertaking who will contribute toward the expenses ten dollars or more before February next, will receive a memorial copy of the first University edition of the revised New Testament, handsomely bound and inscribed. The money to be sent to the president (Rev. Dr. Schaff), or treasurer (Mr. Andrew L. Taylor), in the Bible House, New York.

Dress Reform.—The subject of dress reform is at present receiving much attention in England, and all classes of society are becoming deeply engrossed in the discussion which is being carried on in the *Queen*, the lady's newspaper of that country. The subject was introduced and the discussion commenced by Lady Haberton, and the great interest taken by women in the matter shows the very widespread discontent that exists in the minds of many against the imperative decrees of fashion. Lady Haberton advocates a radical change in the present style of ladies' dresses, to overcome the impediments to free locomotion, which are attendant upon the tied-backs and other close-fitting skirts. As a substitute she suggests a skirt divided, and so arranged as to taper to each ankle, somewhat after the Turkish style of skirt. This, she argues, would obviate all the difficulties which ladies now encounter, and at the same time would be a decided improvement in point of taste as well as comfort. Her suggestions have met with the endorsements of several other prominent ladies; but the great majority appear to denounce any alteration which would tend to assimilate the dresses worn by the two sexes.

The *Queen* editorially says: "This is as it should be. There is but one class of beings in society more repulsive to wholesome-minded men and women than women that affect masculine-looking garments, and that is the men who dress effeminately. To those who remember the fate of the Bloomer costume of some five-and-twenty years since, there appears but slight probability of the suggestions that appeared in Lady Haberton's letter being ever put into practice. Women appearing in the streets in Bloomer costume were followed by mobs; on the stage they were ridiculed in

As for hats, almost every form is worn, from the Abbé to the Gainsborough, including the pastry-cook cap, called in England the 'Tam o' Shanter. Muffs are now made to match the hat or bonnet, and plush muffs of envelope or pocket shape are trimmed with feathers, lace, and birds. There are also muffs made entirely of feathers, which look exactly like the richest sable, and they are delightfully soft and light; others look gay with small bows of cardinal or violet ribbon studded among the feathers.

There is much that is new in lace. Effect is sought after rather than exquisitely fine work. The quantity of gold and glitter introduced into black lace is surprising. Gold thread is used for outlining the design, and masses of glittering tinsel enliven others; silver, gold, and copper-red tints are combined in the most cunning manner; the result is showy. Black Torchon laces have leaves of gilt threads, and the black Spanish laces have the large leaf designs entirely of gilt that, it is said, will not tarnish. White Spanish lace has gilt or silver threads, and is beautifully beaded with pearl and opal cut-beads. Black Brussels net beaded with jet in foliage designs and in stripes, also in passementerie patterns, is to be used for trimming black silk dresses, while for evening dresses the same designs are repeated on white net with white jet and iridescent opal beads. There are also new white laces for trimming lingerie. The point fleurette is especially pretty for bordering mull muslin fichus and colarettes. It is on the same fine-meshed net used for Languedoc and point d'esprit, but instead of the large figures of Languedoc, or the pin dots of point d'esprit, it has tiny detached flowers wrought upon it in rows, and is then finished with small points or scallops. Vermicelli lace is also new, and is made by drawing cord-like threads through it in serpentine designs. New appliqué laces have large artistic designs made of mull muslin applied on Brussels net, with

button-hole stitching on the edges. This is one of the most effective of the new laces, and should be sewn on plain without gathers, in the way the Russian laces are used. There are also several inexpensive laces made in the designs of round point, some of which are called Alençon, and others point de Brabant lace, all testifying to the fact that the rage for imitation lace is always on the increase.

The single narrow balayeuse flounce edging the skirt is to be seen on most winter costumes. It is mounted in inch wide box-plaits instead of kilts, is about a finger deep, cut on the cross, and lined with crinoline. It is sewn to the edge of the skirt with a cording.

A special feature of the ladies' winter cloaks for this season is their gay lining of plush, especially in red and golden shades, and in the heliotrope tints. These linings vie with those of fur in their richness, warmth, and extravagance. In some cloaks the sleeves are turned up in capricious ways to display the plush lining, and sometimes black plush used in this way is the only trimming. What is called seal-skin fringe is a new chenille fringe that is rich and effective. Mossy ruches of feathers and of passementerie, also very wide feather borders of black ostrich tips, are on the handsomest cloaks. Laces are again used, especially on the quaint Directoire garments, and on the Spanish wraps. Instead of the thick plaitings of lace seen last season, these laces are now most often gathered to form full frills.

Light-colored cloths are preferred for jackets, and these are made warm-looking by having darker plush or velvet collars. The shape of these differs so little from those worn last year that it will be a matter of small expense to remodel last year's jackets, the only change needed being the collar, cuffs, and pockets of plush. Small round capes of cloth, heavily beaded, are prepared for winter wear.

TABLE-TALK.

Lace.—A late number of the *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, in referring to a fine piece of lace workmanship, says:

"While china painting and Kensington embroidery have been talked of and exhibited 'at home' in Chicago, a piece of lace work has been executed here of such perfection, after ten months of expert industry, as to make one-half believe that the Old World's mantle has at last fallen on the shoulders of our young city. Strange to say, this lace was not wrought for a wedding-flounce or a wedding-veil, but, according to that same Old World's traditional taste which has made sacristies and sanctuaries the treasuries of the most exquisite handiwork in existence, for a priest's cotta, or short, loose surplice, and has been presented by the ladies of the Holy Name parish to their pastor, the Rev. Dr. McMullen, Vicar-General, and, since the death of Bishop Foley, administrator, of the diocese of Chicago. The cotta, moreover, was wrought by one of Dr. McMullen's parishioners, Mrs. James Conlan, whose skill has been long the admiration of those interested in this beautiful industrial art.

"The piece in question belongs to one of the four families of Irish hand-made lace, and is known all over the three kingdoms as 'Miss Reed's lace.' It was introduced on the Bath estate, County Monaghan, Ireland, about forty years ago, by the lady whose name it bears, with the co-operation of Lady South, Lady Shirley, and Lady Fox. Salesrooms for this lace are established in Dublin, London, and other principal cities of the islands, as through them ladies send orders to the schools. Mrs. Conlan received her instructions from Miss Reed personally, and her drawing-lessons—for she draws her own patterns—from a renowned London master named Manessa. In time she was appointed as teacher in Miss Reed's school, and was intrusted with a lace veil to be worn by Lady Fox at a wedding. This was executed with such elegance and promptness that a lace flounce, to be presented by Lady Fox to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her visit to Dublin, was put into the hands of Miss Reed's pupil and assistant, now Mrs. Conlan, of Chicago; and we do not believe the lace flounce pre-

sented to her Majesty exceeded in delicacy of execution or elegance of design the cotta presented by the ladies of the Holy Name parish to their pastor. This utilizing of home skill, thus securing a unique specimen of industrial art, instead of cutting several yards of 'point' from a piece, of which the remainder can be bought by the next customer, is an example to be followed."

Hints on Buying Cloth.—In selecting a cloth, one of the first qualities to be ascertained is the closeness and fineness of its texture. In material of an inferior kind, the texture is open and coarse, a defect which can be detected in a moment by holding it up to a strong light. If the light passes through it, the cloth cannot be of first quality, and will give way and become full of holes after a little use. A really good cloth, on the other hand, is so closely woven and so compactly fitted together as to be perfectly impervious to light; and this will of course wear better than the first-mentioned. The thickness of the material will influence this to some degree; but a thick cloth is not always a good one. We should prefer one of a moderate thickness, but which was opaque. Softness is an essential quality, and is as important in this fabric as in the case of silk, while it may be tested for in the same manner; namely, by gathering up the folds and observing the angles which they assume. In the best cloths, especially those which are black, the color is some guide as to quality; those of the finest character being of the best color. The smoothness and perfect equality of surface must also be observed, as the common varieties are not brought to the same high state of finish as those of closer and more compact texture, and this test is applicable to both sides of the fabric. In a really first-rate material there is often but little difference of finish between the face and the back surface. This is an important quality with respect to economy; as when the front surface is slightly worn or soiled, the garment may be turned, when it will be nearly as good as when first made up. When purchasing a cloth, inquiry should always be made as to its having been well shrunk, as if this has not been properly effected, a shower of rain will probably destroy its beauty and spot it all over.

A word may here be given with respect to a base imitation of cloth known in the trade as "shoddy." This is frequently well got up and finely finished; but it is utter rubbish and thoroughly unserviceable. It is composed chiefly of fragments of old cloth felted on a coarse woven texture, and may be detected in a moment by tearing the fabric in the direction of its length. Another good test is that of attempting to draw out the fibres at the end of the piece. A really good cloth will yield fibres of some length; but it is utterly impossible to draw these out of shoddy, on account of their shortness. Where a cloth of extreme cheapness is shown to the intending purchaser, this test should always be applied, as it is only reasonable to suppose that a fabric composed of such short fibres (which resemble dust in their raw state) cannot be so strong or firm when made up as that in which the longer ones are used, as these latter from their greater length are more firmly interlaced, and consequently offer greater resistance to any tearing strain.

To make Felted and Woven Cloth Waterproof.—To make woolen goods, whether felted or woven, stronger, heavier, and less permeable to moisture, they are treated, according to a recent French patent, in the following manner: 100 parts by weight of alum are dissolved in the same weight of boiling water. In a second vessel, 100 parts by weight of glue are soaked in cold water until they have taken up double their weight of the water; the superfluous water is then poured off, and the glue warmed until it is melted; when boiling there is added to the glue five parts by weight of tannin and two parts by weight of silicate of soda. The solution of alum is now added, and the whole boiled well, stirring meanwhile until it is completely mixed; it is then allowed to cool, when it will be of the consistency of gelatine. Two pounds of this composition are then boiled for three hours in 20 to 24 pounds of water while the water which evaporates is replaced by the addition of more, so that the bath retains always the same consistency, which must be tested. After the boiling, the liquid is allowed to cool down to about 170° Fahr., when the cloth or felt is soaked in it for half an hour. The latter is then placed nearly horizontally upon a table or frame, so that the superfluous liquid can run off; the temperature in the room must, however, not be high, to avoid the material drying more in one part than in another. The liquid which drips off is gathered for further use. After this the cloth or felt is dried in the air or by a stove at a temperature of not more than 120° Fahr., but all the time kept in a horizontal position; it is then calendered between two bowls heated to 120° Fahr., and made up. Where the goods have been dyed before this treatment, they are supposed to retain the color more firmly. Where they are dyed in light hues, the glue must be white, and the alum perfectly pure, i.e., free from iron and other dangerous substances.

Clothing in Relation to Health.—In the practical working out of his views on health (which seem to gain in favor with German scientists), Professor Jaeger, of Stuttgart, commends so-called normal clothing, which (1) consists exclusively of wool, and (2) is specially arranged to keep warm the middle of the line of the front of the body. The general object is to prevent the accumulation of fat and water in the system, the author's leading principle being that the greater the specific gravity of the human body the more it is able to resist epidemic diseases. To the well-known properties of wool, as regards moisture and heat, Professor Jaeger makes a curious addition. He claims to prove that in our organism there are certain gaseous volatile substances—*justs* (odorous substances)—which are continually being liberated in the acts of breathing and perspiring, and have important relations to mental states. Two distinct groups are those, viz., of *lust* and *unlust stoffe* (substances of pleasure and disliking); the former are exhaled during a joyful pleasant state of mind, and produce this state with their vitality if inhaled. Of the latter the reverse is true. It can be readily verified that during joy and happiness the perspiration is not disagreeable, while during any great nervous excitement it is offensive. The substances of disliking have therefore a bad odor, and in an atmosphere of them the vitality is lowered; hence, in a state

and fear the body is more susceptible to contagious diseases. Now, Professor Jaeger contends that sheep's wool attracts the "substances of pleasure"—and this is distinct from its great odor-absorbing capacity in general—while clothing made of plant-fibre favors the accumulation of the offensive substances of dislike with their evil consequences. A large amount of experimental evidence is adduced in support of these views. The experience of the many persons who have adopted this normal clothing, both for summer and for winter, is stated to be very satisfactory.

Making Knit Cotton Goods to Imitate Wool.—When knit shirts and drawers were first introduced a large proportion of the goods were wool. The great extent to which cotton is now used in the manufacture of knit under-garments makes it almost ridiculous to speak of these articles of apparel as "flannels." It is now nearly fifty years since the first successful power-knitting machine was made. And here, by the way, it may be interesting to remark that, although a hand machine had been in use in England for nearly two centuries, and numerous efforts had been put forth to adapt it to run by power, it was reserved to an American to succeed in this direction. An enterprising storekeeper in Albany, New York, saw the need of such an invention, and hired a young man then working in a cabinet shop there to make the attempt. The latter purchased an old hand-frame for fifty-five dollars in April, 1831, on which he commenced his experiments, and in six days had so arranged the apparatus that it would knit by turning a crank at the side. In the fall of 1832 the invention had become so far a practical success that a small factory was then started to make knit goods with it in Cohoes, New York, and the old "reciprocating frame," then first put into use, not only made the fortunes of the storekeeper and the inventor, who set out in so business-like a way to accomplish their object, but started an industry which has since become of vast magnitude. At first the material used consisted largely of wool. It was not until after several years that it was found that one-half cotton would make a good, serviceable article, but then and ever since it has been customary to sell these knit under-garments, wherever possible, as woolen fabrics. The experienced housekeeper, or ladies who purchase their own dress materials sufficiently to become somewhat acquainted with the difference between cottons and woolens, probably know better, but the great majority of customers for the goods do not. There are few people, we venture to say, who suppose that, in purchasing these goods, they are buying fabrics with absolutely no wool in them. Yet such is really the case in a large proportion of the goods made. It is probable that fully one-half of all the knit shirts and drawers made in this country are manufactured from cotton exclusively, and, where any wool is used, it forms a very small proportion of the total weight of the fabric. We know of one manufacturer who, two years ago, made up a lot of goods in which he put 20 per cent. wool; but he found it difficult to get more for them than others obtained for an all-cotton article; his conclusion was that fabrics containing so much wool were "too good" for the general market, and he has since used cotton only. But, with the substitution of cotton for wool, the manufacturers

have constantly been making strenuous efforts to produce goods which would look as though they were made of wool. Great attention has been paid to the bleaching and dyeing, and, in making white goods, two or three particular shades of white are given to the fabrics. In the dyeing of colored goods, the dyes used are especially intended to give effects which might lead a customer to suppose the goods were made of wool, and colors which will not take well on cotton are avoided. Of course, it is not to be supposed that those who buy and sell the goods are deceived, unless it may be among the small dealers; among those who wear the goods, however, we doubt whether one in fifty would acknowledge wearing under-garments made of cotton alone, and most of them would be extremely indignant at having this fact brought home to them, although every manufacturer knows that hardly one in fifty of those who wear these goods have garments with any appreciable proportion of wool in them.

Japanese Velvet.—It is well known that in the manufacture of rich and curious combinations in textiles the Japanese are extremely proficient. We understand that they have recently attempted the manufacture of velvet, and the industrial world will await the results with interest. Some of the most beautiful cloths are the product of the Tycoon's looms, for he manufactures court-robcs, and nearly everything worn by himself. It has been the custom also for each Daimio to have his private loom for weaving the brocades with his own crest which he and his retainers wore. These brocades were of satin and dull silk, or of silk and gold thread. The last was a popular combination of rich Japanese textiles, and numerous designs appear in silk and gold woven together. Rich cloths of every description, from the thickest satin or brocade to the thinnest gauze, are woven in the most beautiful and artistic manner; and in some of the very simplest fabrics, in towels and dusters of the cheapest material, are seen very effective designs. The Japanese grasp boldly the most incongruous elements, and bring out of them a certain pleasing, even harmonious, effect. A broken bamboo or two, a flight of strange-looking birds, a few creeping plants introduced in rather startling colors, give a rather *outré* appearance, which is at the same time fascinating. The Japanese seem to have no code of coloring, but each one seizes the tints that seem happiest to his mind; yet they have a sort of instinct in the matter, being masters of the law of contrast. So, too, in the designs themselves. There is no need, and especially in the cloths adorned with embroidery, for one pattern to be repeated. Flowers may be scattered about, but no two seem to be quite alike, nor could we wish them so when we consider their strange but exquisite beauty. Velvet is not a native manufacture of Japan, though recently they have introduced it to some extent. It is not probable, however, that they will follow the old style of making it, and therefore we may expect something new and even startling in the line.

Collection of Winter Stores for Decorations.—Mountain-ash berries should be picked before the berries begin to drop. The best method to preserve them for winter use is unquestionably strong common salt pickle, strong enough to float an apple. Tubs, crocks, or glass jars

can be used for the purpose; the latter (if ornamental) or gold fish or aquarium bowls look well in passages or halls when filled with thin bunches of bright berries and salt water made clear by filtering. The vessel must, of course, be closed air-tight, and if it has no cover, it can be tied down with bladder or oiled paper or silk. Bunches of Pyracanthus berries can be equally well preserved as soon as they have reached perfection; and also barberries and hips. The experiment has been tried with success even with sloes. All ornamental seeding and trembling grasses should also be gathered dry now, and before too ripe tied in bunches if small, or left in single trusses if larger. Quickly drying them against a hot wall or hot shelf between papers is the best method to preserve the color. Grasses should not be pressed, as it spoils their natural graceful shape. A good way is to tie them in a muslin bag, with the stems outside, which will prevent their being injured. Most mosses, too, are prettier not pressed, as it flattens them unnaturally. A capital idea is to loosely fill a large biscuit tin with dry gathered moss, and put it open into a cool oven for two successive nights. When quite dry, close the tin and paste round air-tight. Another way is to fill any tin or tub loosely with sundried moss, and slowly shower into it fine, dry hot sand till all the spaces are filled up, then cover air-tight. The silvery trusses of "honesty" should also be gathered now when perfect, covered with muslin and hung in a dry place, and all everlasting flowers for winter use watched and treated in the same way. If any of them are found too much closed, sprinkle them slightly with water and hold them before a clear fire. Steaming slightly and then quickly drying has

also been found successful. The bitten specimens of large common ferns should be now on dry days, laid in their natural position between sheets of coarse brown paper to dry and press, and packed in large flat vessels in hot sand, and kept in a dry place; this plan preserves the brightest yellows and browns. All ears of corn should be thus preserved, too, as well as bright-colored pear-tree leaves, which, if picked and preserved at the proper time, rival the Canadian for brightness of hues. Bramble and Virginian creeper-leaves also preserve best in hot sand, flat or packed between blotters and oven-dried. An open-eyed walk through fields, gardens, or conservatories will reveal a host of leaves and other things which can be preserved and utilized for winter decorations. The beautiful naturally skeletonized covers of the Cape gooseberry, often found, form a pretty addition. The fruit can be carefully taken out and the shells dried for use. Tassels of acacia seed pods, and many others, will be found pretty material. All kinds of fruit-stones and seeds for ornamental frameworks, rustic stands, etc., as well as all pine and fir cones, should be timely collected and dried; also gall-apples, acorns and cups, pretty twigs, etc. Bunches of rush-blossoms may also now be dried or packed in hot sand. In orchards and fruit-gardens, branches fringed with the lovely gray-green moss which grows on apple-trees, currant bushes and on old planking or posts, can also be collected and dried, and advantageously used for winter decoration. Large, perfect specimens of common ferns have also been successfully preserved green, on the same principle cucumbers, olives, etc., in strong brine. Copper or verdigris can be used with it, and heightens the color.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The Stranglers of Paris. By ADOLPHE BELOT, Author of "*Le Grande Florine*," "*The Black Venus*," etc. Translated from the French by GEORGE D. COX. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

"*Les Etrangleurs*" is one of Belot's most fascinating and interesting romances. It is a story of rare power, written in bright, crispy sentences right to the point. It deals with a mysterious murder committed in Paris, and the ingenious means taken by the police to discover and capture the unknown assassins. Though highly sensational, it is not the least trashy. It will prove especially interesting to the legal and medical fraternity on account of its extraordinary evidence in both branches.

Author: or, Bible Object-Teaching. A. BEECHER, Author of "*Spirit-*"

line of present thought, the tendency of which lies toward a one-sided materialistic evolution.

We might add that the subject does not perplex our mind to the extent that it does Mr. Beecher, and hence we stick to the faith that is in us, whether the fall of Adam should ever be determined either a historic reality or a fable only. The shadowy pretensions of spiritualism offer little material encouragement to a mind physically strong and susceptible of fair logical deductions. It is only the imbecile minds that become influenced by it, and in very many cases sooner or later wholly destroyed.

The Princess Ogherof. A Russian Novel. GREVILLE, Author of "*Saveli's Expiation*," etc. Translated by MARY NEAL SHERWOOD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Of the many works of French authors published by enterprising publishers, we give a decided preference to Greville. They are of such an evil influence

LITERATURE AND ART.

country; appreciating, no doubt, the fact, that a certain number of French writers have already made *that* much too salubrious for refined readers.

"The Princess Ogherof," as its title indicates, is a Russian novel, its scenes being laid in Russia. The plot is well-defined and strong; is artistically-constructed and developed, and many of its incidents are exceedingly dramatic. Of such a nature are the scenes attending the emancipation of the serfs, the interview between the Princess Ogherof and Michael Averof in the Botanical Garden, and the final meeting of the widow and the officer, who, after having been reported dead, had returned wounded from the Caucasus. Running through the story is a pretty love romance, full of sunlight and joy, in which figure manly young Serge Averof and his youthful and arch sweetheart, Nastia Melaguire. The characters in this, as in all of Greville's writings, are drawn with a master hand. It is almost needless to add that Miss Sherwood has made a most excellent translation of this work, in every respect preserving the delightful charm so characteristic of the original.

Le Grande Florine. *Sequel to "The Stranglers of Paris."* By ADOLPHE BELOT. *Translated from the French by* GEORGE D. COX. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

The sequel to "Les Estrangleurs" is written in the same crisp, pointed style, and displays the same close observation of human nature. The same characters appear in it, and all points in relation to them are fully explained. Whoever has read "Les Estrangleurs" will need "Le Grande Florine" to complete the history of Belot's characters.

How I Found it North and South. *With Mary's Statement.* *Boston: Lee & Shephard.*

Born and reared on a New England farm, the author, like many another New England boy of his younger days, went to sea before settling down in life. At the age of twenty-one, however, he married, and took charge of the "old farm," the paternal homestead. Loss by fire, and a desire to get along faster in the world, led him after some years to the city, where he soon learned that "all is not gold that glitters." To relieve himself from the anxieties and perplexities of the city, he at length turned back, with ardent longings, to seek the former peace and quiet and true-heartedness of the country.

But the old home being then in other hands, he must look for a farm elsewhere; and it is here that his story begins, "How I Found It," in which he tells how he found other farms, how his subsequent farming paid, and finally, with what success he attempted to establish a home in Florida. His varied and eventful experience has supplied the material for a narrative which is truly more interesting than fiction, engaging at once the attention of the reader and holding it with constantly increasing interest to the end. And for those, at least, who have a desire to go to farming, this experience will have some value.

Appended is "Mary's Statement," in which the ever-loving and devoted wife gives some pleasing reminiscences of those earlier years at the old homestead, with an account of David's management of the farm, the profits derived, and

also a vivid description of the event that shrouded their home in gloom, and was the final cause of their leaving it for the city. The whole forms a story which no lover of the country and of rural life can fail to find pleasure in reading.

Marco Polo; His Travels and Adventures. By GEORGE M. TOWLE. *Boston: Lee & Shephard.*

This is the fourth volume of "The Heroes of History," of which "Vasco Da Gama," "Pizarro," and "Magellan" have already secured a warm welcome from the "Young Folks," for whose especial benefit they were written. They are as attractive and entertaining as the most exciting story-books, and are reliable histories of the characters and times of which they treat.

In this volume the story is told of the famous Venetian, Marco Polo.

Brought up amid luxury and wealth, of a bold and curious mind, he went forth from his home in the beautiful Queen City of the Adriatic, and for many years lived among a far-off Asiatic people, and at a court of barbaric yet splendid pomp. He made many dangerous journeys into wild, distant lands, and among the fierce tribes of Carthay, Thibet, India, and Abyssinia. His life was passed in almost incessant successions of hair-breadth escapes. Nor did his career of valor and stirring action cease with his return, laden with riches, to his native Venice. He engaged in the bitter warfare between the two republics of the sea, Venice and Genoa; became a prisoner of the latter State, and while in prison dictated the wondrous narrative of his adventures, which still survives, a precious legacy left by the great traveler.

He was in all things manly, brave, persistent, intelligent, and chivalrous, and the scenes and incidents in which he was the leading actor were in the highest degree thrilling and dramatic.

Japanese Fairy World. Stories from the Wonder-Lore of Japan. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, *Author of "The Mikado's Empire."* *Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio.* *Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte.*

The author has selected thirty-four stories, illustrative of Japanese popular and juvenile literature. In making this selection he has carefully avoided, however, the bloody, revengeful, or licentious elements which permeate almost every department of this nation's peculiar form of literature. The Japanese possess a wondrous fertility of invention, a wealth of literary, historic, and classic allusion, of pun, myth, riddle, and of heroic, wonder, and legendary lore in art. It was during a residence of nearly four years in the country that the author became interested in their folk-lore and side stories. These he has traced to their sources, in many instances, both novel and quite characteristic of the people. He gives the reader many translations, condensations of whole books, of interminable romances, and a few sketches embodying ideas, beliefs, and superstitions. They are less stories that have tickled the imagination of Japanese children during untold ages, and the author offers this work with the hope that they may amuse both the great and little folks of America." That he may find his work fully realized we have no doubt, and we believe more than realized, through a hearty appreciation of all the

The Care and Culture of Children. *A Practical Treatise for the use of Parents.* By THOMAS S. SOZINSKEY, M.D., PH.D. Philadelphia: H. C. Watts & Co.

This is a work that commends itself very strongly to the favorable consideration of every family, as it contains most excellent counsel, from a medical standpoint, upon every subject on which it specially treats. The author, Dr. Sozinsky, is a skillful and successful practitioner of this city, and our readers will no doubt remember him as one of our occasional contributors. He is a thorough master of the subject, hygiene, having for years made it a special study, and we feel warranted in classing him as an excellent authority. We are pleased to observe also that he adopts the most advanced theories relative to the treatment of diseases; those that Nature herself indicates as the most effective in the work of restoration to normal condition.

The work is designed for subscribers only; and we should therefore advise our readers to avail themselves of a copy at an early date, as the edition promises to have a very rapid sale, judging from the very favorable reports its publishers are receiving from their agents everywhere.

We have received from George Stinson & Co., Art Publishers, Portland, Maine, a proof copy of the large and beautiful steel engraving "Ready," after the celebrated painting by S. P. Cockerell. The fame of William Tell is world-wide, and the nerve, courage, and powerful character exhibited by both father and son in the shooting at the apple on the boy's head, at the mandate of the tyrant, has fired the hearts of millions. "Ready!"—every nerve is strained and fixed, a moment of terrible suspense, the arrow has sped straight to its mark. We have also received a

proof copy of a large, fine work of art, representing, in a charming manner, a domestic scene; it is entitled "The Welcome Step," and is after a painting by the well-known artist, G. G. Kilburne.

"His very step has music in't,
As he comes up the stairs."

The artist has shown, in an inimitable manner, a mother and beautiful little child at the glad moment of the first sound of the welcome step of the husband and father.

As works of art, these engravings certainly belong in the front rank. The plates were engraved in London for Messrs. Stinson & Co., by W. H. Simmons and R. Josey, two of the foremost engravers in the world, at an expense of some three thousand pounds sterling, or about fifteen thousand dollars. This house publishes all descriptions of the better class of pictures, and deserves the large share of public favor and patronage which it receives.

Ceramic Buttons.—The fashionable millinery world is turning its attention to ceramic art for buttons. Miniature plates, exquisite imitations of Wedgwood Dresden china, and buttons with small views on them, are in demand for costly dresses. No member of the pottery trade can have any reasonable objection against this. In aristocratic circles it is the thing for all the furniture and arrangements of rooms to match. A story is even told of a well-to-do bachelor who contemplated getting married, that he objected to a certain lady because she would not match his furniture. We see no reason, if the ladies do not, why the buttons on their costumes should not be in keeping with their dinner or desert sets of table ware. There are many worse matches in the world than this would make.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Timid People.—It is amusing, it is instructive, it is somewhat piteous to watch the behavior of timid people in this world. We are impatient at the humble martyrdoms to which they daily and hourly submit; we are puzzled by the contradictions of their conduct; we are astounded by what seems to us occasionally the dissimulation of their ways. We do not speak here of the people who have a wholesome and beautiful grain of shyness in their souls, but of those inveterately, those incorrigibly timid folk who would almost seem to have come into the world scared by the sense of possessing an individuality of their own. An insuperable difficulty of saying No leads them into a network of intricacies. They cannot *refuse* to refuse any suit, deny any request, dismiss any bore; they are disregarded by their servants, for they dare not tell them of their faults; their friends misunderstand them, for they shrink within themselves with a pertinacity that creates a solitude around them. When they would emerge out of this retreat to flesh and comfort, their timidity overwhelms them, checks their utterance, or turns their something word into an awkward, perhaps a wounding, phrase. When wound up to comparative boldness, they would improve; their hints fall unheeded; or if

their poor little shafts hit the mark, the wounds they give rankle more sorely, and are more resented, than those inflicted in franker warfare.

The dissimulations of timid people are often a matter of perplexity to braver souls. They know that the tale of woe poured into their ears is humbug, yet they will murmur apologies for the smallness of their contribution to its relief. The glassy eye of the bore is fixed upon them; they will smile in answer to it, and listen with every sign of interest to outpoured platitudes. An acquaintance, whose long visits are a weariness, eating up the long hours as a moth frets away a garment, is greeted by the timid, fearful of unmannerly behavior, with a cordiality that should only be bestowed upon the friend whom we hold in our heart's core. To the astonished spectator, the timid would sometimes appear guilty of the blackest treachery. Their creed is attacked; their trait is all spoken of; and they do not lift up a protesting voice. They listen to the adversary in what might well be interpreted as a pious silence; or mutter some broken phrase of the feeble reputation of which is more puzzling to the bolder hearer than open treachery. The poor souls are keenly aware of their apparent duplicity; they

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Couldn't Afford to Stop—Mr. M. — was a queer fellow. Every time he saw someone, he'd encourage him to "keep going away to the dear life, with an intention to come back." Why? "To sharpen your saw, Mar?" "That's the idea." Looking up with an infinitely distressed expression, I said I think I had "worked enough" to go home, but he wouldn't stop to sharpen saws.

"Och," said a love-sick Hi-bernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart to aching so delightfully that there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."

An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said, "Why, that is a very old anthem." David sang that anthem to Saul. To this the old lady replied; "Weel, weel, no wonder the first time under-stan' why Saul threw his javelin at David, when he let sang to him."

Curiosities of Translation.—During the last war a French ship was captured, and it was found that the whole crew had been so stupidly drunk that the whole of the French language was forgotten. The French sailors were so drunk that they could not remember the names of the things which they were carrying on board, and they were so drunk that they could not remember the names of the things which they were carrying on board.

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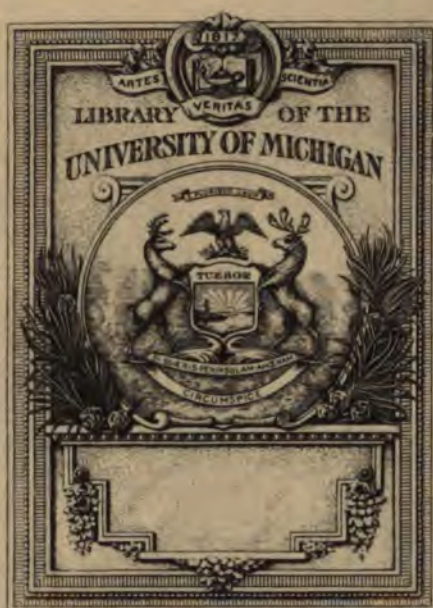
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